

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV
Issue XLIII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"Never go in against a Wastelander when death is on the line."

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

These last days around our city people could see, drawn up in the sky, huge representations of male attributes among the clouds. Cocks, penises, hard wood or whatever you wanna call them. Big. Massive. Drawn by some flying thing, I don't know if some kind of creature or one of those soaring machines foil-hatted Wastelanders claim to be spying on us under Illuminati's orders, but man, you have to be really bored to spoil the sky with such croas... corse... arsec... vulgar shit. We already had a lot of boner graffitis all around the place, showing the high level of culture achieved in this city, but now we have to see these gargantuan ones when looking up. And yes, we are talking about dicks.

Rosie Fritter has contacted this Gazette because someone is vandalizing fast-food storefronts and walls at night in the Armpit quarter, painting them with childish calligraphy written sentences that say things like "I want my baby", "I'm higher in the food chain" and "Get in my belly". Owners of local joints don't really know what this fat bastard means with all this crap, whether he wants to eat all their food or he is rather thinking of eating themselves. Rosie, speaking for them all, asks the Judges to patrol the area more often and beat the shit out of the one responsible.

Some members of the Hairy Spider band have returned to our beloved settlement all shitted down their pants, telling stories about losing many of their members near the Majauchsuwi area to arrows and hatchets. That alone is not that weird, but they insist that they minded the warning signs and never actually crossed to that forbidden territory. And that IS worrying, because everyone knew that if you don't bust them balls to those people and don't get into their lands, they used to leave you alone. Survivors also talked about animal spirits attacking them and a voice in their head saying over and over again: "Place your bets". Now again, you shouldn't pay much attention to a band named the Hairy Spider.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The grasshopper has landed.

D1CK - The one in the castle

Since when a lizardcock costs two bullets? That's a fuckin' scam, don't go to Rob's farm.

H4T3 - Alison

What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and never in one thousand years?

K1D - Tod the Simple

I've been to the Reyxol a hundred times and never noticed Jenny had a dick. And Adam's apple. And beard.

H4PPY - Armand

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Dudes, I don't friggin' know what kind of weird shit went down last month, but we are still freaking out big time. This oriental-ish guy came in, with his eyes almost closed as if he was constantly wanting to punch you, dressed like a fancy Junker with a nice blazer, really shiny shoes and even one of those ties, but old as fuck. Well, he claimed to have been minding his own business at work when he threw a bunch of mikado sticks to the floor by accident, and then he made a hell of an astral trip ending here, in Scrapbridge, but this was like some different Universe, or some shit like that. So to prove to this humble journalist his story, he threw to the floor another bunch of sticks he was carrying in his pocket, and suddenly we were in another Scrapbridge different to this one! It was crowded with those V Reich wackos, raiding houses, beating Mutards up on the streets and hailing that dwarf Aaron who was riding around on a big ass dog! Fuck, that was sick! They even had their own version of this Gazette, but very badly written and not as fun as mine, and they used it to puke pro-V Reich nonsense! I don't know if your trip was as evil as mine, but I didn't stop to punch that old chink's face until he brought me back to me familiar Scrapbridge home. That was twisted as hell, I tell you! Do you even can start to imagine a world ruled by those V Reich weirdos? Fuckity-fuck-fuck!