

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year V
Issue XLV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"I'm beginning to think that you only read my tips to laugh at me, you soddy bastards."

BREAKING NEWS

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That World of Before ruins' scholar, Glorfeus Svaringen, says he has an explanation for the hideous stink and revolting odor coming from Pigsty. As he says, the reason for the place to be full of lethal beasts as well as a ton of addlers roaming around, is that Pigsty is the exact place where they are created. His theory is that in the center of those old ruins there is a "gargantuan" (I made him write this down, but I really think that clever son of a bitch just made the word up) creature that swallows people whole and then farts them out turned into addlers. I really hope this crazy story is just a tale, because that would be disgusting as fuck.

An armsquirt went on the loose on market day through the streets of Scrapbridge and put up a hell of a show for all to see. It started squirting its sexual pheromones everywhere and all those around started to please themselves alone or in good company, and no one had ever seen such an orgy even in the best Titgrab's whorehouse. At the end an expert sent by Doctor Sarious and dressed in a condom-suit managed to trap it again and bring it back to its owner, but not before suffering several aggravated assaults from those citizens who didn't want the party to end.

The Blue Oyster band, led by Homoeroticus, has managed to steal a bunch of gas cans from the Black Blood Children. It seems this was a plan they had been plotting for a while, as we now know that they had spent several months building a car and making it Wasteland-worthy (all covered in spikes and such, because everyone knows spikes are cool). Those greasy bastards not only didn't stay low after the theft, but they also filled their car's tank to the top and started showing off their wheels everywhere. Retaliation from the children of Tex'co is surely coming big time, for being some lame showoffs, for being some dirty punks and for stealing their sacred resource.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sellin' or tradin' a piece with no mag, some dogfucker stole it from me.

G0N - Pat T.

Can't dance? Only for a dirty bullet I dance on the grave you want for you.

D4NC3 - Alicia

Pistol magazine for sale.

M4G - Benny

NEWS OF THE MONTH

The Council of Scrapbridge, somehow fed up with all the recent fuss and bad news, set up a gala (that means a feast, you moron) in favor of the disdava... dasinvag... those lowlifes eating shit, goddamnit. A lot of invitations where sent out and not only the coolest of our own citizens attended the party, but also everyone who is someone in the surrounding area, such as the majors of every big town, the Pitlords of Nowater and even Samantha O'Sullivan herself.

Truth is that we had never seen any of these galas around here, and it seems they are basically a big-ass party for rich people where they eat food with fancy names and drink as if there was no tomorrow, apart from giving away a lot of bullets to help people they won't ever think about again after this evening. Things went quite out of control and witnesses swear that several guests were so drunk they even danced with people their own age.

Anyway, most interesting of all was the fact that everyone was talking about when all those sorry bastards who went to scout the Final Waste would return home. Since that lass deVille stopped reporting about what was going on around there, we sincerely don't know shit. There were a lot of rumors going on and each person told a different story but without really knowing what they were talking about. Tension is in the air, but we can only wait and gossip.