

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year V
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1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Council members are all -----, cheap mother----- and they can suck my ----- from under my ---"

BREAKING NEWS

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Hold fast to your balls, because the expedition to the Final Waste is back... and only 13 fuckers live to tell the tale. We haven't been able to talk to them yet, as the Council has taken them away to "a place they can rest and regain strength". But those who have seen them say that apart from being all fucked up their faces were scared to death, so my idea is that they don't want the survivor to talk about what they found. Luckily mong them is Lizzy, and even she was arching a brow higher than usual, so shit must have rained down hard on the members of the expedition. We promise to bring you bigger news in future Gazettes.



Maybe you haven't noticed because this Gazette is only bought by a handful of the lowest dwellers and I have to take another three jobs to be able to make a living out of it, but it's being a pain in the ass to release a monthly issue. But don't come bashing my ears, because the ones to blame are those bastards from Radio Scrapbridge pirate station, who have stole our best storymakers from us. The only regret I have is that they couldn't care less about Old Ratcutter, and I would had gladly given him to them with a nice gift loop (if I was brave enough to touch him at all.



Near the Boulders settlement have been popping up a lot of posters about this Godan. You know, things like "Worship Godan", "Godan is the Truth", "Reach up to Godan" and all that righteous crap. Thing is that a couple of merchant groups who went there have never come back and some people is starting to freak their shit out, 'cause the Wasteland is not a really nice place to wander about just for the sake of it. And if this was not enough, hear this: the Blackened Stumps band, which charged Boulders a handful of bullets now and then in exchange of their "protection", hasn't shown up in quite a while. You ask me, everything points at a big shitstorm brewing in the area.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Yo, for the third time already, we won't go with you back to Tex'co, we are just bald.

B4LD - Nando and Javi

Searching for volunteers to go to the Living Forest to hunt dinosaurs. DINOSAURS, dude!!

D1N0 - Pam

Stupid hat, white and red striped sweater, big ass goggles...

I have lost him a zillion times. If you find him, please don't bring him back to me.

M4C - Mac "Mage" Wizard



NEWS OF THE MONTH

The Amazonian-feminist settlement of Ovarianess is holding next full moon their annual casting in search for breeding males. You well know this gals, who call themselves frauds, used to go out and kidnap guys by pistol and club dragging them back to their town. But sometimes they also suffered casualties and they really couldn't be picky about what they took back home. So some years ago they changed their approach. They found out that it's as simple as hanging ads in Scrapbridge asking for males willing to fuck away one week in their lives, even when they clearly state the risks of death by pelvis fracture or similar injuries.

So if you are into these things, all you have to do is go do an interview with them. They say it's to evaluate the intelligence and personality of the candidates, but at the end the selected males are always the more handsome, more muscular and with the biggest cocks. You will have to stay at their settlement for a full week and pump, push and drum endlessly in such a way that even a mongolon-go would envy you. But hear this, sucker: if a boy is born after nine months you will be the one to to keep and raise him as stated in small print of the contract you will be signing. If she is a girl don't worry, the women will keep her to be raised as a respected fraud and preserve their population and culture.