

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II
Issue XV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

Don't cross the line with those Bushwhackers. They are really out of their minds and, as they are like two fraggin' peas in a pod, you'll never know which one of them you're insulting and you can get yourself into serious trouble. Let them breed their pigs alone and don't look for funny likeness between them.

BREAKING NEWS

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Eighfingers is heating up for the immen... inmim... immien... it's starting right now, fuck it! new pit fighting season at Nowater, previous to the unbelievable "Da Great Blow" show which this year comes to its fourth edition and that will pit the best regular season fighters against each other in a bloody, lethal and orgasmic free-for-all rumbling match.

This edition will be the first without Roddy "Rowdy" Piper, the veteran Mirinda Crib fighter who left us with a smile in his face after his heart failed while enjoying the ninth slut in a row in a Nowater joint. Known among his fanses for his ecxen... eccetri... headcase behavior, Roddy had devoted his last months to "uncover a Mutard conspiracy". He claimed that some bobbleheads had a plan to control Scrapbridge without anyone knowing, and that only him could detect their undercover addlers thanks to his sunglasses. Rest in peace.

A group of militiamen from the V Reich, who were trading at Scrapbridge to get some of that paramilitary equipment they like so much, lashed out at a bunch of mutards who are in town by Prometheus' orders to help clean the mess left behind by the terrorist attack some months ago.

The mutards group, led by the little sardine known as Fishy, were resting in the shadow of a shed near the Cleavage after being working hard for several hours. Half a dozen men and women from the V Reich approached them and "started to say nasty things about their moms", according to eye-witnesses. Yelling "Let's clean Scrapbridge", the Reich mutardophobes jumped on them and began a serious brawl with fists, kicks, bats, bites, tails and horns everywhere. Only after a large crew of the Trini Gang showed up could order be restored, although they had a hard time stopping the fight and had to use an absurd amount of physical violence. The troublemakers were then arrested and led to the provisional jails at Shithole, where they still remain.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Buffamel dung for sale at a great price. To burn, to make bricks or to dust and sniff. A+ quality.

Ref. 918 - "Crappy" Mario

Join the Scrapbridge Cannibal Vegan Society. Because animals are too cute to eat, but that neighbor who's been fucking around for years ain't.

Ref. M8 - VeganPower

Those who bet against Rictus Erectus can come collect your money at Facesmack... IF YOU HAVE THE BALLS TO DO SO!

Ref. 354 - Rictus



NEWS OF THE MONTH

The wacky Dr. Sirious, ppresident, chairman, treasurer, field investigator and only member of the Scrapbridge Methane and Meat Electro-proteic Guild, writer of the widely known and valued *Guide to the animals, critters and mutations of the Wasteland*, has begun a new search to add some more bizarre animals to his evergrowing lore book.

Fueled by his unending travel yearning (what his neighbors describe as "having a red hot chilli pepper shove up his ass"), the good doctor left Scrapbridge some days ago to begin his studies in the northern regions hoping to find some new species to add to his book. If he, and both bodyguards he hired to save his sorry ass while traveling, are not eaten up alive during his journeys, it is possible that he can awe us upon his return with all the shitty scum-beings living out there and able to tear our heads off in a single bite.

If anyone is thinking about "visiting" his workshop at Footlicker to see what cool stuff can be "borrowed" before his return, better forget the idea at once. "Sticky Fingers" Laura tried a couple of days ago and, thanks to a mechanical blade in one of the windows, she is now known as "Stumpy" Laura.