

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II  
Issue XVI  
1 bullet

# GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Why would you get only one, if you can buy two for double the price?"

## BREAKING NEWS

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Motherfuckas from the V Reich have broken out of prison! It's true that this provisional jail they have set up in Shithole is real lame, because the real prison we had in Facesmack was blown away in the bridge explosion, but anyway this sucks, man.

Some days ago a party arrived from their military hideout to talk about their release and pay the ticket for beating the crap out of some mutards in the Cleavage, but what those sneaky bastards really did was to use their visit to scout the cell where their buddies were held and make a plan to break them out. Two nights after that they blew away one of the building's walls, entered with some kickass weapons, threw some weird stuff to blind people out, grabbed their fellas, gave them weapons and they all fell back movie-style covering each other asses and yelling "Los, los, los!!!" like some professional shit.

Thankfully they left no dead bodies behind, surely because these gits didn't want to cross the line without any good reason, but fuck, that's cheating! We here in Scrapbridge are some tough, badass, pimp hoodlums like nobody else, but shit, if you get serious and start fucking around like some überpower commandos, well then, that's taking things too far, man. It sucks bad.

A Wasteland hunter with a pair of balls bigger than a landshark head, has returned from Gleaming Towers with the corpse of a highjacker. Yes, you read it right for once in your lives, filthy illiterates!

Searching for gold and glory, Alan "Dutch" Schaeffer decided to brave on his own the trap-infested streets of this city of the World of Before. After playing a game of cat-and-mouse with one of these creatures, he managed to use a bait to lure it into a well planned ambush. An "Aberration"-sized mantrap, two harpoon guns with explosive charges and a two-handed machete did the rest. If you want to see the jaw-dropping body of this creature, along with its severed head and infernal jaws, go to the Covenant square to take a look before the rotten carcass starts to smell funny.

## SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

You stealin' my clothes again from my line, and I fuckin' blow you away. You know who you are, arsehole.  
Ref. 31 - La Yoly

Workers from the Canton settlement want to thank that kind person who stole bullets from the rich to give them away to the people. He is the hero of Canton, the man they call Jayne.  
Ref. 1917 - WeThePeople

You listen bronze. I am the Nightrider. I'm a fuel injected suicide machine. I am the rocker, I am the roller, I am the out-of-controller!  
Ref. V8 - Crawford



## NEWS OF THE MONTH

Something nasty is brewing around the Last Waste, where stranger and stranger happenings are... er, happening. Not even the scavengers with the biggest balls dare to go close to those badlands as they used to, as pillars of smoke, earthquakes and noises that many swear sound like burst of gunfire are becoming more common with each passing day.

Besides, a merchant caravan that has just arrived to Scrapbridge with their stuff loaded on several buffamels, has informed that a small gang of humans is heading this way from the Last Waste's fringe. It seems that their paths crossed a few days ago and they seemed to be nice people, although they formed a really strange crew of men and women (and one of the merchants swore on his hairy balls that one of them, who was always covered by a loose cloak with a big hood, seemed to have some type of mutation or nasty deformity).

After camping together for the night, as a meaning of increasing security and firepower in case of danger, both groups split again on the next morning. It was then when these strangers told the merchants they were bound for Scrapbridge. We don't know if they got lost or got eaten, but for now they haven't still arrived.