

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II  
Issue XVII  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"It's not a legend, dickpricks exist... and they are ugly as fuck. Hahaha, as fuck, you get it?"

#### BREAKING NEWS

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We already knew that the Children of the Black Blood had gone postal since they suffered a surprise attack (they have blown up half our bridge here, and we ain't fuckin' around the Wasteland like some crazy ass mongolongs), but now they have clearly confirmed that they are falling down from bad to worse.

The guy now in charge has left this message after putting to fire and sword a little settlement to the west of Nowater:

"I am Cunnilingus Ignis, the Branded One, Lord of the Flame, Master of the Black Blood. Your lives are now mere fuel for Tex'co. Those who would not kneel before me will be consumed."

From this Scrapbridge Gazette we want to say to you, Gus (I'm sure you will not mind me calling you Gus) that you are losing it big time.

Some loony from Yellow is the new "Chosen One" of the city, some guy who a couple of days ago got up from his flea-infested bunk shouting to the four winds that he was "the sole descendant of Abraham Washington" (whoever the hell he was). After a vision in which he was revealed what lays behind the Final Waste, he begun a journey to cross it and return with an ultimate weapon, so devastating that no one will ever attack Scrapbridge again in fear of being obliterated. At least that was what he said before walking away and be lost from sight forever. I'm afraid we won't see how this one dies horribly, contrary to the last one, Neo Anderson, who swore he could stop bullets in mid-air with his mind. God, we laughed hard when he assaulted solo the Black Blood stronghold.

The jailhouse is running again after the shootout held during those V Reich bastards' jail break last month. I'm saying this because it was really annoying having a big house without one of its walls, and no one was taking seriously being arrested by the Judges or the Trini gang, as they crossed the front door and left through the hole in the back wall with their hands in their pockets. Well, that's over, bitches! There is a fokkin' wall back in its place again, so the joke is on you now!

#### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Players wanted for a live Addlercide game. You have to bring your own weapons.  
Ref. 2012 - Addlermaster

Three were the daughters of King O'Hara... and I would fuck them all! If ya want to know this merry children, come to the great opening of "The King's Daughters" at The Beam. Touching is expensive, but the booze is ok.  
Ref. 010 - O'Hara's

I have found a treasure map belonging to this "One-eyed" Willy fella. The place is fokkin' far away, so I will give a share to anyone who helps me get there.  
Ref. 1985 - Mikey



#### NEWS OF THE MONTH

Spectral lights illuminate at night the sky south of Scrapbridge, with an ominous and pale tone that makes you shit down your pants. Some brave ganger groups have stood watch in the surroundings of Pigsty, in case this luminous event was somehow connected with the ongoing shit carried on by the filthy mutards living down there, but apart from coming back smelling like butt and with a four-days headache, they couldn't get anything clear (aw, another easy joke).

They say these lights come from further south, where there is only known the location of Majanchwinswi (or whatever the fuck you write it), which is already a spooky place to go to by daylight, not to say going there to investigate by night and risk being eaten alive by a nightwalka. If this info is right and there is something nasty brewing up around the Tamagowchi area, that would be bloody brilliant. Terrorist attacks, pissed-off cultists, unrest mutards and now sinister night lights around this cursed zone inhabited by angry-as-hell ghosts.

Don't got south of Pigsty, I warn you, and by no means get close to Munchcuntchew if you value your sinning asses... and your immortal souls, because that region is cursed by Mano Tiki-Tia!