

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II  
Issue XVIII  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Horizontal, dude, horizontal. You feel me?"

### BREAKING NEWS

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The gang of mutards that were helping to rebuild Scrapbridge, under the leadership of cute Fishy, have left the settlement last week. Some people say they had already put up enough around here withstanding some really nasty neighbors, and that the beating they took last month from the V Reich fanatics was more than they could finally handle.

But there is also a widely spread rumor, speaking of some cousin of this neighbour of that junkie who was near the place where the brother-in-law of one of the working site's foremen goes to have lunch every day, that they have actually been called back to The Twins in a hurry. If this is true, it is very likely that Prometheus is about to make some crucial movement regarding his hidden agenda for the Wasteland.

The preliminary rounds for the 4th Edition of "Da Great Blow" keep going on, with all the star fighters from each crib beating the hell out of the noobs who dare to enter the arena in hopes of a dumb luck victory over one of these seasoned veterans. For now the only things they are getting are extremely painful moments, broken bones and the cheers of the crowd when they have to be removed piece by piece from the arena pits.

The Trini gang has recovered the body of an unknown fella from the Cleavage. This guy was wearing a military green jacket, black trousers and gloves. He has no ink or any known gang tag, which is already quite weird, but his face is also foreign for all the neighbors. If he had fallen from the Gross Way his body should have been smashed into a pulp, so everything points to the lower quarters. Maybe he drowned after getting fucked up in a wild binge, or someone put his face underwater yanking him to death (we all know the Cleavage is not a really tempting place to drink from). Whatever the reason, if you don't have anything better to do and want to walk by Shithole, his body will be stored around there for some days in case someone can put a name to it, before being dumped to the farms pigs.

### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Looking for a nasty, violent big-ass dog to munch some ballbreaking bastard's nuts. I pay well.  
Ref. 22 - Kevin F.

You got two hands, two feet, two eyes and everything is more or less where it should be? You don't need more to join the V Reich! Come see us at Festung Germania and we will make you a man! Or a woman! A human being!  
Ref. 88 - Aaron Schwarzmann

The next one fella pissing all over me when I walk under Yellow in my way to werk, I will cut yer weenie at neck's height. Yer warned, ye goddam pigs.  
Ref. 184 - Pissed On & Off Citizen



### NEWS OF THE MONTH

It seems that Samanthia has been hiving with activity since a couple of weeks now. Up until then the Baroness seemed to be satisfied with their regular trade caravans every now and then, sticking to keeping the peace in her city and the heat in her bedroom with a non-stopping flow of lovers, partners and mistresses (or so they say, we don't want to be some smart-asses here speaking ill of things we don't give a mongolongo's nut about).

But that is over: all the recent events, including the attacks made by yet unknown factions against Scrapbridge and the Texco stronghold, have made the industrial might of the Clockwork Barony to go full throttle. The Baroness knows that something big is about to unfold out in the Wasteland and she doesn't want to be the only sucker to be left out of play.

Several bands of junkers, equipped to the teeth with all kinds of contraptions, inventions and the craziest shits you can think of, are leaving Samanthia in every possible direction to explore, set up forward positions, check out what is going on and keep their leaderess well informed. Whatever it is this tsunami of diarrhea coming upon us, no doubt the scavengers from the Clockwork Barony will be more than ready to face it.