

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XX
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"You remember that bold-ass bloke, the fat one, always smelling like shit, who walked around the city as he owned the fuckin' place? No? Nevermind, 'cause the little shit died last month."

BREAKING NEWS

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The all-time favorite to win the 4th edition of "Da Big Blow", as always the one and only Eightfingers, faced last month another of the greatest Pit fighters, the Ultimate Warcor. It was an exhab... exhib... exhibi... one of those fights to show your ass off due to the Winternal season holidays, but the crowd anyway enjoyed their time like pigs in a cornfield.

The show ended in a tie after the Ultimate Warcor, who had brought a lookalike fella to the match so he could impersonate him during most of the fight, left before the end. When Eightfingers got distracted staring at the heavy hangers of a young fan who had taken off her shirt, the Warcor came out from behind a rock with a sledgehammer and hit him right in the back of the head, and everyone there though he was done for good. But Eightfingers miraculously recovered, stood up and grabbed with both hands the false Ultimate Warcor's head, taken by an outraged fury. Amid agony screams, he poked his thumbs into his eyes and kept pressing until the impersonator's head exploded like a pumpkin in a shooting range. After witnessing that, the real Ultimate Warcor fled the scene and the referee's bell ringed the end of the match with no official winner.

We had been told by some lowlife pot smoker from the settlement of Kεgpilε time ago, but as we usually don't pay attention to whatever crap some leftover drops on us, we hadn't even mentioned it. But then here it is this ganger from the Black Teeth, who by the way has a perfect denture and is too hot to be a liar, telling the exact same story.

It seems there is this van driving around, appearing out of nowhere and from which emerge a bunch of bizarre guys dressed in funny clothes, who start beating the shit out of whoever they find in their way without a single fuckin' word. Sounds weird as shit, but hey, you see some really crazy stuff around lately, so...

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Drop me a line, babydoll, and I will gift you with the best two minutes of pleasure in your life. You won't regret.
Ref. 6699 - Latin Lover

Need to be a special kind of bastard to take a dump in the socks I had hanging outside my crib to dry. I hope you get bitt'n by a moscorpion in your tiny, sorry dick.
Ref. H8 - Craig Piesgrandes

I've seen things you people wouldn't believe: Mutards pretty as models, glass houses high as mountains. All those moments will be lost in time, like spits in a well.
Ref. N6MAA10816 - Roy B.



NEWS OF THE MONTH

The Scrapbridge "Chosen One" is back in town, dead beaten and nutter than ever. Yeah, that fragging whacko from whom you might have read in this same Gazette some three or four months ago. The one who had a revelation from his ancestor Abraham Washington, telling him there was a devastating, ultimate weapon across the Final Waste. Well, the sorry ass didn't die trying to get it back, but he hasn't returned with any sort of weapon neither; only with an arm too few, a gangrened leg and cuts and burns all over his body. All for the better, if you ask me. The few words he has muttered since he was found in agonizing fevers due to his infected wounds were endless deluded ravings about some devilish creatures he found over there, humans emerged from the depths of Hell, more beasts than men, void of any feeling or emotion, who kill only for the pleasure of drinking blood and tearing flesh open.

Right when you thought you have heard it all, something new comes to creep your ass out. Many people say it's just a bunch of nonsense, while others bark the Sun has fried the few brains the guy had left, and there are others who claim they might be only some savage Mutards. But if you hear the man telling the story, he will freak your shit for good.