

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXI
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Look, I'm not lying to you: workin' is for dummies. If you get used to dirt, bugs, nasty contagions, being stabbed and sleeping on the ground, Druggietown is fuckin' awesome. Let bitches do the workin'!"

BREAKING NEWS

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Keysha, daughter to this tall Rufus fella' who sells lizardish skewers up at the Gross Way, has asked me to write this on the Gazette 'cause her father does not give her any credit. She swears on her fake titties that it's true, that there is a mongolongo on the loose around Bigass Boulders hills, she run into it a week ago while looking for lizardish meat, and the creature did things to her front and back that can't be described in a decent publication like this one. Then it assaulted her again the next day's morning and once again in the afternoon. And three times each day since then, so be careful with this one.



It seems that with the fuss after the terror attack and all the shit that came down afterwards, tunnel maintenance was not the first issue. But around the remnants of the Facesmack quarter some people have been missing for a while, and surprise, surprise, after a brief inspection they discovered that Tunnel 666 is open again. Now the debate is whether to wall it up again with thicker plates and forget about it, or trying a rescue mission in case some of the missing people are still in one piece and breathing, and while they are at it, trying to waste the bitchy creature fuckin' around those tunnels since I still lacked any body hair on my nuts.



And talking about weird shit, it seems that a Mutard gang, of those really ugly and disgusting ones, has been involved in a fight against a new hard-as-fuck creature. Kelly, the bobblehead at the head of the group (I had to think carefully this one, no shit), says that being was not from this world, with a feral face and capable of appearing out of nowhere or dissapearing in thin air. But his crew grew a pair and after fighting like rabid dogs for a whole day managed to injure the thing, so "if it bleeds, we can kill it". But I want to add one thing for Kelly: Really? A nasty, ugly creature doing crazy things? Don't you have a goddamn mirror somewhere, or what?

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Looking for a thick book with a cross on the cover. I can't see the moment when some Junker finds one around for me. I pay good bullets.

Ref. 4ME - Eli

Archers in your band are some clumsy bastards incapable of hitting a cactus two steps away? Private archery classes, results guaranteed.

Ref. STR8 - Harrou

Have you ever thought in that guy who only makes bad deeds and life punishes him? Now you can hire him for just 5 dirty bullets a month.

Ref. 96TV - Earl



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Everybody keep your three eyes peeled (if you have more than three, open them all) scanning the Wasteland, so you can witness the arrival of a badass she-warrior who can beat you down with a single stare or open a hole in your chest from hundreds of steps away without a blink. Long time ago she was a Junker, and a really good one, a hell of a scout and a really respected band leader in the Bullet Lord group, who trades with custom bullets up in the North. But she had some nasty business with them for some reason, so she had to leave the hard way and for some time she and her old crew launched at each other's throats regarding some kickass war truck she "borrowed" during her Wasteland runaway.

Well, the thing is she now goes by the name Rabiosa and roams around the Wasteland offering her services to those willing to pay for them, and she is coming to Scrapbridge looking for Crazy Mel because she has some pending issue with him. No one knows if she wants to shoot him down or get laid with the man (as it seems, even if the lady lacks an arm she is highly bangin'). Don't get in the middle of those two if you know what is good for you, and don't fuck around Rabiosa much 'cause the lady has a really short fuse.