

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

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1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"These guys from the Gazette have told me that some other random dudes have been bitchin' about what I say here. Well, here is my tip of the day for those weepy assholes: 'Twat did you say? I cunt' hear you while goin' down on your mommies!"

BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS

Several 'synonymous'? sources haven reported to us that the V Reich guys have found something really nasty, kind of lethal-nasty, in a recent scouting mission they went far south from Gleaming towers. And I mean something nasty for the rest of us, 'cause those inbreed mutard-hating psychos are happy as a bunch of pigs in a cornfield. You can guess their babblings: ultimate weapon this, the Wasteland will be finally purged that, and all the shit inbetween, but as they use those long fraggin' words that sound like they are continuously sneezing, who the fuck understands a single thing.

Now please, I know many of you find it really amusing, but it ain't. We have a quite clueless Mutard wandering around Scrapbridge, with a genuine I-don't-know-what-the-frag-is-going-on face, and there is a lot of people enjoying themselves by kickin' his shell until he hides inside for two whole days. We all know that he looks funny with his ragged tracksuit trousers held up with an electric wire, the bandanna tied around his fuckface, his sad sandals... and we all want to lam into him on sight and beat the shit outta him. I can't believe I'm saying this, but give the poor fella a break, because he is also a feelin' livin' bein'. It is kinda sad that a full grown up turtle spends two days weeping inside his shell, so be nice neighbors and show the turtle-man some love while he is around our city.

We remind you that we are right in the middle of the dickprick's migratory season through the Buklake area. So if you really HAVE to be there, remember to carry something with you to cover your mouth, unless you want to gag on those nasty creatures' balls. And I know exactly what are you thinking now, you dirty bastards: "I bet my ass that Keysha is having a picnic down there soon". Well, that is my guess too.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Still looking for instructions on how to use these three fraggin' shells.

Ref. D3M0 - Sly

I fed this ugly nasty creature I found past midnight, and it has become an asshole. Is there anyone looking for a really fluffy pet?

Ref. GR84 - Billy Peltzer

NEWS OF THE MONTH

You are all becoming aware of it, and it's true: the Black Blood Children are becoming an increasing pain in the ass. Last week three former members of tha cult arrived in Scrapbridge, asking for shelter.

They say that things around their base are gettin' really crazy. Their former leader, the Flamekeeper Felix, was quite a peaceful guy only interested in spreading the word of Texco with an army of door-to-door preachers. But he died in the attack the cult suffered more or less at the same time as our own attack on the northern beam. At that moment their most aggressive faction, led by Cunilingus Igni, who even then was held in solitary confinement due to his bad temper, took leadership of the whole gang. They have been losing it big time since then, and those left who did not agree with their methods started to vanish one after the other.

The new recruits are heavily brainwashed to the point of being capable of running into an enemy during a fight, and set themselves on fire to burn them, not giving a shit if they die in the process or not. It seems that the whole burning thing turns them on, and for the new blood arriving to the cult if you don't have a good part of your flesh well charred and crispy, you are a nobody.

Be warned, here at Scrapbridge we are cool fellas and have let them stay over, but hear my words: the first time these nuts come to my door knocking at lunch time, I will smoke their asses shotgun-style.