

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXIII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"You gotta fight fire with bullets. That's the only way. The only one, aight?"

BREAKING NEWS

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Eightfingers defeated! The winning spree of the many times champion of Da Big Blow has been stopped dead for good this last weekend, during a fight against the Big Bass Man, after a technical KO. Not that he was really much beaten up, but he was anyway lovingly kissing the floor after five minutes.

The champion's behavior had been really strange since minute one, as he didn't even look as if he knew exactly where he was, stumbling around, blank look on his face and missing all his blows. His most hardcore fans yell that he was surely drugged to rig the combat, while other more neutral voices explain it with a night-long booze binge in the watering holes of Nowater. And to confirm this much, there are quite a bunch of people who swear that, after hitting the ground like a bag of papafries, he started snoring loudly.

Seven dastardly midgets armed with sawed-off shotguns and wearing some lame hats visited Scrapbridge several days ago, asking questions and acting like real pricks. The Judges had to step forward and kick them out of the city in an unpleasant way, although they were some really tough dwarves and it was harder than expected. This merry bunch called themselves the "White's Seven" and kept asking about a "lady friend" supposedly kidnapped by a prettyface boy who had talked her into going with him to his palace. Hey, we are sorry if you can't rub your tiny cocks all over your hoe anymore, white boys, but we don't want that kind of shit around here.

Some lowlife drunk from Armpit started mouthing off about the legendary treasure of "Cross-eyed" Willy, swearing on his mother's mustache that a neighbor of his sister's girlfriend's cousin has some real, solid information on its location. He is not the first nor will be the last to claim such thing, but you don't need much more to kickstart this city's greedy imagination.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Seeking for a big, nasty lizardcock for underground fights. I'm fed up losing.

Ref. 337 - Corky

I sell cheap a shipment of cienfuegos dropped off a truck. No questions.

Ref. B00Z3 - Staples

I'm gonna munch your rug.

Ref. 3A7 - Jane Doe

NEWS OF THE MONTH

There is some confusion about it, but it seems that a few days ago there was this big-ass showdown between several bands around The Twins area. People is shooting off their gobs blabbing about at least eight different gangs beating their asses out for the control of some water spings, and after that just because they could, but the triggering for all this rumble is not clear.

Scavengers, gangers and even a group of muties passing by the zone got at each other's throats, and it seems that there were the latter who beat the shit out of the rest and pissed all over them (now go to bed trying to unsee the mental image of a mutard taking his warped package out to piss in your mouth). Not even the presence of this dude Crazy Mel as hired muscle for one of the bands made them emerge victorious, and finally they had to pay him a shitload of dog food cans for nothing, which must have been a real fuck up.

The defeated bands of gangies and junkies have sworn on their buddie's graves, which are many, to take revenge against these freaks, so it seems that this issue is far from over and we will probably be seeing more of these pitched battles from now on. Every band around Scrapbridge has started hiring fresh meat to fill up their ranks and cover for their losses, so it seems like a good time for you, tiny-weenies who dream of making a name as badass gangstas, to show once and for all whether you only have a really big mouth or you have actually grown your own short'n'curlies.