

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXIV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"War... War never changes. Same as my underpants"

BREAKING NEWS

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Biters from the southern hills have feasted big time not long ago, as a group of junkers crossing through the area have recovered a huge pile of bleach-white bones without a trace of flesh. They are definitely human, but no one has a single clue of who might have been their previous owners. Those belongings not swallowed up by the biters have also been recovered, so pretty please drop by the Covenant square to see if you can identify any of the items and tell us who these poor biter-snack-people could have been.

Some crazy dude has been poisoning the wells of Scrapbridge for the last few years, with a... wait, I will quote this... "homeoplastic" poison. No one has ever felt anything, but finally there has been a victim: local people have discovered the guy behind it and have beaten the crap out of the poor bastard.

Shit, there has been quite a long time since we heard something like this. There are a couple of bands claiming to have discovered the location of the legendary treasure of "Cross-eyed" Willy. They go fucking around and each other in some crazy-ass race to be the first to reach the place. We've heard this story before and they always come back empty-handed, but hey, good luck fellas!

Since the last chosen one of Scrapbridge came back from the Final Waste babbling about hellish creatures of nightmare who eat people alive and drink hot blood, other travellers have begun reporting more nasty stuff around that forbidden area. Bodies and limbs hacked apart, patches of bloodied skin, inhuman howling echoing among the rocks... Although not all of these stories can be taken seriously, we will once again repeat the advice we have been issuing for quite a long time: DON'T FUCKING GO THERE!

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Perfect round stones sold for slings and slingshots.
Ref. S70N3 - Guille the Stonecutter

I beat the Swordmaster of Nowater and only got this stupid t-shirt. I sell it for 2 bullets or half a dozen of bottles of Cienfuegos.
Ref. TSOMI2 - Guy Wood

Wow! This wind is really stressin' the fuck outta me!
Ref. CHURRO - La Paqui

NEWS OF THE MONTH

After many months of breaking our backs like mangy dogs, we can finally say that the northern part of Scrapbridge is at last free from debris, the cribs hanging there are quite safe, walkways are open again and there is a working elevator to go from the Cleavage to the Gross Way. Most of the old quarters are gone forever, and direct access from one end of the bridge to the other is impossible right now, but at least the zone is safe enough to be open again to general people.

Among all the broken bodies recovered from the disaster, we have been able to identify about three times ten times ten, that is quite a bunch of corpses, but there are still many more we can't figure out who they were, maybe because they were mutards or strangers in town. A really hard blow to this city full of quiet people who only want to live in peace.

Good news is that the new spokeswoman of Titgrab in the city council, Rosie Vegas, has managed to reopen some of the previous businesses of the quarter the old way: "Because I bloody well say so!". She had been really focused in putting the "leisure" dens to work again as soon as possible, and although no one knows where did she get the bullets to do so this fast, it will no doubt be a reall boom to the city and its economy to have once again the Titgrab joints opening doors for people to go and evade from this shitty world. If you drop by to spend some of your bullets in great company, we will see each other around.