

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III  
Issue XXIX  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"Those who say bullets don't bring happiness are not spendin'em on the right assholes."

#### BREAKING NEWS

#### BREAKING NEWS

#### BREAKING NEWS

Although we all hoped this Prometheus thing to be dealt with in no time, it seems the meeting is gonna be bigger than expected and the Council is awaiting for all the big honchos of the area to gather at Scrapbridge (except for Aaron from the V Reich, who has repeated a jillion times that the only thing he has to say to "those fucking shitty despicable Mutards" is "Hasta la vista, baby" while he shoots them in the face... or whatever the fuck they got). The Council keeps repeating that Prometheus has something really important to say that can affect us all, but they won't be saying shit until everyone is around. So here we are us common mortals, with our assholes tight for a full month.

And continuing with THE ISSUE, almost a week ago arrived at Scrapbridge the Steam Baroness, Samantha O'Sullivan in the flesh, displaying a brand new companion (I think, I admit I lost track of them) and a hell of a hot body with her corsets, pencil skirts and freaking outlandish hats. The Council set up a welcoming party sparing no expenses, with munching and booze everywhere, and for what we have heard, some of their members were so wasted at the end of the night that they even danced with women their own age.

In this month's "news about people appearing out of nowhere", we are told that two dudes and a babe stormed in through a latrine's door at the settlement of Crackdale, yelling something about a "ministerical" special mission. And well, as it usually happens, the citizens rallied to floor them down for good. Two of them were disposed of quickly, but the other guy knew how to use a blade and he downed several villagers while shouting "For Santiago!!!" (who must have been his boyfriend, or something). He was finally shot down and his thick moustache now hangs as a trophy over the tabern's door, which seems to be scaring moscorpions away to the joy of Crackdale's locals.

#### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Come eat my balls. In Morice's Meatball Hero stall we have the best buffamel meatball sandwiches of all the Wasteland and beyond.  
Ref. 3GG - Morice

Don't get fooled; if this is the future, where the fuck are the phasers?  
Ref. 2032 - Simon

You heard that? They were your two brain cells crashing.  
Ref. J0K3 - The Joker



#### NEWS OF THE MONTH

The Black Blood is gaining adepts each passing day. Far from just being a cult for a handful of lunatics hanging around with their ink, chains and chromed exhausts, they are leaving a mark in the Bridge's society and a lot of people is becoming more and more interested in their bikes, wheels, gas worship and shit. Not all of them will be willing to joint their sect, I suppose, but they no doubt are generating sympathies and also are quite appealing, for reasons I can't really explain, specially to the teens of Scrapbridge who only want to roam the Wasteland on their own and see the world burn.

We hope this situation doesn't get completely out of control, for the Judges still have them under their radar and step in whenever they get into trouble. But as their ranks are increasing and the citizens seem to be accepting their presence, there are voices claiming that they should have a spokesperson at the honcho gathering here in Scrapbridge to see what the fuck Prometheus has to tell us. That I don't think will ever happen in my life, because that Cunnilingus wacko won't have the balls to leave his well-protected fortress and, even if he does, as soon as he opens his deranged mouth he is gonna piss a lot of people off and this whole gathering thing will go down the toilet. To the question of "What do you think about Cunnilingus?", made by this humble writer to the Baroness of Samanthia at her arrival at the Bridge, the always puzzling junker leader just smiled mischievously and said "I'm always open to anything".