

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

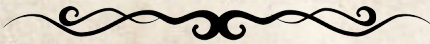
"Ya 'now how to skin a lizardcock alive? Ya 'now how to survive a week only on your piss? Ya 'now how to kill with your teeth? Ya 'now how to make cienfuegos with buffamel shit? Then show me, modafucka!"

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

Some special bastard has been shooting on people from the highets levels of Scrapbridge for several weeks now. So far this fuckin' clown has only shot the asses of innocent neighbors passing by the lower areas, but the day will come when he will miss and THEN we will have a serious problem. Loser, if you got so many bullets, use them hunting creatures, killing Muties or shooting yourself in the head, but leave these good people's asscheeks alone.



At the end the search for the famous treasure of Cross-eyed Willy has been a fiasco, as always. Both of the bands racing for it, Heirs of Humungus & Daughters, and a wild bunch from the Black Blood, beat each other's shit out along and across the known Wasteland, wild-kicking asses to get information, ravaging poor Stan's dump for nothing and even daring into the unknown territory of a city from Before, to get exactly a flying fuck. Neither of both gangs returned home happy, and they miut... mutiu... mytu... accuse each other of being some dirty cheaters, stealing the treasure before the competition began or changing its location just for the laughs. It seems that this treasure hunt is still alive and more interesting than ever, so now you know: if you have a shovel around home, some spare time and little love for your own life, go try and get it!



Bets for this year's edition of Da Big Blow are hotter and crazier than ever! Eightfingers is still one of the great favorites, but all the houses in Nowater are putting some serious meat on the bones recruiting new evil badasses for the pits. One of the most repeated names is that of Rey Mysterio, a complete unknown fighter no one knows shit about, except his war name, who will go down to the pits to fight for the Guaraná Krib. This can be the golden opportunity for this second-rate krib to finally make it to the elite of Nowater competitions.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

No bullets and no beer make Jess go crazy. I buy any of them or I kill you really dead.
Ref. BOC1 - Jess "the Mess"

I lost a hungry, hungry hippo puppy who kept me company at night. Don't judge me.
Ref. 2B - Sorrows Ed

001100 010010 011110 100001 101101 110011
Ref. 010 - B3nd3r



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Prometheus is coming!!!

We all know the name of this fella who seems to have been elected as leader of the mutards around Scrapbridge. There are a lot of stories about the powers he has, and many blame him for the attack on our city and a lot of other nasty stuff happening lately. Some people even call him "the chosen one". But so far he had remained in his fortress at The Twins, minding his own business, so everything had been cool between his gang of lowlife muties and the rest of the world.

But dudes, here it is this rumor about Prometheus moving south in the company of quite a big bunch of mutards. Confusion is getting out of control among some dwellers of our settlement and anti-mutard attacks are getting worse. Some are even calling to arms to protect the city.

"We already know that, everyone is talking 'bout it", will you say. But hear this, smart ass, as we have some exclusive information. One of the freaks from the "Yes We Mutate" movement mouthed off and told us that Prometheus wants to meet with the big honchos of the main settlements to talk about really important shit. It seems that he knows who is responsible for the last attacks and why they did it (if HE was responsible, he would also know it, right?) and the future of our homeland will depend on what they decide after the meeting.