

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXVI
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"You can stick a finger up you ass and play dead, if you ask me..."

BREAKING NEWS

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We have been notified about other strange happening by our readers, and it seems that this part of the Wasteland is becoming a madhouse. In the settlement of Stinky Basin they say that, out of nowhere, it appeared some kind of blue latrine from which emerged this weird guy wearing a bowtie. The whole town gathered to beat the shit out of his sorry ass, but he threatened them with what seemed to be a screwdriver. The asshole managed to get away, but they took that tool from him. Now they are really pissed off, because they tried it on every screw in town but the screwdriver is completely useless.

The bastard who goes around shooting at our neighbors' asses has got in touch with this Gazette to dig deeper into the wound. Some days ago I found a piece of cardboard attached to the door of this shack, with a wierd drawing of some kind of edible ring and the word "Dunkin" written on it. It was nailed to the door with a big knife which went through the hole of the donut, and on the back of it someone had written in a childish handwriting "I gonna make a new asshole to ya all, modafuk's" and then a big smiley face. You are really losing it big time, jerk, and I really hope the Judges will find you and break your fucking skull in half.

This month has been one of the calmest times of the last years in Scrapbridge. Beyond the corpses we collected due to natural causes, there has been only 9 stiff bodies due to shootings, 17 by cutting blades (or axes, or hammers, or whatever, but not one of those that go BOOM), 5 due to fallings from the upper levels, 3 were poisoned, 2 died for being too smart-ass for their own good, and only 1 stomped to dead by a buffamel. Let's hope the coming months are also this quiet. To make up for the loss of population, we have to announce the birth of two boys with no apparent mutations, a girl with the lungs of a highjacker (in the words of his father after a week of no sleep) and ten fat piggies in the farms.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

I wanna a seal of approval. I need a seal of approval. Someone sell me a fuckin' seal!
Ref. S34L - Jash the Nomad

Who took down that ugly statue on the third level? That's how you fuckin' do it! You got a payed beer at McCann's.
Ref. 0I0 - Pat

Hold the door of that cave, cold is gettin' in here!
Ref. 6x05 - H0d0r

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Hide your women, daughters, pets and rides! The Children of the Black Blood have sent a raiding group of blood and gasoline-thirsty wackos to the surrounding area of Scrapbridge!

There are quite a few reports from travellers and traders talking about a bunch of Tex'co worshippers camping in a cave north of the city. So long the don't seem to be acting in a particularly aggressive way, which is strange enough for this mad-ass shitheads, but they do scare the crap out of people passing through the area by staring blindly at them and growling like animals to keep them away from their camp.

According to the descriptions this Gazette has been able to pull together, in the group there is a big fella with some kind of toothed-saw, a skinny bold guy who is always hugging and kissing a jerry can, a deranged woman covered in tatoos with a wild look and lots of chains coiled around her body, another bloke wearing a mask who plays some kind of infernal instrument which sounds like a raped cat, a tough-looking girl with a hell of a custom ride, and several other shady characters who try to stay out of sight. Nobody knows what they want, what they are here for or if they are getting any close to the city. We suppose it will all depend on how people react in the following weeks and how events develop. For now, be warned not to be wandering alone far north just in case what could happen.