

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXVII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"My bladder is fire and blood. Boys, if ya go 'round that Reyxol joint, don't pay fuckin' attention to what they say, as cheap as ya think it is."

BREAKING NEWS

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Today we have known of the violent death of a Scrapbridge neighbor, Giles "the Slasher", found in his shack at Footlicker gutted like a little pig. It seems that "the Slasher" had in mind a very lucrar... lacra... lutra... a business that will earn him a lot of bullets, which consisted in training addlers as errand boys, lookouts and servants, and then hiring them to his neighbors. To that end he had captured three or four of these sad mutards and kept them in his crib for training, but it seems things went out of control and his "pupils" ate his guts alive. The folks who made the discovery, some lowlife addicts from the neighborhood who broke in Slasher's house to "borrow" some of his stuff, took out the addlers with baseball bats before calling the Judges, who let them go with a couple of warning slaps.



After eleven long years of faithful service to the city of Scrapbridge, we are sad no announce the closure of Mary&Mony's BBQ and Grill, at Shelter, a family business where they served really decent shish lizardcocks, ace class buffamel ribs and a wide selection of drinks that did not punctured your guts. In their last night open they will offer a communal deep-fried buffet.



The kennels at The Beam will be closed for quarantine for a while, as it seems they had a mongrelmorph living there among the other dogs in the cages, and no one had found out until a week or so ago. Apparently one of the caretakers noticed that, at mess time, one of the dogs just lied down over its food and when walking away the munch had just gone. Well, it turned out that the bastard had another mouth in its belly, very well hidden and which only used to eat, while the barking and howling it did with his regular head. All this matter is really disgusting when thought about, so while they check the rest of the mongrels to see if there are more aberrations, fights are over for you, peasants.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Canvas for shade at good price. Scorching sun is coming and you will fry alive. Call me, dudes.
Ref. 4SUN - Molly

Seasoned folks wanted for trip to the Final Waste. Small wages, constant danger. Grow a pair!
Ref. 1914 - Shackleton

Grade A custom bullets. Just one or two out of each clip will blow in your gob.
Ref. 9MM - Pete "Parabellum"



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Notice of interest! They have finally arrived to Scrapbridge and they are here for good! Those weirdos from the Black Blood have shown up at the gates of the city and have asked to be received like anyone else. At first the Council members didn't know that to do, because everybody knows that this bunch is quite off their tracks lately, but as they agreed to enter the settlement without weapons to talk things out, they were allowed in.

It seems that these fellas are here to settle in the city by order of his leader, Carpetmunchus, or whatever the hell his name is, to inform those who want to join their cult and put their church in a good light. A lot of folks around here just think that they are here to spy on us and be aware of the dealings of the other factions in the area, but we in this city accept everyone who play by the rules and don't overstep, so tough it out it is.

The Judges will have all their eyes set on these wackos until they know what they are really up to, and the Trini gang has warned them to tread very carefully: if any of them crosses the line in their territory, all hell will break loose. So far one of those crazy-ass head-shaven women who came with them, a chick covered in chains and tattoos to her teeth, has already ticked off a brawl in one of the joints at Armpit, and sent to the quack doctor a couple of guys after violently kicking their teeth out their big mouths.