

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXVIII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day
"The Reyxol is dark and full of terrors."

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BREAKING NEWS
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Cars appearing from nowhere, blue cabins appearing from nowhere... What was the next thing we could expect to appear from nowhere? Well, at Boulders there has appeared a naked man out of nowhere! Just like that, local folks said the felt like a strong gust of wind, thunder rumbling in the distance and some of them felt their hair raising as if they had put their tongue next to a generator's plug. So they went out to have a look and there it was this ripped guy, full monty and with a stern look in his face, crouching on the ground. First thing the honest locals tried to do was, of course, beating the crap out of this stranger, but the guy had the strength of ten highjackers and floored them all without moving a single muscle in his face. Then he took Thin Pete's clothes, grabbed the blunderbuss Old Fradejas' lady had hanging from her livingroom's wall and left the settlement without adding a single word. What is this world coming to?!

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Piper Scherbatsky's band of Junkers is leaving north-bound in a few days, to the sanctuary and fortress of the Black Blood. This daredevil scavenger dynamo is set on trying her luck to be the first one stablishing a stable trade route with Tex'co's stronghold, to see what cool things these guys might have to offer. She had to sweat and spend a lot of bullets to convince or hire people enough for her caravan, but she is confident it will be worth it and she will be finally be able to retire.

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No doubt the Black Blood Children are a bunch of random guys and hard to get along with. Some days ago one of them, a bald dude with crazy eyes, jumped off one of the catwalks in the third level while setting himself on fire with a flare and shouting "Witness!!". After questioning some of the people around there, the Judges only learnt that the last thing this wacko did in life was asking a local shopkeeper if the exhausts she sells at her stall were new, to which she just answered "Chrome and shiny, son". Nuts.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Cool as fuck tatoos, cheap and very profesional. So you can show off your ink wherever you go, I'm your man to draw you a spider, tribals, a bullet or a dick.
Ref. 1NK - Norman "Needles"

Hiring people to take my seven sons outta jail. Let's blow that prison shithole once and for all!
Ref. 1935 - Ma Parker

Plenty for all of ya, ladies. Don't worry, I have the best stuff in town. Buffamel tenderloin grade A.
Ref. M34T - Nicholae the Charcuter



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Prometheus at the gates of Scrapbridge! The long Mutard march from The Twins has finally reached this settlement and the self-proclaimed "mesiah" of the Wasteland scum has asked for an audience with the Council. The general public's opinion about it is quite evenly split, as he has come with a legion of followers and there are voices, such as the ones from the V Reich, claimin for a full, devastating attack on them. For now they have set camp in a large area of soil around the bridge without the Council openly opposing them.

Prometheus claims that he has a great secreto to tell the memebbers of the Council, a revelation of fuckingly dimensions which will blow the minds of every Wastelander. This visit is becoming the event of the year and everyone wants to take a look at the Mutard leader, from those who thought he was just a made-up myth to those who want to spit in his face or just put a bullet in his brains. Although he has not been seen much in public since his arrival, what you can see really well is the camp his tens and tens of followers have set up outside the gates of Scrapbridge, sheltered under a sea of improvised tents, awnings, trees or stones. A lot of people crowds the higher levels of the bridge to gossip and start spreading rumors, such as with all those pigs banding together there will be a plague inside the city soon enough, or that they are actually a proper army awaiting an order from their leader to take the bridge by storm.