

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXX
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"Don't ever hold up your farting, no, not at all. Not even the weigthy ones. They will eventually try to vent up and your breath will stink."

BREAKING NEWS

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It seems the route south of Gleaming Towers, so long dangerous as fuck due to the heavy presence of bone-munchers, landsharks and even weirder creatures which ate anything who crossed by, is sort of open. Our sources haven't been specific about the fact if someone wiped them out or a new, safe path has been found, but goodies from the south are already arriving. A lot of treasure hunters and explorers had been travelling there lately in search of fame and fortune, so as much terrific as these critters might have been, their mortality rate was skyrocketing. Maybe they just have become extinct due to intensive hunting or they moved away to more quiet places in which to slaughter the local population.



From the Titgrab quarter comes some disturbing news about a new crab infestation, so be advised if you have needs to be satisfied there. Garv, the bald guy who works at the lifts, found one so fat that he took it as a pet and has given it a name.



Master Banger is back with his "Two men enter and, well, two leave, but one is fucked up" show. You can face him in the cage he has set up near the bridge outskirts and try not to be banged. So long no one has ever managed to leave unharmed and the total jackpot is now near a zillion bullets. There is no shortage of scumbags trying to make a name for themselves, who only get to lose teeth, blood and self-steem.



Three toes have shown up near the Cleavage, all chewed and covered in blood. We have told you a thousand times not to put your feet in those filthy waters, because no one knows what kind of dangerous devious beings can live under the surface, but you won't listen. Now limp back home, asshole.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

I clean blood, chop bodies, grind bones. Don't let the heavy duty prevent you from doing what you gotta do.
Ref. 8L00D - "Sweet" Heidi

I don't give a rat's fart about Prometheus.
Ref. VR4E - Aaron Undercover

You feel underloved? For 3 dirty bullets I will finger myself thinking of you.
Ref. F1S7 - Carla



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Yeah, finally the meeting between Prometheus and the main leaders of the other factions has been held. But it seems we are not important enough to know what they have mouthed, so we don't know shit about it, but the big honchos have been meeting again several times all together or on their own. In fact, the Baroness of Samanthaia and Cunnilingus (who showed up in the last minute without warning) have been seeing each other a lot in private, and some say the foul attitude of the Black Blood leader has improved a lot since those meetings. Who knows what deals they might have struck.

So, the only thing we have been able to find out is that Prometheus doesn't want to invade us or mutardize Scrapbridge, if you can believe anything coming out of that filthy mouth. He has indeed revealed some piece of mind-blowing news, convincing enough faction leaders for them to be debating right now if they should prepare a joint expedition with members from all the gangs to find out the truth behind his stories. But they won't go into details so we don't crap down our pants.

I don't know what you think, faithful readers, but the fact that they are buddying together whispering secrets behind our backs is enough to scare the shit outta me. And it's not only me, 'cause these days the mood is so tense around the city that if you cough too loud two fellas will die from a heart attack and ten more will discharge their weapons in your face.