

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year III
Issue XXXI
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day
"When in doubt, shoot at the Pit beast."

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BREAKING NEWS
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We have been warned that in the Hawkins settlement a kid has gone missing. His mother and brother are really worried and would thank any lead on this case. Last time he was seen he was returning from some friends' crib. I have tried to talk to one of those rascals, but the only thing he keeps repeating is just one odd word: Demogorgon. To my liking there are too many people appearing out of nowhere all across the Wasteland, so I think it is just fair that some will also vanish, isn't that so? As my grandpa used to say, "Chicken in, chicken out".
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The renowned mercenary Liz deVille is currently in Scrapbridge, which has become a sort of fuckin' traveling circus with all kind of persons, mutants, traders and bullets for hire. The meeting of the big honchos of the factions has stuffed this city to its edges, while more people keep arriving every day. Although merchants and storekeepers have never cashed in more bullets in their bloody lives, truth is that this situation is becoming a bit stressing.
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Nobody knows how but Rotten Dana has recovered from her stinky illness, so she will no longer wander around coughin' at our faces, spitting green lime and letting loose her disgusting body fluids without control. Will this be an Winternal miracle, or maybe at the end the devil has refused to take her reeking soul with him?
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Some days ago neighbors from the Gross Way reported a fire in one of the upper lookouts, and when arriving to put it out they saw this really ugly dummy tied to a post. Someone had soaked it in flammable liquid and then lit it up, in what a bunch of people understand as some nasty Black Blood ritual. Let's hope this shit does not escalate any further, because witnesses reported it was scary as fuck.
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SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Thirst for revenge? Revenge, the more best liquor from here to Samanthaia. Imported by the coolest drinking hole in The Beam only, "The Bullet and the Biter".
Ref. DR11 - Maggie
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I give my landshark away due to lack of space.
Ref. M34T - Trevor
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So many assholes and bullets so expensive. At least I've got twinkies for all of you, snapperheads.
Ref. R0CK - F. Fairlane
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NEWS OF THE MONTH

The Scrapbridge Council has decided to cancel this year's Winternal celebrations in the city, due to the highly tense mood present after the arrival of the mutard legion camping at the gates, as well as the flood of members from all the factions of the Wasteland to see what's going on here these last weeks.

Things are already heated enough to risk stirring shit further, specially with the traditional concert by the most punker group "Eat shit and die" (finally they didn't disband the squad, despite the tough moments some of its members had to go through as we reported in issue XIX of this Gazette) which always ends in riots, shootouts and random lynchings. The Judges and the Trini gang will try to keep the peace withing reasonable levels, so everyone can celebrate the birth of the bearded guy dressed in red from the World of Before as they see fit, but each one quietly at their own home.

A special curfew will be in effect during the last week of the year for the sunless hours, during which it won't be allowed groups of more than four persons, mutards without leash or shoulder straps, drinking alcohol in public places, shooting in the air under no circumstances (at your own risk of being fired back), throwing pigs from the top of the bridge, swimming or bathing in the Cleavage fully naked and (this one is for you, fucking Black Blood wackos) ABSOLUTELY NO SETTING ANYTHING ON FIRE.