

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV
Issue XXXII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Fightin' without liquor is like lovin' without lickin'."

BREAKING NEWS

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All of you who want to earn some bullets, make some walking and are not real sissies, you can join the upcoming expedition to the Final Waste. Be aware that the bloody place is not close and you will be away for a long while. You can expect as well the usual suspects in the form of raiders, ravening beasts of the Wasteland, or even the occasional acid rain. You will be more appreciated (that is, they will pay you more) if you know some useful trade, like tracker, hunter, cook, loveboy, or so.

It's mating time again around Jizzland, so keep your eyes peeled for dickpricks are on the loose and they can shove it up yours real hard. It seems there are already a couple of victims among the population of Boulders, those sad silly fuckers. Old Anderson has lost his remaining teeth in a violent attack and he waited several days before visiting the local bonecutter out of pure shame. Don't go around asking for trouble and avoid this area, unless you want me to write about you next month.

"I've had it up to my clit", that's what La Trini said after the riots unleashed in several places of Scrapbridge after the incident with Prometheus. The most warring members of the factions have been jumping at each other's throats with accusations of trying to waste the Mutard leader, although almost all suspicions fall on the V Reich mutarphobic crew. Thing is that tensions are skyrocketing and you only need a stern look, coughing too loud or farting in the wrong place to make daggers fly and guns come out of the holsters. The Beam has been one of the worst affected quarters, in spite of usually being a quite 'hood. La Trini and her girls have been beating, kicking, punching and cracking skulls overtime to keep in line the hot temper of the local gangs: crew members of the Übermommas, the Kaos Kestrels, the Bridgburners, the X-Plosion Doctors, fellows from the Let's Mutate movements and some Merry Widows have already paid a visit to the can.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Tired of this miserable life? We offer "dead by snu-snu". Say goodbye with a smile.
Ref. 7UKK - The Olson Triplets

Rivals wanted to play battles with small soldiers.
Ref. W4R - The Gamer

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Prometheus almost dead!!!

After many meetings with the chiefs, Prometheus was still trying to convince them about sending a joint force to the Final Waste. We don't have all the information, but it seems we would then know the great truth, we would finally discover we have been fooled, blah, blah, blah. Thing is they were holding meetings, talking, arguing and insulting each other for several weeks, and then some nights ago all hell broke loose. Something sneaked in the outer camps, wiped out a lot of people from different factions and then reached Prometheus' tent. There were noises, explosions of many different colors and much more witnesses have reported and I find difficult to believe.

At the end, when all was silent again and people dared to go into the tent again, they found the naked body of Prometheus, unconscious and stiff (Beola, the healer from the Gross Way who went there to examine the body, told us that he also had another stiff thing, a member so big it looked like the arm of a five years old child holding an apple in his hand, but we think it's not relevant to the story), and the remains of some completely mechanical being which some called a robotron, or shit.

Several days have already passed and Prometheus is still lying there without waking up. He is not dead, but not much alive neither. Against all odds, now that he is not pestering the rest of the faction bosses they seem more determined than ever to set up the expedition to the Final Waste Prometheus was ranting about so badly. All of Scrapbridge (except the members from the V Reich, which are actually celebrating these events) is on fire trying to help with this future trip to the limits of the known Wasteland. Dear readers, we can only say one thing: really interesting times lie ahead.