

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV
Issue XXXIII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"Before goin' to bed you have to buff your banana if you wanna sleep nicely. But do it with a different hand each day, none of 'em yours if you are lucky."

BREAKING NEWS

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The "people appearing out of nowhere" season is extending longer than expected, because we are hearing some stories from the Itchyass settlement about a weird guy who "popped out of thin air up in the sky, fell to the street shoutin' like a bleedin' pig and then started shootin' at everybody". This fellow, wearing blue shirt, dirty trousers, big ass sawed-off shotgun and a mechanical chain like the ones used by Black Blood wackos, stole a buffamel and a blanket from a local trader. According to her, as he did so he kept repeating something like "Klavu, Barracuda, Nectarine" and mumbling about returning to his time with some creepy book.

Dustbin, a settlement in the fringe of the known Wasteland up north, is isolated again due to big as fuck dust and sand storms. To our knowledge, at least a scavenger caravan and a group of Scrapbridge mercs have been caught up there without warning, so if your are waiting for them you best sit your asses in a comfy spot and grab a bunch of beers. They have really done a great job when naming that place, 'cause they are always in deep shit with such natural events.

Scrapbridge is in no shortage of weirdos, idlers and freaks, but some days ago a new association violently presented itself in public, the POTA (People Obsessed with Treatment of Animals). Apparently they were protesting at the use of animal furs by some bands' members, who usually flash them around as trophies, loincloths, cloaks or pure decoration. According to this group, beasts like highjackers, biters or even mongolongs deserve a fair and humane treatment, respecting their territories and physical integrity. Now you go tell a highjacker which is devouring your guts up in its bloody nest, that you are a little human person with feelings, finite blood supply and such nonsense. Here in the Wasteland, if you hunt a badass, lethal monster, you are entitled to wear its remains as a trophy.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

This time is for real, next year you will be fed up with playing HQ225. Preorder yours now!
Ref. HQ225 - Dioni

Marico, hihueputa, malparido, gonorrea.
Ref. K4L1 - Pablo

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Prometheus' situation has become a complete, naked and shocking mistery. The body of the Mutard leader is still stiff as fuck, specially in certain parts of his buff anatomy, but not technically dead, which has given rise to all kinds of stupid theories. It is still not clear who or what tried to waste him a month ago at his crib, but his faithful followers have begun to visit the lying body to leave offerings, ask for favors and this strange thing they call "pray" (and we just call "talking alone"). Will there be a new cult born in the Wasteland? Maybe Prometheus has "trascended his human being to be one with the universe and watch over all of us" (as one of his most devote followers told us, before a blackblood member took all his teeth from his mouth with a plank for making words up and talking funny)?

Among his backers there are those who already claim for taking the body back to The Twins, mutard stronghold, to take care of him there until he comes back to the world of the living (if he ever does). Others state that it's better to keep them where he lays, maybe building a more permanent sanctuary around him instead of the lame tent there is now there. Yet some other voices (we all know from whom) cry for him to be thrown to the pigs of the nearby farms and let Nature keep its course. Things are still quite tense here and we still don't know what will happen with the planned expedition to the Final Waste he had proposed, because the big honchos from the other factions have been quite strayed lately. Cunnilingus and Samantha keep doing their... things, the Scrapbridge council members are focusing only on mantaining order in the city, and local personalities "don't want to draw that fucking straw".