

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV
Issue XXXIV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"Do or do not. But don't come askin' for help, you dickface."

BREAKING NEWS

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Piper Scherbatsky, the junker dynamo first to open a stable trading route with the Black Blood fortress north of here, has been arrested. It seems she was gulping down some cienfuegos shots in a joint at The Beam, when a drunk patron made a joke with his buddies and called her "Dora the Explorer". Grabbing a nearby bar stool and without saying a word, Piper cracked his skull open and returned to her table to continue drinking. The Judges made the arrest, but after hearing what the witnesses had to say, it seems this will all be discarded as mere self-defense.



A guy from Bearings has been surprised sticking his meat rod into his neighbor's buffamel, to great surprise of the locals. This nasty dude, who claims to be in love and has confessed to making a lot of gifts to the animal such as wild flowers, colored stones and a really well made blanket, couldn't resist the buffamel lure after several weeks of hot romance. "I knew the milk tasted funny", said the owner with a sour face, before spitting several times. The fucker is being held in a local stable waiting for a verdict that, according to some anonymous sources, will probably involve some kind of "hanging by his goddamn nuts".



We keep being surprised by these people who go around crazy time-travelling and all that shit. A story comes from Mirelook of a chick dressed in a white suit and with blue hair, who showed up without warning in the middle of the settlement with a bottle in her hands talking about coming from the future to bring true cleanliness to their lives. Sure the good folk of Mirelook was offended by being called nasty pigs to their faces, so they grabbed the woman, forced her to drink the stuff inside the bottle (which smelled like a rat's ass, by the way, so it was clear it wouldn't be able to clean shit), and then threw her into the swine pens to be severely munched by the animals. Now you have learnt a lesson not to go fucking around insulting people.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

My man gone missing. Short, fat, half-bald and very stupid. You find him, you keep him.

Ref. L0V3 - Holly

I paint huts. Really bad, but don't charge much.

Ref. P41N7 - Tadeus

Defiled buffamel for sale. Urgent.

Ref. M1LK - Bodan

Cool tatoos at fine prices. Get yours!

Ref. 1NK - Inma



NEWS OF THE MONTH

We are receiving some unnerving news from a distant place east from here called the Great Rift, but that can be of foul consequences for all of us. It seems that the legendary being known as the permaban, used by many of us as a threat for our kids to get to sleep, eat their lizardcock steaks or don't go throwing stones at people in the streets, is more real than many of us could have thought. Some witnesses of proven credibility at the local drinking holes claim to have seen this fat, pony-tailed and pimply humanoid creature far in the distance, and although they ran away as fast as they could before it was able get closer, they swear on their stomped ancestors they heard it howling words full of hate and spite.

Some describe him with a black tee several sizes smaller than required, flip-flops and a bag in his hand from which he keeps taking these small orange maggots out to swallow them by the handful. And as if this was not enough, popular folklore grants him the power to banish any living creature he touches from the Wasteland by shouting "You are not even funny!" or something similar, dooming them to ostro... astri... istroci... oblivion. Locals also tell the tale about a rundown hanging bridge in the middle of the Great Rift, barely held in place by a couple of old ropes, under which this lonely and sad creature lives when not hunting. You know... ignorance is bliss, much better than go out there exploring to discover these hideous critters.