

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV  
Issue XXXIX  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"Who's dumber, the one doing dumb things or the one who keeps reading whatever I say here?"

#### BREAKING NEWS

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This week was killed the fifth guy singing that Rapi-dito summer song. Usually this excellent publication wouldn't sanction the use of violence to repress musical tastes, but in this particular case we think they deserve each and every fuckin' bullet. And kicking the corpse to make sure they don't breath anymore. From the local Council they are warning any type of violence will be allowed against anyone spreading this modern plague, as we have to stand enough with the nuclear waste, biters, famine, psycho raiders and raping beasts of every kind, so we're not taking this new pysco... psocy... cyscolo... brain torture.

The poorest, lowest and most desperate people in Scrapbridge is getting to even more depressing depths as the Reyxol brothel (heed the fancy word not to say whoring house) in the Shithole quarter is closed for "reforms". A big reform it must be, as it collapsed almost entirely last week killing two sex workers, five customers, a young pig and two martabbits (don't ask, don't tell). We can't tell for sure when it will be opening its gates again, most likely when they can find enough rubbish to make it look like a house again. If you want to claim the pig's body, please go to Dr. Sariosus's office in Armpit.

This last month the Scrapbridge Council has been jumpy about the possibility of another bomb attack and staged a simlucra... sumulic... misalacro... well, people had to imagine that some unknown asshole blew off one of our bridge's pillars again (I really should stop trying to use fancy words, 'cause I suck big time at it). After a couple of days of riots I guess the Council must be happy with the results, as people reacted exactly as the last time and all across the city there have been assaults, rapings, suicides, looting and all those things happening when the World is going down the toilet... again. My advice is to tell people to act as usual, because they are mad enough in the brains and they lose it every day without being scared as fuck.

#### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

I sell Punka-Cola vending machine full of cockrats.  
9UNK - Tanya

Giving bait worms for free, I've got my ass full of those fat bastards.

WORM2 - "Gross" Mike

Looking for someone who can write to make my final wishes, I've got a bad feeling here.

D347H - Sean B.

Do you have a minute to talk about our lord and savior, Cthulhu?

R'LY3H - H. P. L.

#### NEWS OF THE MONTH

This is big, the Legend of the Mongolongo. Months ago no lowly rascal had heard about this old story (old my ass, I'm sure they made that up a couple of days ago), but suddenly Scrapbridge is talking about it without a pause. It has spread, like piss leaking from top of the bridges in Yellow's quarter, as every gang in town meaning something (and a bunch of others unknown to everyone but their founders) lose interest in all that fuss about Prometheus, the Final Waster and all that crap. At first not much people was paying attention to this babbling, but now there are a lot of bands involved and eager to go out to the Wasteland and violently beat the shit out of each other.

You haven't heard about this legend? Dude, you must have been living under a fuckin' stone. Quick version is that somewhere in the Wasteland there is a solid gold statue of a mongolongo, erected there by the Original Gangs (Do you think I made this up too? Come and choke on my cock) and that if a new band gets it, they will be crowned kings as the coolest crew in the wastes. But hey, if you ask me, anyone finding a golden mongolongo statue will only get their hands on the most tacky dildo around.