

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV  
Issue XXXV  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"The trick for not havin' a hangover is easy; you just have to drink a bit more. That's what I do since I was 13."

#### BREAKING NEWS

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Another legend comes back to the world of the living, the imposing leader of the Blue Oyster band, Lord Homoeroticus. Some years ago his band imposed a reign of terror in the desert zone to the west, after getting their hands on some vehicles with which they harassed several settlements and ambushed trade caravans. Known by his BDSM look, with a simple leather underwear and strap harness, as well as his distinct white hockey mask and bodybuilding constitution, Lord Homoeroticus went off the radar after confusing rumours of having died in a gruesome car accident. A couple of weeks ago he surprised us all after entering Scrapbridge ready to join the trip to the Final Waste and prove he is still "a mean dog of war like anybody else".

Reports are coming in again about nasty and possibly abnormal things appening around the area of the old Majauchsuwi settlement (Did I write that right? Fuck yeah!). The handful of survivors of a junker caravan passing by the zone tell about horrifying howls in the night, shadows stalking the groups and ghostly lights hovering in the sky at dusk. A new member of the caravan disappeared each night they spent in the area, until they decided to get the hell out of there with their hair raised and no desire to go back there.

Two members of the Guano, Clay and Grit Association have returned from the Acid Lands. Apart from recovering some vulcanized stones, or whatever they are called, they also stated that the area has grown bigger. As you know this land is a nasty place full of lava, acidic lakes, hot water blasts coming from the ground and things like that that repel any wise traveler. And the fact that it is growing bigger in the North pass is making travelling through that area a hell harder. One of them even claimed to have seen a couple of longleg riders, but you know, with all the noxious gases there he could very well have seen his own naked grandma farting her way through the sky.

#### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Don't go to the Biter Bite drinking hole at Armpit. They only sell cheap shit.

Ref. B3B3 - Alice

Looking for a sidekick with both arms. Urgent.

Ref. DRS - Sarious

Someone got their HQ225 already? Just curious.

Ref. P3RM4 - Permaban



#### NEWS OF THE MONTH

At last things are in motion. The last will of Prometheus (at least until he wakes up again, because it would be a tragedy for the human race if a dude with such a tool died) is going to happen and the joint expedition to see what the hell is going on in the Final Waste is leaving Scrapbridge anytime soon. The faction leaders has focused a bit and the local council finally began to plan the logistics of the trip once the city is somehow quieter of late.

The biggest problem in these last weeks was to choose the leader in charge of such a huge band of badasses, the biggest ever seen in the Wasteland, which will have to cross a big ass stretch of land to the Northeast and then face the dangers of the Waste. As everyone wanted to be the biggest fish in the tank, no one was giving a sensible order or they got cancelled the day after. Luckily for all of us the great Lizzy DeVille, who was staying at Scrapbridge since a couple of months ago to see what was brewing around, banged her fists on the table and into the teeth of the other wannabes. Fed up with the wheeling and dealing of the different factions, the charismatic mercenary, who has a huge popular support and is really well looked upon many people, stepped forward and proclaimed herself as leader of the upcoming expedition. Those who didn't accept her claims suffered dislocations and bone fractures of varying severities until they ceased to object, so now Lizzy is the head honcho and will be the one in charge of leading our people in this new and mysterious adventure.