

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV
Issue XXXVI
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"You've made your bed, now sleep it off in it."

BREAKING NEWS

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Stalking around Scrapbridge there is this infernal being, a wretch emerged from the pits of Hell and hostile to all pacific existence. It is a grumpy, bitter and ill-faced cat lurking out of the darkest corners, giving the evil eye to anyone coming near it. It snorts, hisses and claws out as soon as it is near enough, and never puts away that face of being really pissed off and the look that says "I mean you no harm, but I wish you have a cough in a diarrhea day". Rumours are beginning to spread about it bringing bad luck and curses to those it gazes upon. Last victim was good Lydia Santiago, who came by to give some fish bones from the Cleavage to it, and only got a hate stare in return. Well, next morning she was getting out of her crib and slipped on some fish bones that had spookily appeared at her doorstep. She fell hard on her face and had to be stitched up, while blaming that soddy old cat. Be warned!

Richard, one of the sorry-asses who bring us news now and then, has been holding it up for a couple of weeks. He has tried everything from drinking gummiberry juice to dare into the lair of a mongolongo in heat, but he is still constipated and shit is getting out his ears already. So we have decided to rise funds to hire someone to shove their hand up his ass and take it out by force. He won't do it for you, but we're confident you are better human beings.

Not wanting to set a predi... preca... perce..., well, don't get use to it, but the Scrapbridge Council has decided that any prisoners in The Beam's jail who are willing to join the trip to the Final Waste can do so. It seems this expedition is nothing short of a death sentence, so the local honchos have seen their chance to clean up the cells of scum and take a burden off their chests. The problem is now Lizzy's, the recent leader of the expedition, who will have to deal with a lot more of lowlifes than she had expected. "Sons of bitches!", she is supposed to have said upon knowing the news.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Come on, dudes. Don't you know you never leave a psycho to starve?

E4T - Hannibal

A man chooses, a slave obeys. Come to our settlement free of chains, but full of humidity.

BSH0K - A. Ryan.

Why steal from the dead if I can sell it to you? Big-ass firepower in Marcus' gun shop.

BL4NDZ - Marcus



NEWS OF THE MONTH

While the expedition to the Final Waste is getting ready out there, the world keeps turning and a Junkers posse has returned from the East, where they have reached the Wide Sea, to trade in Scrapbridge with the goodies they have acquired and gossip about all the things they have seen.

A couple of their members dissappeared near the Oblivion Mines. As it is usually the case, no one heard or saw anything unusual, but it seems that from the mines came loud noises like the ones made by heavy machinery operating.

In the Great Rift things go as usual. If you wanna cross the Permaban Pass you have to pay tribute to those bastards, but at least it is still open and not falling down which seems to be happening any minute.

Finally the have arrived to the Fatwind settlement, where those wierdos with their animal shells armors and thick hairs live, looking all like ugly crabs with wigs. But they did well there and got a lot of funny things to trade with, specially salted fish and shells. Besides they have been told that high tides are being wilder than ever and by night, out on the far sea near the horizon line, they see a blinking green light. But no one has ever dared to go that far with their small boats (and small penises, I would say), because the sea is mean and full of foul tempered creatures.