

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV  
Issue XXXVII  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"If I was that ugly, I would definitely teach my ass how to speak."

#### BREAKING NEWS

#### BREAKING NEWS

#### BREAKING NEWS

Due to popular request this year will be held once more the HUFF, Hard to Unsee Fuck Faces, where a public jury will elect the ugliest neighbor of Scrapbridge. These last years the contest was not held due to the utter supremacy of "Ferret" Rodriguez, who won every year. As you all know he was unmatched, as he was so ugly that when he was born his mother decided to keep the placenta. But as he died in the bomb attack against The Beam, this contest is appealing once more and the prize has no clear pretender, so the Council decided to revive this good, old custom. So if you are not a mutard and think you can win this year, don't think twice. The prize is a nice shack in the outskirts of the city, where you can go fuck yourself without scaring the rest of the neighbors.



Fire in the Hole strikes again! After a long period without knowing about this sick bastard, the ass cheeks of a peaceful Scrapbridge dweller have been drilled again in a treacherous way. The citizens have started to nick the perpetrator as "Fire in the Hole", not without a nice sense of black humor. The skill and marksmanship of this troubled soul is such that many of the folks around have started to blame one of the V Reich militiamen as the responsible of the attacks. As usual, the hole maker signed the attack with a "Panrico" cardboard.



The Shrine of the Watch cult has closed its gates, maybe forever. The last bridge dweller who went there (we don't know what on Earth she wanted from those wackos) reported that the settlement was closed tight and no one answered to her kicking the doors of the settlement. In the way back to her crib she met one member of the sect, with his hooded cloak and the fiery eye painted in his forehead. He told her that almost every member of the order had changed sides to join the Black Blood, because they are cool as fuck, they have badass bikes and leather jackets and they get all the chicks thanks to their dope inks. Adapt or perish, that's what I say, and here in the Wasteland it will most likely be the latter.

#### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Hit Paydirt with KDIRT.

FF90 - Ford

Cha dèan 'Tapadh leis an fhidhlear' am fìdhlear a phàigheadh.

F1DL3 - The Fiddler in the Roof

You are all invited to a rad party to celebrate my birth date, with booze, lizardcock kebabs and fine good fun. At the pink crib in Shelter.

CLAP - Claptrap



#### NEWS OF THE MONTH

Many of you have heard about forgophant pearls, but expensive as fuck as they are I bet you have never seen one in your life, you bunch of lowlife maggots. You know forgophants go around floating in straight lines, sucking dust (literally) and sometimes shitting this big balls of fur in which you can find rare pearls from time to time. Well then, it seems that southeast of Scrapbridge, beyond the settlement of Boulders, a happening has happened that only happens once in a shitload of years (or twice in a week, you can never know for sure). Thing is that three of these forgophants, no more and no less, have met along their paths and stopped to smell their asses and chat about their shitty lives in such an absorbing way that they completely forgot to eat or anything. So they all died out of sheer stupidity and have created what it is known as a forgophant cemetery.

But news fly and at least three different bands that were nearby (a group of Black Blood Children, a bunch of Mutards and some badass Gangers) went there as fast as they could to rummage into those cretin animal's asses in search of the valuable pearls, which is a really disgusting way to get them but much more safe than roaming the Wasteland following their trails.

These bands have beaten the crap out of each other big time, but it seems they have been in turn rewarded with a nice cache of pearls which will allow them living large as big honchos for a while.