

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

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GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"You all pose so tough, until you sit to take a dump, feel the cold and let go that girlish scream."

BREAKING NEWS

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After some months without news in the "people appearing from nowhere" section, last week "Ugly Titties" Tom comes with this story: when walking to work from his home, he suddenly felt the urge to drop some ballast and rushed behind a boulder, because he is no longer allowed to take dumps while working as his boss is pissed off at the time he spends everyday fertilizing the fields. Well, there he was crouching with the pants down when out of nowhere it appeared some kind of flying saucer low in the sky. Out of it came a boy with a stupid face and a dirty old man with spiky hair oozing disgusting spit. And this old bastard found nothing better to do than taking Tom's shite from the ground and stuffing it in a plastic bag, returning to their flying saucer saying something about having fuel and (quote) "wubba lubba dub dub".

Last Gazette we warned you about the HUFF, the Hard to Unsee Fuck Faces annual contest. Well, supprisingly enough we have winners! After a tight competition between Florencio Huertas, the only man not allowed to fuck even after paying for it, and Gertha Smfhityhx, the only woman not allowed to work at the Reyxol dump, the jury has ruled a tie and given the far-away shack for both of them so they have to see each other's fuckfaces forever. Let's them suffer as we do everyday. Wait, what happens if they reproduce? ;|GOD, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?!!

These last two weeks Scrapbridge's neighbors have been waking up more worried than usual, due to a crazy dude who goes around throwing incendiary bombs at random. So far he has burnt down a fast-food joint and scared away all the lizardcocks from a nearby farm. The Wasteland Judges have been asking around to find him and thank him for his efforts, and it seems they have learned that this asshole is some junker feared even by his own fellows who goes by the name Charon. He might very well join the Black Blood wackos, if he really likes burning things that bad.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Buyin' crotch hair for leisure purposes.

CUN7 - Sabrina

I offer me brains for work I don't have to sweat with. You don't want me to sweat.

SW347 - Angie

Looking for a tiger painted black, I already have the two ferrets and the eagle.

71G3R - M. Singer

NEWS OF THE MONTH

The expedition to the Final Waste has left Scrapbridge about a week or so ago, and we are already receiving reports about them jumping at each other's throats. The progress of the biggest band of warriors ever seen in this part of the Wasteland has come to a stop at Ballbreaker, where they are still arguing about who knows what. Scavengers blame mutards of scrambling all their equipment with their (literally) claws, gangers and followers of Tex'co spend the whole fucking day competing among them to see who's the coolest daredevil around, mutards accuse gangers of mutardophobic violence and there are claims of V Reich undercover agents beating the shit out of them when no one is looking.

Being things as they are, the big honcho of the group Lizzy DeVille has been forced to crack skulls, confiscate a shitload of weapons, death-threat some of the worst assholes of the pack and drink herself out of consciousness to forget the shitty situation she has been put in. So far in Ballbreaker they are quite happy about their economy, which is usually based in selling the fuzz balls they gather from their bellybuttons, as it has improved a lot with so many tourists around. But we'll see for how long they stand the fights, wanton destruction of property, the toxic piss pools left by the mongrelmorphs and the shootouts in the middle of the night. Let's hope Lizzy is able to set the group in motion again, as we won't live forever (much less than that in the Wasteland) and we want to know what the fuck hides in the Final Waste.