



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

BREAKING NEWS **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS**

I was having this weird feeling all week long, you know, about no strange people poppin' out of nowhere for quite a long time somewhere across the Wasteland. Well, no more worries, just like if someone read my mind we receive funky news from the settlement of Trinketplus. Well, they want us to pron... prunou... prunu... say it like "Trinketplé", like a Frenchy sissy, but you know what, go fuck yourselves. Right, to the point. A guy showed up with some kind of crown with big-ass horns and a sneaky smile that gives you the creeps. He said somethin' about being a God, just like that, with capital G, and continued with odd gibberish about time travels, paranull realities, shit about this and crap about that. The usual thing with this weirdos that pop up just to fuck around with us nice fellas of the Wastes. Citizens were about to beat the crap out of his sorry ass, when they saw his pet. A nice, pretty crocodile! Can you believe that! So they spared his life in exchange for the funny animal, which is now the brand new pet of Trinketplus' mayor.



Sand hockey league goes on! We are going back to normal faster than you can fart and our most famous sport in Scrapbridge returns! After all this crabfuck plague rosters are shorter than ever in players, so many teams are holding admission tests for whoever wants to try a new career in sports, tuesdays and thursdays evening near the stadium. Don't think twice, go down there and give it a shot! Good thing about signing up for a team that never wins is that you can't possibly be worse than the current scum! Ok, right, you will probably be beaten once in a while by the locals, but on match days you get a free sandwich! Wut?!



Council members have warned neighbors from the upper levels of the Bridge not to throw their bodies down off the railing just like that. You want to piss on your lower neighbors, that's one thing, but gettin' rid of your uncle Todd's corpse and wasting a couple of catwalks, a handful of railings and maybe a poor fucker having a walk two stories down, well, that's fucked up, buddy. We all know it's a pain in the ass carrying a dead weight down the stairs, but hey, it's your mess, so fuck you.

CLASSYFRIEDS

I rent my hole to plant sweet potatoes.
REF: Sebas

Volunteering as a town crier to inform about the weather.
REF: Funnyleg

Perfect bait for ambushes. I have a gorgeous look and nice artistic talents. Two consecutive times winner as "Bait of the month" in the Ambivalent Ambushers magazine.
REF: Hanna



MONTHLY NEWS

Some days ago a guy skinny to the bones, hair falling appart in greasy locks and pale like a corpse, showed up at the upper gates of Scrapbridge yelling something about "them hatching out of their eggs" and that "they will spread their venom across the whole Wasteland". Now, we have plenty of crazy-ass souls showing up every now and then shouting nonsense, so this particular one wouldn't be much of a surprise wasn't it for the fact that he died few hours later. Well, ok, that's not surprising neither, people keep dying all the time and you have better chances if you show up before the guards lookin' like that. BUT. One of the smart guys from the local Skool went down to have a look at the body and said that the radiation levels in that guy were "ridiculous". He said he had never seen anything like that, not even in or near The Twins. The place this guy came from was so contaminated, so fucked up, that not even Mutards could have survived there for long.

So things went out of control real quick, real hard. Everyone that was near the dead wacko since his arrival had to be locked up in isolation, because they too made the radiation thingy device go 'blip' just by looking at it. The Skool teacher gave everyone involved, himself included, some medicine pills you can't buy in your local drugstore, but they are still locked away until they stop glowing in the dark. He also ordered the Judges to take the corpse away in a lead coffin to be buried in a place unknown to anyone.

The Council won't give us much information apart from that and local gossip, but they gathered in an urgent meeting to talk about the warnings of this now-not-so-much-crazy-ass-stranger. This loyal reporter of yours will try to unveil the mystery of this case and keep you posted about it, because when the rulers are worried, the ruled should begin to shit in their pants. 'Gathering of wolves, doom of sheeps', my grandma said.