



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

It seems that some random dude has arrived in Scrapbridge who's handing out bullets to anyone who can draw something more elaborate than a dick (although he's not opposed to a few cock drawings either). He says he wants to make a book gathering the evolution of the Wasteland over the last 10 years, but since most people are ignorant as hell and can't read (that's the only explanation for why we're not drowning in greens with this Gazette), it's easier to do it with drawings. Like if anyone trying to do anything even remotely cultured in this shithole wasn't going to fail miserably... but hey, if wasting bullets makes him happy, then it's his thing, and it's good for the rest of us.



An old hag with a tattered flag draped over her hump, which nobody knows what represents, planted herself at the door of the Scrapbridge Council and started screaming bloody murder, making a racket so annoying you couldn't hear yourself think. Why? Because for once in our lives, things were getting sorted out through dialogue instead of the usual beatdowns. Her ear-splitting shrieks were meant to disrupt the peaceful negotiations. And hey, in the end, she succeeded because the problem got resolved with fists, except now she was the problem. The thing is, she's become some kind of martyr to many, who even want statues or figures made in her likeness.



As we're feeling rather generous and we know many of you are running low on bullets (and mostly because without those bullets, you can't be buying the Gazette every month), we'll try to inform, whenever we can remember, about any odd job available.

This time around, we've got word that an old retired junker in Samanthia, known as Fat Cheeks (well, I reckon they call her that, it's not like she got that name formally, but given the shittings I have seen already, I wouldn't rule it out), is looking for folks capable of scavenging ancient gadgets from dodgy places. Obviously, those interested should head over to Samanthia and meet up with her. She's usually at the headquarters of the Cabal of Cool Retro Crap.

CLASSYFRIEDS

I buy drawings that aren't just of dicks. Actually, dick drawings are fine too.
REF - Carol

And when do you say I have to start dictating?
Ref: Now?

I'm giving away steroid-infused birdseed, my little chick is getting aggressive.
Ref - Turkey



MONTHLY NEWS

You've probably heard about Villa McGuffin lately, even though until recently, nobody gave a damn about this place because it was worthless. Founded by two cousins with the surname McGuffin and their extensive offspring, this shithole settlement was so ridiculously meaningless that it didn't even show up on the damn maps.

But, hey, surprise! One day, they managed to open a trade route between Scrapbridge and Merkadome, and it turns out Villa McGuffin was right smack in the damn middle. So overnight, this crappy settlement became a mandatory stop for travelers and peddlers who roam through the Wasteland.

The McGuffin family, those sons of bitches who founded this hellhole, suddenly found themselves sitting on a gold mine... or at least a pile of shit with a little shine to it. And despite their appearances of being a bit slow from generations of inbreeding, they were smart enough to see the business opportunity, realizing that those passing folks were coming with hands full of bullets after trading, and apart from ladies of the evening and booze, gambling was more profitable than a well in the damn desert.

And you can't say they didn't set up shop. From typical card and dice games to improvised combat arenas, to spitting contests or kicks to the balls. However, all this fame, attraction, and bullets changing hands have caught the attention of all the factions in this area of the Wasteland, who see it as a strategic location and a very juicy business source. So it wouldn't surprise anyone if there were soon punches thrown to gain control. I'll just watch it all while munching on some cockrolls.