

ETHICS SLUR

FREE FOR NOW

BECAUSE  
I'M  
WORTHLESS



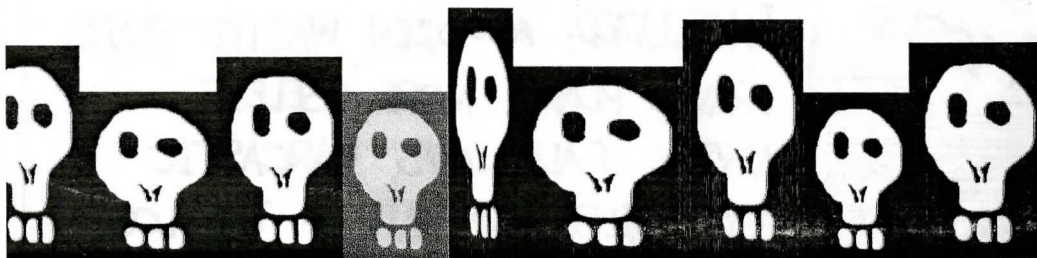
ISSUE THIRTEEN



INCLUDED: A DOZEN WASTED YEARS,  
TRAVEL PLANS, MORE USELESS  
ADVICE, CALL OUTS, SARCASTIC  
APOLOGIES, BAD HAIR + THE LOST

What the fuck went wrong? Things were fine for I guess too long. Knew I didn't deserve it but I took it anyway. Now I'm back to the way life used to be. Broke and frustrated, underpaid. Now I wish they'd never changed. It was a comfortable misery. Content to wallow in it. Don't mind disappointments so long as they're consistent. I had a nice rhythm happening. Someone came along and fucked it all up. Can I just have my heart removed? The caring parts? It's useless. When it's not black, it's tread. A year and half ago I was dead. Should sue the doctor for this perpetuation. Guess it's not his fault, perhaps I'll (blame) turn to religion. My anger must be placed and they say God is a nice guy. Think he would mind if I hate everything under the sky? When friends digress, it's time to discuss in vulgar terms, twelve years of my life were not in vain. Sucks you made me this way, the last person I ever wanted to be. Blue collar all the way, will find you and I hope it's on payday. If you can't manage a kick, why attempt anything else? If you really work there, you made it too easy. Should have been from Weston or somewhere kind of far. Not right across the bridge, I don't even need a car. Not a mean person but a survivor nonetheless. Didn't think I had to prove it, welcome to the test.

Cheers! ethic slur

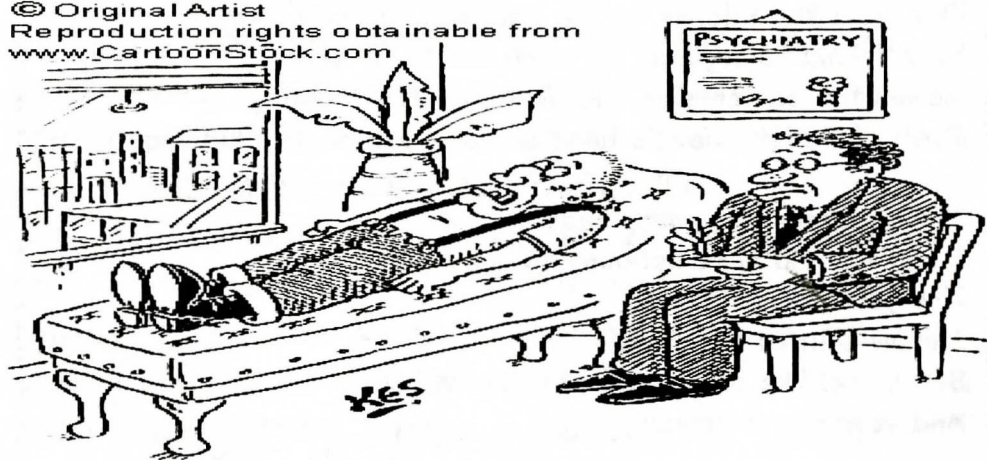


# SPEW

Welcome to issue 13. Been a while. Working on the online version of this shit but in light of recent events, it was time. Thought this was my home. False sense of security & familiarity bred contempt. Nothing holds us back so using the negativity as a catalyst for better things. Wasted enough energy here, the West coast is calling. Hold your breathe.

email shite: [www.myspace.com/ethicslur](http://www.myspace.com/ethicslur)

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"People seem to be avoiding me."



# They Might Be Giants

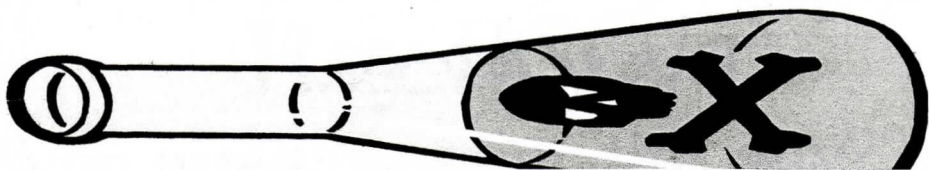
This is where the party ends  
I can't stand here listening to you  
And your racist friend  
I know politics bore you  
But I feel like a hypocrite talking to you  
And your racist friend

It was the loveliest party that I've ever attended  
If anything was broken I'm sure it could be mended  
My head can't tolerate this bobbing and pretending  
Listen to some bullet-head and the madness that he's saying

This is where the party ends  
I'll just sit here wondering how you  
Can stand by your racist friend  
I know politics bore you  
But I feel like a hypocrite talking to you  
You and your racist friend  
(kick & repeat)

Out from the kitchen to the bedroom to the hallway  
Your friend apologizes, he could see it my way  
He let the contents of the bottle do the thinking  
Can't shake the devil's hand and say you're only kidding

This is where the party ends  
I can't stand here listening to you  
And your racist friend  
I know politics bore you  
But I feel like a hypocrite talking to you  
And your racist friend



## Wake Up & Smell the Formaldehyde

Immortality guaranteed, package deal made for only our breed. Water to wine, he got drunk and lied. Wake up and smell the formaldehyde. Taken under, under taker. One way ticket to meet your maker. The key to the world is in its creation. Now the meanings been lost in interpretations. Tourists panic, start to run, another freak with a gun. Out to have some fun, whose mind wouldn't let him forget the way he was raised. Cause no one told him there are two realities and no one told him love can't exist in normality. This molding mud that shaped his personality and turned him into another living dead. For their paranoid fantasies, if I lost my mind could they find theirs? Could love exist if I died? Wake up and smell the formaldehyde. The proof that love is no longer alive is in their faces and in their eyes. It's in the way they take these lies and wrap them up with a shrug and a sigh. Never asking why you cry or why they died. Just simply, basically fucking going along for the ride. Wake up and smell the formaldehyde...eevore

# Play Nice...

Bad influences come in so many forms  
Some from the streets and some in the dorms  
Climbing that societal ladder could get you  
high  
Or on the local news selling your school pride  
Either way you won't get paid, it's just  
another useless day  
So show your school spirit, then grin and  
bear it  
Weapons should be taught if they need to be  
brought  
Can no longer pretend that it is just a trend  
Peer pressure from every angle  
Adult or juvenile - it's all the same  
The more successful you are  
The sooner you learned to play the game  
It's all about how much you're willing to  
give  
Or in some cases irreparably sell

patsy grime

# Hey BSO...

## you mind charging this guy???

Daniel Coyle nearly killed me a year and a half ago and he has still not been charged. If you know me, sorry to harp on this. But WTF? He was drunk, he hit me. Are these not crimes? State attorney's office said he never went to jail. Um, what? Is it up to me to prosecute? I received via certified mail three tickets from my homicide investigator. Thought it was that dick's court date. Appeared in court and for obvious reasons pled innocent. One ticket was for no motorcycle endorsement, had a court date two days later regarding this issue. Yeah, a bit procrastinator of me but was getting it the next day. Second ticket was for driving while licensed suspended. Um, that's what they do when you fail to appear (license was valid on date of accident). Now the third is quite entertaining. No proof of insurance. It was a crappy Honda Rebel and I was wearing a full-face helmet, hence my existence. I died for a moment but they kept me here to charge me. Wonder if I had died, would he have been arrested? Waiting... [ethicslur@yahoo.com](mailto:ethicslur@yahoo.com)

Please explain *your* definition of justice...



**Q:** How many Punks does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

**A:** 3. 1 to screw it in and 2 to argue about who did it first.

**Q:** How do you get a one-armed Punk out of a tree?

**A:** Throw him a beer.

**Q:** How many times does a skinhead laugh at a joke?

**A:** 3...once when he hears it, once when it's explained to him, and once when he gets it.

**Q:** How do you know when a gutter punk has been to your house?

**A:** He's still there.

**Q:**How many straight-edge kids does it take to drink a case of beer?

**A:** One, if no one's looking.

**Q:** What is 300 ft long and has no pubic hair?

**A:** The line outside a Blink 182 show.

**Q:** How many punks does it take to change a lightbulb?

**A:** 10. 1 to change the bulb and 9 on the guest list.

**Q:** What do you call punks who learn how to play their instruments?

**A:** Sell-outs.



# <sup>remember</sup> **Brian Deneke** **1978 - 1999**

**Brian Deneke** was murdered on December 12, 1997. He was 19 years old. Brian did not die because he deserved to. Brian did not die because he asked to. Brian died because he was different. He was a nonconformist. He was an individualist. He was a free spirit. Brian was also a thoughtful and caring young man, a good son, a good friend. His life was full of promise. His murder deprived this community of someone who had already begun to make a difference to it and no doubt would have made an even greater difference in the future. Brian Deneke is gone. His death has left a divided city, a shocked city, a hurt city in its wake. It has also left us a memory of who Brian was and what he stood for. That memory can serve either a negative purpose or a positive one.

**We want to let our memory of Brian and what he stood for serve a positive purpose. To that end, we have organized the Brian Deneke Memorial Committee. We believe that his memory, and this committee, can serve the following goals:**

**-To encourage tolerance, dialog, and civilized respect for different lifestyles and perspectives in this community**

**BRIAN DENEKE MEMORIAL WEBRING**  
**[HTTP://WWW.BRIANDENEKE.ORG](http://www.briandeneke.org)**



TIME EMS NOTIFIED (FATALITIES ONLY)	TIME EMS ARRIVED (FATALITIES ONLY)	DATE OF CRASH	COUNTY / CITY CODE	INVEST AGENCY REPORT NUMBER	NUMBER CRASH REPORT NUMBER
<input type="checkbox"/> AM <input type="checkbox"/> PM	<input type="checkbox"/> AM <input type="checkbox"/> PM	01   03   05	10   38	05 - 001356	74039161

(NARRATIVE)

V1 was traveling East in the Eastbound left turn lane of E Commercial Blvd approaching the intersection of NE 25<sup>th</sup> Avenue. V2 (a motorcycle) was traveling West in the Westbound center thru lane of E Commercial Blvd approaching the intersection of NE 25<sup>th</sup> Avenue. V1 made a left turn in front of V2. V2 impacted V1's right rear door. Operator of V2 was ejected. V1 came to a stop facing North in the Southbound thru lane of NE 25<sup>th</sup> Avenue on the North side of the intersection. V2 came to final rest on it's left side in the center thru lane of E Commercial Blvd facing south in the intersection. Operator of V2 came to final rest on her back on the west side of V2.

Operator of V2 was transported to Broward General by FLFD Rescue Unit 35 as a trauma alert. Operator of V1 did not complain of any injuries.

Operator of V1 stated that he never saw V2. Operator of V1 stated he heard the crash and came to a stop. I observed that Operator of V1 had glassy eyes and there was an odor of alcoholic beverages coming from him. Officer Cowderoy (1333) conducted a DUI investigation with Operator of V1. FLFD Rescue Unit 35 responded back to the scene to do a DUI blood draw from Operator of V1. See Officer Cowderoy's Officer's report for further information.

## Infamous Quotes XIII

"If it was an OD they could do an open casket pretty well." "Just because you're paranoid does not mean they aren't after you." "I have to hurt myself. If I don't who will?" "Equally accountable." "The unfortunate thing about lost souls is they find bodies on earth." "Hurricanes are not for the impatient." "Have always known what I don't want." "I have to get this over with so I can stop procrastinating." "You can talk, talk, talk and not say a fucking thing." "I can't afford this, I'm a school teacher not a plumber." "Has anything you've done made your life better?" "I can't get out of my own way." ""A crime wasn't committed if no one was caught." "I can't believe with 130 channels your watching Phil Collins." "There are too many drugs but none of the good ones are legal." "I could really go for a lobotomy." "Please do not fucking breed." "Accidents suck but show you who your real friends are." "It was nice in theory." "You got up and tried to do a Black Flag song with us." "I don't know any Black Flag." "Yeah, no shit!"



