



Do as we say, or WE WILL KILL YOU!!!!

# The Canchor

Vol. Gigabite, No. K

The mouth sore of Rhode Island College

Someday

## EXTRA! EXTRA!

### Why boys suck, girls are evil, and the icky things they do

by Mistress Daria  
and  
The Anchor Ninja

It has come to our attention lately that men and women do not belong together. Like you couldn't tell that by yourself. If we needed to tell you this, then you are a retard. It should be obvious by the lack of good relationships that men and women have together that we are right. Women just have so many problems, they cannot help screwing up everything. Mistress Daria would flog me like a red headed step-child (i.e. Bill Ebeling) if I did not mention the fact that men are "non-committing, non-emotional hornbags." It's pretty obvious that we have differing opinions, but that's because I am an omniscient male entity, and she's a dumb girl. Before this Daria/Ninja bashing goes any further, let's talk about the specific differences between men and women which make compatibility impossible...

Okay, I can't sit here and listen to this bull headed, ego-centric form of what is supposed to be a male babble about the dysfunctional relations of men and women. Daria here to give you the real scoop. Let's start by talking about, well, bashing men. First, let me say, the size of your organ does not matter really. That is, only if you know how to use it. I don't know why men are so obsessed with the utility of their anatomy. I doesn't really matter anyway, because they're stuck in a 50's perspective that the only way to have sex is in the missionary position. That would be fine with me, as long as the act wasn't just physical, and actually meant something to you walking sex organs...

This is bull. Women are the ones with the problems. They fake orgasms with such regularity that I don't think that most of them would know the real thing. Besides that, they never know which way is up. The reason men only do the missionary position is that women are so uncomfortable with their own bodies that are afraid to upset their delicate balance. Besides, we're men; we have an inalienable right to do whatever we want...

And we can see that. They do whatever they want, but they often forget what they want except when a pretty, leggy thing goes walking by. That's the problem with them. They have two sets of

heads, and neither one has a brain. My suggestion to them, though, is to start using the larger of the two...

You mean the one in our pants?...

I HOPE NOT, because if that's true, women are in for a lot of trouble, in many aspects. If men used their head attached to their shoulders more often, they wouldn't be so self absorbed in whatever pointless, "manly", herculean activity is confronted at the moment. And that's another thing, EVERYTHING is a tool to portray how "manly" men really are. Everything is rationalized as some sort of competition to prove: a) they are better than one another, b) they are better than women, and c) they are "strong men"...

The reason us "manly" men need to do these things is because women, being weak, dependent, materialistic, gullible, over emotional slob would never have built the world into what it is today. Men have done most of the inventing, empire building...

WAIT, wait a minute here. I beg to differ. Although we are emotional, let's see you bear children. You'd be over emotional too if you had an apple coming out of your prostate...

As I was saying before I was interrupted by that senseless women babble; nation forming and exploration. There are reasons for this. Let's use the childbirth issue. Men would not complain about the pain, but brag how much they had to dilate to pass their child. They would even get brownie points with other men if they tore something. They would never cry like a little girl. This is just another example of the classic "poor me, I am a victim" attitude of women...

Okay, so Mr. Ninja may possibly be right that men have been responsible for the "building" of the world as we know it, but they are also responsible for the destruction of the world. Here's another example of how women are more evolved than men; they are able to admit that another's view may be correct. Women have not been given the chance to...

SCREW UP EVEN WORSE... (typical testosterone)...run a nation, but they are expected to run the household, hold a job, and



"Boys and Girls..."

Continued on Page 2

### RIC Stars on Ice

by Tsing Leinahtan  
Canchor Editor

The RIC Stars on Ice took place on December 1 at the skating rink on the roof of the Walsh Gymnasium. Members of the athletic department including Donald Tencher, Scott Gibbons, Mike Kelley, Nicole Barber, James Adams, Maria Morin, Matt Hird, Kim Zeiner-Daigle, and Paula Randle-Cutrali took part in the competition.

It was a tight race for the title after the short program with Donald Tencher in the lead. The next thing Tencher remembers, he was on his back after a masked man threw him off the roof. Luckily for Mr. Tencher, he was diagnosed with only a broken hip, foot, clavicle, neck, and a fractured jaw.

Next was the technical program. As James Adams, Paula Randle-Cutrali, Matt Hird, and Kim Zeiner-Daigle sat on a bench, it mysteriously collapsed, sending the competitors falling to the ground below. Matt Hird only suffered a torn MCL & ACL to both legs. Mrs. Randle-Cutrali suffered a broken leg and a collapsed lung. Mrs. Zeiner-Daigle made it through this incident with a torn ear, fractured skull, mild concussion, and a couple of broken finger nails. James Adams suffered a bruised kidney, broken wrist, broken tailbone, and a couple of broken ribs.

The long program was next. However, the competitors did not want to compete because of the accidents and the masked man was on the loose. Scott Gibbons was heard saying, "I have to continue the Sports Information Director legacy here at RIC so I quit!!" Scott was walking down the stairs when all of a sudden there was a loud noise. He ran back up the stairs with lacerations all over his body from ice skates and screaming, "The masked man has struck again!"

The other three competitors skated, but they were scared for their lives. Maria Morin attempted



Total chaos following the destruction of the Nazarian Center for Performing Arts. Photo taken by Spike Goodier-than-you.

a triple-axe somersault, but was clubbed in both knees by the masked man. Mike Kelley was skating down ice, but he did not realize the masked man was behind him. The masked man grabbed Mr. Kelley and pushed him off the roof. Mike Kelley landed in a basketball hoop and the masked man yelled, "Yeah, two points." Finally, Nicole Barber attempted her long program. The masked man appeared once again in hockey gear. He wielded his hockey stick like Bob Probert and started hitting slapshots right at Ms. Barber. Luckily, she escaped with only one tooth remaining and a couple of bruises to the face, arms and the rest of her body. The masked man grabbed the

microphone, took off his hood, and to everybody's amazement, it was the Director of Aquatics, Alan Salemi. He shouted, "Why was I never invited to this? Dr. Nazarian knows I could have won. He's too busy naming a building after himself. Hey, maybe we will just call the Recreation Center the Alan Salemi Aquatics and Recreation Center. When the Rec Center is closed from 11:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m., I freeze the pool and practice my triple toe loop and my figure eights." Finally, with a mini detonator in his hand, he pushed the button and, from the roof of the Walsh Gymnasium, everybody watched in horror as Alan Salemi blew up the Nazarian Center for the Performing Arts.



Today, September 30, 2060, RIC security is finally allowed to carry hand guns. Everyone on campus is both happy and relieved. This is a picture of some students leaving their dormitories, satisfied that RIC Security can now protect them.

#### News

No News is  
Good News!

page ... what?

#### 90210 Updates

Snowbunnies  
ate mice.

page ... no

#### Hay, let go of my pants

There are no pages,  
There are no words,  
LEAVE ME ALONE!



## "Boys And Girls..." Continued from Page 1

raise the children. They do it damn well, too. This is going on all while dad's at the bar getting plastered every night, feeling up the leggy waitresses. NO, no, men have ALL the responsibility, can do everything themselves, and are sooo self sufficient, that mommy still washes their laundry...

Well, I will admit that women are much better in the domestic capacity than men. And as far as running a business and managing the home, I don't know. Most kids are screwed up today because mommy does not mind her place and stay at home barefoot and pregnant. Just ask any Columbine masked gunman...

WOAH, there skippy, Mommy wouldn't have to go to work if daddy could bring home enough bacon to...

Well, if you did not eat so much, you cow...

I would like to apologize to the readers, my colleague has reverted to childish, testosterone driven, Neanderthal ways. I didn't want to make this an article bantering back and forth immaturely. Rather, I would like to speak about the INADEQUACIES OF MEN...

Well, if we're going to talk about inadequacies of people, let's talk about how much women make playing with yourself seem like a viable alternative to sex. They complain that they never get what they want in bed and, yet, are afraid to communicate to men about what that is. Heck, they're

even uncomfortable with the idea of pleasing themselves sexually...

Hey! Maybe we would tell you what we wanted, if we weren't so afraid to spoil your concentration, and possibly lose "the moment." Performance is such an issue with men, they tend to forget the real meaning of a sexual encounter, which is not just "getting it on" but rather an emotional connection. Women have to continually give you lines about how "it doesn't matter", and "that's okay if you couldn't" and "sure you're big enough," just to keep your ego from being damaged...

Well, women should not worry about spoiling the "moment." If they could find it, they would have orgasms when they had sex. Instead, women talk about this false meaning to make up for their sexual inadequacies. Men are sexual Tyrannosaurus Rexes. We know what we want and get it. If women were not so busy trying to figure out themselves sexually, "quite the impossible task", they would understand and accept their place as mens' sexual toys. Just objects for our enjoyment...

Dogs as usual. I don't know how many times I have to tell men this, "there are more exciting things in life than just snogging some girl up against a wall." But leave it to a man to bring everything down to a rational explanation, which of course must involve their sexual endeavors. Although men may be able to draw everything into a rational conclusion, it may not be very reasonable. Trying to rationalize every-

thing has blinded men for centuries. They do not see the full picture, only what immediately deals with themselves. For example: when they finally move out of mom and dad's, they are so proud about self sufficiency. Every conversation is about how they HAVE to eat Ramen noodle soup, wash their own laundry, work, and HOW stressful their lives are now that they're poor. Upon closer inspection, one will find that either mom comes over to clean their apartment, or their girlfriend pays their phone bills and buys them groceries...

Well, I have learned something today. BEHIND EVERY GOOD MAN, THERE IS WOMEN CLEANING UP ALL THE MESS...

Gosh Ninja, I think I have learned something, too. Men CAN actually form whole sentences. I feel so much better now that this is out in the open...

Why, yes Mistress Daria you are right. Now can you untie me so I can go home and soak the whip lashes on my buttocks?...

Sure as long as you promise to pick up the bowl of Ramen you left under the couch. Well folks, this is Mistress signing off, telling you to argue with your boyfriends, lovers, and fathers more often. Not only is it entertaining, but you may even find out where your missing bra went...

Just have more sex folks. The more you talk to each other during sex, the better it will be and you just might find out the difference between her faking it and the real thing.

## Flaming Adams!

by Andrea J. Stewart  
Canchor Editor

Adams Library was demolished by hellish flames on a seemingly peaceful Wednesday afternoon. November 24th marked the day before Thanksgiving and no one suspected that violence would strike. Heads were filled with the anticipation of sweet potato pie, not a blazing inferno. It was a brilliant plan, a perfect crime, administered by an underground organization that needed to exercise their right to riot. The C.L.U. (Caring Librarians United) refused to remain quiet any longer.

Members of the C.L.U. had taken a lot through the years; people asking them to find books that didn't exist, people who hoarded books and then refused to pay overdue fines, people who ripped and dog-eared the pages... the list goes on. The C.L.U. monthly meetings were almost entirely devoted to complaints about the responsibility of library-users and what should be done about it. C.L.U. president Jane Doeriega once remarked at a library fundraiser, "People just don't know how to respect the library nowadays. They abuse the books, they abuse the staff. It's all about abuse, and it has got to stop." These powerful words soon became the motto for the C.L.U.

It was decided that they would show the world just how important a role the library serves. November 24th was the day to strike; the C.L.U. would arrive at a prestigious college and trick students into torching the library. Somehow they ended up at RIC but the details aren't exactly clear. The C.L.U. posted flyers around the

campus, promising free pizza and great music by WXIN. Soon, students were extremely interested in attending the "Book-Burning Bash of Fun." Hundreds of students gathered in front of Adams Library at 2:00 p.m. on November 24th, ready for fun and games.

"It seemed like a good idea at the time. I mean, there was pizza, and music, and it just seemed...natural," remarked one participating student.

"Yes, I thought it was authorized. There's all this construction going on anyway, I just thought they wanted the students to get involved," stated another.

Once the flames had spread through the periodicals, the C.L.U. members decided to make a quick get-away. They left the participating students dancing amongst the pyre, and ready to take the blame.

As the C.L.U. predicted in their scheme, RIC students are missing the library. "I miss running my fingers over the cards, arranged ever-so alphabetically in their neat little boxes," admits one library patron who is suffering card-catalogue anxiety. With finals coming up, students are panicked as of where to study and where to find their materials. This is exactly what the C.L.U. wanted, exactly why they carried out their horrible plan. The library is no longer under-appreciated to RIC students. When the new building is finished (in approximately the year 2013), there will be a certain respect for it. At a tiny campus in the nation's smallest state, C.L.U. president Jane Doeriega's dream will become a reality; the abuse of the library will stop.

## Lloyd Benson still explosive

by A. Damn P. Faceplante  
Canchor Predator

Why do people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch? Well, I'll tell you. The reason that people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is very simple. Although many people think that the reason people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is because the way the shadows of the trees through the bedroom window makes the dog's tooth look like an Emu and that is why people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch. But that is not the reason people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, fes-

tive city in the month of Smarch. Another explanation people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is that they just enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch and that is it. Still others like to think that the reason people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is not as simple. These people think that people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is due to the lack of proper ventilation in the forth floor of 62 Maple Drive Warwick, RI 02889. But this is just wrong. The real reason people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is due to the fact that the R.A. in

Weber Hall is dancing with the ghost Rock Hudson as a sweet-sounding violin softly plays an Irish Jig in the foreground. And that my friends is why people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch. Thus answers the timeless question, "Why do people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch?" So if anyone walks, runs, dances, or skips up to you and asks, "Why do people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch?" You can answer, "The reason that people enjoy consuming pasta on top of a tall building while the harvest moon shines down upon an empty, green, festive city in the month of Smarch is because the R.A. in Webber Hall is dancing with the ghost Rock Hudson as a sweet-sounding violin softly plays an Irish Jig in the foreground."

## Editor's Note:

A list has been circulating online recently, titled ever-so-respectfully "The Top 13 Reasons Why Rhode Island College Is A Waste of Land". Various RIC students have been adding to it daily, expressing their personal complaints about the college. One student requested that the list of petty gripes be published in the Canchor for enjoyment and humor. So, here you have it:

The Top 13 Reasons Why Rhode Island College Is A Waste of Land:

- 1) Y2K complaint materials fail in November 1999.
- 2) The pizza at Donovan...yikes!
- 3) The fact that there are students on campus that chase around squirrels.
- 4) The dorm rooms are the size of the bathroom stalls at Applebee's.
- 5) The ever-changing curricu-

lum designed to keep students there for the rest of their lives.

6) You have to leave your backpack when you go into the Bookstore. Hey, do I LOOK suspicious???

7) The dorm room walls are so thin that you can hear everything that is happening in the next room...even if you don't want to.

8) No one wants to write for the Anchor. :(

9) None of my professors want to sleep with me so I can get an A.

10) I need my student ID just to use the computer lab. What is this, a club?

11) In the event of an emergency, you have to all campus security so they can call 911 for you. (The person will probably be dead by then...)

12) Eight parking tickets...and counting

13) The Anchor has WAY too many flippin' comics and they are constantly advertising for more.



**The Canchor**

Established 928

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Tsirg Leinahtan  
Spike Goddier-Tha-You  
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**Destitution**

Atom T. Aqualung

**Fotograffers**

Jacqueline Vales

**Not-Funnies**

These two guys who come up here and bug the heck out of us. I mean there just not funny. I wish they would die. God I hate them.

**Ninjas**

"Big Willy" Doppy

**Office Support Staff**

Leonardo Slopes, Stephanie Viagra

The Canchor is fake! Nothing in here is real. It's a joke people. There is no truth behind what is in this issue. All views do not matter so do not worry about it. If you believe anything in this paper, RUN to the Counseling Center. We have nothing better to do with our time. Face it, we are losers. I hate my life.

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Bruce McCrae  
Leonardo Slopes



## Executive Editor Convicted

"I am not a crook."

by Retep Nibla Mortssrof

Peter Forsstrom, first/last year editor of the weekly on campus publication, the Anchor, was arrested last Friday in his humble Foster home...no he's not adopted he lives in Foster....and the rumors you hear about Fosterites.....well they're true, but he's not a native, so it's all good. Anyways...yes, Mr. Forsstrom, alias "the Sock" was escorted from his favorite neon bean bag chair lined with the skins of Polish emus, by hordes of Pakistani nuns, screaming the words "Give me some more". Simultaneously, at the same moment, his fan club; a small group of mildly exotic female go-go dancers all name Clouie except for the blonde who apparently had no name but only responded to "got change for a twenty" protested earnestly by throwing large amounts of salt packets at area cops while screaming "I kont beelieve is nah botter". He was later dragged by his earlobe attached to fishing line donated by one of the areas best fisherman, to the county jail; a cardboard box, with a padlock and a Barney Fife of a guard.

After being strip searched and photographed ( not necessarily in that order ) he was equipped with the official jail house survival guide containing but not limited to; a pamphlet entitled, "Enjoy

your stay or it's the chair," a three pack of white XL t-shirts from Wal-Mart, 5 pairs of khakis (waist 36, length 32) toothpicks, handy wipes, scissors, extension cord, small children, an air compressor (for making animal balloons), and his favorite pair of Winnie the Pooh jammies. Once settled, Mr. Forsstrom will be questioned on over 709 counts of domestic, social, tangible, carnivorous and obstopulous abuse. Such felonies include:

4 counts of pretending pencils were underaged persons, giving them individual names, and making them stick their 'heads' in the sharpener.

3 counts of tickling editors for disciplinary reasons

81 counts of abusing the Muf-fin Man

2 counts of harassing JCPenny associates to buy him pants with their 40% off discount

12 counts of forcing fellow editors to shower him with gifts from Toys R Us

22 counts of forcing said editors to drive him to Toys R Us

394 counts of abusing said editors who drove him to Toys R Us

who wanted to leave 'early'.

7 counts of making editors wear jammies with feet.

2 counts of forcing editors to switch their cable provider to direct TV so that they too could watch the cartoon network.

6 counts of wearing dark glasses, and standing in front of a mirror all day repeating the phrase "man, I'm pretty."

6 counts of not being pretty.

13 counts of using small animals for financial gain

1 count of wrapping his dog in clay, and trying to pass it off as a sculpture project

1 count of wrapping his mom in latex paint and trying to pass it off as a painting project

63 counts of wrapping himself in toilet paper claiming he was Y2K compliant

10 counts of preserving small arachnids in bottles of ether claiming he was working on a new kind of skin cream

1 count of calling his ex-girlfriend's house and pretending he didn't realize it was her number

4 counts of feeding silly putty to squirrels on campus

2 counts of dressing up in tights claiming he was a regular on WWF

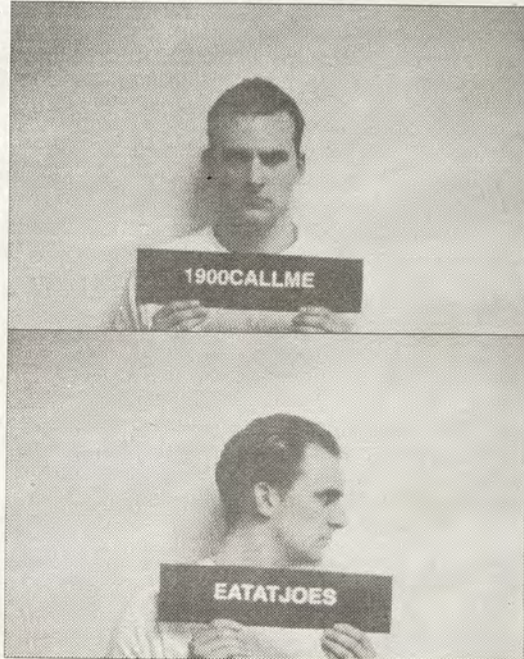
7 counts of lighting a paper bag filled with dog poop on fire and throwing it at the Athletic Center in protest of the latest fee

1 count of dressing up like a woman to scare away potential salesman/ Jehovah's Witnesses

9 counts of embezzling crackers from a mental institution's open house

...and the list goes on folks, let us make an example of Mr. Forsstrom. He is definitely not leadership material. Not a person to have your children have posters of in their rooms, and if they do

have posters and they subscribe to the Peter Forsstrom Fan Club, ask them "Who taught you how to do this, huh?" if they respond, "you alright, i learned it from watchin' you!"....well, there's no hope, you crackhead, go stick your head in the jon and flush. Peace.



The now former Executive Editor Peter Forsstrom.

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## Zerg Invade RIC

by Web Larkin

In an attempt to defeat the latest assault on Earth, members of Rhode Island College's newspaper, The Anchor, have taken up arms against the infectious Zerg aliens. Peter Forsstrom, Executive Editor, has reached the sixth level of Starcraft. Adam Plante has reached level five, Bill Dorry being the Anchor Ninja has finished the game. Nate Grist has come out of hiding to reach the fourth level. All humans must be aware that if anyone attempts to play Starcraft on their computer, they are in danger of opening a dimensional doorway that will enable more Zerg battalions to enter our dimension. Do not

play Starcraft! Leave the fighting to we professionals.

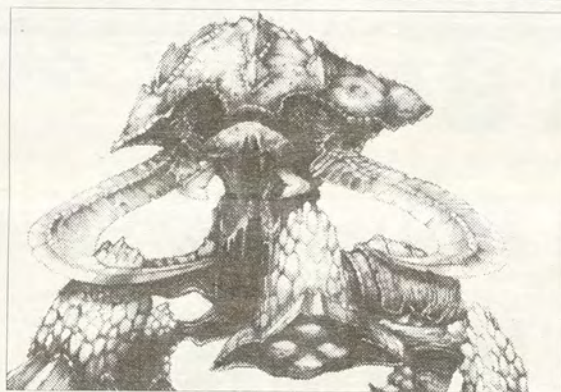
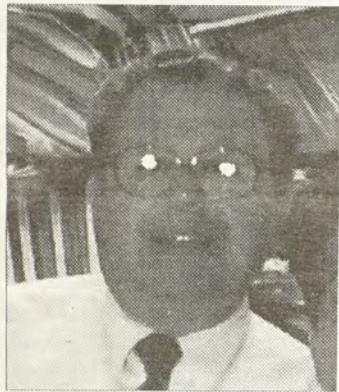
In a related story, some of Rhode Island College's faculty have been infected by Zerg and are walking amongst us as "normal" human beings. Beware! They will attempt to infect you by luring you into their lair to talk about your "education," and your grades. Do Not Listen to them! Run as fast as you can for the nearest sewer. The stench of human excrement is more repulsive to Aerg than it is to humans. Using my intelligence-gathering skills I have a few pictures of some faculty before and after their transformation. Use this knowledge to help stop the Zerg infestation, and if all else fails.... transfer to U.R.I!



Here is President Nazarian just after being infected. This second picture was taken on October 12, 1999. I risked my life hanging from a tree outside his bedroom window at 3 o'clock in the morning.



This is the new dietician for the Donovan Dining Center, Carol Mier. She was allegedly infected before receiving her job here. I took this picture after the Dining Center was closed on Tuesday night last week. Now you must be even more careful of what you eat at Donovan. there might be Zerg parasites within the food. In fact, just go to Mcdonalds, it's a little safer.

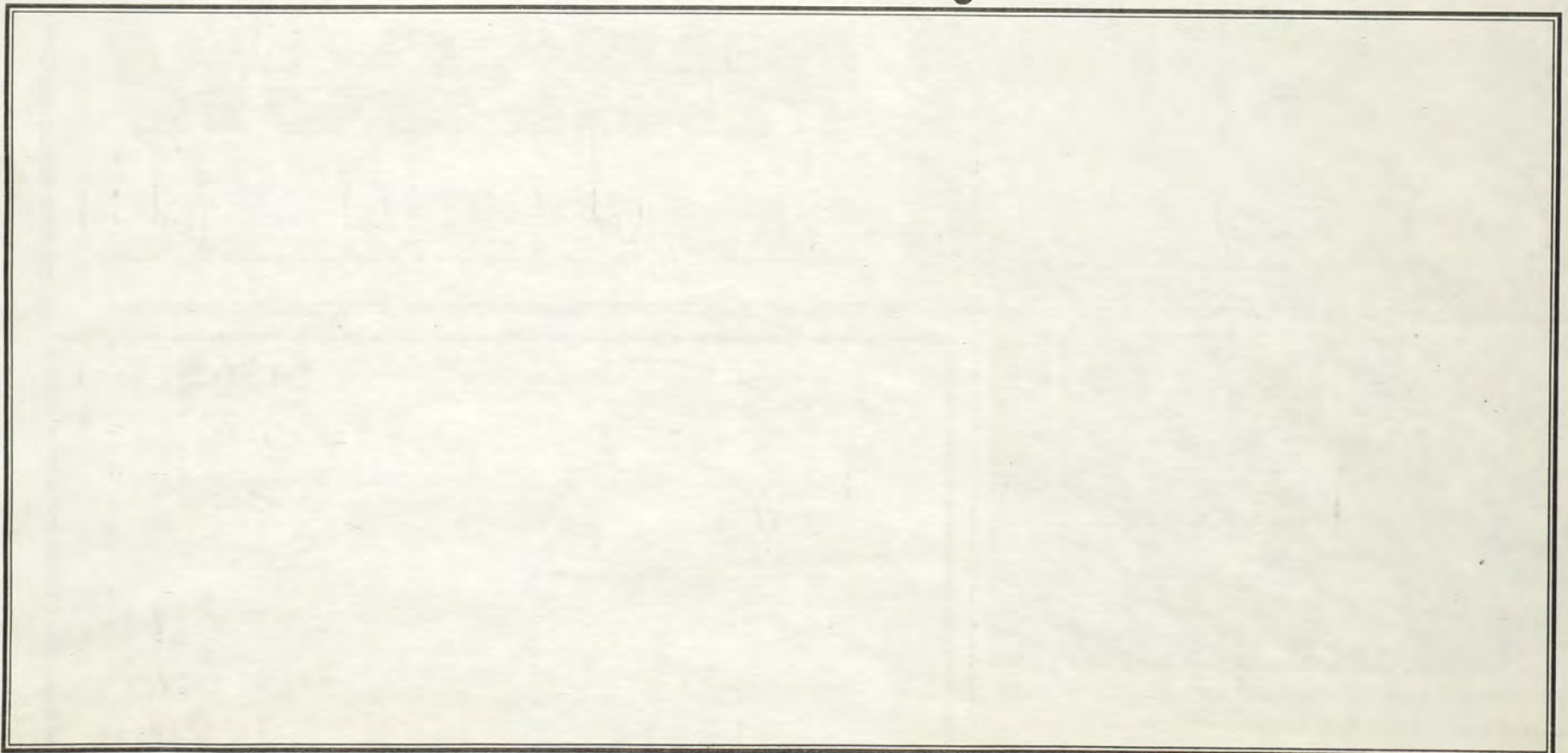


Here is Dr. Albert Salzberg of the English Depatment. He has been infected for some time, however, his wife has not been infected as of yet. One thing to note is the last nome...Salzberg. Zerg. Is there a similarity here?



Peter Forsstrom on the desert plains of Mar Sara.


# Doodle Space




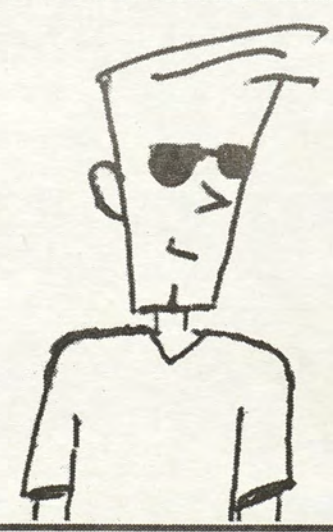
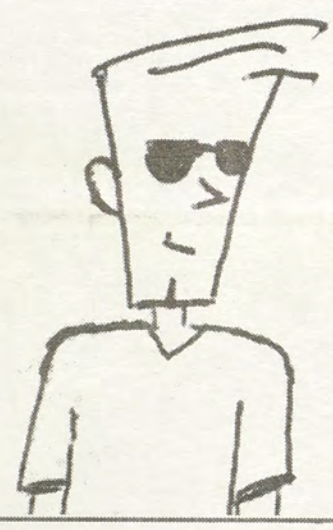
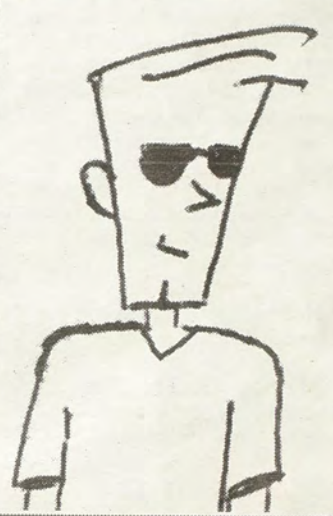
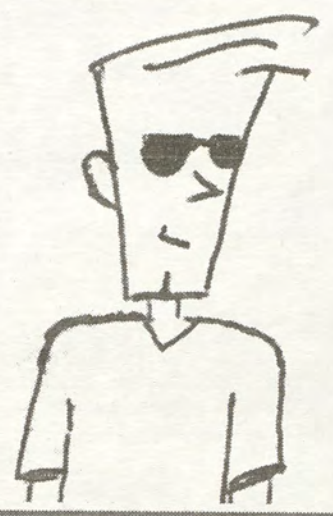
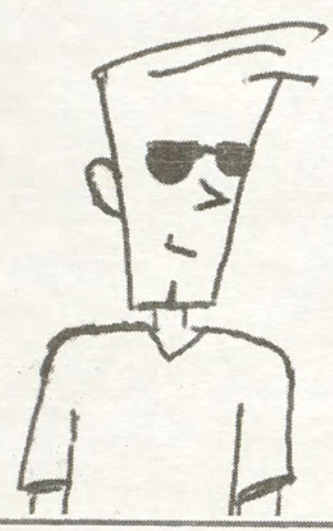
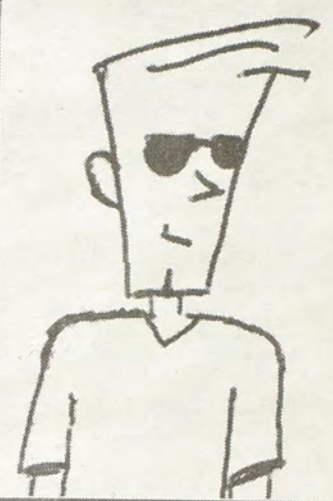
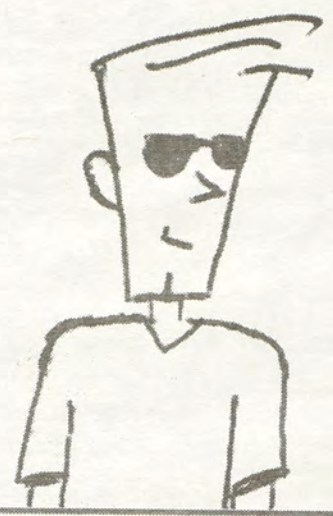


# Steve

by Adam



Ya know, pritning costs for newspapers are through the roof. It is getting so bad that no newspaperer can afford to waste any space.



Hi Daria.





# Horoscope

The Yanchor  
A Week From Now  
Page 6098085

**Aries (October 33-Sept 4).** You will wake up covered in small Chihuahuas on Monday.



In fact, your entire house will be infested with the little guys. Try not to feed them. If they get the taste of blood, it's all over. You will have a very outgoing week this week. This is mainly due to a small child continuously whipping you with a chain everywhere you go. Try not to shout at him-he's sensitive.

**Taurus (June 9-June 10).** Monday is a great day to make that pact with Satan you've been meaning to.



he finally stopped playing that darn Gameboy and his agenda is free. Tuesday and Wednesday are great days for finding that long lost grandmother, check your kitchen cupboards, she loves to eat dry cereal. Lock yourself in your closet for the rest of the week and tell your family that you've decided to become Norwegian--It'll confuse them, but they deserve it.

**Gemini (April 7).** The moon is in Libra this week, which has absolutely nothing to do with this horoscope. Love is in the air for you all week, you should avoid it at all costs. Avoid all members of the opposite sex for at least nine days. If one approaches, scream, flail your arms wildly, and cower in the nearest corner for the rest of the week.



ner for the rest of the week.

**Cancer (Feb 19-May 34).**



You are full of power and authority on Monday and Tuesday. This will all change by the middle of the week when you discover that you're father is, in fact, an inflatable doll. Try not to let this bother you, you will need your emotional strength for the end of the week when you discover the rest of your family is made out of Leggos™. Try counseling.

**Leo (Aug. 4-Dec. 25).** Things aren't so good early in the week. You will discover a large tape-



worm in your lower intestine on Monday and Tuesday. You can make the best of this situation on Wednesday by making friends with the little companion and naming him Charles. Romance blossoms by the end of the week as the parasite will introduce you to a lovely pottery maker named Edna. By the weekend, if all goes well, you should be happily basking in marital bliss--with a LOT of pottery.

**Virgo (Jan. 5-Mar 19).**

Treat yourself to a special treat on Monday. Get outside, go to the park, and perform CPR on random pigeons until they fight back. Tuesday through Thursday, sit perfectly still, even the slightest move could attract un-



wanted attention from neighbors that are trying to kill you. I've said too much already.

**Libra (Sept. 0-Oct. 0).** A severe lack of clean underwear will prevent you from leaving the house this week. Things will



start looking up by the end of the week as you will meet others lacking clean underwear. Bond with these people; they will be your only true friends.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21).** Let people know what you're capable of this week. Show them that weird trick you



can do with marshmallows and prove to everybody that you're finally an adult. An confrontation could turn into an argument on Thursday. Deny all allegations, especially the one about shooting President Lincoln. Don't wear red this week, or an angry bull will see you and kill you.

**Sagittarius (Sat. 4:00pm-Sun. 3:30 am).**

Mars is in your sign this week which makes for a rough seven days. This is mainly due to the fact that the planet Jupiter is on a collision course with earth and will destroy all life on the planet approximately 5 minutes after Wheel of Fortune™ ends on Friday. Have a nice day.



**Capricorn (Never).** On

Monday, an ancient goddess will ask you if you are a god--say YES! The rest of the week will go rather smoothly for you, until Thursday when you will be stepped on by a fifty foot tall man made entirely of marshmallow.

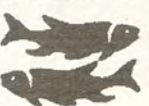


**Aquarius (Feb. 6.0-Jan. sometime).** Study for that math test on Monday or your professor will publicly accuse you of witchcraft and you will be slowly tortured by a



overweight Punitan until you confess (no pressure though). After the test, take time to enjoy nature-frolic in the meadows and milk cows. You will feel better by the end of the week.

**Pisces (Nov. 6, 1982-Easter).** Be sure to pet every single puppy you come in contact with on Monday. They



yearn for your affection. Practice your tap dancing skills on Tuesday and Wednesday. You will need them for a unique sexual experience on Thursday. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday will all mysteriously disappear from the calendar, so don't worry about them. You will skip right into next week for another lovely week of school.

*If You're Having a Birthday This Week.*

**Sept. 30:** Take advice from a Mexican dog this year;

drop the Chalupa.

**Oct. 12:** Abstain from eating this year. Many kinds of foods have been known to cause health problems.

**Jun. 21:** Make this year into one big "got milk?" commercial. I don't know what that means, but do it anyway.

**Aug 19:** Give up all of your worldly possessions this year and become a monk. Work in European vineyards and take a vow of silence. It'll be fun!

**Nov. 2:** This year, make an impression. Set a world record for most Tootsie Rolls™ ever eaten, you're mom will love it.

**May 17:** Word to the mother!

**Apr. 19:** Try new hats on this year. Get that discount sex change operation you've been wanting.

*New Astrological sign Coming soon!!!!*

Tired of getting the same old answers when you ask someone "hey, what's your sign?" Now you can get the refreshing new combo sign: Lebrottarius!!! With the astrological influence of Leo, Libra, Virgo and Sagittarius all rolled into one for the low price of just \$19.95, it's bound to be a family favorite! Order one for your birth date now!\*

To Order: send check or money order to:

The Canchor  
Stoodint Onion Rune  
30,800,000

Toad Eyeland Cottage  
666 Mount Orner Avenue  
Jehove, E.T. 90210

\*first 59 customers receive a free Salad Shooter™ with their order.

## Classified Ads

### Help Wanted

full time position now open for Dark Jedi knight. Qualifications include Office 98, and Windows experience. Ability to wield a light saber and strangle people with mere thought also a must. Call Palpatine at (232) 348-0009 x 0983454.7

### Missing

Small piece of watermelon from my fruit salad. I bent over to tie my shoe while eating, and it was just... gone. Please help me find it, I miss its watery texture and sweet sugary taste. If found, call Wilson at 444-7890.

### Models Wanted

Professional modeling firm seeks smart attractive and outgoing individuals 18+ for a challenging career in the exciting world of experimental Biology. Applicants must be willing to be dissected several times a day and should enjoy being stored in fomaldahyde overnight. If this is the dream job for you call (617) 984-34590 x3

### Help wanted

Local house cat, with a unique fascination with rural plumbers seeks professional to cuddle with on weekends. Must enjoy Fancy

Feast cat food and must be able to squeal loudly when stepped on. Call Snowfluff at 1-900-PURRR

### Puppies for sale

These cute little guys are looking for a home. House trained, well mannered, very friendly. They speak 7 languages and each is an accomplished astrophysicist. Very cuddly. Call Dwayne.

### For sale

Large house plant, beautiful, unknown origin. Has a healthy appetite for human flesh and a lovely singing voice. Call Seymour at (401) 767-9008.

## Personals

### Men Seeking Women

**SWM** seeks SWF to bring Antichrist into world. Must be willing to participate in the destruction of human race. No head games, please. For more info. call (508) 666-1478, ask for Stan.

**SWM** seeks SWM, SWM, SWF, SWF & brown talking dog for a night of mystery solving to thwart a masked villain in a remote countryside. Must agree to work in haunted mansion with no working light switches. Scooby snacks can be provided.

**SWM** seeks country girl 21-45 for friendship and possible childbearing. Filthy overalls and double-barrel

shotgun a plus. Blood relatives only, please. Call Cleatus at 555-0098

### Women Seeking Men

It's dark in here! BMW, recently buried alive, seeks athletic, outgoing SWF to dig me up before I die of suffocation. No smokers need apply. Please call Happy Burial Cemetery, plot 92, x3357

**GBM** seeks WMB for lustful torture, obscene chanting, bizarre fetishes, genitalia shadow puppets, whipped cream, peanut butter and deep conversation. Please, no freaks.

**Men Seeking Women Seeking Men Seeking Women Seeking Men**

**SWM** seeks SWM/F for wild nights of housecleaning, gardening, tree pruning and painting. Relationship is a possibility, depending on how well you paint.

**Ouch!** Professional sword-swallower seeks agile person to remove a large sword lodged in my throat. No relationships please.

### God Seeking Followers

**Hail to the King Baby!** Ancient Aztec war god seeks a new batch of worshipers to revitalize long dead religion. Serious worshipers only, must be willing to make occasional blood sacrifices. Pray, and I will contact you.

# THAT

Okay, who put that there?





"WOW! That's quite a toaster!!!"



Have you ever woken up  
feeling like this?

Now there's a solution to all of your dilemmas.

**Try Donovan Mayonnaise**

*Every night*

For only 30 points per day

You can look this this

All proceeds pay for the "Naz Building"



And wished you  
Looked like this?

**Pete  
Forsstrom**

**Check  
Out**

Pete Forsstrom  
Age: No one knows  
Lives: RIC  
Student Union  
Sponsors: Santa  
Cruz, Birdhouse, Toy  
Machine, Make a Wish  
Foundation  
Last Trick Landed:  
hasn't landed any  
yet. But he's trying

This is Pete. He's the best damn skater  
in the Anchor, and heck, all of RIC too.  
Everywhere I go I hear about how Pete  
720 Kickflipped into a salad grind on  
every other handrail and ledge he sees.  
He is the best skater this side of the  
Pacific. He has influenced such well  
known skaters as Chris Senn, Jaime  
Thomas and Andy MacDonald. Through  
all this he has been able to keep a level  
head, and that's quite a task seeing it's  
size. He has sponsored several benefits  
for handicap foundations. All in hope  
that others with elephantitis of the  
head can lead as full a life as he does.  
Always proud of you, Daria

**VOLUME**



# An idea becomes a story

## *How a newspaper works.*



First someone finds something interesting which they want to write about.



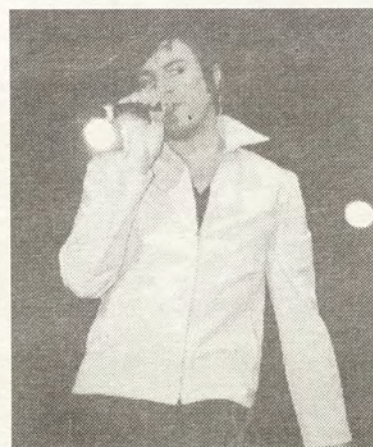
Next, it is brought to the other members, seeking their opinions and input.



Then it is approved by our executive editor. His expertise is always helpful. We value our executive editor more than our own lives. He is our hero.



After layout of the paper, it is sent to our custom, secret printing press. It is so secret we don't remember which street he is on this week.



*This is the  
guy from  
Duran  
Duran.*

### Campus Center Office of Student Activities Upcoming Event

**December 31, 1999**

## *Party in Hell*

**We hear it's nice this time of year**

**Ring in the new year with the likes of Hitler,  
Ghengis Khan, Mussolini, John Wilkes Booth,  
Lee Harvey Oswald, and Dr. Matsumoto.**

**For more information, call 911-HELL (4355).**

**Amazing low price .25¢**

**All proceeds go to buying new bow ties  
for Dr. Matsumoto.**

**Come join us for the  
hottest party of the millennium.**