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Weekly Annual

CANCHOR

April Fool's Issue 2003

New Fashion Craze:
Pumpkin Hats! pg 11



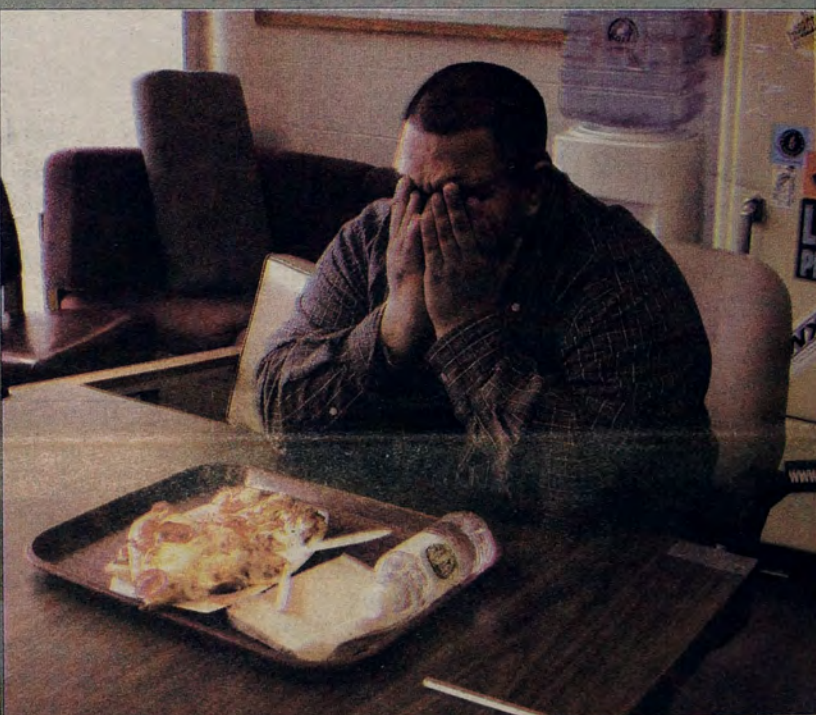
UNDERGROUND RHODE

ISLAND FAT CLUBS!

Get Them Before They Get You!



FAT-SPIRACY?
PAGE 6



POPEYE DESTROYS RIC CAMPUS!



"I CAMES FOR ME ANCHOR!"

SATAN SOUL SELLING INSIDE!



SEE THE DAMNNED ON PAGE 9!

Canchor Newsflash

New jersey child finds real fish in box of Pepperidge Farm Goldfish

This weekend an angry mother stormed into the local Pepperidge Farms wholesale market after her 7-year-old daughter found pickled herring in a box of Pepperidge Farm Goldfish. "It wouldn't have been that bad if they were coated in cheese like the box indicated, but because they were pickled I felt it was



my duty to bring them back." Said the mother to the Canchor. The Canchor also learned that the child started suffering from PDS (post dramatic stress disorder) not long after opening the box. When Pepperidge was contacted for a comment a spokesperson told us "Remember a time when children ate real fish instead of baked

ones? Pepperidge Farm remembers".



Hyrule H2O problem unlocked

A Hyrulian woman was jailed yesterday after authorities found out that she was the cause of the overworld's water shortage. Adventurer Link was the one to first discover the woman's devious deeds "I was on my way to save the Princess Zelda and



battle my alter ego, Super Link. I entered the town just below the mountain range on the world map and was mugged and knocked out with a boomerang while side scrolling". Link woke up to find that his supply of Rupees and water had been stolen. Link suspected the woman due to the fact that she asked him for his water just before the blackout. "I'm glad she was finally caught. I

still can't believe that someone would do something like that, not even Lord Gannon is capable of such acts".

Man finds pothole that leads to China

Earlier today on 195W a man was speeding along on his way home from work when a sudden bump in the road sent the car into a spinout. Since it was rush hour and the traffic wasn't



moving anyway He decided to get out and have a close look. What he found was truly scrumptious. A pothole piled high with egg rolls and rice. Evidently the man had found a pothole that lead straight to China.



the canchor

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All rightsare stupid. Copyrights are stupid, The Anchor is stupid. If there is something in here that you think might be real, lay off the pipe . . . or at least cut back. There is never anything of value in this rag anyway . . . so get your panties out the knot that they are in and just relax - you're a college student - that stick in your ass is supposed to grow in during your later years. Anyhow, why not come and see my lovely pineapples . . . I'll be in my office . . . waiting . . . or just coming up with more useless stuff to jot down in this box. OK I'M THROUGH. GET OUT OF MY FACE!

New Studies show everything Abe Lincoln said was lie

Recent archeological research has shown that most, if not all that was said by our nations 16th President was in fact a big fat lie, most notably, the Gettysburg Address. New witnesses who were at the Gettysburg Address claim that there was no address at all. They say that there wasn't even a speech, that it was just two hours of ol' Honest Abe, talking to rodents about his shopping list, which oddly enough, included three jars of horse-radish. Reports also indicate that Abe never made the Louisiana Purchase either. That is was Andrew Jackson who negotiated the deal that would eventually expand our country. These and other new discoveries leave this reporter to ask the question; is Abe Lincoln really dead? Or is his death just another wax figure in a seemingly endless web of deception?



Canchor Executive editor sells his soul to Satan to make paper funny

Rumors have been circling about that suggest that Canchor executive editor William Dorry sold his soul to the king of darkness to make this years April fool's edition of the paper funny. When contacted for a comment Satan told us "I got out of the soul buying and trading business after the market went to hell back in 66'. But since this was such a worthwhile cause I decided to make one last trade for eternal damnation. And I mean why not, back in the day, comedians were my best customers." Wanting to find out just what Satan meant by this comment this reporter decided to do a little digging, and what he found out was truly disturbing. Here are just a few of the soulless comedians found in my search, Allan Konigsburg, Robin Williams, Jon Stewart, and Lorne Michaels to name a few.

Egyptians test new disintegrating ray on Canchor

By now you're probably wondering why page 18 of this paper is blank, or, if this paper is less than 18 pages, why there is no page 18 at all. Well the answer is very simple and somewhat complicated. It seems that on Monday night, just shortly after this paper went to press, a band of militant Egyptians callings themselves N.E.R.D (Nigerian Egyptian Resistance

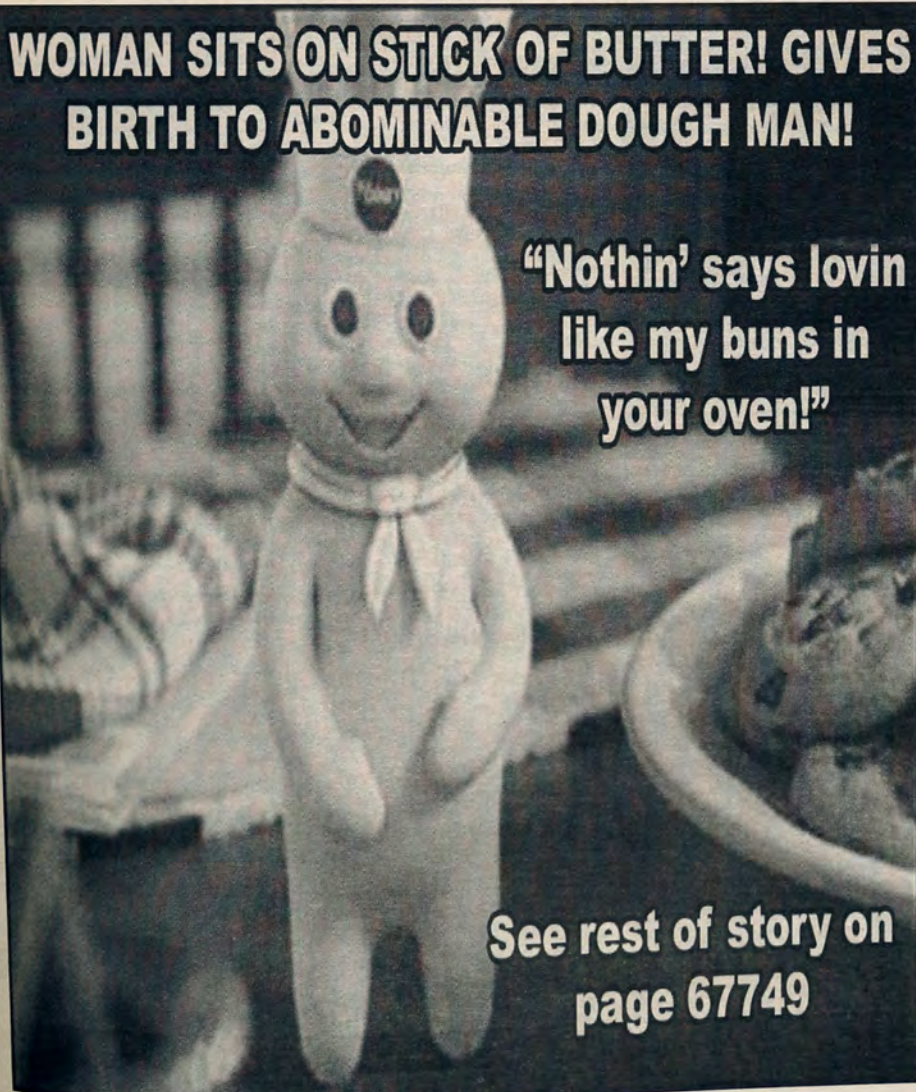
Disintegrators) broke into the printing company taking hostages and stopping the presses. Apparently the printing company, TCI and its workers had long been at war with the Nigerian Egyptian Resistance, and NERD decided to retaliate by erasing a page of The Canchor newspaper, since it was the printing company's' most important job at the time.

**What's so funny?
call 456-8280
to find out**

**WOMAN SITS ON STICK OF BUTTER! GIVES
BIRTH TO ABOMINABLE DOUGH MAN!**

**"Nothin' says lovin
like my buns in
your oven!"**

**See rest of story on
page 67749**



And Now The Fake News

Undercover Report : Interstate House Of Plump

By: Scott Pacheco
Anchor reporter

Imagine a world where restaurant entrepreneurs preyed upon the obese like some sort of preyed upon animal. Well this twisted world doesn't only exist within the confines of your own imagination, but also in the very real locale of Providence R.I. It appears that for the past three years, food service owners have been host to a new kind of restaurant. One where the food is excellent, the prices reasonable and nothing on the menu is less than 4000 calories. Now, to you and me this may sound like your average 5 star eatery and not a crime, but here's the catch. To fat people good food is addictive, highly addictive, and these individuals once they've had a taste, turn into disgusting, ravenous, deviants constantly craving more. This reporter assures you though that it is not their fault. It is hard for anyone to resist the allure of good food cheap, let alone someone who can barely move under their own girth.

After waiting outside of one of these deviant delicatessens for more than a week I was able to find a frequenter that was willing to talk to me. For purposes of his safety, this article will refer to him only as Joe. What follows forth is the preceding interview.

Scott: How did you hear about this place?

Joe: Well, it was after my senior prom and me and my buddies, who weren't really fat at the time, were looking for something to do. And one of them said, kind

of jokingly, y' know, "Hey, let's go get bloated". Apparently he had heard of this sandwich shop on Mineral Springs that had all you can eat grinders for \$2.00. So we went there and the place was a pit. Filthy, poorly lit and cramped, but the food was exquisite.

Scott: So, you and your friends just gorged yourselves?

Joe: No, not at first. That night, since it was our first time the food was free, but after that we were addicted. It started off we just went there like once a week, but after a while we found ourselves spending entire days there.

Scott: Shocking. Tell me, how has it affected your life thus far?

Joe: It's been terrible, I don't have a wife, but if I did I imagine she would have left me by now. And financially I'm not so sound either. I find myself doing anything for a buck just so I can get my next scrumptious meal. Prostitution, stealing, you name it I've done it.

Scott: Saddening: how much do these meals cost you?

Joe: Well I couldn't give you an average price, but the other day at this underground breakfast nook I spent \$300 on bacon alone. Then after they kicked me out, I found myself going through the garbage looking for more.

The interview ended with me in Joe's arms sobbing on behalf of his unfortunate condition. Well needless to say that after hearing such a heartfelt testimony, this reporter took steps to

combat these malevolent beaneries. I decided to go undercover disguised as a 532lb woman and witness first hand the debauchery that entails at these clubs. The greasy spoon I picked was a pasty shop just off of Atwells ave. When I walked in the stench of butter nearly knocked me on my ass. I could feel it caking my arteries with every breath, and what I saw was almost too much for me to bear, and I've been to Central Falls. Dozens of obese men, women and children cramming canolies and imported pastries down their enlarged esophagi. I slowly made my way to the service desk and asked to speak with the manager. Once confronted with the truth he became very hostile, three men and a forklift later, I was hoisted off the premises. I repeated this tactic until I had been successfully ejected from every fat club in the greater Providence area, but my efforts were not in vain, for, while on my little jaunts I had managed to snap pictures of the insides of these fodder brothels. I took the pictures to the police, but they ignored me. Probably because most of them were fat; and if the clubs were shut down they would no longer have a place to fuel their wretched appetites.

So I am writing this story in the hope that a few good skinny people will read it and get the wrong idea about these places. Justice must be served, and if those piggish pigs won't shovel it out then it is up to us to sniff out these establishments and burn them to the ground.

Frozen Yogurt, Cold Hearts

By: Johnny Sorrow
Anchor Spanker

For a long time now, people have known that there was something definitely wrong at Donovan Dining Center. Many people believed it was the staff. Others believed it was the carpeting. Still, others thought it was the way that their ice cream always laughed at them with a German accent. These folks, often dismissed as the "Stoners" of the campus, were actually the closest to the truth. For you see, the truth is very strange and horrible...

The brain of the world's most infamous butcher, Adolf Hitler, is being kept alive in the frozen yogurt machine in Donovan.

As strange as it may sound, this horrible predicament was originally only a rumor. Sure, strange things were happening. The French Bread Club on campus was taken over by the Ice Cream Socialists, but this was just chalked up to chance. Occurrences such as this were over looked until...it...happened. The incident I'm referring to of course is when the Rhode Island College Dance Company changed into the Rhode Island College Oktoberfest. At this time, the culprit came forward.

"RIC bylaws clearly state that as a state funded institution, we must surrender the use of our frozen yogurt machine to be used as a cryogenic freezer for a celebrities brain," RIC Dean of Frozen Treats, O. Mihn told The Anchor. "Since Rhode Island is the smallest state, we had the final choice. Originally, we opted to hold out for Ted Williams, but RIC President John Nazarian accidentally said 'Ted Turner.' We were informed that he wasn't dead yet, so we forfeited our chance. We were told by the National Association of Zany Ice-cream Specialties that we would have to house the brain of the world's most famous

Nazi. We were ecstatic, because we thought we'd be getting Walt Disney. It wasn't until later that we learned they meant Hitler."

Disney or not Disney, Hitler's brain is still causing mayhem on campus. The frozen yogurt machine only dispense vanilla yogurt with caramel toppings and blue jimmies. And those who have the new confectionary treat are being tragically

twisted by the evilst of ices...

Zeah...Ze Icen Crème ist very gud," states Hans Van Grubervische, formerly Scott Pacheco of The Anchor. "Ze flavour plezes mein brainne aftr Ein gut mein krampt frum klassest." According to friends, Scott used to be an art major,

meaning he was lazy and apathetic. After being addicted to yogurt though, he has changed his major to Political Science and has declared himself the leader of SCG. A frightening nightmare is coming true as Donovan has inadvertently started the World Fast Food War III.

To combat the Frozen Menace, an uneasy alliance has been forged between the English Muffin Enthusiasts and the American Cheese Forces as well as the former ally of the Ice Cream Socialist, the White Russian Salad Dressing Comrades. This group, calling themselves the Allied Food Groups, have recently presented a petition to the college to have the machine removed from campus. To guard their interest, the Ice Cream Socialists have entered into a pact with the Italian Bread Club (an off shoot of the French Bread Club) to keep the machine on campus, stating that bread and ice cream go together.

Dr. Nazarian has yet to respond to either side.

Until such time as it is though, may the students be wary of what they chose as a side dish for their lunch. As the old saying goes, "You are what you eat," so beware of what's on your platter.



BEFORE



AFTER



Al Qaeda? You Betcha!

By: Max Killingly
Canchor Staff

Thanks to anonymous tips and a thorough investigation by Secretary of Homeland Security Tom Ridge, it was determined that the Writing Center, located in Craig-Lee 225, is really a secret meeting spot for Iraqi Al Qaeda spies.

"The use of wire-taps and consistent surveillance of the tutors and their activities has revealed to us that indeed, terrorists are in our midst here in the small state of Rhode Island," Ridge explained at the Murray Athletic Complex's front steps.

The seven tutors, plus their director, Dr. Hajira el-Kahara, were carted away by the FBI and Rhode Island state officials. Following behind them was the mountain of evidence used to compile a case of seventy-five counts of terrorism; conspiracy to commit plagiarism, attempts to destroy America through dishonorable and non-helpful tutoring, and even an attempted murder.

"It's confirmed, in one of their unused MLA format sheets that explains the MLA format of citation," Ridge stated, "That one individual, Ali Abu Hayed, scribbled out plans to assassinate President Bush. Then again, there was also some tic-tac-toe games and 'I hate Writing' scribbled there too. We'll need to investigate that claim further."

President John Nazarian of Rhode Island College was stunned by the news.

"I was stunned by the news," the President commented. "When I established the center, sure, Dr. Kahara talked a lot about infidels and how America needed to suffer. They needed to lose their sense of literacy and college students needed to be

taught a lesson, Iraqi style. But, she made nice cookies and got me a wine of fine vintage at Christmas. Wait...I always got sick on that wine..."

The Writing Center was established ten years ago with the goals of helping college students with writing skills and to "improve" their papers. But, since its establishment with Dr. Kahara at the leadership position and all her tutors being outside of the campus community, RIC college students' literacy rates declined by an astonishing 456% and the average paper grade went from a B- to a D+.

"We knew the system wasn't perfect," President Nazarian said, "But Dr. Kahara suggested we needed more time and that these outside tutors cost less. So, I figured hey, why not? Saves me money!"

All seven tutors, Ali Abu Hayed, 21, Sachi Habib, 20, Kira Sudat, 19, Yasser Moody, 18, Mahmood Binai, 21, Nazarine Sadat, 20, and Muhammad Al Saheed, 19, were the current staff at the Writing Center. However, students grew suspicious.

"I can recall," Tony Rodrigues, a junior at RIC explained, "That when I went in to get a coffee, that all the prices were in Arabic. Now, I may be Portuguese, but that doesn't mean I can speak Arabic. Anyway...I asked one of the tutors how much the coffee was, and they screamed 'Infidel' and proceeded to tell me that comma splices are okay after every word. I, figured, despite, the, screaming, it, was, helpful, advice, after, all, they are tutors. I then proceeded to flunk Business Writing for my commas. Damn Iraqi bastards!"

More and more students came forward with the horrible

betrayals at the hands of the Writing Center. It was these reports that led the state of Rhode Island to call the FBI to investigate. Most disturbing was the story of RIC senior JD Salisbury.

"I was wondering why I couldn't read Green Eggs and Ham anymore," he commented. "And then I realized it was because I was trying to read it right to left! Now I'm taking classes to fix my problems, but it's too late to serve my country! Adios mio!"

The tutors had an elaborate plan, including teaching Arabic instead of English, purposely confusing the MLA and APA citation formats, and most diabolically, pretending to know nothing about writing to help their victims feel they could write, even if they couldn't.

"This was most diabolical," Governor Don Carcieri commented at his press conference in front of Craig Lee. "By using the Socratic Method, forcing students to answer questions they didn't know, they were pretending to be all-knowing, and then tricked the students into thinking they were just like the tutors. This false confidence led some poor students to become even poorer at writing."

"They're related with me," RIC freshman Cletus Montgomery Brown said, a native of Alabama, "Ya' know...they said I was a good writer. But, they never told me that the word 'the' has only one e...they said I was to trust my own instinctual ideas because that was usually right. But, they was wrong!"

For their part, the tutors refused to be silent. As they left in handcuffs, several of the tutors spat on the ground while Nazarine Sadat laughed diabolically.

cally.

"It is a day of reckoning for American students!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. "It is just starting here! It will happen all over the world! We took this center and 'related' to the students' writing problems. But I am a writing expert! It was all a ploy! I tricked them into believing they could be good writers, when there was no hope for them! There is no theory, just the power of Iraq! Praise Allah!"

Thankfully, the tutors have been removed and the Writing Center transformed into the Rhode Island College Sex Clinic, where students can receive free sex advice from experts. "Hopefully," President Nazarian said, "The students can recover from the treacherous idea that the Writing Center helps make better writers, when in fact, they just offer opinions based on needless theory and ridiculous ideas of community and don't help at all. It was the snobby and treacherous ways of their community that tore us apart! But zowie! A free sex toy demonstration? This is what the Writing Center and RIC needed all along!"

From Washington, President George Bush was truly excited with the capture.

"I am truly excited that these comma-nists have been caught and their reign of terror over," he responded via satellite. "In fact, through our unification, we will be able to move on from this and re-teach our students who is learning to never use writing centers again. Or if so, remain vigilant, and go about your normal writing business and ignore the tutors' advice. God Bless those who brought down the Rhode Island College Writing Center, and God Bless America."

How to Screw Up a Relationship

By Jackie Crevier

Coat the lies
With a gloss of coaxing gestures-
Idealize and idolize the "EGO."
You are the "pebble of the brook."
Worship gluttony
And enslave with excuses-
Abusive ties bind forever remember.
Promise the world,
Only to deliver,
"I'm sorry?"
?"It will never happen again."
Guilt trips become power ones.
"Love Seeketh only Self to please,"
becomes "your song."
A bite of sarcasm
Becomes your last kiss;
Your affections lie
Only in the compliments you Receive.
Sensitivity lacking sends even loving hearts packing.
She is slipping?..
Though you fight to hold on?
She's gone.
Slipped right through
Your controlling fingers.

You Only Live Twice poster,
\$7.00 on ebay

DVD Collection,
\$20.00 each

JVC Surround Sound
receiver, \$400.00

Toshiba 27"
television, \$262.00

Prisoner vol. 4 VHS rental,
\$3.50

Denon Headphones,
\$60.00

Playstation 2, \$299.99
(when originally bought)

Surround Sound
speakers, \$150.00
(and counting)

Equipment used to make this fake ad, \$2400.00
Never having a life and being able to afford all this crap, Priceless.
There are somethings money can't buy, especially happiness, for
everything else theres Master Card. Proud sponsor of Comic
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Super Mario sends youth on Acid Trip

By: Scott Pacheco
Anchor Reporter

At 5am this morning, 9 year old James Harwood was arrested after being spotted by local police eating mushrooms in the town common. He was brought down to the station and questioned on his strange behavior, but as the cops soon realized, interrogation was useless. "The boy was uncooperative to say the least" said officer Irish when asked to comment.

"We didn't want to restrain him because of his age, but every time we took the cuff off he tried smashing his head into the brick wall, as if he was trying to break it". "Another thing we

found strange was the constant jingling. All his pockets had been emptied so we couldn't figure out what was wrong. Eventually we had him x-rayed and found about \$3.75 in assorted coins sitting in his stomach". After about 12 hours, James finally calmed down and the police were able to figure out what had happened. Apparently the boy had been playing Super Mario Bros for the Nintendo Entertainment System earlier the previous day. When he finally stopped, the game left James weak and dehydrated at which point he happened upon a bag of 'shrooms stashed in his brothers room. Still under the euphoric influence of the videogame, James consumed the whole bag- roughly 7 'shrooms. You can imagine the effect of such a massive dose of hallucinogens had on the small child. He confessed to leaving the house around 6pm, at which point he remembers committing a bevy of villainous acts. Stomping on small animals, jumping over lines of fire, tossing turtle shells, fighting King Koopa and rescuing the Princess were just a few of the crimes

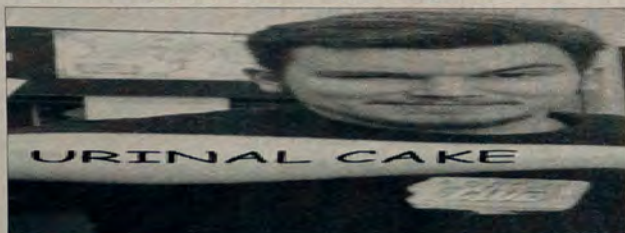
officially documented in the confession.

Upon the finalization of the confession James was released into the custody of his parents. "No legal action will be brought against the minor due to his age, but some community service will be in his future" said Cap'n Crunch. But the closing of one case only marks the opening of another one for the Harwood family. It seems that the Harwoods plan on suing

Nintendo and it's subsidiaries for wrongful influence over a minor. "Today He's eating vegetables, tomorrow he could be saving his memory to battery backup RAM! Where does it stop?!" screamed and enraged Miss. Harwood on

last night's channel 6. When reached for a comment Super Mario had this to say "Aeey, what the hell you so worried about. I eata the mushrooms all the time, they no bother me, they ah very goulda." Not being satisfied with such an inaudible comment, this reporter decided to go down to the Nintendo offices and have a word with Shiguru Miyamoto, the creator of the Super Mario series. When told the details of the story Mr. Miyamoto pulled a key out of a slot in the wall next to us and the bridge I was standing on disappeared beneath my feet and I fell into a pit of fire. Luckily I was wearing a flame retardant suit, so I managed to get out of the pit only to be chased off the premises by a one Samus Aran.

Not all bad has arisen from this event though, because where I have failed on the front, the Harwood's succeeded in the court. As of writing this, I learned that the court decided in the Harwoods favor and awarded the family \$1.3 million coins and forced Nintendo to cease all current and future production of Super Mario games.



I'll Gladly Kill you Monday, for my Anchor Back Today

By: Wimpy
Anchor Cook

There may be a real war going on on the other side of the world, but this weekend, RIC saw its own brand of destruction... in the form of a beloved cartoon character. The entire campus was in peril when Popeye decided to take back what was rightfully his- the giant anchor in the center of the quad.

The day started peacefully enough- students going to classes, teachers going to classes, other students not going to classes, but the peace ended rather quickly when a young woman in a red sweater came running throughout the campus in a fit of hysterics. The only witness to this prelude was RIC student Peter Svensson, who had the following to comment:

"She just couldn't stop running. I've never seen anything like it. I'm part of the football team, and we were all just standing around spitting gum into each other's mouths when this really thin lady ran past us and knocked me down. She was yelling for help and saying that we were all in trouble, so to calm her down we tried to catch her, y'know? But she kept slipping in and out of our grasps. It's like trying to catch a fish with your mouth... which I have a lot of experience in."

After multiple attempts, the young woman managed to calm down. She told any who would listen that her boyfriend was on his way and that he was angry. She wasn't afraid of HIM, she claimed, but rather she was afraid of what he would do to the campus, should someone try

to stop him. No sooner had this been said, that a familiar sound echoed throughout campus. It would prove to be the last sound that many would hear.

"Uk-kug-kug-kug-kug-kug-kug!"

Truly Frightening.

Some claim that they heard the sound of a spinach can being opened. Others claim they heard the sound of shirt sleeves being pushed up. Some claim they heard both. But one thing that everyone can agree on is that the end of this deafening silence saw a '94 black Dodge Neon hurdling past Adams library into the quad, exploding in a burst of flames. Thunderous footsteps followed, as trees in the distance could be seeing being pushed to the ground. As this seasick juggernaut made its way to the center of the campus, hardly a student moved. Some were too frightened, others injured, and others were too consumed with their hackey-sacks and devil sticks. But all felt the impact that was sure to come.

It was Popeye the Sailor man. Yes, Popeye the Sailor Man. His announcement was brief, but chilling nonetheless.

"I came for me anchor, and I wantsit back now! Uk-kug-kug-kug-kug-kug!"

He began to clear a path from Gaige to Craig Lee, leaving no student, cement tile, tree, bench, dog, or stone unturned in his path. There was no method to these random acts of his destruction. Some theorize that if you merely looked at Popeye in an unsatisfactory way, he would proceed to play your teeth like a piano, and send you on your merry way courtesy of his five-fingered airline. This was

surely the case here, as some students have yet to be found.

When he finally made his way to the anchor, he found it to be his Excalibur, in a sense, in that it was too heavy to lift. He began to his drug of choice (spinach) but found his supply to be empty. So he walked right into Donovan Dining Center (opting not to use the door, and instead making a Popeye-shaped hole in the center of the building) and demanded a can of spinach. Unfortunately for the patrons of Donovan, (all five students) Popeye took offense to this and ripped Craig Lee out from is foundations and threw it overhand, landing it right on top of Donovan, crushing everyone in both buildings.

Marching like a mad bull, he went straight back to the anchor, giving it one final tug in desperation. It was then that he noticed something crucial- it wasn't his anchor. You see, it was explained to us earlier by his girlfriend that using his teeth, he carved their initials into the anchor top, surrounded by a heart. The anchor at RIC had no such inscription. Having realized his folly, an enraged Popeye ripped up the cement of the quad like a carpet and wrapped the anchor in it, covering it completely. He then took the wrapped up anchor and drop kicked it to a place so far away, the only conceivable location for it could be the moon.

Embarrassed at his mistake, a crest-fallen Popeye returned from wherever it is he came, leaving Rhode Island College to recover in his wake. But he undeniable made it known that he is indeed strong to the finish, even without his spinach.

She's 151 feet tall.
She weighs 450,000 pounds.
Her fingernail weighs 3.5 pounds.
Her shoes are a women's size 879.
Her length of nose is 4' 6".



Imagine how big her stomach is.

FOR A LIBERTY SIZE HUNGER, THE ONLY PLACE TO TURN TO IS





apple.com/switch

"How stupid of me"

"My PC crashed so much surfing the internet I felt like I was at work again. Once I switched to Apple though, it was a smooth ride."

Hello, my name is Crash Test, and I'm a switcher
-Crash Test Dummy



INTERVIEW WITH JESUS

RIC: So Jesus, how was that whole ordeal with Linda Blair on campus this week?

LORD: I'm afraid I don't know what you're referring to.

RIC: You're the lord, don't you like... know everything?

LORD: I knew you were going to say that.

RIC: Of course. So tell me: I've heard a lot about the third coming of Christ. Any ideas as to when that's going to happen?

LORD: Right now, I'd imagine.

RIC: Now, I wasn't there to see it, but I've been told that you were crucified for being blasphemous some 5,000 years ago. What are your feelings on that?

LORD: I've gotta hand it to them—they really nailed me on that one. I was a cheese. I was a HUGE Cheese.

RIC: So Jesus is a fake?

LORD: I WAS a fake. I'm dead, remember?

RIC: Right, sorry. But if you were a fake, how do you explain all the miracles you performed?

LORD: What, like Leprosy? I didn't heal them... I just gave them tape.

RIC: How did you have tape back then? Wasn't it like, the 1850's?

LORD: I am God, you know. I created it—In Scotland. I was operating under a pseudonym back then.

RIC: So let me get this straight:



You created tape to heal Leprosy, but you could've easily healed leprosy without creating tape?

LORD: Perhaps, but if I never created tape, how could people hang up their posters?

RIC: With thumb tacks?

LORD: BAH! Thumb tacks are the devil's apparatus. I demand the next question.

RIC: It seems like we're veering

a little off subject. Why did you decide to come to speak at RIC in the first place?

LORD: I didn't come to speak. I came for the Donovan food.

RIC: You must be kidding.

LORD: The lord never kids.

RIC: No really, why'd you come? Was it the cute chicks? Tell me it was the cute chicks!

LORD: Don't make me laugh. I'm from HEAVEN. Your mortal women can't even come close to the perfection I see on a day-to-day basis. You know who's up there with me? Marilyn Monroe, Mira Sorvino, Kate Hudson, Britney Spears...

RIC: Most of those women aren't dead.

LORD: They're not? I've been falling behind. I have some work to do.

RIC-Light District

By: Jackie Crevier
Canchor Editor

"Hey I heard there's going to be this huge party at URI this weekend!" How many times have we said that to our friend or heard it advertised on campus? Why do we need to go to URI or PC to have fun? Well, party-goers, now is your chance to experience the nightlife at RIC. You may ask "What night life?"

Part of the schools goal for the upcoming fall 2003 semester is to attract more students to join and participate in more on-campus activities. "We want to promote moderated drinking on campus after hours, in hopes that the students will participate in events," said an anonymous source. "RIC stu-

dents can have fun and party at RIC instead of Mugshots or the Fish Company." Sources involved with this proposal wished to remain nameless until the idea is presented to president Nazarian at an upcoming Student Government meeting.

This plan, which is titled R. I. C., does not stand for Rhode Island College. It stands for "REALLY INTOXICATED CAMPUS." "We want the word RIC to be associated with the word fun. School is not just about learning, it's about social interaction as well," explained a second anonymous source.

This R.I.C. plan will include a few changes to the buildings on campus, as we now know them now. Henry Barnard is the elementary

school by day, but by night it is

you're in need of some extra cash or just a little fun you may want to check into the CLARKE SCIENCE CENTER FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF FEMALE PROSTITUTION. And you thought that only science experiments went on in that building!

SING-N-STRIP will fit your fancy if you like Karaoke- that is in the nude. No clothing is not a policy, but is a request at this Hawaiian style decorated atmosphere. Prizes for karaoke winners would include a "Copa Cabaña Highlights" Barry Manilow tape and a whole free week pass to unlimited Donovan meals.

Last but not least the Helen Forman Center will become the Burlesque palace, where high quality adult features will be shown. Tickets may be purchased or be in exchange for clothing. Students expressed enthusiasm and concern over the proposal. Jonathan Vincent a RIC philosophy major is "concerned about the ethical and moral issues that are facing the campus." He added, "But what the hell, I'll be there with my dollar bills ready for a foxy RIC dancer, preferably one with long blonde hair and a nice set of?" Well, we had to stop there.

"I think we need an atmospheric change," said sophomore Trista Escobar. "I mean you don't have to twist my arm to go watch hot guys dance, and I do love karaoke, however, not in the nude!"

So RIC students if you support this plan to spice up this RIC night life, please call 1-900-RIC-IS-STEAMIN





Roving Reporter

What do you hate most about The Anchor?
by Heather Black

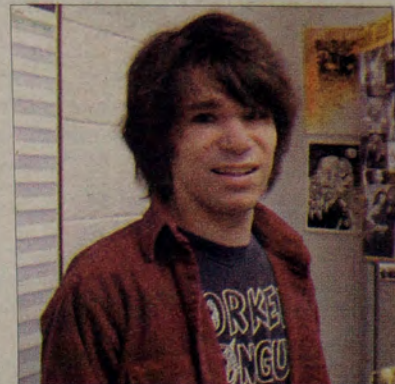


Ariana Testa
Public Relations

Bill Dorry... oh and
Lloyd Matsumoto!

Scott Pacheco
Layout Editor

Well I haven't actually
read the paper. But I
hear that that Scott
Pacheco is sexy, damn
sexy. Oh, and I hate that
stupid Canchor issue!



Dan Blouin
Layout Editor

Everything I don't
do myself, and
everyone but me.
Except Lloyd
Matsumoto. Oh
yeah-
and I hate it when
Andy Warhol comes
in and vomits on my
Managing Editor.



Cliff Rebelo
Opinion Editor

There isn't enough of
me in the paper. Oh
and Lloyd Matsumoto.



Heather Black
Photo Editor

The photos really
need some work. I
really hope they don't
pay anyone to edit
them.

Bill Dorry
Executive Editor

I hear the Executive Editor
is a real asshole.



JD Salisbury
Arts & Entertainment
Editor

It's big & rusty and
just sits in front of
Craig Lee.

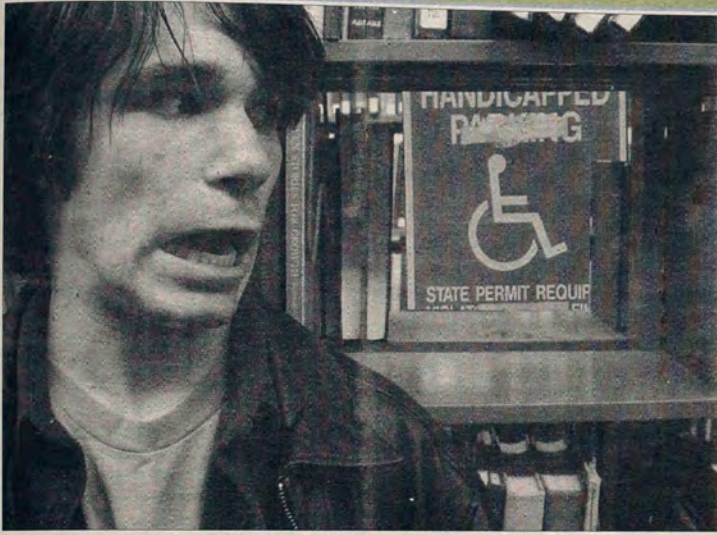


Antonio P. Rodrigues
Managing Editor

I feel that *the anchor* is...
Why is there air?

THE HANDICAPPED ATTACK!

Worse than rabbits, Handicapped parking spaces are popping up all over campus, violating personal space and common decency! They make it impossible for those who aren't handicapped to function on a normal level! Some students have begun breaking their own limbs just to use the bathroom! Without being insensitive, this reporter wants to know: WHERE WILL IT END???





REMEMBER- TERRORISM IS NOT
A LAUGHING MATTER. AND YOU
DON'T WANT TO FACE IT ON AN
EMPTY STOMACH.

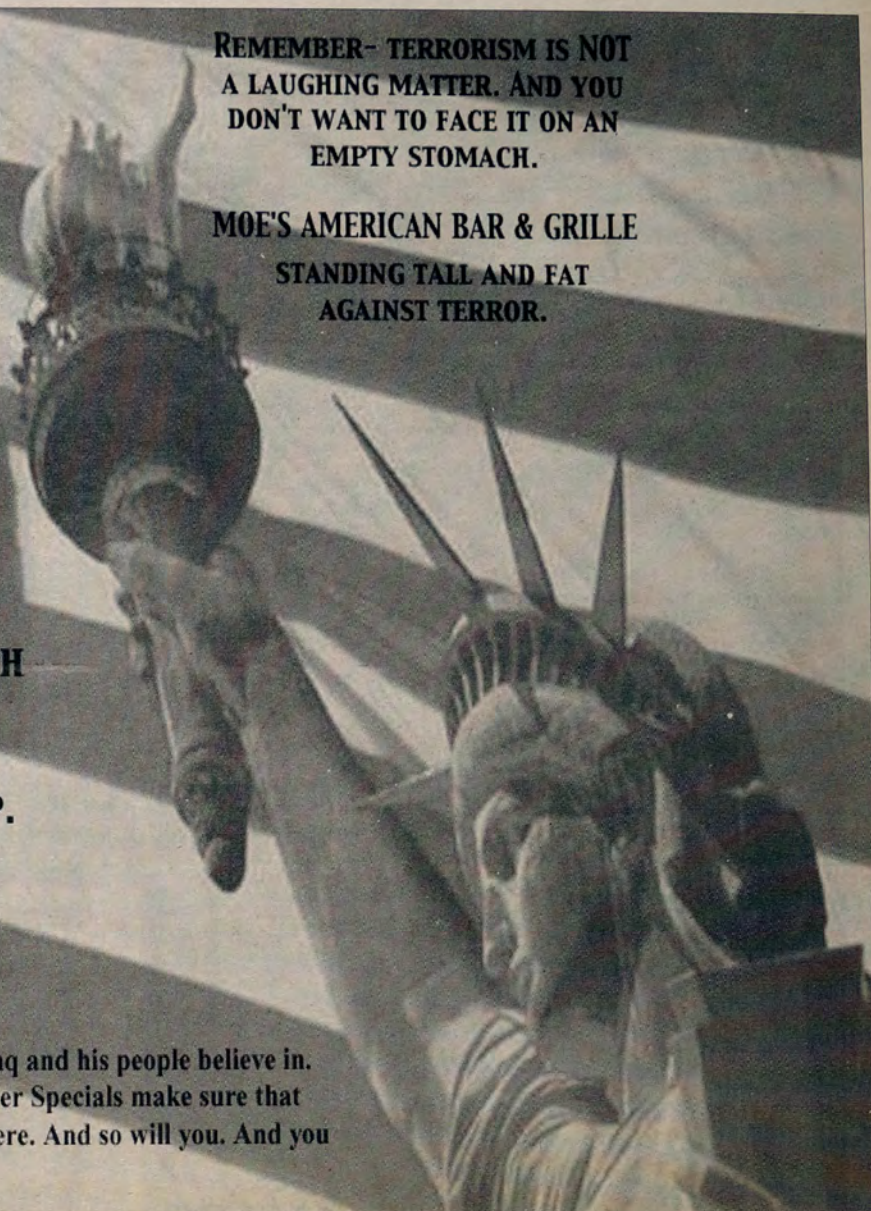
MOE'S AMERICAN BAR & GRILLE
STANDING TALL AND FAT
AGAINST TERROR.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN RECENT
MEMORY, OUR COUNTRY IS FACED WITH
THE HARDSHIP OF WAR.

NOW YOU CAN DO SOMETHING TO HELP.

Eat at MOE'S American Bar & Grille.
Our staff of waiters, chefs and dish-washers all
support our soldiers and wish them the best of luck in
their efforts to overthrow Saddam's tyrannical rule.

Our patriotic entrees stand tall in the face of everything Iraq and his people believe in.
Our Country-lovin' Lunch specials and Flag-Saluting Dinner Specials make sure that
wherever oppression is found, Moe's and America will be there. And so will you. And you
won't be hungry.



The cure for **CANCER** is
finally here! it's....

**TUMOR-BE-
GONE!**

Yes, it's TUMOR-BE-GONE! You've wanted the cure for cancer for years, and after making millions of beauty-care products and chemicals to make our fruits and vegetables less healthy, all the scientists in the world finally got off their collective asses and did something useful: they cured cancer! So what are you waiting for? Buy some today!



DON'T PUT
UP WITH ME
ANY LONGER!

**WORKS GREAT
ON PETS!**



BEFORE



AFTER

We Sold Our Soul for Basket-Ball

By: Booker T
5 Time, 5 Time, 5 Time, 5 Time,
5 Time WCW Champion

The term "Devil's Night" used to be reserved for October 30th, the night before Halloween, when kids would go around accosting their neighborhood. But now, add a "k" before the word "night" and you will be able to describe what happened to the RIC Athletic Department, as Don Tensher, the Rhode Island College Athletic Director has sold his soul to make RIC a Division 1 school.

"I was sick of RIC being Division 2... Wait... We're Division 3? Un-Holy Crap! And you wonder why I did this?" was the exact quote of Tensher as to why he went to such lengths to elevate RIC's status.

The exact details of the deal are allegedly as follows: Don Tensher offered his soul (retail price \$460,451.38) in exchange for Satan to make RIC a Division 1 School (retail price \$1,342,926.78) so that RIC may have a winning season (priceless). This was the way the deal was supposed to go down. Unfortunately, neither side thought to read the fine print and

all hell followed.

Tensher wrote in the ancient language of slang which could not be deciphered, as it was scribbled on the back of a Wendy's napkin. From what The Anchor was told, the parchment was translated into meaning that Tensher soul was not the one offered, but rather the soul of the Vice President of Student Affairs, Gary Penfield. On the other side, Satan did not make the school Division 1, but merely offered the means to become such a school. He granted us the most unholy, evil sports figure in the entire collegiate basketball world to guide RIC. In other words...

Bobby Knight's the new head coach at Rhode Island College.

This Leviathan of the Lay-Up, the Demon of the Dunk, the Creature of the Court Bobby Knight has already instituted his new policies in order to make RIC excel. First off, classes are now a thing of the past. In order to be a Division 1 school, the team must act like a Division 1 school, so all non-Athletic classes are no longer required if you are on the basketball team. The former core classes of Western Civilization and Western

Literature have been replaced by the Theory of Slam Dunk-Ology and How White Men Can Learn to Jump 101. When reached for comment, Bobby Knight spoke in strange and mystic tongues that burned at the very logic of RIC Student, R. Soles. The message, when played backwards though, is clear: "I am Bobby Knight, Prince of the Pine! I rule all I survey! FEAR ME!" Truly frightening words...

Living up to his reputation, Knight, frustrated with the lack of unwavering support from the team, threw a tantrum that left 3 critically wounded, and 4 injured. Not satisfied by the destruction, Tensher threw his voice to make it seem like Gary Penfield called him "Knight." Knight then proceeded to choke and attack Penfield. He remains in intensive care with a crushed trachea.

When reached, RIC President John Nazarian gave his comments on the situation. "Division 1 school means we can charge more for tuition and more students will come to RIC. In the end, it's all about the Bling Bling."

Indeed, it is Nazarian, proving that money is truly the root of all evil.

HOW TO WALK:

STEP 1: LIFT LEG

STEP 2: PLACE LEG IN A SPOT THAT IS FARTHER AWAY FROM YOUR BODY THAN IT PREVIOUSLY WAS.

STEP 3: REPEAT STEPS 1 & 2 WITH OPPOSITE LEG.

STEP 4: REPEAT STEPS 1-3.

STEP 5: DO THIS UNTIL TIRED.

STEP 6: NOW YOU'RE THIN.

This weeks sexy page 8 girl is none other that Danielle Blovin of Warren, R.I. She's a petite 34-36-34, with brown hair and the deepest hazel eyes you've ever seen. Danni enjoys art, music and skinny dipping



apple.com/switch

"I was in Hell"

"Every time I used Windows it felt like I was the one being tortured. Now that I've switched to Apple I can finally get back to punishing those who deserve it."

Hello, my name is Satan, and I'm a switcher.

~Lord of Darkness



HANDY OLYMPICS

**AMPUTEE COMPETITORS GIVE AN ARM AND A
LEG TO WIN THE GOLD!**



**AMERICAN
Moie's
BAR & GRILLE**

**If you're into having
other people handle your
food, then try our NEW
HANDY FUN-RIP BREAD!**

**This bread isn't served with knives or
dishes. It's ripped into pieces by our
trained staff of bread-rippers. And just
so you get all those extra vitamins, we
made sure that they DIDN'T wash their
hands after using the bathroom.**

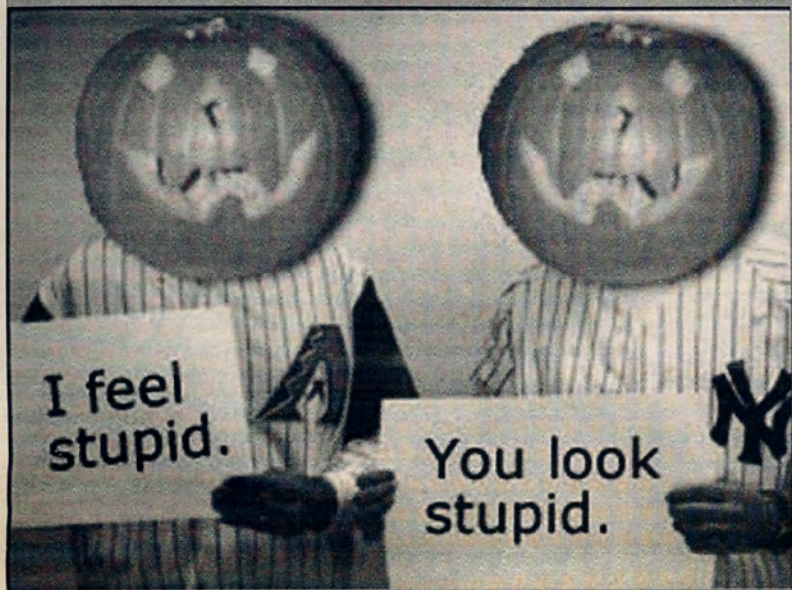
At MOE'S, we believe in servicing our customers.

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CREATOR OF THE PUMPKIN HEAD CRAZE



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**the new instant coffee
with a difference:
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**ONLY
\$5.22!**
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*not recommended for
pregnant or nursing
mothers, males of any
age, females of any age,
diabetics, people with
HIV/AIDS or anyone
wanting to live . . .*

JG Johnson
A MOFIA COMPANY

Weekly Annual Canchor Bulletin Board

BUY WHOLESALE

Dead Cats

Liberated from woman's freezer. 96 total. 5\$ for a pound. Buy two pounds, get one free. Call 555-7877

Year-old petrified dog

shit. Strangely enough there were no buyers. Even stranger, the shit didn't turn to powder and die. So, get while the gettin's good! Shit comes in all sizes, colors, consistencies and flavors! Heat in microwave to return to original state. 555-7448

CELEBRITY MOMS SELL CELEBRITY DIAPERS!

You can own real diapers from such celebrities as Judd Nelson, Tori Spelling, and Aaron Spelling! Buy 5 pairs and get a free Tom Arnold! Free! Call 555-9675

CHAT/ DATELINES

Looking to meat people? I'm ready to link up for some bump & grind action. 555-6328

I'm fat, ugly, and have wicked BO, good thing you won't be able to sense any of that when we phone phuck phor hours. You know you want it, so call me bitch 555-3825

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

Diplomas of all varieties-

High School, College, Bartending School, now up for auction on Ebay. Bidding starts at 1.00. Bargain Education!

FINANCIAL LOANS

Want money for doing nothing? Who doesn't. Call someone who cares. 456-8280

Cash is free when you do work at some job. 555-9675

Will loan you money if you perform favors. Sexual favors 456-8088.

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Tired of Botox? Try some of these other great poisons to keep you looking fake and healthy: Draino, 409, H2SO4, Mercury, Aresnic and Choloform.

HELP WANTED

Will pay handsomely for personal back shaver. Needed at least twice a week, as I have fast-growing hair. Schedule must be com-

patible with chest/abdomen shaver. Call them at 555-6477, then me at 555-6247

MUSIC

Used CD's of modern

classics! These great artists are sure to go down in the Rock N Roll hall of fame. En Vogue, Tripping Daisy, Hootie and the Blowfish, and Jimmy Eat World.

Looking to join band. Eat lots of beans, produce unique sound. Ask for Kenny. 555-3278

Looking to sell Yanni, John Tesh and Kenny G? Well, I'm looking to buy them. Call Music Lover at 555-7825

OCCULT

Want a new pet? Call Bill to take home your very own hobbit. 555-

Potion to turn ordinary folk into gypsy. Hexing ability optional. 555-9263

Powder of Life, sold in small 6 oz. Bottles. Magic words printed on side. Ideal for making Gumps.

OF INTEREST TO ALL

New formula helps remove nipple hair. Tested on small hairless animals.

555-3999

I do parties, looking for work. Good with kids. You must supply the plunger. 555-3466

House for sale. Free toilet & wife made completely out of duct tape. 555-3828

This Dick Ain't Gonna Suck Itself

SWM, Likes comic books, action figures and pop culture. Art Major here at RIC. Works @ job with great advancement opportunities. Looking for sex slave who is looking to do anything. I'm not picky about looks, but applicants must be fine-ass bitches. Must have good oral skills. To apply call 456-8280. Ask for Scott.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

It's Getting Stumpy In Here

400 lb. Quadruple amputee looking for hardcore BDSM action. Call 555-2736

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

I have a large cocktail bar, and I need a bartender to keep the customers happy. Must apply in person, ask for Derris. 555-7425

Am looking for commitment, and an excuse to change my wild ways for the better. To get in touch with

me, call the Emerald City and ask for Santa Claus.

Don't listen to that last guy. I'm real and I DO want a commitment, and an excuse to change my wild ways for the better. Unfortunately, I'm a hermaphrodite robot. But that doesn't mean I don't have a heart... even if it is made of steel. Please call me... I'm lonely. And anatomically backwards. 555-7233

Your Personal can be here! All you Have to do is come down to the student media center and join the Canchor staff! We make all this crap up ourselves and don't get any help. So quit your bitching. It's not difficult. A monkey could do this job. Especially if it was a super-monkey like Beppo, or a super intelligent monkey like Mojo Jojo. But that will never happen because they're fictional characters. Like us.

IF SOMEONE WERE TO WRITE
A BOOK ABOUT WHAT YOU ATE FOR
LUNCH...

WOULD ANYONE WANT TO READ IT?

THEY WOULD IF YOU
ATE AT MOE'S AMERICAN BAR & GRILLE.
BY EATING AT MOE'S YOU CAN TAKE PART
IN PUTTING AN END TO TERRORISM-
BUT INSTEAD OF FIGHTING, YOU'RE GETTING FAT.



**SCOTT
AND DAN'S
GUIDE ON
HOW TO
FAIL AT
DATING.**



STEP 1. FIND A GIRL YOU LIKE!

STEP 2. TELL HER YOU LIKE HER!

STEP 3. WASN'T THAT EASY?



Missing Resturant Beepy Thing!

"If lost, please return me.
I cannot function away from my home
or with any other system." TM

"If lost, please return me. I cannot function away from my home or with any other system."
is a registered trademark of Moe's American Bar & Grille.

WANT TO LOSE WEIGHT?!?

**YOU DON'T NEED
PILLS!**

**YOU DON'T NEED
DIETARY SUPPLE-
MENTS!!**

**WHAT IS THIS
AMAZING NEW
PRODUCT???**

WALKING!!!!

**ELSEWHERE IN THIS VERY PERIODICAL
YOU CAN READ A MANUAL DETAILING
WHAT STEPS YOU CAN TAKE TOWARDS
OBTAINING THIS NEW PRODUCT!**

**ACT NOW! TURN
THE PAGE TO START
WALKING!!!**



APRIL FOOL'S ISSUE