

VOLUME 4

ISSUE 1

KGB PRESENTS

readme

through the age

Before Baker and Porter, They Were Hunter and Gatherer (pg. 2)

On the Origins of Buggy (pg. 3)

Students Rush To Graduate as End of World Approaches (pg. 8)

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cmureadme.com

Time: FREE
Travel: \$3



Paleolithic tribe discovered in ancient Pittsburgh cave system

Benner Rogers
Very Real Archaeologist

A routine safety inspection of the steam tunnels beneath Carnegie Mellon University went awry when an unexpected wall collapse revealed the heart of a still-living ancient empire. When FMS workers attempted to survey the oldest section of CMU's steam tunnels last Sunday, they accidentally triggered a minor sinkhole. The workers escaped unharmed; however a large section of wall and flooring collapsed to reveal a previously unknown cave tunnel. The tunnel leads into a complex underground network of passages and natural caverns full of primeval artifacts completely untouched by time. The most shocking part? People were still living there.

Within the cave system lives a perfectly preserved tribe of peoples from the Paleolithic era. Surviving off of a new species of cave fish, natural freshwater springs, and unique farming techniques for cultivating lichen and mushrooms, the tribe has seemingly had little to no interactions with the modern world. It is currently unclear how large the network of caves is or how much of them have been populated by the tribe.

Despite the sea of anthropologists, historians, and sociologists that have swarmed CMU campus, communication has been limited. Attempts at conversation only last a few hours each day due to psychological and medical concerns. Language barriers also complicate interviews with tribe members. In spite of such hurdles, however, analysis of communication between tribe members has revealed an oral tradition that's been kept alive since the dawn of humanity. The ritual, best translated as "TellMe", involves the retelling of comedic stories to members to induce laughter. Stories are occasionally complemented with crude cave paintings of the subjects being described. "TellMe" is thought to be an ancient way of spreading news throughout the tribe. Though the full stories are unable to be translated, topics have included mythological creatures, the tribe's leader, recent unusual events, and often those interviewing them. It's believed that "TellMe" has a very large religious importance as well. Experts hope that "TellMe" will lead to larger breakthroughs in their attempts to converse with humanity's past.

Before Baker and Porter, they were Hunter and Gatherer

Citron
Paleolithic Scholar

Baker Hall and Porter Hall: We all know them, love them, get lost in them, and indulge in erotic fanfiction of them from time to time. "But what you may not know is their deep and rich history of cultural evolution," says anthropologist X. Cavorator.

"It's easy to look at these buildings standing tall and proud, Baker, Porter, Wean—actually, not Wean, Wean's got nothing to be proud of—but it's easy to look at them and feel they've always been that way. Yet, buildings are not the stalwart monuments we've always thought of them as. They can grow and change over time, much in the same way as human society does."

Indeed, recently uncovered evidence points to the evolution of Porter and Baker Hall mirroring that of humanity

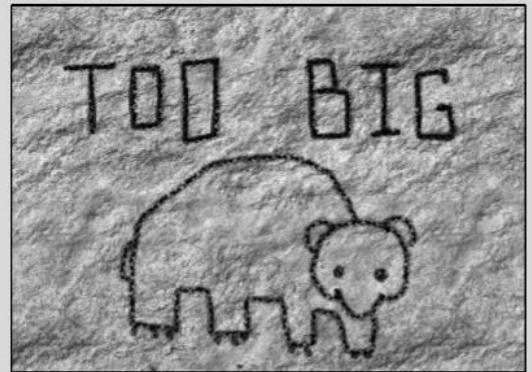
itself.

"When two different things evolve the same traits separately, we call that convergent evolution," explains Cavorator. "And that seems to be what happened here, in the case of Baker and Porter Hall. Before Baker and Porter, they were Hunter and Gatherer, and we believe they evolved into the modern roles of Baker and Porter sometime within the last millennium."

But there's a big gap between the hunting and gathering age and the baking and porting age. So what filled that gap? "We don't know," reveals Cavorator. "We think that Miller and Carter were their likely identities during the agrarian period, but we're not sure yet. We've got experts doing research on Baker's lost cousins, Butcher and Candlestick Maker Hall. Overall, Baker and Porter are still fascinating enigmas to us."

**BEAST
CAVE**

**TOLD BY:
GRAGG
FLORENCE**



TOO BIG BEAR

A Letter...

...from the Editor

As you may or may not know, ReadMe has been around since the dawn of time. We're so old, in fact, that for our first volumes we were called TellMe. We orated about the Big Bang, the age of the dinosaurs, and the evolution of humanity. Once we could write, we reported on events like the flood (remember reading about Noah? We covered that.) and the fall of the Roman Empire. Eventually we decided that our purpose was to bring humor to the saddest place in the world, and once CMU was founded, we knew we'd found our forever home. We recently took a dig through our archives, and found some articles we'd written long ago, featuring headlines like "Kids these days are lazier than ever" (an op-ed written in 1352) and "What do you mean, we have to pay people," (a complaint written in 1978). As it stands, our organization has decided to share all the material we've devised with the rest of you, in order of date published, give or take. If you've ever wondered what we thought about the birth of Jesus, the invention of the printing press, or the 1984 American Presidential Election, then you've come to the right place. Without further ado....

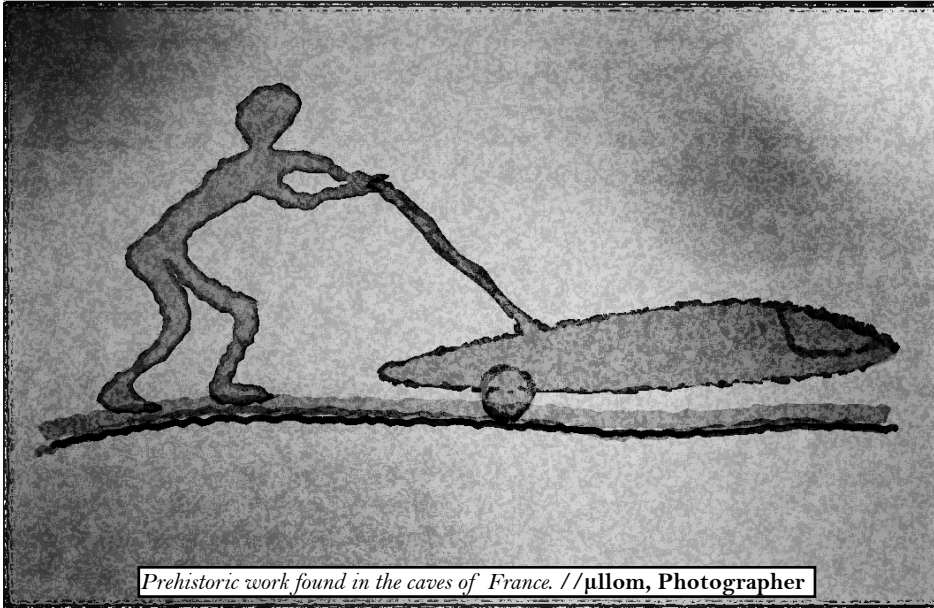
readme, volume #4, issue #2

This bear is too big. Bears should not be this big. Gragg drew him real big on cave wall, but Read Me shrank him too much and now you can not see how big he is. Use your mind to make the bear big. Good job.

He looks like a friend, but that is not true. Gragg thought he would be like a dog but big. Wrong. It is messed up that God would make a beast that looks this kind, but wants to eat Gragg. Gragg was told bears eat fish. Gragg is not a fish, Gragg swear. The bear does not think so. Yes, Gragg looks like a fish, kind of. No, Gragg can not swim like a fish. If the too big bear could see Gragg swim bad, he might learn that Gragg is a twink, not a fish.

Gragg told his friend Thogg that Gragg saw the most big bear in the world and he told Gragg that he had seen one twice as big. Thogg must read minds because Gragg did not tell Thogg how big the too big bear was. Gragg think he lied about the bear he saw too, since bears can not be more big than the too big bear. Gragg does not like when his mind is read and Gragg does not like lies. They make Gragg sad. Gragg will hit Thogg with a large rock next day to prove a point. Fuck that guy.

On the origins of buggy



Prehistoric work found in the caves of France. // ullom, Photographer

"Roan Tysh"*Receiving death threats from buggy alumni*

In modern day, it can be difficult to recollect the scrappy origins of the noble sport of Sweepstakes. Informally known as Buggy, this pastime today takes the form of small carbon fiber capsules being pushed along a set route through Schenley Park, steered by students of short stature and tall courage. But it wasn't always this way.

Approximately 2,800 years ago, an odd four-legged creature roamed North America. Fossils indicate it looked somewhat similar to a goat, but with shorter, thicker legs. When standing its height was just above waist height for the average adult human, and when lying down, its large torso would rise to just below the average adult's knees.

These creatures lived in swamps and marshes, particularly in what would become the northeastern United States tens of thousands of years later. In winter they would grow thick fur and occupy caves or the undersides of ledges, and in spring, they would consume grass voraciously. One fascinating behavior of these creatures, documented both through fossilized soil records and extensive cave paintings, was a tendency to graze at the top of steep, muddy hills, waiting for predators to take notice. Once a large carnivore approached, the creature would fling itself into the mud and tuck its legs under its body, allowing it to slide down the hill. The legs of the creatures were carefully evolved to double as runners, akin to a sled or ice skate, minimizing friction (along with their streamlined fur).

Reconstructions of the languages used at the time would suggest the creatures were referred

to as something like "of the bogs". Or as they later came to be called, upon the gentle introduction of European languages to this region of the world, "boggies". It seems that humans in the area that would now be referred to as southwestern Pennsylvania took a particular interest in studying boggies. They soon began constructing artificial environments to exaggerate the distances which they could slide, using wetter mud, predictable routing, and unnaturally steep slopes reinforced with reeds. After hundreds of years of this, the first evidence can be found of a human riding one of these "boggies", and not long after, pushing them uphill with their riders in order to slide further than a single downhill slope permits.

When exactly boggie riding became competitive is unknown, but it was a highly optimized contest by the time it made its way significantly into oral history. This history is now all that remains of this era of Sweepstakes, as boggies were driven to extinction within decades of European arrival. However, artificial boggies had already been constructed for centuries out of timber and furs, and as populations of natural boggies dwindled, technologies like the wheel were introduced, and the industrial revolution brought new materials and techniques, the boggie transformed into the buggy: beasts mechanical in nature, nearly frictionless, hurtling along courses of concrete and asphalt rather than mud and silt. Little of the original sport remains in a physical sense, but the core roles (minus those related to safety) have changed little, and the spirit of innovation and fair competition has persisted to this day, now under the watchful eyes of Carnegie Mellon University.

The Wheel and its effects on our children

Citron

Rounding the bend

It's the latest craze, the vogue, a revolution, and it's rolling off the shelves. If you've lived in ancient society in the last few lunar cycles, you've heard of it: the wheel.

The wheel has transformed our world swiftly; be it agriculture, transportation, cheese, or construction, they've already become integral to every part of our lives. But people are starting to realize that behind the gleaming facade of the wheel lies a sinister consequence: its effect on our own kids.

"It's like I don't even recognize him anymore," says one anonymous mother. "It used to be 'Dinner's ready!' and he would come running and tell me he loved me. Now, it's always 'One more spin, mom!'. Sometimes he doesn't even respond anymore—he's just so engrossed in his wheel, he doesn't even hear me. He's always on that damn wheel. I'd just snap it in two, if it weren't so damn expensive."

Kids across the city-state seem to have fallen in love with the wheel. We interviewed one child we found playing with a wheel by the road to find out just what it is about them that drives kids crazy.

"Well, all my friends had one, and they were having so much fun with it," she said. "So I asked my parents, but they said no. This wheel. It was, uh, just lying here. It's nobody's."

"The wheel is fantastic," she gushed when asked about just what it was that made it so special. "I love putting it on an axle and spinning it around. It's like the fidget spinner, but better. Honestly, though, I could just stare at it all day."

The child's parents appeared at this point in the interview, and though we didn't have any questions for them, they did not hesitate to give their opinions.

"It's my opinion that the wheel is symbolic of everything wrong with kids today," said the father. "When I was her age, we walked between cities. Took us weeks. I lost years of my life walking places. And now she wants to spend those years doing what? Riding the fuckin' wheel? Those were some of the best years of my life. Made me who I am today. We used to make pottery with our hands, and if it was misshapen, goddammit, we got better at it. They don't understand how good they got it. Everything handed to them on a lazy Susan."

"Well, you know, I don't hate the wheel," said the mother. "I can see why some people might want the wheel. Just, you know, I don't want my own daughter on it. Have you heard of driving drunk? Apparently all the young people are doing it these days. And, you know, kids on the wheel are more likely to commit violence. I mean, not trying to say anything about wheel kids. I just don't want my daughter associating with... those types. You know?"

The verdict is still out on the wheel. Is it a plague upon our children, stealing our future? Is it a benign gift from the gods? What gods do we even believe in here in ancient Mesopotamia? These are the hard hitting questions that only time will tell.

History's first booth

Alex Werth
Suddenly speaking Spanish

HUNT SPECIAL - Carnegie Mellon University's springtime Carnival brings with it many beloved traditions, perhaps most recognizable of all, Booth, a weeklong mad sprint through constructing marvelously untrustworthy houses. But did you know that the roots of booth trace back to far before CMU's founding? Back before the scientists of our society had invented steel, universities, or Scotsmen, one ancient society was building immense, elaborate towers and tearing them down in a hurry, a practice that has traced its way to our school today. Chasing the roots of CMU's most beloved culture, we come to explore the city of Babylon.

CMU historians argue that Babylon's legendary Tower of Babel, and its rapid unplanned disassembly in the second millennium, represents both the thematic and literal origin of the Booth tradition. Most objectively, CMU historians traced the westward adoption of caffeinated tea and large-scale fermentation in pottery towards its convergence point on the lower Euphrates, which scholars theorize led to Babylon developing the remarkable insanity to begin construction. To this day, a similar concoction powers booth-building CMU students through what are, to a healthy citizen, hallucinogenic levels of sleep deprivation. The further parallels between the structures built both then and now are remarkable, leading our historians to envision that the modern resurgence of Booth in 1914 looked back towards history for inspiration. And despite the theological questions raised by the debatably divine nature of Babylon's first ever teardown, various scholars take the point in stride: "If anyone could so directly affront God with a house alone, it would be a true CMU student." And yet, the Spring Carnival Committee has yet to authorize a booth over two stories tall. Perhaps we have learned, despite ourselves.

Heart not in work, striking Homestead workers declare

A Dead Jellyfish
Lockheed Martin Employee of the Month

After weeks of refusing to stay working at the steel mill past 2 a.m., employees at Homestead Steel Works have finally gone on strike. They are protesting outside the factory, saying that working all day without a lunch break is "unethical." Some complain they have not been home to visit their families in months, hoping to desert their sacred duty to make the billionaire Andrew Carnegie more money. The strikers should rest easy knowing that their hard labor is going into the construction of libraries and museums they will never be able to see.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers (AA) is promising workers a life of luxury and ease that they, unlike Andrew Carnegie, have not earned. Furthermore, the AA is only increasing inequality within the workplace by allowing only skilled workers into their ranks. The AA is forming an exclusive club that allows skilled workers to slack off while their unskilled counterparts are hard

at work supporting the military-industrial complex.

The strike culminated in egregious and shocking acts of violence committed by factory employees. Steelworkers tried to burn Pinkerton agents alive on their barges as they tried to approach the factory to negotiate, and attacked them even after they surrendered. Our hearts go out to the families of the two Pinkerton agents brutally murdered while sailing down the Ohio River on an innocent joyride that happened to pass the site of the strike. Andrew Carnegie defends his decision to implement high-pressure water cannons against the strikers, saying, "We protected ourselves with ingenious technology, just as the poor villagers of yore poured boiling oil down on the marauding Vikings who besieged them."

As we all know, the devil finds work for idle hands of strikers. Discussions are now underway about building a school to institutionalize the grindset and train a new generation of morally upstanding workers to add to the wealth and reputation of Andrew Carnegie.

Sanitation Concerns Raised over Birth in Bethlehem Stable

A Living Jellyfish
Jiggling in consternation

BETHLEHEM, Judea - Locals are shocked that a young Galilean woman named Mary has given birth in a manger. Although many have no qualms about sharing their living spaces with domesticated animals, some are saying that a stable might be a bit too far. Experts confirm that a manger is not a suitable environment for childbirth, referencing the statistic that 6% of women die in childbirth already. Giving birth in an unsanitary stable surrounded by donkeys, cattle, and goats raises the possibility that Mary will contract donkey-borne illnesses such as leptospirosis or brucellosis, increasing her chance of death to 19%. Celsus, an up-and-coming dermatologist from Rome, declares that the best environment for childbirth is "one devoid of disturbances such as braying, mooing, bleating, or indiscriminate hay-munching." Celsus also expresses concern that goats, known to have diverse appetites, will try to bite the infant's hair as it exits the birth canal. The owner of the manger is now facing criticism for allowing a pregnant woman, whose odds of dying were already 35%, to give birth in a stable instead of evicting some less needy guest.

Several magi were also present at the scene, each of them having brought gifts to aid the dangerous birth. One of them, Balthasar, testifies, "I was alerted of this important matter by an angel who gave me a dream to warn me of the poor mother's 47% chance of dying in childbirth." Balthasar presented a gift of frankincense to mask the smell of the animals. Another, Melchior, brought a sizable amount of gold to pay for any medical fees - or, if all else fails, funeral fees - incurred from the risky barnyard birth. Gaspar's present of myrrh should help reduce inflammation in Mary and lower her risk of death to 66%.

Mary's husband, Joseph, was also questioned as to why he did not seek out better lodging for his nine-months-pregnant wife. Joseph, calm in the knowledge that his wife bore the son of God and that such births have only an 85% mortality rate, points out that "the hay was the perfect substance with which to soak up blood without leaving too much of a mess." This reporter is especially worried about the infant's current proximity to the donkey, having been bitten rather painfully by said donkey. Mary was unavailable for comment, suffering from sepsis after having contracted an infection and potentially about to join the ranks of the 99% of women who die in childbirth.

Taste-testing Messiahs

"Roan Tysh"

Gets his protein from the body of Christ

Pretty often now, we'll have these bearded fucks wander into the temple telling us they're the savior we were promised. They like to wash people's feet (a little too much honestly), and go on and on about the true spirit of the holidays, until someone rich bothers to have them strung up in the public square or torn apart by horses.

But first, we always make sure to taste-test the would-be savior. We know, after all, that whoever we accept as our savior, we'll have to taste a little bit of every Sunday for the rest of our lives. A sip of their blood and a little morsel of their body. A waste of good wine and bread, in my opinion, but you've got to get your iron somewhere. Problem is, most of these guys' flesh just tastes awful. So we let them get tortured and killed, and wait for a more flavorful prophet.

This morning, I was invited to a prison carved into a cliffside. Amid the agonized screams and the putrid scent of disease and excrement, we found the cell of one particular man, whose skin was radiant, his hands callused, his face

smugly superior. I took a delicate nibble of his flesh, and found that it tasted delicious. I've never noticed a complexity quite like that. Nor have I had the pleasure of trying such exquisitely textured meat. It had the toughness you would expect from a muscular laborer, but it yielded quickly, and was still juicy. His blood, too, was delicious. The irony note was covered by a subtle basicity and umami, left behind only as an aftertaste, which was complex and thought-provoking.

This man was special, we decided. If billions would be consuming whatever savior we chose, this would be the best choice we would be offered. So, we put a crown of thorns on his head, and hung him from a cross, and hired a servant boy to drag his body out of his tomb three days later and smack it on a cliffside like a rug until there was nothing left but mist. To confirm we had performed the ritual correctly, I sipped wine and took a bite of bread under a stained glass window, and I was immediately struck by the same glorious gustatory experience as I was in the prison. Truly, the glory of God is like no other.

An Open Letter to William Shakespeare

A Dead Gelatinous Fish
A Saucy Lad

How now, sirrah, churlish Bard, bacon-fed knave!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat who taketh the name "William Shakespeare," take heed! Thou seducest the innocent masses into sin with thy profane plays and pompous poetry. We address our grievances in the style thou'rt most fond of: the sonnet.

Thy plays draw foolish sheep like flies to mead,
Deserting Sunday mass for comedy.
Marry, that time is better spent to read
That holy, worthy folio, ReadethMe!
To lull the mind with idle merriment
Shall push literacy into decline.
Thy noble patron in his golden raiment
Grows bored of poetry in which thou pinest:
Thy "Fair Youth Sonnets" published for his love
Replace with readEthme – a truer art!
Thy kicky-wicky's close to heav'n above;
Thy fry as well from plague shall soon depart.
And when thou hast lost all, take one last blow:
Thy work attributed to vain Marlowe.

We pray the Globe Theatre burneth down posthaste.

The Editors of readDethmE

Interwar Update

Mihir Deshpande Sr. Sr. Sr.
Rationally Scared

Once again, we'd like to thank you, dear reader, for continuing to stick with readMe through these turbulent times. You probably never imagined that the US government would declare us illegal, but alas, much like cocaine and alcohol before us, it seems like Uncle Sam has a penchant for criminalizing what gives the populace joy. We had always worried that our affiliation with a "KGB" might someday cast unwarranted suspicion on us, though. We'd like to explain how we're relatively harmless, but the Kennedy administration is refusing to hear us out. Until that time, you'll just have to bear with us as we navigate these turbulent times.

On a more positive note, our Readeasies have been doing spectacularly well as of late. Our numbers have gone up 50% since our last issue, and word-of-mouth will

only make that number grow higher. We always hoped that Readeasies would be fun experiences for the whole family, and it seems like we have succeeded more than we thought possible. In particular, the cage matches between writers who missed their deadlines have been quite the money-maker. It is thanks to you, loyal reader, that readMe can continue to be enjoyed by all.

We hope that you will come again when we publish our next issue on the 28th. Hopefully all this effort won't be needed by then. We've recently hired an independent contractor to speak with the President on our behalf, so we hope his expertise can let us nip the issue in the bud. We have very high hopes for Mr. Oswald in his meeting next week.

If that doesn't pan out or it takes too long for the paperwork to process, the next password will be "Vladimir". We hope to see you again next time!

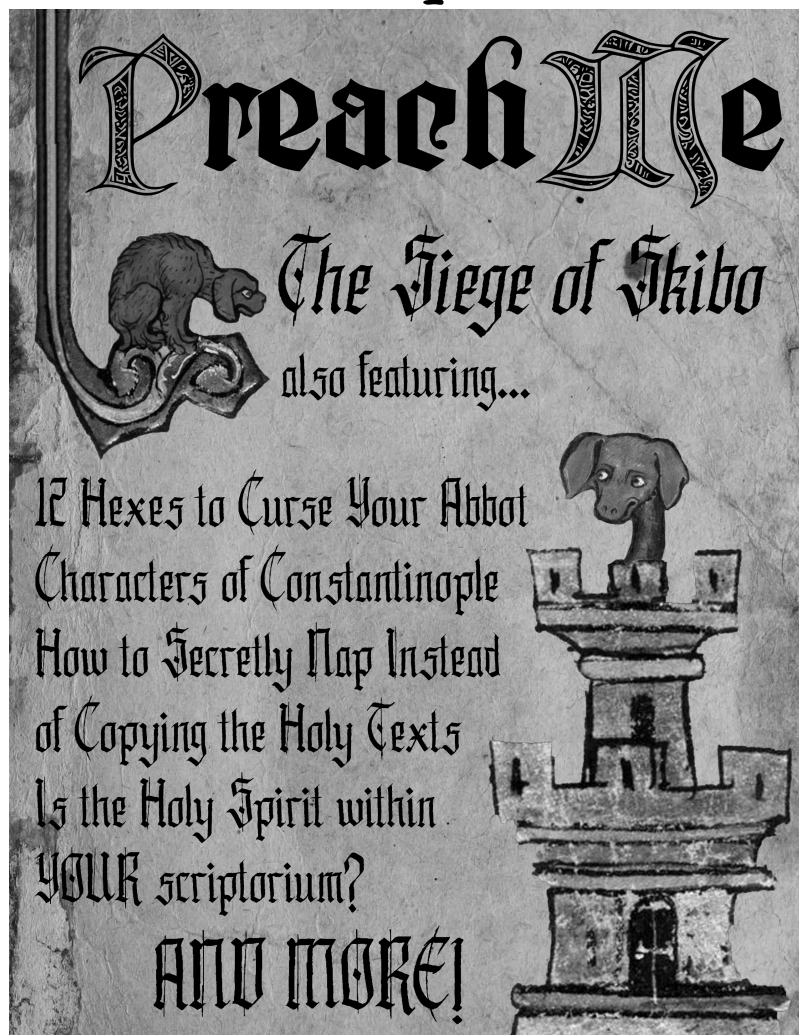


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Discord



Survey Says!

Medieval era Comedy Manuscript found



Benner Rogers
Resident Monk Exper

Archeologists in northern Greece have recently unearthed a seemingly comedy-themed manuscript dating back to the 6th century. Found during the excavation of the famed Skibo monastery, the manuscript was titled PreachMe and included articles poking fun at everything from strange-looking icons to priest pet peeves. PreachMe appears to have been hand copied at Skibo before being circulated between various other Byzantine monasteries. No other surviving copies have been found. Although most of the manuscript is too damaged to be read, a brief excerpt of the article "The Siege of Skibo" has been translated below:

...the invading Horde had finally reached the monastery gates. Our Loyal Hounds were on their last legs, and only a divine miracle would surely save us from the barbarians. Amidst the confusion, Brother Michael approached me. Upon his face was a wide smile that brought me great confusion.

"Brother Michael," I cried, "why are you rejoicing?" Full of mirth, he responded, "Because the Lord has answered your prayers, Abbot!"

"What prayers?" I asked, as a deep pit of dread grew within mine own soul. "Why, the prayers you asked of me yesterday of course."

Finally understanding, I lurched backwards in horror. The Fool had not prayed for "The Holy Light from the God of Man," but "A Whole Day's Fight from the Ottomans!"

The comedic appeal of PreachMe is, unfortunately, rather lacking, but to a Byzantine monk on his fourth hour of book copying it would have been hilarious. After all, most monks could only find excitement by murdering their fellows through strange and obscure methods. Several PreachMe articles were even dedicated to the phenomena. Other methods of entertainment included wandering through esoteric labyrinths, silently contemplating the many ways you are going to hell, and having sex with younger monks because it's not gay if they look like women. Yeesh. Not much in the fun department.

Readme's production in decline due to Prohibition

Bertie Wooster
Mentally negligible

The pervasive hum of the printing press putting out Readme's weekly dreck has finally faltered. A well-meaning administrator, upon hearing the rumor the magazine runs on a 70/30 blend of grain alcohol and caffeine, initiated a campus-wide effort to enforce the national ban on spirits. The goal was to improve its output, but the fallout has been dire.

The Readme office, once a vibrant den of inspired madness, resembles a UPMC autopsy center. Editors, now tragically lucid, are unable to reach their highs of maniacal, drug-induced criticism. Writers are submitting coherent, fact-checked articles that one disgusted reader criticized as "drier than my concepts homework." They now communicate in hushed, grammatically correct sentences. The most exciting thing to happen this week was a lively debate over the Oxford comma, and no one cried or threw a shoe. Thankfully, most of these poor souls were able to find work at The Tartan.

A handful of others, in a state of catastrophic withdrawal, plug away at their typewriters, producing reams of text that may be brilliant but that editors find utterly indecipherable. One such writer, known only as Jax, was found staring at a blank wall, muttering about "the tyranny of narrative structure." His typewriter held a single page containing nothing but

the word "why?" repeated 4,000 times. This piece has already been claimed for CFA's latest minimalism installation.

Not everyone is so lucky. The most severe cases have lost the ability to write altogether. These unfortunates sit in a corner of the office, clutching their pencils. Attempts at simple writing prompts, such as "describe this apple," have yielded only whimpers and blank stares. Medical professionals have been called, but all have declared the situation "beyond the capabilities of science." Priests would not dare set foot in Readme headquarters, docile as its inhabitants may now be. They are the last surviving members of Readme, if only because no one else will take them.

Meanwhile, the effect on the campus at large has been almost as drastic. The Fence, whose coating had been alternating nightly between praising presidential candidates Harding and Cox (with one interruption calling for a unified "Hard-Cox" coalition) prior to the prohibition, is now a drab grey. Student morale has plummeted even further, which CaPS had previously deemed "a psychological impossibility."

Not all hope is lost. Rumor has it that one determined student has managed to distill a usable spirit from buggy grease. The Readme team awaits his first batch with the desperate thirst of people who have just read a logically sound paragraph.

October 29, 1929: "Block Tuesday" Leaves Freshmen Destitute

Violet R. Blu

Her heart is in the Works Progress Administration

At Carnegie Mellon University, the end of the 1920s saw unprecedented financial ruin for many first-year students. The meal-block economy had crescendoed throughout the decade, with blocks selling for a whopping 50% of their original worth. Unfortunately, this lucrative exchange could not last forever. The block market imploded, wiping out the assets of many ambitious traders. Freshmen everywhere lost their investments, their savings, and their bananas of varying ripeness.

The crash created a dire economic situation on campus. Thousands showed up to the bread line every day,

hoping Au Bon Pain had enough rustic baguettes to sustain them during this trying time. Unable to afford new clothing, students were seen converting their free O-week umbrellas into dress shirts. The Campus Store, embodying the generous spirit of Andrew Carnegie, offered crewnecks for the subsidized price of \$250.

As a new school year begins and the meal-block economy returns in full force, ReadME hopes that the class of 2029+ will learn from history. Selling meal blocks for nominal amounts of money may seem like a shortcut to fabulous wealth, but this year's freshmen should keep the Block Market's pitfalls in mind. However, if they do fall on hard times, CFA lawn maintenance is always hiring.

CMU was always a social experiment

Archith
Rd

Carnegie Mellon. You all know the name – founded in 1900 with the supposed intention of being a "technical institution" where our "hearts are in the work." These are all lies that you have been fed by Big Behaviorism, because we know the real reason that CMU was founded.

At the start of the 20th century, unethical experimentation was rampant. People were subjected to conditioning after Pavlov was able to train his dogs. Before John B. Watson's experiment conditioning a nine-month-old infant to fear fluffy things, the behaviorists had another idea – starting a university where the only objective was to observe people's responses towards forced depression.

The results so far are shocking. The study found that CMU students pushed this depression down, kept up appearances, and developed an unhealthy appetite for masochistic experiences that couldn't be found anywhere else.

Nevertheless, the behaviorists have been ruthless in their methods

of forcing misery onto students. They created Donner House to see if living conditions were the breaking point for students. They became pioneers in computer science so that they could make 15-122 a requirement for students. Those who didn't have to take it were still tortured by listening to their classmates talk about it.

When drastic measures didn't work, the experimenters tried small but insanely annoying strategies. They invented the CAPTCHA test to get every student to curse at their screens trying to find which images had 'bikes'. They exhausted almost everything, but the CMU student somehow persisted.

Now, CMU finally "celebrates" its 125th birthday, as the experiment has been passed down from generation to generation. Big Behaviorism has destroyed all evidence of the "Carnegie Mellon Experiment" so that their theories could be generally accepted without the CMU counterexample. However, they keep trying to find new, innovative ways to push away the self-tormenting nature and create honest-to-god depression.



Fruity Take on CMU Housing

House Plant.
With notes of citrus

Back when Welch's was just a grape juice company, Andrew Carnegie was their biggest fan. In fact, in 1905, he built the beloved Welch House in the company's honor (and for a very generous donation) similarly to the Giant Eagle Auditorium or the Trojan Center for the Performing Arts.

Unfortunately, despite Welch House's small capacity, Carnegie's small trade school of white men did not have enough people to fill the dorm. After years of Welch House sitting empty, the 1969 CMU president H. Cortland Matthews decided to get creative.

In the golden age of communism and good guitar players, Matthews collaborated with Welch's CEO, Phineas Welch, to come up with a marketing scheme that would benefit both parties: the Fruit Snack.

And how to sell fruit snacks? Why, with gay people, of course. With their innovative "A fruit snack for a fruit snack" campaign, Welch managed to invent gay people as a brand new concept and spread it all over the world. Simultaneously, CMU's Welch House opened itself up to inclusive housing and managed to fill up within a few years.

Soon, everyone was gay, and everyone was snacking, and the world held hands and sang kumbaya. At least, until straight people were invented a while later... yikes, right?



Bored? Single? Looking for love at Carnegie Mellon? Forget that, come write satire for readme! No experience required or requested. We're always looking for clowns, funny guys, smart-alecks, layout artists, and a goddamn doctor's appointment.



We're looking for you and your skills, or lack thereof, Saturdays at 5 in DH1211

ReadMe Bets Entire Budget on Landslide Mondale Election Victory

J.P. Crawfish

Big fan of whatever the 80's version of Steve Kornacki is

It's not the 70s anymore. Hippies are out. Snorting cocaine in a yuppie penthouse is in. ReadMe is playing it fast and loose, strutting down Wall Street with slick backed hair, a new suit, and a son named ReadMe Jr. with a distant look in his eyes and a baseball game tonight. It's 1984, and ReadMe is just getting started.

The markets are roaring. The lines are going up and then down a little and then up more. Telephones are getting slammed down at an unprecedented rate. ReadMe needs to move fast.

After countless sleepless nights drinking fine brandy and ignoring calls from the wife, ReadMe finds its goldmine: Walter Mondale, former vice president, presidential candidate, and veritable sex magnet. A financial opportunity like no other. Betting on presidential elections is risky, but ReadMe eats risk for breakfast,

alongside three hard boiled eggs and a cup of black coffee.

ReadMe lives large and lives fast, but is also a publication of science. Theories must be tested. Minnesota: Americana in the North; a hub of whatever happens in Minnesota, the perfect testing ground. ReadMe transfers the funds from the million dollar budget of the O-week issue into a vast Minnesota polling initiative. The results trickle in. They're conclusive: a decisive victory for Walter Mondale.

It's November 6th, 1984. ReadMe is symbolically sitting alone in a giant glass office. It's time for the money to roll in. Soon ReadMe won't just be the premier CMU satire magazine, but a titan of the financial world, an unparalleled economic behemoth. ReadMe smiles, not with joy exactly, but with a quiet understanding of what's to come: Success, money, the affirmation ReadMe's distant father never gave. Walter Mondale, you beautiful bastard. Nothing could possibly go wrong.

Snowstorm Hits Donner, Proclaimed "Still Livable"

Max

Dinner Partying at Donner House

Larry: Good evening. We're coming to you live from the arctic tundra that was once the campus of Carnegie Mellon University, where the great Blizzard of '48 has crippled the nation and, more importantly, three-quarters of a freshman dorm. I'm here with first-year student Kevin, who is currently enjoying his week's ration of a single bag of artisanal dehydrated kale chips. Kevin, thank you for joining us. What's the situation like inside Donner?

Kevin: Well, Larry, it's pretty dire. The power and heating in half the building is out, which means we've had to put fourteen people in each of the triples to share body heat. It might sound inhumane, but I think they are actually enjoying it. After all, they did sign up for a triple in the fall on their own free will.

Larry: And what about the other amenities? We're hearing reports that the laundry facilities are also down.

Kevin: It's true. Only one washing machine still functions, and it froze half of my clothes yesterday. We are effectively locked in, as it has become impossible to open any door or window without instantly freezing everyone in a thirty-foot radius, and our toaster is the only functional appliance in the communal kitchen. Honestly, the only silver lining is that the fire alarms seem to be broken, so we don't have to worry about people burning instant ramen in the toaster again.

Larry: An unexpected beacon of hope in these dark times. The university has issued a statement saying students should "be resilient" and "embrace the challenge." What are your thoughts on that, Kevin?

Kevin: "Resilience" is the new word for "not taking a shower for five days." I guess you could call that resilient. I'm just grateful that the Wi-Fi is still working on my side of the hall. The important thing is that my thirteen roommates and I can still complete 21-127 homework while slowly freezing to death. We're all in this together, Larry. The Donner spirit is stronger than ever.

Larry: A truly inspiring message from a truly... resilient student. We'll be back after the break with more on this developing situation, assuming our own power holds out.

Evolution of Hetero Sapiens

Violet R. Blu
Vi-sexual

Up until the 1960s, the student body of Carnegie Mellon University consisted solely of gay men. Passionate academic rivalries and long nights in the lab together fostered a thriving homosexual population at CMU. De Fer ran out of iced coffee by 8:03 every morning, and the CMU Philharmonic played nothing but Lana Del Rey covers. When Margaret Morrison Carnegie College opened in 1969, its female students rarely interacted with men, choosing instead to recite Greek poetry while tasting each other's lipstick. For decades after its founding, CMU saw little in the way of male-female contact. No one was ready for this status quo to be shattered.

In 1973, Carnegie Mellon University officially became co-educational. Mere months after this change, biologists began to observe a new type of human: the hetero sapien. Some students, they noticed, had found it advantageous to socialize with the opposite sex. Young women were getting hit by cars daily

until they started making men walk on the dangerous part of the sidewalk. Young men started changing their sheets more often at the behest of their female companions, leading to a decrease in bacterial infections. Commingling between the two sexes caused the student body to improve on an evolutionary level—men held doors open for women while women saved space on benches with a foreign maneuver called “crossing their legs.”

The rise of the hetero sapiens also had an unexpected but useful byproduct: the creation of children. It turned out that men and women could unite to produce smaller, more impressionable humans instead. These children, as they have since been called, prove helpful to many facets of CMU life. The SDC struggled to find a Buggy driver of optimal size until the six-year-old was invented. Soon after, ReadME adopted its official motto: “No pair of hands is too small to stuff a centerfold.” To thank the hetero sapiens for their contributions to Carnegie Mellon, ReadME will be throwing them an honorary parade in June.



Students Rush to Graduate as End of World Looms

Nott N. Annagramm
Just a few days away from graduation

DECEMBER 20, 2012 - While CMU students have always tried to graduate in less than 8 semesters, only the quickly approaching demise of all life on Earth could incentivize even the most burnt out underachievers to get their degree before spring. Despite astronomers' insistence that Sagittarius A* is too far away to cause any gravitational disruptions, professors are still drowning in capstones about how said black hole affects the futures of every single major. “Grading is somehow more repetitive than usual,” states one anonymous TA. “There’s usually some variety, but when we’re all gonna die tomorrow, that’s the only thing those twerps can think about. This is an econ class; we shouldn’t give a shit about planetary alignment!”

However, academic anxiety is not the only emotion the apocalypse seems to inspire in Tartans. Several students were found crowded around Gates sobbing into each other’s arms because they will all die virgins. After an enterprising student asked them why they couldn’t just have sex with each other, they all immediately stopped crying and went back to their dorms.

In other news, the drama students have formed a cult celebrating the apocalypse, but absolutely nothing has changed about the way they act. Their only new actions have been to paint “THE END IS NIGH” on the Fence in the most garish colors they could find and sing songs from the second act of “Into The Woods” instead of the first.

As all psych majors should know by now, the final stage of grief is acceptance, so the students soldier on through their courses despite the apocalypse. Some even find their imminent doom reassuring, since they won’t have to go job hunting afterward. However, the most common sentiment seems to be apathy, because “at least it’s not 122.”

This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB
See ya next time!



Join Readme!

Rejected Headlines #25

- CMU passes the Bechdel test after Margaret Morrison merger.
- ReadMe a huge proponent of meth as children's study aid.
- Tartan slanders innocent billionaire, more at 11.
- CMU football wins ten consecutive Heismans, CMU students still not going to games.
- Noah complains that God's 'gone woke' after Ark flooded.
- This dumbass thinks he can repay all of our sin debt.
- ReadMe bigger than Beatles, says Jesus.
- ReadMe so funny that they invented CMU to house it.
- My strong opinions on the Middle East - an essay.
- "I'm still alive guys," Elvis, 1978
- I don't know how to spell Renaissance either, French people assure us.
- "I had no clue he was gay," Leonardo DaVinci's third apprentice twink claims.
- Sliced bread invented. Honestly, not that cool.
- "Sorry guys, I'm actually dead this time." Elvis, 1979.
- Creator of Bradford pear tree amongst first to be killed on invention of time travel.
- Victorian Child unimpressed by current labor standards, "You can't do anything these days!"
- Two women argue about twins, King Solomon demands both be cut in half.
- What was Copernicus' problem? Well, that man was a Pisces.

All this and more, not in this issue!