

KCB PRESENTS

RETIME

War flashbacks to now
include midroll ads (pg. 2)



My mommy says I
can't go to war (pg. 3)

GETS DEPLOYED

Missile Silo
Under the Cut
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
Eshaan Joshi

cmureadme.com

War flashbacks to now include midroll ads

Violet R. Blu

Not shell-shocked, just shell-disappointed

There has never been war without trauma. Throughout history, countless soldiers have been kept awake by memories of senseless violence. Many combat veterans cannot hear fireworks or smell burning rubber without recalling the horrors of war. While many people see this as a tragedy, America's leading advertising firms see it instead as potential for new business opportunities. Now, neuroscientists and marketers are finding ways to take advantage of the ad space created by these veterans' grief-stricken war memories.

Take Cody Daniels: He served two tours in Afghanistan and now suffers from post-traumatic stress disorder. Several weeks ago, the sounds from his son's Call of Duty game triggered a flashback of a friend getting injured in combat. "I have this memory a lot," said Daniels, "so I usually know what to expect. This

time was different, though. Right as my buddy was telling me he couldn't feel his leg, the desert disappeared and I was standing in some lady's kitchen. She was holding a detergent container."

After hearing a paid actress extol the cleaning power of Cascade Platinum Plus®, Daniels returned to the memory of his comrade's brutal gunshot wound with no further interruption.

Human rights activists have criticized this marketing tactic, calling it "ghoulish" and "deeply inappropriate". Its creator, ad executive Lance Gladwell, begs to disagree. According to Gladwell, "I don't see the issue with it. It distracts them from the flashback, so it's basically the cure to PTSD. I should be awarded a Nobel Prize."

At the time of writing, brain-wave ad technology has not yet been implemented on a larger scale, but it is developing quickly. Almost as quickly as Cascade Platinum Plus® washes away even the toughest stains!

The Tartan requests \$18,000 in Student Government funding

"Roan Tysh"

Stuffing your laptop in my shirt

As a part of the Tartan's continuing efforts to be recognized as a serious news publication, it has recently selected several of its staffwriters as war correspondents. The decision process took the form of an involuntary nomination process followed by randomized selection, the very same system that CMU's admissions office is said to follow.

After several Tartan war correspondents were parachuted into various global conflicts, tragedy arose. The first wave was killed almost immediately by snipers, indirect artillery fire, and trench foot. Editor-in-chief Arden Ryan promised several weeks later to address the situation through the proper channels set up by Student Government.

His first step was to submit a capital funding request to the Joint Funding Committee (JFC), asking for approximately \$18,000 for bulletproof vests, helmets, rugged boots, and condoms. The request was denied on a technicality, but the Student Dormitory Council (SDC) stepped up and offered funding through its supplemental funding process. Weeks later, the deal fell apart due to SDC's "\$15 per student" rule, which could not cover the \$3,800 arms packages which would be airdropped to each surviving Tartan journalist.

At this point, the news staff became impatient. They submitted an improved capital funding request, this time with the addition of various small arms, medical kits, and more condoms. JFC denied the request yet again, citing an obscure clause in its bylaws, preventing funding from the Student

Activity Fee from being used to purchase military weaponry, unless it was for a Graduate Student Assembly (GSA) wine night.

Undeterred, news editor Holly Wang went to the office for Student Involvement and Traditions (SIT), who then referred her to the Office for Community Engagement and Leadership Development (CELD), who then referred her to VP of Student Affairs, Gina Casalegno. Gina offered several crates of unused CMUPD gear, which included heavy machine guns (HMGs), rocket launchers, class III+ body armor, gas masks, and condoms, with only one size having been used.

At this point, the airdrop crates were full and the parachutes were packed, but one detail was yet to be considered. Formerly, along with the infamous Student Life, Involvement, and Community Engagement (SLICE) vans, a fleet of cargo aircraft known as the SLICE tankers was made available to student organizations with two or more officers holding a Commercial Pilots License (CPL) with Instrument Rating (IR) and Multi-Engine Rating (MER). However, following the breakup of SLICE into SIT and CELD, the ownership of the aircraft was difficult to determine. Instead, all of the Tartan's authorized signers had to return to the certification course to actually read the rules regarding the use of student organization funds for travel purposes. They met with CELD one final time to make use of their spending office hours to charter a Luxembourgish military bomber aircraft, which should drop the crates late tomorrow afternoon.

CARNEGIE MELLON FACILITIES MANAGEMENT DROUGHT ADVISORY

NOTICE: Water rations will be available at approved locations in reduced 355 ml sizes. 500 ml bottles will be available only as a premium side at dining locations.

Water is to be conserved for the following approved uses:

- AI datacenter cooling
- Watering concrete
- Grass (to be killed)
- Watering the Fence

Water is NOT to be used for the following:

- Vegetables
- Emergency eyewash
- Emergency and non-emergency showering

If you experience signs of dehydration, please bear with them or purchase Celsius or other beverages from vending machines at increased prices.

Rejected Headlines #26

- President Jahanian renames Office of Community Responsibilities to Department of War.
- Enemy surrenders; no match for roboclub killing machines.
- UN rejects Readme bit for diplomatic immunity.
- Feeding students Tartan Express tenders considered 'cruel and unusual'.
- CMU rules military service ineligible for Experiential Learning.
- Fuck you vampires, I've got HIV!
- Tragedy kills \$400,000 worth of tuition.
- They may take our lives, but they'll NEVER take our US NEWS rankings!
- My strong opinions on the Syrian Revolution - an essay.
- "Surely the balloon animal guy will fix this schools mental health problems" says CMU admin for the fifth time this semester.
- Paddington 2 makes Citizen Kane look like Paddington 1.
- The best clubs to join where you can get people to do your homework for you.
- "I've been conducting for 17 years straight now," says former Eurhythmics student. "I've seen God, and she breathes at 62 bpm"

All this and more, not in this issue!

NOW HIRING!



New vacancy open at Walking to the Sky!
Call (412) 268-6232 to apply today!

*Rest in peace, cmudaddythicc

President Eisenhower warns America how fucking cool the Military Industrial Complex will be

Jimothy Yachtsson

*Defamation law doesn't apply to me because I can't
read*

This past Monday morning of the wonderful current year of nineteen fifty I can't be bothered to look up the right year, President Dwight Destructenator Eisenhower stepped onto the stage at a 9 a.m. press conference and chugged from his liter of vodka as he prepared to give his most important speech.

"I'm here today to warn you about the impending military industrial complex," the president said solemnly. "It's gonna be fucking lit, so be prepared for the levels of unprecedented awesomeness some of y'all youngins will see in your lifetime."

The military industrial complex, or MIC (not to be confused with the similarly named and similarly rad Mickey Mouse), will be a system in which the government benefits from deadly missiles and instruments of war that companies sell to the government, and these companies benefit from money the government gives in exchange. This arrangement, the White House alleges, is

mutually beneficial for both parties and therefore certainly a good for society.

Eisenhower is also currently pushing his interstate highways idea, which will create a network of fancy roads connecting the nation because freedom freedom fuck railways yay SUVs bla bla bla no I'm not compensating for anything why do you ask. One problem with the interstates idea, as Eisenhower has noted, is that many Americans are elated by the destruction of nature and inner cities and hoping that this destruction can also apply to human lives. The MIC idea is set to fix that inequity.

Eisenhower also discussed his vision for college campuses, which will not only be next to interstate highways but also will be closely tied to the MIC. Government analyses predict that the MIC will command high salaries because of how rad it is, which also helps pull college graduates from significantly lamer industries like healthcare robotics and other assorted bullshit.

"One day, students will walk into a career fair and get a command hook from their favorite military contractor," ended Eisenhower. "How fucking lit is that?"

My mommy says I can't go to war

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

Up past his bedtime

My mommy said I can't go to war.
My mommy said I can't go to bootcamp.
My mommy said I can't go to basic training.

My mommy said war is scary.
My mommy said I'm her precious little boy.
My mommy said I am going to get hurt in war.

My mommy said I can't drive the tank.
My mommy said I can't have a gun.
My mommy said I can't die on the battlefield in a drawn out war for my country.

So no Mr. Recruiter, I will not give you my name.



CMU students begin enlisting to improve internship odds

Citron

Private, Fourth Class

The recent influx of pasty-faced, weak-kneed 18-21 year olds to military recruitment booths has puzzled many. But it seems the phenomenon has a simple explanation: resume building.

"Well, I got rejected from probably three hundred companies," said one ChemE major we found doing pushups. "Lockheed Martin, Boeing, RTX, Northrop Grumman, General Dynamics, BAE Systems. Ten rounds of interviews, some of them. So I just got fed up and wondered, well, what can I do to give myself that competitive edge, you know? Beat out the applications with really high GPAs or good jawlines. And it just came to me."

He then collapsed from exhaustion, so we were unable to get any more answers. But it's true that time serving can drastically increase hireability, say sources in top companies' recruitment.

"Military service is a great way to tell companies you have a lot of those skills that we're really looking for," says hiring manager Millie Terry, who wishes to keep her company anonymous. "People skills, patriotism, firsthand experience of the horrors of war and understanding of the enemies' weaknesses, good jawlines, creative thinking."

It's unknown how the word got out on the CMU campus, but almost 80 percent of the student body has attempted to enlist already, with over 30% of that number being deemed physically able, and students who fail to sign up are finding themselves ostracized, their hearts labeled not in the work.

The fervor has spread from the student body to the rest of the campus, too. Scotty's Market surprised everyone by instituting a veteran discount this Monday, explaining that they wanted to support our brave kids out at sea through 10% off a variety of goods and meals, only at Scotty's Market, located at 5000 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh PA 15213. The Exchange added a new "War Sandwich" to their menu, filled with ketchup and grotesque chunks of charred meat. The CPDC added the US Military to Handshake, and the SASC is offering supplemental instruction for boot camp.

It remains to be seen how the craze for military recruitment will change CMU's long term culture or its US News ranking, but one thing is certain: The job will be worse than the service. Enjoy it while it lasts.

How to tell if my Hinge crush is a honeypot

Raytheon Blues

Bitchless in Santa Barbara

Dear Reader,

I've been dealing with quite the conundrum and was hoping that you, an incredibly intelligent consumer of ReadMe, would be able to help me. You see, I just wanted to get laid. There are few opportunities for romantic or sexual escapades when you're an alumnus of Carnegie Mellon University, but I thought all my problems were solved when I met Nicky.

Reader, Nicky is beautiful, a dumb blonde with nothing going on in her head. She replies "lol" to all the nerdy jokes I send her. She doesn't seem to have any interest in the ethics of the completely normal job I have that definitely does not supply the U.S. Department of War with anything. Instead, she tells me that I seem "so smart" and that such a trait is "really sexy." She even said my hemorrhoids are "hot" and my incredibly luscious, not receding hairline is "handsome." I had never been on the receiving end of such comments before, and I nearly cried my eyes out. She told me she was proud of me, and when I asked if I could call her daddy, she said yes.

But soon after that, Nicky changed. She started taking more interest in my job. Don't get me wrong, I love nerding out about pump-jet propulsion when I want to talk dirty, but she was asking oddly specific questions. Things like, "Which military branch do you sell those blueprints to?" and "How many precision strike missiles did they want?" I told her

that I can't wait to precision strike her missile, and she got angry and said that I never take her seriously because she's a hot woman. Well, she's right, but I wanted her to like me, so I apologized and told her everything.

Now, after jerking off to the pictures she sent, I fear post-nut clarity has hit me. Should I have told her the access code to my office? Or sent her the blueprints for the PAC-3 missiles? I don't think she's smart enough to do anything with them, but what if she gives them to someone actually capable? A man, perhaps? Those details are technically classified!

My suspicions only increased when I repeatedly asked her to come over and she declined. Despite being totally interested in me, she refused to meet in person. Now I cannot help but wonder if the beautiful woman I have been talking to is actually some sort of spy. What if she isn't even a woman? What if I have been sending dick picks to a fifty-year-old man looking to gain government intel? What if she didn't think my phallic jokes were funny and wanted the designs of nuclear warheads for nefarious reasons? If she somehow isn't real—reader, it would break my heart.

Alas, reader, I need your help. Is it possible that I found true love? Or is my hinge crush secretly a honeypot, exploiting my proximity to sensitive military information? I, personally, still cling to hope. Despite my undying greed and my distaste for personal hygiene, I believe I am quite the catch. And if Nicky can't love me, who can?



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

COVM Extension Inbox x



Ian Turner <meat@andrew.cmu.edu>

to Iliano

Dear Professor Iliano,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am writing from the frontlines of battle. I have seen the devil's yellow teeth in the reflection of every bullet that whizzes by. My best friend stepped on a landmine and his entrails wrapped around me like a scarf. I watched my left arm get blown off by drone shrapnel and fly through the air only to strike a bird from the sky. I then had to wrestle a snake to eat said bird. My trembling hands have been forced to separate families with the Archangel Michael's divine sword. I am typing this from a Nintendo DS that I pried from the cold hands of a child. All things considered, I don't think I will be able to submit COVM on time. Could I get an extension at least until I return to base?

Sincerely, Ian "Meat" Turner



Iliano Cervasato <iliano@andrew.cmu.edu>

to Ian

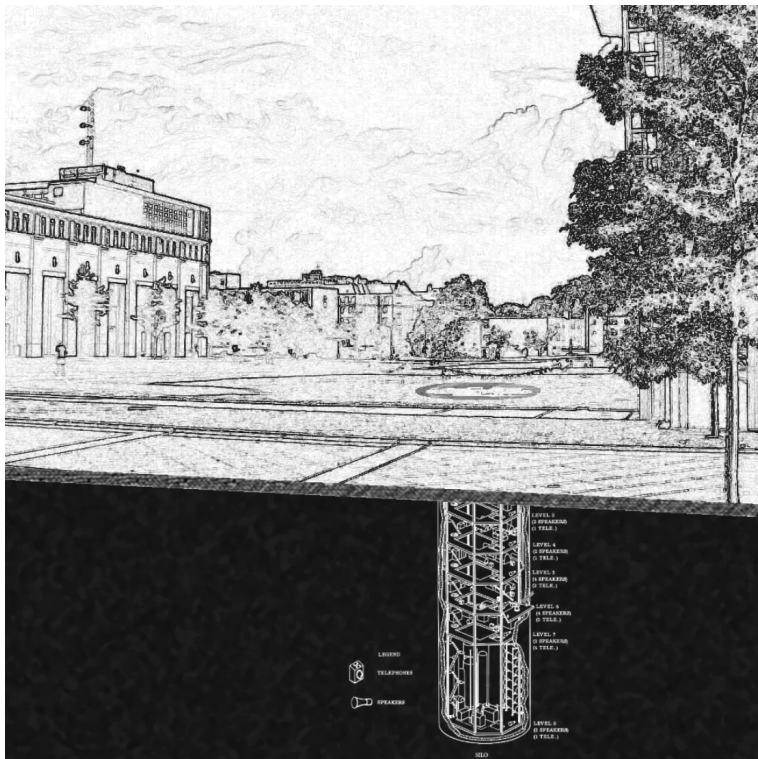
If you can type, you can code.

—Iliano

Reply

Forward

Leaked CMRC Plans for Missile Silo Under the Cut



Dr. Citron

Or, how he learned to stop worrying and love the bomb

In a shocking discovery this Tuesday, one of our reporters found that Carnegie Mellon Rocket Command has mocked up CAD schematics for a missile silo to be housed underneath The Cut. According to our source, the silo is to be about 30 feet wide and 120 feet deep; it will house one ICBM, with more to be stored in the Stever basement. Its purpose is currently unknown, but experts conjecture that likely targets include the Tartan Express Food Truck and Warner Hall, and the political power gained from the nuclear arsenal may be leveraged for improved aerospace facilities.

Lockheed Martin, a known sponsor, has declined comment.



Introducing Carnegie Mellon's newest advertising partner: Ribbed for your pleasure // [pullom](#)

STI Transmission via consumption of infected flesh

Dr. Et Al*

**Carnegie Mellon University*

Abstract

While the transmission of sexually transmitted infections (STIs) through blood transfusions or sexual activity is widely researched, there remains a gap in the understanding of STI transmission through cannibalism. Prion diseases like kuru disease or Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease can be passed on through consumption of infected flesh. This study was designed to determine whether the same is true for STIs.

Methods

Test subjects were recruited using two methods. One group (Group 1) was invited to participate in a study investigating varying taste and texture across different types of unseasoned meat, cooked and raw. Participants were assured the raw meat was handled carefully to keep from being contaminated, although they had to sign a waiver indemnifying this research institution and all researchers from any diseases contracted during the experiment. The other group (Group 2) was called upon to donate small amounts of tissue for research purposes. These participants were compensated large amounts of money.

Each individual in both groups was tested for STIs in the genital area, rectum, and mouth. Those in Group 1 who were found to have an STI were removed from the experiment. Group 2 was put under full anesthesia, and tissue was surgically removed either from the genital area or from another randomized part of the body such as the calf or the shoulder. Tissue from both regions was randomly designated as either raw or cooked. It was also labeled as to whether an STI-carrying donor had only an infection or whether it had developed into a disease and which STI the donor carried.

As a control group, each piece of tissue from individuals without STIs was fed to one of the remaining Group 1 participants. Each piece of tissue from individuals with STIs was fed to other Group 1 participants. As stated above, half of the tissues were cooked and half

were uncooked. Group 1 participants were asked to eat their entire portion and describe its taste and texture qualitatively as well as rate its overall deliciousness on a scale of 1 to 5.

Although these questions were necessary only to hide the true purpose of the experiment from participants, out of curiosity, the results were recorded as well. Group 1 participants were asked to come back every month for a period of six months for some follow-up testing. They were not informed that researchers were testing to see if they had contracted STIs.

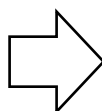
Results

Group 1 participants in the control group, as expected, contracted very few STIs over the time they were tested. It is suspected that any STIs they did gain were not due to the tissue they consumed. Out of the Group 1 participants who consumed raw tissue, most contracted STIs whether the tissue was from the genital area or not and whether or not the infection had turned into a disease. For those who consumed cooked tissue, several contracted STIs. It remains to be seen whether these infections were from the experiment.

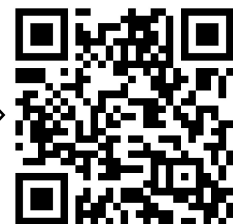
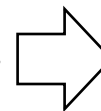
Conclusion

It is not recommended to eat the flesh of someone with an STI, although there might be a lesser risk if the meat is cooked first. All cannibals are encouraged to exercise caution when choosing a meal. Many fellow researchers are concerned that this experiment did not give subjects the opportunity to provide informed consent, especially since several members of Group 2 have sued the institution for their loss of a testicle, finger, or other discrete body part. Fortunately, we expect no one from Group 1 to sue until the publication of this paper, in which case we would like to preemptively dismiss such lawsuits due to the waiver they signed, even if they believed the disease they might be put in danger of getting was salmonella. We invite anyone concerned about our research methods to replicate our experiment, preferably with a larger sample size and a more controlled environment.

Join our
Discord



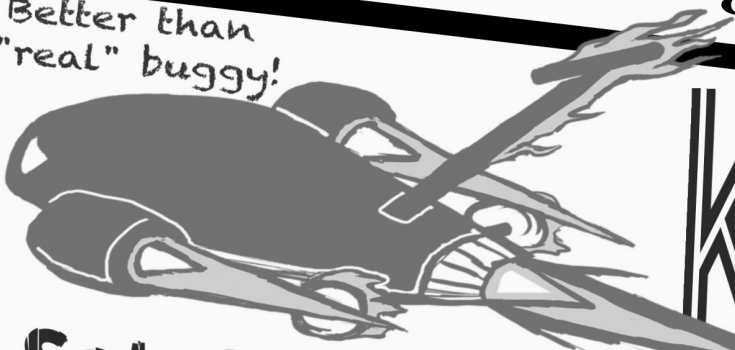
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"real" buggy!



KGBUGGY

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And more!

- KGB Literally Kills a Man (Murder Mystery)
- Capture the Flag with Stuff (Our biggest event!)
- Overthrowing Student Gov.

Join our Discord for info! →



Three students injured in West Point cake cutting ritual, reports claim

A Dead Jellyfish
Glad to have no eyebrows

Last Friday, the nightly dessert distribution at United States Military Academy West Point turned deadly. Jeff, the plebe assigned to cut the fruitcake, doffed his hat and removed the laminated cake-slicing template from beneath it. He brushed fresh buzz-cut hairs off the template and placed it on the cake. There were seven people sitting at this table, which would mean Jeff had to divide the cake into seven pieces. However, seven was a very inconvenient number of cake slices to cut, so even though fruitcake was his favorite, Jeff decided to forgo a slice so that he would only have to cut the cake into six pieces.

An older cadet, Sally, recognized this maneuver, having performed it many times herself during plebe year. She, too, declined dessert, frustrated that Jeff was trying to get out of the hazing she once had to go through. Now, Jeff was forced to cut the cake into five pieces. Unfortunately, Jeff's hands were shaking as he put the knife into a glass of water to clean it, causing it to clink against the sides. Jeff tried to remove the knife from the glass, but his trembling sent the glass tumbling to the floor, where it shattered. Even though Jeff was now standing in a pile of broken glass, he knew he could not leave without first finishing the slicing of the cake.

Jeff managed to finish dividing the cake into fifths. Sally leaned over the fruitcake, inspecting it closely. She found that the third cut Jeff had made was 0.3' off. Struck with horror at his failure, Jeff jumped. Unfortunately, Jeff was still holding the knife, and Sally was still leaning over the cake. Sally managed to jerk back in time to save her eyeball from getting punctured, but at the cost of her eyebrow. Sally faceplanted into the fruitcake, getting blood and a disembodied eyebrow on the dessert. In the commotion, Jeff fell backwards and landed in the pile of glass, lodging several shards in his posterior.

Everyone else at the table rushed to attend to Sally. Another cadet, Ignatius, tried to get the cake out of the wound where her eyebrow had once been and accidentally knocked several crumbs onto Ermintrude. In retaliation, Ermintrude grabbed a huge handful of the fruitcake and shoved it into Ignatius's face, causing him to accidentally swallow Sally's eyebrow. A dried prune in the fruitcake also knocked out several of Ignatius's teeth, which he then choked on.

Eventually, several nearby officers noticed that the situation had escalated beyond the customary hazing and performed the Heimlich maneuver on Ignatius. Jeff, Ignatius, and Ermintrude were all summarily expelled from West Point. Sally was honored by the academy president for her efforts to uphold the sanctity of an important West Point tradition. Questions remain as to whether Sally will forever remain one-eyebrowed.

Boeing attempted to bribe us \$200,000 to not publish this article

This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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Artists: ullom, Benner Rogers

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

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



Hamburg Hall to be renamed Cheeseburg Hall

Elliot Rice
Hungry

After much debate, David P. Bennett, the Vice President for University Advancement at CMU has officially made the decision to rename Hamburg Hall to Cheeseburg Hall. Designed in 1915, Cheeseburg Hall originally served as the headquarters for the U.S. Bureau of Mines; however, in 1984, the building was purchased by Carnegie Mellon for use by the Heinz College of Information Systems and Public Policy and renamed to Hamburg Hall. This may have seemed like an acceptable name at first, but a mere 41 years later it has become clear that Cheeseburg Hall is much more fitting. ReadMe conducted street interviews on several CMU students, gauging the effect of the new name. The first question we asked was "What's the first word you think of when I say the word

Hamburg?" Most students responded with the word "hamburger," and everyone else immediately changed their answer to "hamburger" after being presented with the fact that this was the home of Heinz College. Next, we asked "Are hamburgers better with cheese?" All but one student with very bad taste in food answered affirmatively. As evidenced by this short interview, whoever named Hamburg Hall had hamburgers on their mind and a very unpopular opinion on what type of burger deserved to have a building named after it. Clearly, Vice President Bennett agreed when he approved the new name in a 1-0 vote Monday morning. All signs and plaques displaying the building's current name will be replaced by the end of spring semester, ensuring that the Class of 2030+ will only ever have the best type of burger on the mind.

Chemger Games winners threaten double suicide, sequels cancelled

Rock Buddy
Please take him as tribute

It has been an action-packed day for the Chemger Games. Contestants from every corner of campus have embarked on the perilous journey to reach the Mellon Institute, with many dying from exhaustion before ever reaching the godforsaken building. Of those who remained, drama was omnipresent. Who could forget the unforgettable forced laser cutting perpetrated by the two members of the Donner house, or the various chemical burns perpetrated by Mudge? Certainly not the individuals from E Tower, who retaliated with an attempted poisoning with an unlabeled powder that ended up being table salt. But the most dramatic part was when two members of the same housing threatened a double suicide after being the only remaining survivors. This baffled officials, who quickly checked to reaffirm that there is indeed no rule against two winners being from the same housing. The two victors were promptly sent to CaPS, where they are under psychiatric evaluation.

Beloved Football Chants At CMU

Alex Werth
With chants like these, who needs OJ?

The Kiltie Marching Band wants blood. Despite, on paper, being the unassuming pep band for CMU's respectable football team, firsthand experience brings out their reality; that the Kilties are a barely-restrained rabid mob. Observe the chants they call out at games, taunting the other team and wishing destruction upon them. Nothing is a better example of our school spirit.

Mrs. Gerlach's cheer!
Go, go! Maim em', maim em'
Go, go, go, maim em' maim em'
Rip off their legs! [Clap x3]
Rip off their legs! [Clap x3]

Why this chant was named after the beloved old wife of the previous band director, we have yet to find out.

The Laser cheer!
Laser pointer! Laser beam!
Laser surprise! [Clap x2]
Get up in their faces and
Burn out their eyes! [Clap x2]

A football game will occasionally take place around 7 in the evening, in which case, this chant is a Kiltie favorite. Kilties like to turn on their phone flashlights for this one.

The Facial Mutilation cheer!
Deface them, deface them!
Render them unrecognizable!

This chant has yet to be deployed in this academic year: perhaps if we learn one of the opposing players is a bit of a looker, we will see it emerge.

The Blood, Guts, and Gore cheer!
Blood, blood! Guts and gore!
What d'you think those cleats are for?

We beg and plead, but the football players never do anything fun.

CRYPTID CORNER

**PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE
FLORENCE**



THE GIANT OF KANDAHAR

I would like to begin by apologizing for my use of Ed Sheeran's face. He was the only red-haired man I could find a transparent background png for, and I had no intention of removing any backgrounds myself. Famous for having red hair, impaling a US soldier during the Afghanistan War, and getting shot to death, the Giant of Kandahar's size is probably the least interesting part of the case. Like sure, he's pretty tall but I guess I was expecting an actual giant. Looking at the preserved corpse now, this is just a 5'11 irish dude. While the original report of the giant describes its height as nearly 15 feet tall with 6 fingers on each hand, further psychological testing on the witness proved that he was just kind of bad at estimation. He was given "probably about a million dollars" and a pat on the back for his troubles. So is the Giant of Kandahar even a real bonafide cryptid? He did fully impale a man, which has to count for something. I feel a little bad for stealing his body from the lab only to revoke his cryptid status, so I'll let him have it. Rest in peace, you above average height man. Shame you never got to see Margaret Thatcher's death. You would've been so proud.

Readme: An Unbiased, Impartial Review

Linda Green
Special to the Readme

I, Linda Green, a proud member of the Good Christian Mothers of America, would like to make my voice heard on this despicable and anti-Christian so-called satire newspaper.

I was first introduced to this wretched and unholy publication after I learned about the secret homosexual agenda of The Very Hungry Caterpillar (rainbow foods? Wow). To prevent further contaminating the minds of my three-year-old triplets, Kelly, Ann, and Kelly Ann, I quickly sought to review the rest of their bookshelf to make sure everything was consistent with the teachings of the Bible. All I found was blasphemy. Harold and the Purple Crayon? Everyone knows all artists are homosexuals. Matilda? A witch disrespecting the nuclear family. The Cat in the Hat? A hat is simply inappropriate attire for a cat.

Beleaguered, I took a walk to ponder how to supplement my children's pagan public school education. I saw out of the corner of my eye a ripped and stepped on piece of paper, clearly abandoned and uncared for. I looked closer. "Read Me", the paper commanded. It was a sign from G-d.

Little did I know it was not a sign from G-d but from the Devil. I was the liberal agenda's vessel, leaving the minds of Kelly, Ann, and Kelly Ann poisoned, twisted, and also slightly more informed about Judaism for some reason.

Unlike the entirety of the bible, ReadME is NOT appropriate to read to three-year-olds before they go to sleep. I was tricked by Nancy Pelosi, Hunter Biden's laptop, those darn feminists, and the homosexual gays.

The Good Christian Mothers of America rejects readMe as the G-dless propaganda it is. Your publication is an affront to any self-respecting person that would like to be let into the pearly gates. There is no decency in readme. No holiness. No G-d. I have now seen the Devil. I have looked him in the eye. His name is Editor-in-Chief Eshaan Joshi.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.