

KGB PRESENTS

readME

RETRACES ITS STEPS

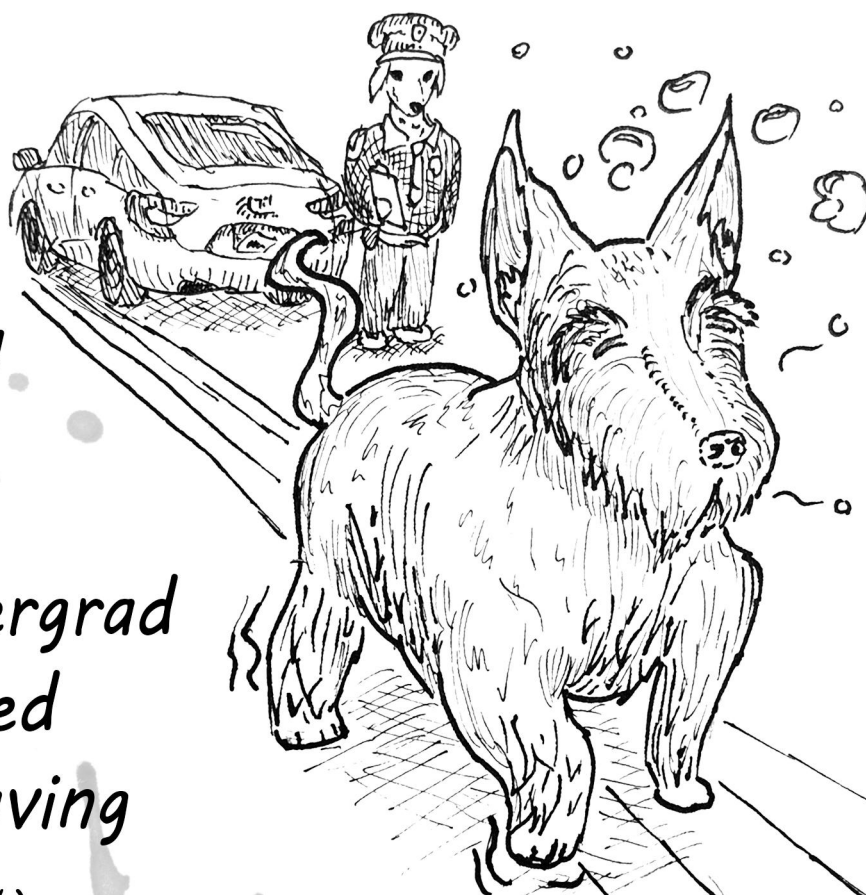
*Wait, People
Actually Read
This? (pg. 8)*

*BONUS: Undergrad
Senate Exposed
for Really Craving
Wingstop (pg. 4)*

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

ESHAAN JOSHI



CMUREADME.COM

I wrote this article while drunk

Bertie Wooster

Recovering from some debauch

It's 2:17 AM. I've stumbled my way back to my dorm from some other person's dorm. Don't worry, their neighbors didn't complain. Or, at least, we couldn't hear any complaints. There's vomit in the trash can and trash on the floor. The trash can is also on the floor. My dignity's in the trash too. Anyways, my laptop screen is blindingly bright and my roommate's just fallen asleep again. They woke up just to yell at me for arriving back at this unholy hour.

Why do I do this? Not because I'm an alcoholic. An alcoholic could never sustain a career as a successful writer. I'm drunk because I have made the bold decision to write this article while completely sloshed. For the new insights it is offering and will offer. This is different from my other articles, which I write on Adderall.

You see, sobriety creates lies. It's a sterile and formulaic process shackled by grammar, coherence and self-restraint. Sober Me outlines. Sober Me uses Oxford commas. Sober Me uses transitions (and, like any true CMU student, dreams of transitioning to the opposite gender. Unfortunately, alcohol hasn't fixed this). Drunk Me, however, is a visionary. Drunk Me understands that true genius stems not from restraint and the prefrontal cortex but from somewhere more southern and incontinent. When barriers are down, truth may reign. In vino veritas. The Greeks knew what was up. And you know what truths are being suppressed by society, God, and Farnam? The big ones. About CMU.

Sober Me would never examine the real questions: Why are there so many squirrels on campus? Did they immigrate from Squirrel Hill? Why do none of the other fauna get scared when people approach? On the other hand, I'm extremely afraid right now: Is there a camera aimed at the free Narcan in the UC? And if they're watching the Narcan, who knows what else they're watching? Like those 3.7 seconds of desperate, yearning eye contact I made last Thursday with a guy outside Baker. Was that hot guy gay or CFA? Is there a difference? I have the questions and the answers.

First, sober science calls them rodents. They're not. They're parts of a neural network gathering big data for SCS. Squirrel Hill is where

the pruned weights go to live. Think I'm nuts? Fine, but when ASI (Artificial Squirrel Intelligence) arrives, don't come crying to me. Now, the other animals. They don't get scared because we're CMU students. We're nothing in the face of a rabbit. Have you seen the size of their teeth? Of course you have. You're probably a furry.

On to the Narcan. There's a camera. Duh! But the camera's not for CMUPD to catch students. It's for a sinister plot the school of drama is up to. They don't have time to get high anymore, so they watch us for inspiration on how to play their roles in Long Day's Journey. Also, please don't ask why I'm thinking about Narcan after a party. I plead the Fifth; let's move on.

And the hot guy. I could talk all night about hot guys but, sadly, the answer is obvious. At this point, the math major part of my brain that I haven't managed to fully drown in alcohol wants me to say that CFA is a subset of gay. Regardless, he's not CFA or gay. He's a figment of my sleep-deprived imagination. There are no hot people at CMU. Not with our sleep schedules and hygiene.

Speaking of which, let's talk about the body. Specifically, my body's current situation with gravity. My head feels like a leaden weight while my feet are like helium balloons. This means I was able to walk up the stairs to my room without stumbling. Besides alcohol making CMU students more coordinated (two wrongs do make a right!), I am now able to connect with the campus in my new state of enlightenment. I've always wondered why Wean's so ugly. Now I know. The whole building is a giant Turing machine designed to separate the functional from the ... oh god, the room is spinning. Focus. The point is, you need to be drunk to see the genius of the weird mix of brutalist, gothic revival, and neopool tile architecture on the campus we share.

People! I love my fellow students, even you. Because you work and you work. And so when I don't, I'm special. I'm a rebel for being a normal college student, I'm a rock star for being invited to a party, I'm an outlier for having a social life. At any other school, I'd be a dork. So, as I finally reach a word count of 750 (thank you for counting, Google Docs), I raise my glass—or I would, if I hadn't knocked it over halfway through—to you. Shit, it spilled onto my keyiafbnjkd

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



NOT DEER

I would like to preface this article by saying that drunk driving is a serious crime. It is entirely irresponsible to get on the road after throwing back a few cold ones, even if maybe you had a long day at work, and man oh man those Modelos were looking so damn crisp in the moonlight, covered in little dew drops just like in the ads. So maybe you ignored those calls from your piece of shit ex-wife and took the long way back through rural PA. Maybe you saw a deer in the road, but you were going like 20 miles over and singing along to a little Bruce Springsteen, you know the song, so you swerved to the best of your abilities, which honestly weren't that impaired because you handle alcohol well. And maybe in swerving to dodge that deer, you plowed straight through a second deer you hadn't seen. That all would make you a fundamentally evil and irresponsible person, unless maybe you were just going through a rough patch. All that said, while conducting some... research, I happened upon a fresh deer carcass, but I when I went to get a better look, I noticed something off about its eyes. They were facing forward, like a predator's eyes, and its teeth were sharper, almost human. I stuffed the body into the trunk of my car to take back to my lab, but when I got back, the creature had vanished. Now I can't fall asleep without seeing that fucker outside my window, yelling for help.

Argumentative Essay

"Roan Tysh"

76-212 A: *Argumentation and Analysis*

In this course, I (along with my peers) have developed fundamental skills in argumentation—both the synthesis and analysis of argument, and its application in a modern context. In this essay, I have been asked to take a side on one of the most controversial issues in today's America, and to use the skills this course has emphasized in order to advance my supposedly informed perspective. But I believe this is a poor approach, and I suggest an alternative, hopefully without ceding the 20% of my final grade which this paper comprises.

In 2009, former president Barack Obama famously invited Harvard professor Henry Louis Gates and police sergeant James Crowley to the White House, after a disagreement which sparked broader controversy over policing and racial profiling. Obama's approach was to "discuss the situation over beers," and that is exactly the approach I propose for the issue this paper discusses, despite its different scope.

I suggest that both sides should come to my apartment, where we can discuss in a more informal manner this issue which has brought about so

much impassioned debate, while sipping some cool, refreshing beers. Writing a single paper arguing for a single stance would not bring about understanding; I strongly believe in our need for a dialogue, and particularly one which is facilitated by a nice couple of beers.

I could go for a beer right now, honestly. Writing any essay goes a lot smoother with a beer or two in your system, that's what my dad always said. God rest his soul. It doesn't even have to be beer. Cheap grocery store red wine brings about a different sort of scholarly conversation. Something a little more refined, a dialectic if you will. I can never just drink a single glass of wine. They should honestly make the glasses bigger.

Invite both sides to my apartment, my door's always open. We can take a few shots and cry over the state of America, and ultimately I don't think this one little political divide is going to change much of our trajectory. Hey you, dear reader, my professor: you should also show up, since you seem so invested in this whole damn charade. Just you, me, representatives of both sides of this national dispute, and a folding table actively warping under the weight of all the bottles. Have you ever snorted something before?

Freshmen take part in Tate McRae raves in abandoned CaPS offices

@tqte.mcra3_hq on twt
racists dni <33

If your evening strolls ever take you past E-Tower at dusk on Fridays, you may inexplicably be drawn to an ethereal siren song issuing from some secluded room on the first floor. I advise you, dear reader, to resist the temptation to investigate – for I have probed the depths of the CaPS offices and lived to tell the tale. I will give you one piece of advice: if you are ever brave enough to go back, it's possible that you'll never return.

As many know, the first floor of E-Tower is home to old counseling offices long left to rot after the curious happenings I now describe to you. Now, the building's bottom floor is characterized by flashes of colored light that emanate from the first floor lounge and a faint aura of unease among all those unlucky enough to reside within. For those friendless freshmen seeking the ultimate "move" on a Friday night, the vaguely club-like atmosphere with pulsating neon lights and distinctly un-thumping bass seems a promising source for checked-off Rice Purity Tests – but it is ultimately the mellifluous voice of one Canadian sweetheart that entices them to stay, often with unexpected results.

I am speaking, of course, of Tate McRae. As a reality show finalist who rose to fame

through being played repeatedly on every single radio station known to mankind and CapCut edits made by zealous thirteen-year-olds, McRae has firmly cemented herself as the face of all pregame party music ever. The Heritage Foundation has described her hit song "Greedy" as pairing especially well with \$10 blue raspberry vodka – a suggestion that it seems many a desperate freshman has taken to heart, as we will soon see.

McRae's music, which anonymous student sources have described as "hard" and "do you know why her music genre is called shoegaze," has led rise to a curious phenomenon that we at ReadMe have coined the "Tate McRave": a gathering of wide-eyed and sometimes vomiting college freshmen crowding around a single speaker blasting McRae's latest albums, swaying in a stupor and refusing to leave until the morning. We do not know how this situation reached Carnegie Mellon, but we are certain that it is here to stay, and that it has begun taking on a darker meaning than any of us could have thought possible. One student found alone and shaking within last Friday's McRave was held and questioned by ReadMe as to their involvement in the event, but all they were able to say before suddenly passing out was:

"She should be allowed to win Best New Artist."

Student Dies of Autoerotic Asphyxiation on Donner Swings

Whis L. Blower
As seen on LiveLeak

PITTSBURGH, PA

In a first-of-its-kind incident for CMU, a student has passed away from asphyxiation by autofellatio, otherwise known as a "self-suck incident." Eyewitnesses report that late Thursday night, the victim approached the playground swings in the Donner Ditch, pulled their pants down, and proceeded to assume a position on the swings akin to that of a capsized frog. The student then used the tangential inertia of their torso as they swung to push their mouth over their genitals, a move described by onlookers as "kinky" and "actually kinda impressive."

As the student continued to autofellate, they had their Icarus moment, swinging too high and subsequently falling off the swings. They fell on their head, forcefully shoving their mouth so far down their own phallus that they then proceeded to asphyxiate and, minutes later, die. We asked the student's roommate, who has chosen to remain anonymous, what they think of the whole ordeal. "It's honestly kinda tuff, going out like that," the roommate said, "I couldn't think of a better way to die than to do so while getting some sloppy topsey."

I Just Shat Myself in a Macys

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis
Please bring a change of pants

Please bring a change of pants
Its 1 am on a Saturday night and I am in a Macys
I didn't know they had Macys anymore
Why am I in a Macy's

I ate 4 whole blocks of cheese before coming to Macys
I asked the Macys empoolye where the bathroom was
There is no bathroom in this Macys

I really have to poop
But there is not bathroom
I just shat myself

are you texting an UNDERCOVER COP?

Do you know where a fella can buy
some perquisite?

should i blow on the cartridges
before i smoke them

Meet me by the big blue phone on
Skibo

know the signs.

Undergrad Senate Exposed for Really Craving Wingstop

Stella Cedar & Whis L. Blower
Hungry for the news

PITTSBURGH, PA
(*Whis L. Blower*)

In a shocking turn of events this past Tuesday, the Undergraduate Student Senate, a committee of 38 seemingly famished individuals, has been secretly indulging themselves in oodles of the most mediocre fried chicken known to mankind. Now you, reader, might be asking, "Whoa Whis, what's up with the hostility right out of the gate? Aren't you supposed to be an unbiased arbiter of the truth?" to which I would say, yes, but I am also craving mediocre fried chicken. So I am jealous.

Further details have revealed that the Senate, through a line item known as "Tummy Expenses," has spent over \$12,000 on Wingstop catering. (One must imagine the delivery fees!) In a breakdown of catering order logs obtained by readMe, we have discovered that the most popular items include heaps of seasoned fries, extra ranch cups, and plain boneless wings. Yes, that's right. Plain. Boneless. Wings—a choice described by one passionate student as "so heretical, I had to attend confessional to rid myself of the sin of ever having known that information." While readMe awaits a joint public statement from the Senate, my fellow investigative journalist, Stella, went into the field to gauge the reactions of those most affected.

(*Stella Cedar*)

Thanks Whis. While trying to navigate the protests that erupted in front of the CUC today, I ran into one fresh face of

the Undergrad Senate; they confessed with head hung, "Listen folks, I had the munchies. I was only there for the food, frankly. I don't even know what the Undergrad Senate does." Polls indicate the back half of that statement is a common sentiment amongst the general student population. Following up, I asked the Senate member if they had any information on why the executive office had been renovated for the second time in 5 years. My query was unfortunately met with silence.

At the same moment, a student took to standing atop the Scotty pedestal in the CUC courtyard to rile up some gathering protestors with a scandalous new detail. "Whoever in that gaudy group of crooks that's responsible for pushing the chicken-on-demand button also conveniently always misses the 'tip your driver' button! Curious!" she remarked. "One would imagine that if they wanted to avoid shelling out the extra cash to compensate whoever has to lug their poultry around, maybe they'd invest some of that \$18,000 executive package in a club vehicle!" Cheers for the speaker and roars of anger erupted at the scene. At this time, I can't offer any further updates on the situation, Whis, but rest assured that I'll remain on site bringing you the breaking news if any new developments occur. Back to you.

(Whis L. Blower)

Well, this has been an event for the ages, folks. Yet, no matter who you align with, I think we can all agree on one thing—if you're gonna spend a small fortune on Wingstop, at least have them toss some sauce on your glorified nuggets.

I Woke Up and My Butt Print was on the Fence

Violet R. Blu
Caught red-cheeked

When I opened my eyes that fateful morning, I saw evidence of last night's rager all over the room. It looked like your average CMU party. Beakers of titrated Hennessy littered the kitchen table. Kilts were strewn about on the ground, some with accompanying pairs of tartan underwear. Someone cuddled on the couch with a monitor depicting Tank's sleeping face. I tried to parse my fuzzy memories, but I had no idea how I ended up there.

When I stood up, I felt a cool breeze hit the back of my legs. It struck me as strange, considering I wasn't a kilt person. I looked down and realized I had no bottoms on. The memories came rushing back in an instant. I ran to the bathroom and looked at my butt in the mirror. Just as I had suspected, it was covered in bright red paint.

I scrubbed it off, stole a pair of pants from the host, and did the walk of shame back to my dorm. For most of my journey, I remained lost in thought, wondering when my drunken behavior would come back to haunt me like the vengeful ghosts in Hamerschlag Hall. I didn't have to wonder for long. When I walked by the Fence, I noticed that it had a fresh coat of paint—complete with the shape of my posterior rendered in striking vermilion.

My face turned the same color. I buried my head in shame and ran into Doherty Hall, but I couldn't escape it. People were already talking about the mysterious artist. They coined all sorts of names. "Backside Banksy". "Leonardo da Vincheek". "Pablo PicASSo".

I was certain I'd be ruined once they found out it was me. My reputation would be compromised. My family would shun me. My job prospects would disappear. I felt better once I remembered I had no job prospects to lose, but anxiety still raced through me. I cowered in a bathroom stall.

After a while, I overheard two girls talking about the butt print. One of them complimented the beautiful, pear-like silhouette while the other extolled the firm, yet elastic nature of the cheeks. One even inquired about the artist's glute routine (which, if you're curious, consists of walking up and down the Scott Hall stairs looking for Wild Blue). My entire day turned around. I left the bathroom stall determined to embrace my new life as an artist. I am proud to announce that my first exhibit, "Moon Over Pittsburgh", will open at the Carnegie Museum this spring.



Will that bigass construction project on Forbes/Craig be completed on time?

1%
chance

Yes

No

\$500 Trillion Vol.

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

Stop Calling Your Parents So Late At Night, You Whiny Little Bitch

Nott N. Annagramm

Go to sleep so I can haunt your dreams

It's the middle of the night and you feel like shit. Maybe it's 1 a.m., and you just realized there was something due at midnight. Maybe you're being kept awake by your fifth cold in three weeks. Maybe it just hit that you actually kinda sorta miss home a little. Whatever the circumstance, the sun has set and you feel like the steaming hot pile of garbage outside Donner. Naturally, the best solution is to call your parents, right? WRONG. And if you thought that for even a moment, then the only reason you should be anywhere near CMU is if you're in the Infant Cognition Lab.

First of all, your family obviously does not want to talk to you. They've had to deal with your bitching for 18 years, and they don't want you interrupting their beauty sleep to bitch a little more. Why else would they pay an exorbitant amount of money to send you to a university that isn't even in the top 19?

Next, you know you have homework to do. I would apologize for reminding you of this during your leisurely perusal of ReadMe, but the sweet payout I'm getting from my TAs for

saying that is way better than "manners." Anyways, PUT YOUR PHONE DOWN AND DO YOUR DAMN WORK. (But don't put down ReadMe, it's obviously more important.)

Lastly and most importantly, your roommate is sick and tired of you crying into your phone when they have an 8 AM class tomorrow morning. Their life already sucks enough at CMU; you don't have to make it worse by reminding them about how Ciao Bella has nothing on their grandma's crock-pot meatballs and spaghetti. If karma has anything to say about it, they'll be keeping you up tomorrow night by telling their grandma they miss her for the 47th time on a single call.

You may be asking yourself, "If I can't call my parents when I'm depressed, what should I do?" The answer is actually quite simple: read more ReadMe! There are plenty of sad, unread copies of prior issues strewn about campus that need much more love and attention than you do. The paper is literally asking you to read it; how could you possibly refuse? But if this article works too well and you aren't able to find a single copy of 4.2, don't you dare sob about it to your parents, you whiny little bitch.

I Saw Mommy Kissing Scotty Dog

Bertie Wooster

In Hiding

Wow, mommy's kissing Scotty Dog
I saw mommy kissing Scotty Dog
Right beside the sweepstakes track last night
She didn't see me creep

Past the booths to have a peep
She thought that I was tucked up in my dorm room, fast asleep

Then I saw mommy tickle Scotty Dog
Underneath his kilt so tartan bright
Oh, what a laugh it would have been
If Daddy Farnam had only seen mommy kissing Scotty Dog last night
Oh, what a laugh it would have been
If Farnam had only seen mommy kissing Scotty Dog last night



Alex Werth

So-called "Platform for Free Speech" Against Freedom of Painting with Balls

Maximillian Bartholemow VIII

From the Desk of ReadMe Legal

It is with a heavy heart and a profound sense of betrayal that I must address a grave injustice unfolding on our campus. Not long ago, I was confronted for the innocuous act of painting The Fence with my gonads. This is nothing less than a blatant violation of the free speech and expression the university endeavors to achieve through The Fence.

CMU's Fence policy explicitly mandates the use of a class of devices known as "brushes":

The Fence may only be hand-painted with paint brushes. [Article II.D.1.a]

The Oxford English Dictionary (operated by my own alma mater, if it may be of any importance to you) defines "brush" as:

An implement with a handle, consisting of bristles, hair, or wire set into a block, used for cleaning or scrubbing, applying a liquid or powder to a surface, arranging the hair, or other purposes.

Only the daftest individual would fail to recognize that CMU's policy is undoubtedly referring to balls. Such an implement clearly has a handle: an outward protrusion prominent enough to grasp with one's own hands. My personal experience would also support the conclusion that the majority of balls have hair on them. Although I will admit minor confusion at the description of such hair being "set into a block."

At their core, balls are instruments of creation. The original writers of CMU's Fence policy evidently kept this in mind—the policy not only allows for but in fact requires the use of one's balls for the painting of The Fence. However, through the years, this intent has been forgotten, with students using bastardized wooden tools to paint the Fence instead. This travesty of justice is the result of the erasure of our sacred history. Let us never forget history again, and continue painting The Fence with our balls and only our balls!



Student devises
innovative new
method to attend
early morning
lectures

Citron
Finally free from Celsius

Early morning lecture: a macabre tragedy that befalls many a student. Some force themselves up in the morning and forge their way there. Some simply give up and sleep through it. One enterprising CMU student has managed to do both.

"I have an 8 am," says sophomore Juan Merower. "The registration process was traumatic, let me tell you. 3:45 pm registration time, and I had to watch as the good slots trickled away, one by one. 2 pm lecture taken at 3:30. The only lecture left was at... 8 am."

At this point, he started shuddering, and was only able to speak again when prompted about his current methods.

“Oh, yeah. Well, it’s simple: sleepwalking. I’ve always been a person who jerks and kicks a bit in his sleep. So it wasn’t much of a leap to sleep-get-out-of-bed, sleep-change, sleep-brush, sleep-piss, sleep-shit (depending on what I ate yesterday), sleep-scooter to lecture, and sleep-take-notes. And sometimes I sleep-hit-up-Redhawk for coffee between 9:50 and 10. I usually set my alarm for around 11, which is after my three morning lectures.

“And I’m trying to extend how long I stay asleep. Eventually, I’m going to get it down just right so I don’t actually have to wake up, until I retire at maybe 65, nice and sleep-settled-down-with-Ms.-Merower-and-the-kids.”

I Ate 100 Tic Tacs and now I'm Glowing

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

Off his meds

My day started off pretty normal. I went to the store and bought my groceries. At checkout a box of tic tacs tempted me. I purchased the box. I ate one tic tac. It was so yummy. I ate another tic tac it was yummier. 5 hours later and I ate the whole box of tic tacs. Please help I am now glowing radioactive. (I also ate a glow stick but that is probably unrelated) The glowies got to me
heheherwhhhewhreherwherwhewehwehwehwehwehwehwehwehwehwehweh
behwehewhewhehewhewhewhehehehwhehewehwhehehehheewrhrherw
. They are going to send me to an institution hehehehehe. With the glowies. The glowie jail they are going to jail me for seeing the truth. They dont want me to see the truth they cant see the truth i am the truth the glowies are the truth there is no truth there is no glowies what is a glowies what is in my wall the glowies are in my walls i love eating the cotton candy in the walls. Yummy insolatn yummy yopummy oh so tasty i eated all the wall candy i love drywall it is so tasty. Never call poison control they dont let you eat the drywall. They want to eat the drywall themselves poison control could never handle the raw unadultrated power of the glowies i need to meat the glowies the gloweis are so nice the glowies watn wats best for me. Poinson control hates me. They dont want to see me succeed. Posin control tells me to "check the carbon monoxide batteries" poison controll hates me. They want me to spend all of meny on battiers. I would nevef spend my money on batiers they die just like the glowies and poison control. I cant die i am god. Why are you taking me to an instatution?

Help! I woke up
naked in Rashid
Auditorium!
What now?

Citron
Naked And Unafraid

Waking up naked in Rashid: It happens to the best of us. I, personally, have had this experience at least fourteen times throughout my stay at CMU, so I put together this guide to pass on my knowledge.

Well, you've woken up naked in Rashid Auditorium. What do you do?

1. Check your phone.

This should go without saying.

2. Check your surroundings.

Make sure you're alone. Use any means necessary. Tough luck to any others around, but it's the name of the game. Trust me: If they'd woken up before you, they would have checked that they were alone, too.

3. Check your body.

Here are some handy things to watch out for:

- Large objects in any orifice
- Suspiciously crusty patches of skin
- Unfamiliar tattoos
- Others' blood (it can get into surprising places—be careful!)

Really, any physical irregularities should be noted, except a hangover, which is all but guaranteed.

4. Find your way to the nearest bathroom and shower in the sink.

This should be self explanatory. The nearest bathroom is up the house-left ramp and to the right. The lock is unsheathed and can be bypassed with a trivial card-shim. If you don't know where the nearest bathroom is, good luck. Flush any discrete objects down the toilet (especially phone or ID, whether or not they are yours. They are bugged, and God knows what kind of intelligence agencies might be interested in what happened here). Make sure to scrub under your armpits.

5. Exit into Hillman, land a clean overhand or uppercut below the cheek or jaw of the first frail-looking undergrad you see, and take their clothes. Remember: most Computer Science students are hypotensive and calcium deficient. This should go smoothly.

You should be good to head out onto Forbes and find your way home now. As you leave, here's list of things to keep in mind:

- Ensure you have a clean urine sample on you at all times.

- You should probably down a couple gallons of the beverage of your choice, just to clean out your system.

I recommend hand sanitizer—totally clean, but with a little more kick and satisfaction than water. Also helps with hangovers.

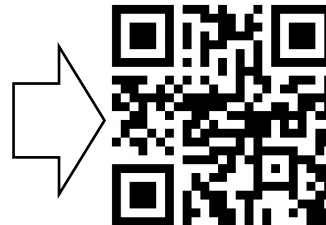
- You already silenced anyone present

in Rashid when you woke up. But there are likely others out there who know too much. Do what you must.

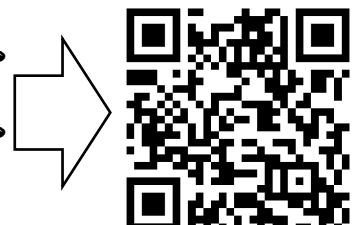
- Test yourself:
 - Ability to count ten of your fingers
 - Any and all STDs
 - Pregnancy
 - COVID-19
 - Polio
 - The names of the last three U.S. presidents
 - 500 meter accuracy with a M24 SWS rifle
 - And anything else that might be at risk.

Waking up naked in Rashid is a totally normal, even integral, part of the college experience at CMU. Hell, I know people who graduated years ago and still wake up naked in Rashid sometimes. So don't take it too seriously—you'll be fine! And, if you're worried that you haven't yet woken up naked in Rashid, don't worry! Everybody grows at their own pace, and your turn will come soon.

Join our
Discord



Survey Says!



I Was Abducted and Brought to the Mellon Institute

Bertie Wooster
Exceedingly moderate in my potations

It was a normal Thursday night, meaning I had one tequila soda, one IPA, three tequila sodas, and a Celsius. I was walking back to my dorm from Squirrel Hill when a bright light appeared over me. All of a sudden, I found myself falling over. I assumed it was God. Or the police. Or the police acting in service of God. But no, it was far worse and stranger.

When I woke up, I was lying on a steel table in the Mellon Institute. You know, the only building with sixty-two columns that's not in Greece, though it's nearly as long a walk. Imagine the Parthenon but for biologists and chemists who haven't felt joy since their own undergrad in the Bush administration. I was able to recognize it from the scent of mildew and the faint screams of monkeys being experimented on. They (my captors, not the monkeys) were communicating in a strange language I initially took for German: "Bond angles," "pseudopodia," "pi orbitals," "ligand exchange." Absolute nonsense. I tried to scream out for help but all that I could manage was "I'm in Tepper!" This only seemed to anger them. They then probed me, but not in the fun way. First, someone stuck a pipette or something up my nose. Next, a group of aids sent me through the MRI. One of them whispered, "We're going to determine your resonance frequency." I think they meant my GPA. Thankfully, it's excellent, in spite of such brutal classes as Business Presentations and Management Game.

Anyway, I blacked out again and awoke in a tiny room lined with old, yellowing journals. They forced me to sign an NDA, which I'm currently violating, and then threatened to make me TA a lab section. Why, you ask? Well, they want more funding—a LOT more funding—and I've apparently been bioengineered into the perfect weapon. It's a genius move: because of the sheer absurdity of their plan, any attempt to bring attention to the matter be dismissed as hangover ravings. Their ultimate goal is to implant me as a spy in Tepper and force me to reroute the funds. Speaking of implants, they put something in me. I don't know what. Since then, I've noticed strange changes: I can identify solvents by smell, I get aroused near Bunsen burners, and I involuntarily hiss when someone mentions Dietrich.

They finally released me onto Fifth Avenue at dawn. Before I left, one scientist touched my forehead and I experienced a moment of telepathic visions: a grad student crying in a stairwell, a failed grant proposal, and an escaped mouse hiding under the vending machine. I also saw the heat death of the universe, or perhaps just a professor waiting for their paper to be published. And, at that moment, I understood the pain that comes with being in MCS, toiling away day and night in a department with a mediocre US News Ranking for a pitiful salary. At least, I imagine I would have felt something, if they had remembered to give me empathy.

I managed to stumble home, reeking of acetone, my memories fragmented. My roommate doesn't believe me, and I have no friends to confide in, only a series of individuals I've networked with. If you see me around campus, twitching as I pass a fume hood, know I've seen the other side.

I wrote this article while sober

J.P. Crawfish
Has never even heard of alcohol

We the twenty two ago, in order to psshhh. I just think that we'd be good together, ya know. Like like as friends. It's fine I gotta catch the bus. The bus! I'm gonna walk walk away. Ring around the rosy. Cool. Cool. It's fine. I'm just gonna lie down. Play some some tetris. All the blocks fit in together. So perfect. The line, it disappeared. Why? Why did it go? Awayyy. The lights are too bright. Like life. Psshhh. I'm a coward.

Read Me's Recipes from Last Night

Rock Buddy
Life of the party, death of the establishment

The SCS:

- One Monster Energy Ultra White
- One Vanilla Yoplait
- Two shots of Raspberry Vodka

The Tepper:

- One shot of Blue Diamond
- One shot of Coffee Liqueur
- Coke

Served with a silver spoon.

The "White Boy speaking a little Espanol":

- A shot of tequila with a depressed lime and salt spilled into the drink
- "Arriba, abajo, acentro, adentro"

The Wedding Crasher:

- Four shots of Tequila
- Two shots of Bailey's
- Pepsi and Milk to Taste
- Four regrettable text messages

The Amnesty Call:

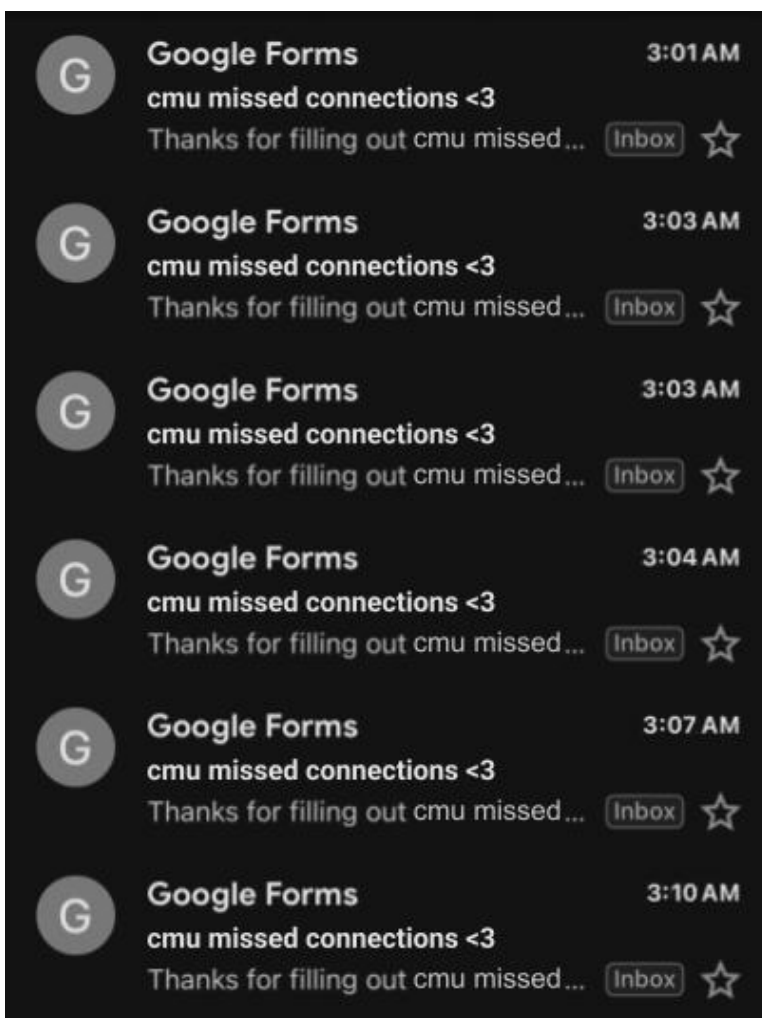
- Two shots of Hennessy
- Orange Juice
- One overly nosy RA
- Talented Acting Skills
- A night in the ER

The ReadMe Writing Staff Special:

- \$10 worth of Celsius at Entropy
- A bottle of Smirnoff
- Someone else's Adderall
- Ringing Ears, Blurred Vision
- Voices from the ceiling

The AA meeting:

- Mott's Grape Juice :(



Wait, people actually read this?

J.P. Crawfish
Would like an internship

Just to like confirm, people read this shit? Like, this? Like ReadMe? This ReadMe? There's not a different ReadMe CMU satire magazine right? Just this one? Which to reiterate, people read?

I thought this magazine only existed to use up our print quota. I thought we only put this magazine out to weigh down the newspaper stands so they don't blow away in the harsh Pittsburgh weather. I thought that perhaps a passing student could make a fun ReadMe paper hat to amuse themselves in passing, but I never thought someone would read it.

Let me get this straight. People have time. They don't have much of it but they have some. And they use this time - which they don't have much of - to read ReadMe. To bend down slightly, pick up a ReadMe, and read it with their eyes. People only have two eyes! And they're using both of them on ReadMe? Like, you get why I'm having trouble believing this, right?

Oh no. If people actually read this, which I'm still not convinced they do, that means they're reading this article? Like right now? You know what, that's fine. I'm super chill about that. I feel fine. I'm feeling so ok and normal and chill.

As I ponder the acquiescence of this periodical by a public able to discern their own literary free will, I question the impact of this renowned technical institution of higher learning on the well being of its student population. While I possess an understanding that the more avant-garde among us may enjoy the esoteric proclivities of this occurred biweekly, ReadMe's readership among the general Carnegie Mellon populace continues to elude me. This particular line of inquiry has proven to be a persistent source of cognitive unrest, prompting prolonged periods of nocturnal wakefulness.

Fuck it. I give up. I'd like to sincerely apologize for everything I've ever written and will ever write, and for everything my colleagues have ever written and will ever write. I'm getting a pseudonym for my pseudonym and moving to an undisclosed location within the Pittsburgh metropolitan area.

Are you a reader of THE TARTAN?

No? We're not surprised!

Read The Tartan if you hate:

- Asking Questions
- Independently Verified Claims
- Proofread Work
- Anything Other Than Interviews
- Proper Kerning

...AND MORE!

"After all, just because someone said it, doesn't mean it's true"
-that guy over there



Boeing's Accident Rate Drops 15% After Buying a Slightly More Expensive 3D Printer

Whis L. Blower

Mysteriously died by 57 shots to back of head

EVERETT, WA

After a streak of disastrous quarters for the aerospace industry giant Boeing, a new audit reveals that their commercial airliner accident rate has fallen by approximately 15%. Internal memorandums note a new development at R&D is to thank for this success: an upgrade to the 3D printers used on Boeing's assembly lines. Keen-eyed observers have been quick to note that the new printers are the exact same model as the previous ones, just more expensive now that they've gone off sale. "Money really can solve problems," said one Boeing research executive, gesturing to images of the new printers. "You ever hear that saying, 'you get what you pay for'?" Well, we tossed a bit of green at the hoopla and it just went poof! Hahahaha!" When further questioned about what exactly in the production process changed, his seemingly jovial attitude disappeared and he replied, "Shut up."

At Boeing's official Q3 2025 conference later that day, CEO Kelly Ortberg took the

floor to address the company's reputational rebound. "It is with great pleasure that I announce our planes are now 15% less likely to fall out of the sky!" he joked, which was met with nervous chuckles. He continued, "Going forward, we're looking to implement more of our new 3D printers into commercial jet production. I mean, who hasn't wanted to fly in a plane made of PLA?" Immediately, a brave soul from the press pool jumped up to question Ortberg about the company's history of cutting corners and if these new 3D printers were just a distraction from their shortcomings. "Cutting corners? Who is 'Corners'? Are they okay?" he replied while getting ready to receive an additional \$7.5 million in stock options. A fellow journalist leaned over to me and whispered, "Yikes, this guy has some seriously fucked up vibes," which I unfortunately can not agree nor disagree with as an arbiter of the most unbiased truths here at readME. However, if I were to hypothetically say that I agree with their hypothetical statement, then that hypothetically wouldn't be wrong. Hypothetically.



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!

Rejected Headlines #27

- Megachurch forms PokéStop
- CMU to sponsor 12-hour continuous drinking challenge
- MAHA movement vows to move Stack'd off-campus to lower student obesity
- CMU student lives in a barrel, claims it's better than first year housing
- CS Senior devastated that he must complete Masters to finally fuck computer
- The existential horror of nap time: A retrospective
- Student Government shutdown looms as Senate fails to ratify budget
- Tripping out in Roberts Engineering Hall
- There is nothing funny about erectile dysfunction
- Drinking in Young Adult Duos Study discovers new kind of alcohol poisoning

All this and more, not in this issue!