

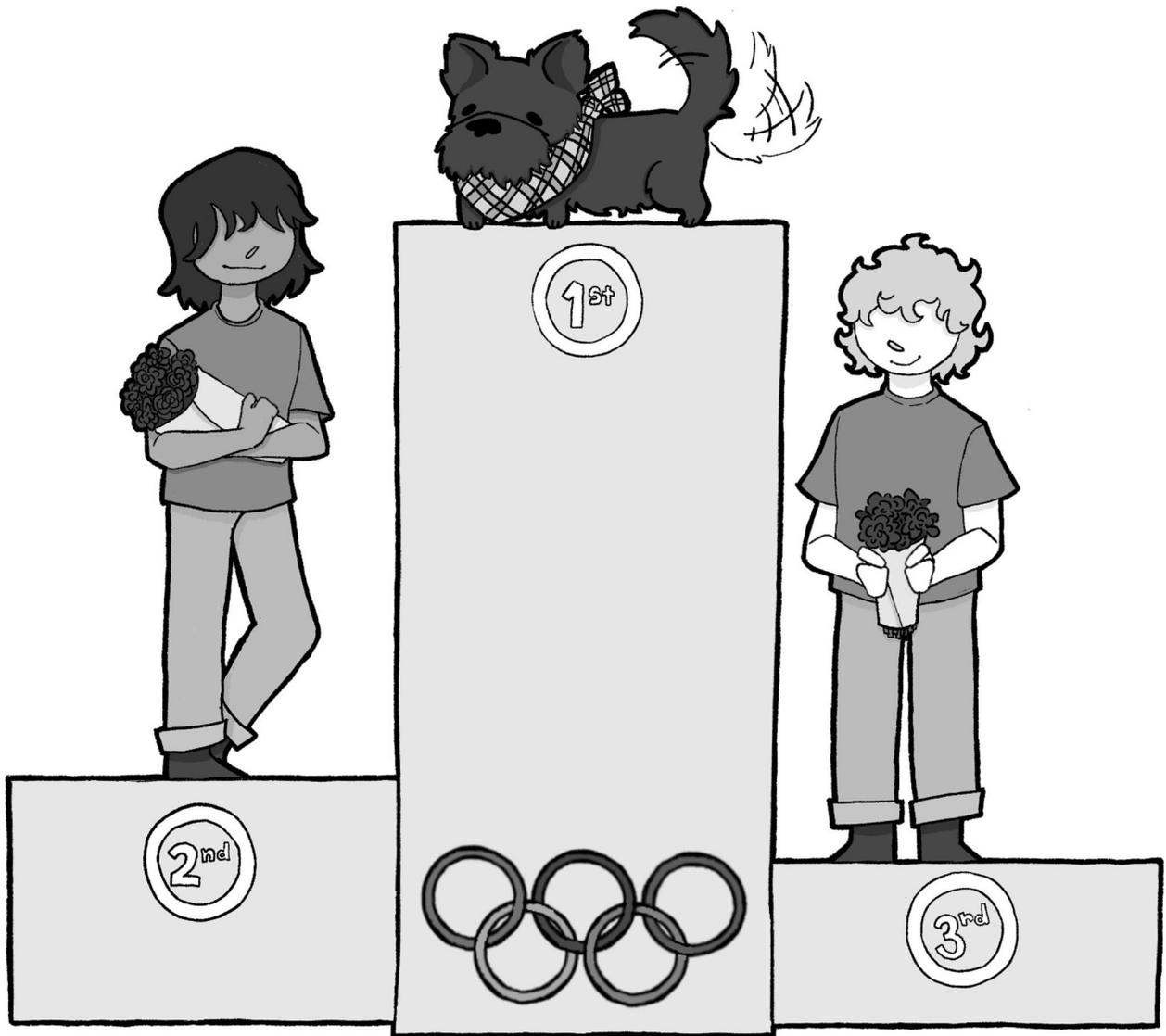
Volume 5

Issue 2

KGB PRESENTS

readME

WINS GOLD



Editor-In-Chief:

Eshaan Joshi

cmureadme.com

My cat is an asshole

Benner Rogers

Loves her evil baby girl <3

Yes, you read that right. My adorable, sweet, old-lady cat is a fucking asshole. Ever since the day we adopted her, my home has never known peace. She's a smart asshole too. Early on, she discovered the miracle contraption known as a "window". What did she do with this knowledge? Sit in front of it in order to torment the neighborhood dogs. Do you know how awkward it is to say to your neighbor "oh, sorry your dogs are barking, my cat is testing out optimal methods of torture?" My pet dog, her brother, was no exception. Even when she was sick and refusing to eat her own food, she still ate the dog food. George is no stranger to

receiving hisses and swats. I'll admit, he can be a little pushy when it comes to personal space. But if you steal his favorite chair from him, is it really fair to get mad when he wants it back?

Did I mention she kills baby rabbits? Because she does. In fact, she specifically targets them. She'll parade the corpses near the door until someone notices. After she's shown off her victims for an appropriate amount of time, she will then proceed to eat their faces off in front of you. And no, she does not clean up after herself. My backyard looks like a tiny ransacked graveyard. One night I woke up to her staring into my soul, one inch in front of my face. I'm still convinced she was checking to see if I had died so she could eat me.

But you know what the worst thing she did was? She waited for me to leave for college before she died. I mean, she had all of winter break to keel over. At least then I would have been in the same state. But nope, she just had to get me one last time. Truth be told I wasn't expecting anything else. Still would have appreciated a heads up, though.

I love you.

Sincerely,
Benner ♡



CMU to host the Olympic Games

Bertie Wooster

Two-time Bronze Medal Runner Up

JANUARY, GESLING STADIUM – After decades of Carnegie Mellon nobly hosting sporting events and their most exciting approximations thereof – Buggy races, Booth build week, and occasional football games (I was able to attend one, when I happened to walk by Gesling Stadium after the halftime show caught my ear) – CMU was officially selected to host the upcoming Olympic Games. According to recent investigative reporting, the International Olympic Committee had approached Carnegie Mellon as the spearhead of a new program to engage major world universities in athletics.

As put by myriad CMU students we met on the Cut before the unveiling, the main campus square, students are "So-so" and "Maybe I'll go see a little" and "Excuse me, I need to get to recitation" about the affair, with one observing, "This might make them finally put some of our endowment into campus beauty."

Unfortunately, our investigations into the usage of CMU finances were politely dissuaded by administration. For those looking for increased financial aid and club funding as a result of the attention brought to campus, we wish you the best.

11:07 on the dot, the doors

open to the Opening Ceremony. Hundreds of students, faculty, staff, alumni, and local geese from the Flagstaff hills piled into the first column of stands, and even began to fill a second one nearby. I overhear excited chatter; professors are enjoying the break from teaching, having left students in their lecture halls to continue class, and engineers are remarking on doing some sort of "experiential learning". The atmosphere is electric, the crowd in the front-middles of their seats. The Ceremony is beginning.

I am told that CMU tradition defines the starting times of major events to be "whenever AB Tech figures it out." Fascinating! I am astounded by the patience that this attitude affords. Perhaps the young-looking AB Tech students nearly falling off of the rafters feel less at ease, but I am assured they are paid a handsome wage. After 47 minutes' delay brought on by various Olympic staff members' issues with CBORD, the athletes file in.

The Parade of Nations follows, with each country's athletes marching through the campus square known as the Cut. Several delegations are ceremoniously rerouted through Doherty, and I am informed that they will "possibly" return for the closing. The United States team enters distantly last, their bus having been delayed, evidently by some combination of the heavy snow

and finicky PRT system.

Next, the artistic portion of the ceremony. A squadron of bagpipers ambushes the stadium. A modern dance, composed of freshmen with soggy Revolution Noodle bowls failing to find CUC tables, stirs the crowd. And completing the demonstration, a rotation of speakers carries us well into the evening: a professor narrates CMU's history, beginning with a reenactment of Andrew Carnegie building a mockup of Pittsburgh out of steel. Some sort of robot iPad, apparently "Hank" by the crowd's cheering, then rolls onto stage to narrate how steel is obsolete in the modern AI-powered field. So continued a procession of professors, students, contraptions, and industry representatives sharing their stories to the crowd.

The sun set on Gesling Stadium as the ceremony reaches its final celebration: hundreds of fireworks and thousands of Tartan patterned balloons took to the air. The crowd cheers, invigoratingly dusted in smoking shreds of rubber. The IOC President takes the microphone one final time, and declares, "No matter how we may come to regret this decision, we are here to bring you an event like no other. Let the Carnegie Mellon Olympic Games begin!"

Rejected Headlines

- Is giving your students A's in recitation the same as liking their story and hoping they respond?
- Hero cop reads corpse Miranda rights.
- Top scientists suggest ReadMe will generate an original joke by 2030.
- Architecture students host training camp for hunkering down at CMU.
- "Wean Eight-Floor Dash in event of broken elevators" to become Olympic sport.
- Readme: 2.5 years of slur discourse with nothing to show for it.
- Athletes warm up by walking both ways uphill through Pittsburgh.
- Gregor Samsa wakes, horrified, to find himself transformed into Tepper student.
- RA finds Olympic torch during room check.
- Local first-year unable to use restroom without the lulling of reels from adjacent stalls.
- I'm not going to do it, but it would be SO easy to kill my roommate, several report.
- CMU kills suspected 122 cheater in targeted strike; 18 civilians dead.

All this and more, not in this issue!

Anti-sex beds "not needed" for CMU Olympics

House Plant

Cock-blocked by Concepts

With the recent decision to move the Olympics to Carnegie Mellon's campus in Pittsburgh, many are asking questions about how CMU plans to prevent the infamous athlete orgies that occur during the games.

In the past, the International Olympic Committee has seen fit to implement cardboard beds that break with the weight of multiple people or strenuous physical activity, under the guise of their "sustainability". One athlete, Danish figure skater Ahn Derink, was dreading their return.

"Why put so many hot, young, muscular athletes in the same place if you don't want them to fuck?" asks Derink, when interviewed by a CMU reporter. "Is it really an Olympic games without some 'heated rivalry'?"

But upon arriving in CMU for the first time, the Olympic Committee seemed to have a drastic change of heart. Kirsty Coventry, the current IOC president, was seen sniffing the air and grimacing.

"Cancel the cardboard beds," Coventry told her secretary. "We won't need them here."

When asked to elaborate, Coventry gave an explanation about CMU's

excellent waste management policies and how normal beds will surely be disposed of properly with our innovative three-trashcan solution. But many of the athletes seem to have an entirely different explanation.

"I got here, and suddenly, I felt the inexplicable urge to pull out my old homework and do it over and over again," Derink says. "I wanted to take a shower after the plane flight, but suddenly I preferred sitting in my own filth."

And as for sex? Derink reports: "I have never been more repulsed by the idea of intimacy in my entire life."

Plenty of other athletes are reporting similar symptoms. Many of them express unwillingness to make friends or initiate physical contact. Sex or romance appears out of the question, and some believe that the air is turning them into "eternal virgins".

Hopeful CMU students claim that, based on this evidence, their chronic lack of sex lives can be attributed to the environment. But Derink questions this.

"I think the students are the ones stinking up the place," she argues. "Take one whiff of a 7th-year CMU senior and suddenly, all you want to do is invest in crypto."



If you really think about it, this is equally likely as anything else / House Plant, Psychic Physicist

2026 Winter Olympics set to debut Calvinball

Mar K. O., Alex Werth

Disputing a rewrite of an amendment to a rule change of a different match

Upon donations by mysterious benefactors, Calvinball is now part of the Winter Olympics. The following is an account of the first match, an embroiled battle between Botswana and Burkina Faso, as retold by an unnamed Calvinball aficionado watching from a safe distance.

GESLING STADIUM - Students flocked to the arena to relish in the brutal spectacle of the greatest sport known to tigerkind. The game's progenitor, Calvin, actually played an orthodox 1v1 format of Calvinball, but the game has changed much since its inception in 1985. Botswana walked first onto the field with their

squadron of 56 players. Due to one of those players being an opposing spy, Burkina Faso brought 57 players, giving them the advantage in the Lawmaker's Zone near the goalposts by forming a simple majority in case they needed to pass any legislation.

Winning the twelve-coin flip, Botswana's starting three-quartersback Lesedi Molefe opened with a beautiful kick of the Calvinball straight into Adama Diallo's gut. Burkina Faso responded in kind with a blistering punt of the Calvinball over towards the far end of the field, gracefully curving through the air to dodge the imaginary fighter jets. As the ball descended back towards the snow-covered grass, the receiving Burkina attackers assembled into the highly

controversial Hell's Aqueduct formation, interlocking limbs and bodies to form an impenetrable path for the ball to roll into the opposing team's Punishment Zone.

Botswana's coach, silently furious over the development, quickly slipped the nearest referee a crisp \$20 bill, who began contesting the other officials and tigers-in-residence over the legality of the Hell's Aqueduct. As referees descended upon the field, the ensuing scuffle quickly turned into a subgame of Calvinball to settle the ruling.

The tussle between teams lasted for a full 13 days, with four players dying from starvation and another three going insane from lack of sleep. Halfway through the game, some players broke off to battle it

out in the nearby tennis courts, but eventually returned to the original playing field, citing "too many Slow Motion zones" making for poor playing conditions.

In the end, Burkina Faso won with a score of Oogity -, securing their spot for the round of 128 and a shot at the coveted Tuna Cup. The next match, scheduled for Friday, features an expectedly civil and respectful match between Serbia and Kosovo.





KGB Presents: Schkating in Schenley

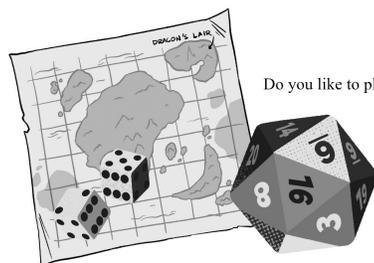
Join us for ice skating at Schenley Park Ice Skating Rink!
 When: January 31st at 5:15PM
 Where: Meet at DH 1211 (Then we'll walk to Schenley Park)



React in Real-Relevant-Announcements in Discord if you're coming!
 Remember to wear warm clothes!

KGB Presents: RPG Knight

Do you like to play pretend? Join us for a night of role playing madness!



When: February 7th at 7PM
 Where: PH A18B

Learn More: https://linktr.ee/cmu_kgb



Join Readme!



Team USA Ready for World's First Olympics

Vincent
Unenhanced Performer

In her recent press conference, the president of the International Olympic Committee, Kirsty Coventry, announced that the IOC is going to embrace scientific accomplishment by adding a performance drug innovation challenge to the programme for Milano Cortina 2026.

"For decades, the IOC has waged an increasingly costly war on the usage of performance-enhancing drugs," Coventry stated during the press conference, "In recent years, this battle has become prohibitively challenging. After careful consideration, the committee has decided to pivot its approach entirely. We believe this is the right move to reward researchers who have been quietly making athletes faster, stronger, and higher."

The challenge format issued by IOC today is refreshingly straightforward: Each nation will develop a performance-enhancing compound for an athlete participating in a series of unconventional trials, including a 300km ultra-marathon, 72-hour sleep deprivation, and a 24-hour binge drinking challenge.

Inside a chemistry lab on Carnegie Mellon University's campus, the newly assembled U.S. national team has been working around the clock. Team leader Professor Bertie Wooster spoke candidly about his relief that his life's work is finally receiving official recognition.

"You can't imagine how difficult my life has been before now." Said Wooster, "For years, when I was staying late in the lab, I had to tell my family I was

out at a strip club with friends – The work had to remain absolutely secret. My wife divorced me just before the Tokyo Olympics. She took the house and my three kids, who also despise me to the guts. But nothing, not even my marriage and my relationship with my kids can make me regret bringing glory to this beautiful country."

Wooster's passion for sports pharmacology began during his freshman year of college. "I made myself this cocktail—Red Bull, anti-depressant pills, lime juice, espresso shots, ice cream, and vodka—and just chugged the whole thing," he recalled, "And at that exact moment I thought, 'Oh shit, this is amazing.' I stayed awake for the next 72 hours, just grinding away at my coursework."

He then added, "I got a zero on everything I turned in. And when I finally came to, there was a stop sign in my dorm room—no idea how it got there. But it was still a wonderful experience, you know? A revelation."

That experience led to a lifelong obsession. "I started experimenting with more complex combinations after that," Wooster continued. "Eventually, I began sneaking compounds from my lab when no one was watching, mixing those in too. The possibilities were endless."

Wooster's talents were later noticed by the national sports committee when he was arrested for DUI; the evidence collected by the police department suggested that Wooster had been behind the wheel, without sleep, for 5 consecutive days. "I was terrified. I thought I was going to prison for sure," Wooster recalled. "But then these men in black suits walked into my interrogation

room and told me they'd posted my bail. Apparently they'd gotten word from the police chief of my 'contraband' and were truly impressed. That's the day I started making performance-enhancing drugs for the national team."

We attempted to interview the athlete selected to represent the United States, but he was already under the heavy influence of the experimental compound and unable to communicate coherently.

"Honestly, we don't know who he is or where he's from," admitted Luke Johnson, one of the research team members. "We found him on the street in Philadelphia, already pretty doped up. We asked if he'd be open to trying some new products, and he agreed immediately. Didn't even ask what they were."

"We just call him Mr. Dope, and he's been amazing," Luke said. "Never scared, never asks questions—just takes whatever we give him. Actually seems to be having a great time with the whole thing."

When we asked Luke about his own motivation for joining the research team, he responded that Wooster pays the highest stipend among all the PIs in his field, and students in his lab often make additional income by selling their research on the streets.

As we departed the lab, the team was administering a newly calibrated dose to Mr. Dope, whose enthusiastic howling could be heard from the parking lot. By all accounts, Team USA is in peak form and ready to compete for pharmaceutical glory on the world stage.

Carnegie Mellon
University
Learning and
Optimization
Lab



You do the learning so we don't have to! //Jupiter, Lobotomite

Get Whiggy With It



We asked our favorite staffwriter to prove she's human

Allyn

Never got an AIV for not using ChatGPT

Write an article that sounds like it's written by a human. It should be 200-600 words long and use a lightly formal tone appropriate for a college newspaper.

In this article which sounds like it's written by a human, I'll be convincing you in a lightly formal tone that I'm not a machine. Here goes nothing!

While some readers may appreciate the consistent quality and yield of machine-generated content, others prefer the unique voice that only a human writer can provide. In this article, I'll be delving into why I embody the traits of a human. This article isn't only written by a human, it's created by a human.

First, let's explore why some people prefer human-written articles:

Tales from Beyond Frick Park I: The Haunting of Gates- Hillman

Surely Jacks Son

Stephen King with minimal cocaine

No living creature can exist sanely under conditions of absolute reality; even lanternflies and cockroaches are supposed, by some, to dream. Gates Hillman, not sane, stood against the canyon, holding insanity within its glass-and-zinc ribcage; it had stood so for twenty years and might stand for twenty more, assuming FMS could keep the HVAC operating.

Dr. Montague had set up camp for the duration of finals week, intending to study the effects of prolonged wakefulness on undergraduate students "in the wild," a phrase he used with a straight face, as if anything at Carnegie Mellon could plausibly be described as wild. He had secured IRB approval after describing his experiment as "basically just observing what already happens." The board, themselves exhausted, approved it immediately.

He invited several candidates, carefully selected for their workload, calculated using a formula involving the FCE of their classes, caffeine consumption, and Piazza post frequency. Only two accepted. Eleanor Vance, a first-year Computer Science student who hadn't slept properly since July and resented those who had, arrived clutching the \$800 iPad she used to take notes while lamenting how she'd be unemployed and broke after graduating. Theodora, an HCI major who claimed to function best at night, arrived shortly thereafter.

Small talk was made and, partway through, the custodians, the Dudleys, happened to walk by and introduce themselves. They explained their work precisely: they cleaned during the day. They did not remain after midnight. They could not be located after midnight. They would not acknowledge anything that happened after midnight, including but not limited to strange noises, rearranged furniture, or the continued existence of undergraduates.

At first, the sleeplessness was companionable. Whiteboards filled and snacks vanished. Someone discovered the vending machine on the third floor dispensed Celsius reliably if cards were

swiped at exactly the right angle. All was as it should be.

Then the nights grew louder.

Footsteps echoed where no one walked. Elevators arrived empty, chiming insistently. Writing appeared on whiteboards that Eleanor did not remember being written: WHO IS AWAKE? And, later, HELP ME.

Eleanor could hear the building breathe, as the steam tunnels thrummed softly keeping her warm. Dr. Montague took notes enthusiastically, occasionally whispering about how intriguing everything was.

By the fifth night, the whiteboards were full of equations no one recognized but everyone agreed were "probably linear algebra." The vending machine stopped responding entirely. It was clear that Gates Hillman wanted Eleanor. The footsteps followed her with the persistence of a Red Bull representative during Carnival. The writing returned in a hand uncomfortably similar to her own: COME HOME. Theodora joked about it. Dr. Montague took notes. Eleanor, poor Eleanor, could do nothing but shake and tremble.

The next and final night passed uneventfully, at least for Eleanor. Theodora, however, saw the Dudleys cleaning and rearranging the furniture back to its original positions. When she went to sit in a chair, however, there was nothing there. She faulted Eleanor for this, though was unable to fathom what exactly she had done.

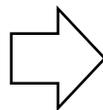
Montague decided Eleanor had to leave. She resisted, quietly. Gates Hillman felt warm now. Familiar, like she had always been waiting for it, and it for her. They packed her bag anyway and walked her outside at dawn.

Eleanor smiled, walked down the Pausch Bridge and did not return.

Afterwards, Gates Hillman was finally quiet. The whiteboard was wiped. The vending machines occasionally worked. Dr. Montague published inconclusive results and blamed his small sample size. Finals ended. No one mentioned Eleanor Vance.

Sometimes, though, a whiteboard could be found bearing a single question: WHO IS AWAKE?

Join our
Discord



Survey Says!



KGB Presents:



Capture the Flag with Stuff

February 13th, 2026

7PM in DH 2315

CTFWS.CMUKGB.ORG

Pittsburgh's Failing Water Infrastructure

WP

Has a drinking problem

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link; any system should be not judged by its ability to excel in ideal conditions, but rather in its performance under predictable yet adverse circumstances. This week's blizzard has revealed severe issues within Pittsburgh's public works sector. It is reasonable to expect some hiccups, such as 37 snow plows breaking down within a few hours of the downpour. Things happen! A city must, however, maintain a certain standard of living for its citizens. As many are already painfully aware, Pittsburgh has fallen painfully short of this duty: there are not enough places where you can sit outside in the snow and have a drink.

Pittsburgh lacks good winter outdoor drinking infrastructure, particularly in the Oakland and Squirrel Hill neighborhoods. The importance of winter drinking is well-documented. With shorter days and lower temperatures, many find themselves suffering the onset of seasonal depression. The first few snowfalls of the year have traditionally served to provide a reprise from the monotony of winter. Cracking open a couple beers in a snowy park has been an essential activity for alcoholics all over the globe; it has many health benefits and absolutely no negative effects. However, as international human rights agencies have pointed out for decades, stark

disparities in access to these spaces can exist even within the same city.

The World Health Organisation recommends a certain number of drinking-optimized nooks and crannies per street, depending on population density. Disturbingly, multiple neighborhoods in Pittsburgh fail to meet these standards. Accounts of unbroken lines of storefronts, visible-in-plain-sight benches, and terribly located playgrounds corroborate existing reports claiming that up to 23% of Pittsburgh residents are not able to access a nice winter drinking spot within walking distance of their homes. Attached is a harrowing first-hand interview conducted by ReadMe's investigative journalism division.

Anon: I started off my search in the south of Squirrel Hill, near the Greenfield end of Murray Ave. I've heard stories, sure, but I didn't think it would happen to me. I felt deep down that I'd be able to find a spot to enjoy a 9 PM beverage in peace. I was sure I'd find something. I had a tallboy shoved into my jacket pocket, I remember. God, I was so naive. I don't know if that makes me want to laugh or cry. I just kept walking, and walking, and all I saw were stores. Sure, business street, whatever, but there was nothing else. I'd wander off into a residential area, and keep walking in hopes of finding a patch of shrubbery or something where I could sit on the curb and crack the can open, but there was nothing. Nothing. No empty

parking lots, no alcoves, nothing. I kept telling myself that it'd get better, because it had to get better, but it didn't. I just kept walking with my unopened tallboy in my pocket. At one point I almost gave up and sat down in a snowdrift. It was just so bleak. Fuck. Sorry. I need a minute. This is really hard to talk about.

Anyway. I eventually made it up to Schenley Park. Some goddamn kids were sledding down the hill, so I had to stumble to one of the pagodas there. It was so nice to find a bench that wasn't within a plain view of a road. I just remember getting there and staring off into the distance. I couldn't make out what color the sky was. It seemed like it was grey behind me, and a sort of purple in front of me. Man. Where was I? Right. My beer. By the time I cracked it open, it wasn't even a liquid anymore. It was basically a beer slushie. That's how long it took me to find a decent spot to drink it. Can you imagine?

Public outrage over this issue, which has been increasing since December, reached a boiling point this weekend. On January 25th, the City of Pittsburgh declared a state of emergency, with the aim of addressing outdoor inebriation inequity. Political scientists have been quick to point this out as a textbook example of grassroots community sentiment bolstering change on a higher level. While the future of public intoxication remains uncertain, those in power must keep in mind that power ultimately resides in the people.

CMU Professor “Math Rizzler” Confuses Everyone with Gen Z Language

Degai Hupharts
Hip with the kids

The first couple weeks of classes have finished, and rumors have begun to spread. Some complain about classes due to the volume of homework, the high weight of the exams, or the fast speed of the class. One professor, however, takes the cake for the worst rumors spread, and none of the standard complaints apply to him. Despite solely teaching Gen Z students, the self-proclaimed “Math Rizzler” is rumored to give lectures that are so packed with Gen Z language that they are nearly incomprehensible.

Hence I decided to sit in on Professor Rizzler’s 21-267 “Skibidi Differential Equations.” I was pleasantly surprised by how intelligible he was, barring a fair sprinkling of cringe-worthy moments. He began, “What up, my dogs?” He hit the dab. Nobody liked it. “There’s an exam in two weeks, deal with it. Worth 15% of your grade. You lowkey should get grinding if you want to be a differential equations rizzler, am I right?” Silence. “Anyway, let’s pick up where we left off on autonomous differential equations. I gotta activate math mode.” He turned his back to the class, and started making ‘beep boop’ sound effects for a few seconds. When he stopped, he stood perfectly quiet and still. Slowly he approached the board, wrote an equation, and turned to face the class. No more nonsense: he was in math mode. He looked calm and professorial, opened his mouth and said “Let skibidi be sus. Vibe checking this rizzerential equation, bro yeets the skibidi. Then we do be vibin’.” Holy fuck. This guy took Gen Z slang to a new level. It was terrifying. And awesome. “Hence we take the skibidi rizz, not the rizz skibidi, baby shark implicit function. Gyatt.” There were just seven other students attending Rizzler’s class in all of McConomy auditorium. Three were furiously taking notes and three were on their phones not paying attention, or maybe recording the spectacle. But the remaining one. This curious student sat back, relaxed. The professor continued, “Hence the implicit function do be bussin’ no cap, questions?” The one student had the audacity to raise her hand and ask “But to yeet the skibidi, shouldn’t the skibidi rizz be substituted for alpha in the Baby Gronk case? So for Baby Gronk the implicit function do not be bussin’, am I sigma?” Rizzler responded “Hmm . . . Intelligent . . . Bet.” Amazing. She had somehow cracked the code. The student went on saying “Aight imma head out. I gotta go goblin mode on dat skibidi toilet no cap.” After Skibidi Differential Equations class ended with Rizzler beating up a Labubu, as he supposedly does every class to exit math mode, I talked to the student who asked the question (who had just gotten back from the bathroom). I asked her what she thought of Professor Rizzler. She responded “He’s a master. Bro speaks from the heart and griddies on the haters. He may seem highkey cringe to the grademaxxers, but the rizzlers understand. Traditional communication shall not impede mathematical progress. Rizzler is an innovator.” My opinion on Rizzler changed. The student’s argument was convincing. Could it be that Rizzler is just too GOAT-ed for a general audience? Maybe. The student continued, “I’m also his daughter.”

It is impossible to publish a truly funny article in Reasme, or a long joke in a short format, or in general, any joke not related to CMU. I have discovered a truly marvelous joke, which this margin is too narrow to contain.
Pierre de Fermat (MCS '29)
January 15, 1637

Modern technology comes for us all

Bertie Wooster
Mourning a lost, noble art

Dr. Wittol requires little introduction, though he insists on one out of modesty. Indeed, one suspects he would have no objection to being introduced twice, thrice, or even into perpetuity, provided there were brief pauses for applause. A couple’s therapist, he was a modern Cupid, winged by the arms of his plush green directors’ chair, armed with a Staples laser pointer rather than a quiverful of arrows—though both are guaranteed to set people of all genders quivering. Today, he does his work behind voice calls and LED screens. Where did it go wrong?

Enter Ben and Susie; now a historical relic, once Wittol’s clientele. Ben, a man whose emotions span the range from mildly perplexed to vaguely unaware, sits there in his office somewhat confused as to what exactly will happen. He is prepared to listen, perhaps to nod. Susie, on the other hand, awaits with bated breath, an unfortunate habit given the intense cardio fate has in store for her.

Cue a few awkward introductions (as if all of this information had not been provided by Susie in the preliminary Google Form), some foregrounding by Dr. Wittol, a frantically infinite period of undress, and they are off!

“Observe,” Dr. Wittol intones, at which point a red dot springs to life and begins dancing over Susie’s tense shoulder like a firefly on a splendid summer’s night. “The center of our tension. Ben, could you engage that region with a bit more . . . resolve?” He is endlessly calm in his throne, positioning his patients like fine fruits in a still life. The art will come, so very soon.

Ben’s internal monologue comes in syncopated beats. It’s a shoulder. Her shoulder. It’s a shoulder with a dot. The dot is red. But The Chair is green. Ah, yes. The Chair.

Ben has been making a valiant effort not to look at it, to focus on Susie and her soft shoulder, but this proves about as effective as ignoring his own inadequacies. For before them—and before many others before them—looms The Cuck Chair, vast and plush and greener than Susie’s moderately blue eyes. Dr. Wittol occupies it, reclining in a manner suggesting both authority and excellent lumbar support.

After a few minutes of febrile attempts, Dr. Wittol offers a change of pace. The suggestion is delivered lightly, as all life-altering suggestions should be. Just a small shift, a reorientation, no need to frighten the horses. He would leave the room. Ben would take the chair. And in would come a Bull.

The Bull. More a tool than a person, really: a demonstration of the potential of a more perfect lover. Nothing so crude as competition is implied; this is a natural step, allowing all parties to assume their proper roles rather than continue this tired charade. Forms are distributed and signed with a quiet efficiency, and the act between Susie and the Bull soon begins, Ben watching.

No one speaks. Indeed, the rhythmic strength of the Bull is such that, combined with the lush furnishings of The Chair he now occupied, it lulled Ben into a pleasant torpor. He was not sleeping, Ben would later insist to the Bull, merely resting his eyes to conserve energy for the intense emotional processing to come.

The bull accepts this without comment. He, Kevin, is a professional; an aloof contractor, like a plumber or those people who calibrate bowling lanes. He long ago learned that silence is part of the job. And what a demanding job it is! So much depends upon a muscle-bound bull glazed with sweat atop a nervous wife, and so the Bull must be perfect. His hands are light and nimble. He never stops. He fucks in laser light and in the shadow of watching cuckolds. He knows this art, his place in the performance, better than any. He never stops, the Bull. He says that he will never fucking stop fucking.

This is, however, his very last valiant fucking. All this effort and bravado is in vain.

The Bull is behind the times. The future has arrived in the form of virtual guidance: now, experienced guides direct the participant at a distance, a helping hand seeing through GoPro and directing through earpiece. Observation, once the refuge of the sexually underqualified, is now a task for the professional. Those once confined to watching—accepting a mediocre side part for the excellence of the final production—may now be actively coached by professionals boasting unclear experience and overbearing opinions.

The Bull finds this perverse, stating his “disgust over having [his] work marginalized by those who would prefer to normalize their own obviously abnormal, frustrated condition rather than accept their natural roles as cuckolds.” Though the language employed is perhaps even more virile than the Bull at his best, as if to compensate for his newfound sexual unemployment, it is hard to disagree with this sentiment. The certain magic—of Dr. Wittol’s office, his chair, and his noble contractor—has vanished. But progress marches on, heedless of dignity or tradition. If it is any consolation, somewhere deep in The Chair’s generous upholstery, the noble and slightly milky smell of the past still lingers.

First ever PI- Parent conferences

Vincent
A pleasure to have in lab

Carnegie Mellon University held the world's first ever PI – Parent conference this week, allowing principal investigators to meet one-on-one with parents of graduate students to discuss research progress, work habits, lab space conduct, social development, as well as home environment.

University officials said the initiative was introduced in response to strong demands from both PIs and parents. Several PIs requested the conferences after observing patterns of procrastination, lab misconduct, and interpersonal conflicts that they describe as “developmentally consistent with middle schoolers.” “You would expect them to behave like adults,” said a professor supportive of the initiative, “But a lot of the behaviors we observe in the lab space aren’t that different from what you’d expect at a much earlier developmental stage. I have this particular student who likes to draw stick figures on other students’ lab coats.” Multiple parents also expressed their demands by contacting departments asking whether their children were “on track,” “still passionate,” and “able to make friends in the lab.”

The initiative was announced last week, at which point graduate students were asked to provide their parents’ contact information to their respective PIs. Conferences were then held throughout the week, with PIs meeting privately with the parents in their offices while the students were ordered to wait quietly outside. Parents reportedly welcomed the opportunity to receive direct feedback on their children’s behavior and work habits, while PIs expressed optimism that the conversations would help reinforce motivations and accountability in the lab, despite spending much of the meeting explaining the nature of the students’ research.

Several students, however, expressed concern about returning home or contacting their parents following the meetings. “I’m probably not going to talk to my parents for a while,” said one student, who was waiting outside the PI’s office during the conference, “Not after they have learned that I’ve been drawing stick figures all over other students’ lab coats.”

University officials said the pilot program showed promising results and will be expanded next semester, with plans to introduce meetings between deans and professors’ parents to discuss faculty progress and development.



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

This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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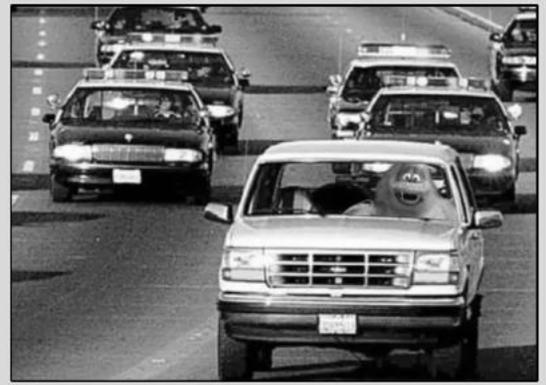
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As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB
See ya next time!

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
**ISABELLE
FLORENCE**



THE YETI (DID NOT KILL ANYBODY IN 1959)

“The cast and crew of *Russian Yeti: The Killer Lives* can burn in hell.”

- The Yeti, on *Russian Yeti: The Killer Lives* (2014)

In the February of 1959, a group of hikers in the Ural Mountains of Russia were attacked by something inhuman. Eyes and tongues were surgically removed, and by the end, 9 hikers laid dead, strewn across Dyatlov pass. In 2014, a certain History Channel documentary attempted to dramatize the narrative by scapegoating the peaceful man of the mountain, the Yeti. Now that Pittsburgh is officially comfortable weather for our Yeti friend, he came to ReadMe headquarters to set the record straight in the press. “Eyes and tongues are not my thing. That should have been the first giveaway,” he explained. “That’s some real perverse shit. If I had done that, I would have gone for the feet; that was my calling card at the time. I wasn’t even in Russia at the time. In the winter, I’m almost always in Florida playing Mahjong with my group of old Jewish ladies. They can testify.”

“It’s fucked up to use a real life tragedy in a fictionalized manner, using a cryptid’s name to undermine what really happened, the loss of 9 innocent lives,” said the Yeti, tears in his eyes. “You know who I did kill, though? OJ Simpson’s wife. Long story.”

Stop asking where I'm from

Bertie Wooster
One of a million

So I've just met you. Maybe we're standing in line for La Prima. Or we're next to each other in recitation. Anyways, we're chatting casually. Name, year, major, and then you drop the question: "Where are you from?"

I'm sure you thought it was oh-so harmless. Just small talk. A tidbit of basic info.

Fuck you. Seriously, fuck you. Now I have to stammer out a self-deprecating joke about 'being not like the other Bay Area students'.

Just because I'm a math major, just because I have a secret desire to transfer to SCS and make an obscene amount of money, just because my parents have an obscene amount of money, just because I have no social skills, it doesn't mean I'm like the other Bay Area students.

The moment I say those two accursed words, I can see the little gears in your mind whirring and developing unconscious biases, dragging in all your cultural baggage. This is how implicit classism spreads.

And, if you don't ask me, I won't ask you either. Because if you're yet another Bay Area student, you're a soulless drone I have to compete with. And if you're from New York or New Jersey? Same thing, different timezone.

But if you're from, like, Ohio or Florida, c'mon. My parents aren't paying 97k a year for me to socialize with hillbillies and rednecks. But what I don't know can't hurt me, so just don't ask, don't tell.

Maybe one day, if I trust you, I'll casually slide it into conversation. We'll be talking about the weather or our parents or any one of a million topics and I'll bring it up. Casually, naturally, like it's no big deal, because it isn't.

I don't demand extra respect for having made it through a world-class high school and competing with the best of the best, nor for being remarkably whole in spite of the crushing workload I had to endure. But if I think it will benefit me for you to know that, I'll tell you.

Until then, though, it stays a secret.

Sincerely,
A Student from the Bay Area