

Volume V

Issue III

KCB PRESENTS

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Editor in Chief:
Eshaan Joshi

MLM vs MLM vs MLM: Everything YOU need to know

Homonculus Bosch
Achieving Praxis

The modern world is filled with confusing new acronyms, and it seems like more crop up every day. The most insidious example is “MLM”, an amorphous concept that no person seems to truly understand and which appears to shift meaning with no regard to context.

I speak, of course, of the following three phrases: multi-level-marketing, man-loving-man, and Marxist-Leninist-Maoist. No user of the acronym MLM can truly know which of these concepts they are referring to, resulting in probably the most deep-reaching misunderstanding of the English language ever recorded in our history.

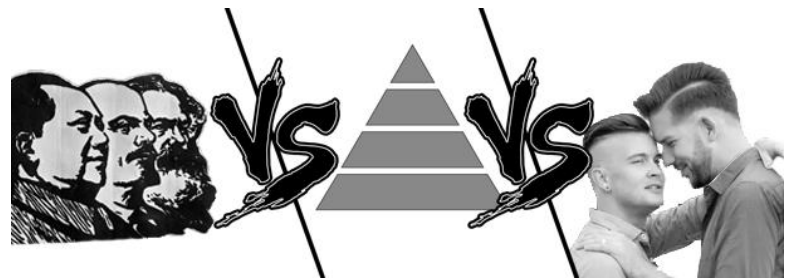
Now, dear reader, let me enlighten you. After much in-depth linguistic research, I have determined that the MLM is, in

fact, but a single concept. Confused? So was I. Allow me to explain.

The MLM is a revolutionary tactic to overthrow the capitalist ruling class through a novel technique where the proletariat engages in small entrepreneurial schemes. This is the new way to consolidate class awareness and shift power to the working class. Each MLM member must induct a set of other similarly minded people to their ideology by selling them an overpriced starter kit of leggings, makeup, Tupperware, or whatever else, giving them the capital to go forth and recruit others until all the oppressed classes are going around and selling a bunch of useless stuff. Oh and also I forgot to mention by “induct” I mean you have to also have a lot of gay sex or none of it works and the revolution will never happen.



CMU excited to present the newly sponsored Pepsi-Pausch Bridge!//Rock Buddy



Navigating funding in the face of budget freezes

Jupiter
Finance Fanatic

On December 4th, the students of Carnegie Mellon voted 97% in favor of freezing the Student Senate budget. As the Senate has scrambled to rewrite the budget, student organizations are exploring alternative ways to receive “Supplemental Funding” in time for their events rather than weeks after. We here at ReadMe are happy to report that an easy and accessible solution has been found. If you’re a student organization struggling to stay afloat in the turbulent political climate of CMU, here’s how you can make some extra club money.

Step 1: Set Up

The first step in making your club’s dreams a reality is finding funding. Now, due to the current budget, you’ll have to forgo Senate and JFC and what some might call “ethical funding methods,” but who cares! If bureaucracy stands in the way of efficiency, I say down with the bureaucracy! We suggest polling your members, seeing what goods they might have to offer. With the overwhelming population of depressed people at CMU, you’re bound to find someone in your organization that has a Prozac prescription. Now, just pawn that off to some guy you met at a shady bus stop one night and voila! Pick up your new found funds from the agreed

upon discreet location.

Step 2: Bypassing Bureaucracy

Now, all this new cash might draw suspicion. You don’t want to get caught up in questions like “how’d you get this money,” “why do my pills keep disappearing,” or “why are you digging around in the dirt between Gates and Newell-Simon.” To bypass this, you’ll want to discretely blend this money into some other revenue source, like the merch you sell on Tartan Connect! Make sure to split the money up into smaller amounts. You want your merch to seem successful but not too successful. It’s even better if you can shuffle it around through your alumni network to even out your profit over time.

Step 3: Cash Out

After the incredibly successful merch drop, simply cash out! Now you have all the money you could ever need to run your club. Maybe one day Senate will get its shit together enough to notice your incredible success but, by then, you’ll be living the good life with all the snacks and supplies you could ever need.

We hope that this simple guide has provided all the small, struggling student organizations (not ReadMe though, we’re loaded) with some hope in these trying times. Best of- ah wait, there’s a knock at the door. Let me get that...

Rejected Headlines #31

- Dick King Mellon? Wasn't that was Carnegie was doing?
- I went back in time and fucked Isaac Newton to prevent calculus, and other shocking confessions.
- Greedy snake oil salesman refuses to make sale.
- Worst performing suicide bomber of 2025 enters second year on job.
- Court rules haunted houses are not acceptable grounds to utilize stand your ground laws.
- I'm only going to be seeing one kind of Python this Valentine's day.
- I'm not homophobic, I'm just homo-weary.
- Remember to tip your TAs!
- Heroic free-speech advocates oppressed by socially ostracized and clearly neurodivergent nerds.
- Presumably Masturbation, or, how I learned to stop worrying and love being sexiled.
- What to do after your mirror rejects your advances.

**All this and more, not in this
issue!**

Opinion: Global Warming Can't Come Soon Enough

Citron

Cranking up the thermostat

Have you ever gone outside and thought to yourself "Wow, it's cold"? Likely not; that was a rhetorical question. However, if you were to hazard a venture outside right now, I imagine you would think that, and that makes us compatriots.

There seems to be a popular trend spread by liberals right now, of bitching and whining about climate change and all of its terrible implications. One cannot help but wonder what it is about global warming that petrifies liberals so. Does its promise of warmth remind them of the warmth with which their mother once caressed them, and such a prospect terrify them? Does its promise of properties acquired cheaply a mile inland becoming valuable beachfronts frighten them? Do they hate Atlantis, Venice, and other such aquatically themed locations of cultural significance?

Here is what I have to say to you, liberals: stop being so conservative. Stop being so resistant to change; let the future come, for you cannot stop it in any case. We are on a trolley barreling

towards destiny, a trolley whose inexpensive Florida properties are guaranteed at least 200% returns, a trolley whose switch puts it not on a path without climate change but a path without liberals.

In the face of such fearmongering as we see now, we must stay factual and logical, and ask the question: how can climate change lead to wildfires and extreme rainfall, droughts and storms? Do these not cancel out? I believe it is clear upon inspection that climate change's effects are not so serious as they may seem (on average). Among the millions of species, we will not miss a few (especially the kind found in the Arctic and Antarctica, nobody goes there anyway). The Pittsburgh winter, we can all agree, could definitely use a few degrees extra. And my properties a mile inland in Florida, or actually those belonging to anyone, well, if they happen to have a hike in value, nobody's complaining. That's not the important thing, though.

So, dear reader, the question I pose to you: How many liberals does it take to change a climate? I say none: It only takes you.

So you want to TA a class

Gilgamesh

Takes his job way too seriously

Like many CMU students, you may have seen the 15-112 TAs decked out in their bright blue hoodies, haunting Gates 5. While their swag is atrocious, their aura is undeniable. To obtain this aura, you need to become a TA.

Many students expect their TA duties to be relatively straightforward: answer Ed posts, hold office hours, grade homework, teach a recitation or two. However, this is just surface level TA work. In order to be a true TA, you need to be doing much more.

Before you apply to be a TA, you should be proficient with at least 3 different weapons. Ideally, you also should carry 3-7 ninja stars on your person at all times in case you run out of ammunition. On my first day of TA training, I was handed a gun and told to shoot any laptop with an LLM open to protect the minds of students from the evils of AI. It is imperative that you can quick draw from

your holster or boot in any situation.

As a TA, you should also wear your TA hoodie every single day. Not only does this signal to students that you are serious about your job, but it also reminds everyone around you that you are employed and much cooler than them. I recommend wearing the same hoodie every single day for a semester before you even touch a TA application form.

In order to be a good TA, you should know the class you're TAing for inside and out. Because of that, I recommend taking the class 5-6 times to gain an understanding of the course materials. You should be able to recite any lecture word for word when a student comes to you asking for advice. To be an ideal TA you should have at least a PhD level understanding of the course you're TAing for. A PhD only takes around 5 years, so it should be a no-brainer to get one before applying to be a TA.

Oh, also, having a good relationship with the professor of the class you're looking to TA also helps.



Fall in love with your job

Get paid to stalk your ex

5 Inessential oils every parent doesn't need

Violet R. Blu

Multi-Level Warketer

Cold and flu season is fast approaching, and many mamas are wondering how to keep their littles healthy. If that sounds like you, then you've come to the right place! In my seven years as a Platinum Distributor at GaiaLife, I've learned that oils have a special power. Give any healthy child some essential oils, and they'll be healthy in no time. Before you turn to Big Pharma this winter, I'd like to share my alternative medicine hacks. Without further ado, here are the top 5 inessential oils that mamas are saying they can live without!

Number 1: Peppermint Oil. When combined with 8-10 hours of sleep, this oil will give you and your kids enough energy to last the whole day. If you have school-aged children, it'll help them focus better in class (unless they have ADHD, in which case blue meth is your only option).

Number 2: Jojoba Oil. This oil is a natural moisturizer, replenishing the skin barrier and hydrating your pores. It even eliminates wrinkles in people ages 0-12. For older mamas, I recommend using it in conjunction with other anti-aging products like a shovel or a gravestone.

Number 3: Rosemary Oil. This oil boosts memory, helping you and your littles stay on top of all the things you need to do throughout the day. ReadME's parenting division, MomME, conducted a study asking a newborn baby to identify flashcards twice after consuming rosemary oil. He got 0/16 right both times, suggesting a 100% retention rate. Don't forget about this feisty little oil!

Number 4: Cedarwood Oil. This oil is the best natural sleep aid for children.**

**The best safe natural sleep aid for children. As some readers are aware, I wrote an article last year stating that "the best natural sleep aid for children is a square-on blow with a cast iron skillet". After an enriching discussion with CPS, I realized that cedarwood oil is much more gentle (although not nearly as effective).

Number 5: Bergamot Oil. This oil has calming effects, so say goodbye to stress! After two weeks of diffusing bergamot oil, my entire family is much more relaxed. My kids haven't made a peep since I went out to buy more oils and left the stove on!

I hope this list helps you and your littles make it through the winter exactly as healthy as you were before. Thanks for reading, momsicles!

CAPTURE THE FLAG *with Stuff*



7PM, Feb 13, 2026
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Have you ever realized shit, I look TOO youthful? Have you ever been rejected from ordering copious amounts of alcohol for being "underage"? Well, here at Dave's Rare and Unusual New Kreations, our team of award-winning scientists has discovered a new way to acquire alcohol!

Introducing Anti-Aging Cream! It's a super simple product you put on your face ~~twice~~, **once** a day. This product penetrates deep into your pores, making you look so old that people may think you're a walking zombie! Despite the FDA's claims, this probably isn't battery acid, and our product is known for working across fraternities nationwide! Use code ALCOHOLISM at checkout for a bonus 0.08% off, and tell them your friends at ReadMe sent you!

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Freshman Randomly Selected to Eat Posters off Walls of Wean

Mar K. O.

He has no mouth and he must Wean

Following a year of intense budget cuts, the CMU front office has taken a radical new approach to keeping the designated poster areas clean around Wean Hall. One poor sap has been plucked from the freshman class this winter break and tasked with consuming all papers, posters, and club-related paraphernalia covering the walls of the beige-bathed building.

Thanks to our 24/7 news crew permanently stationed (not stuck) in the out-of-order Wean elevator, ReadMe snagged an exclusive interview with Cher Redder, the surprisingly unbothered Civil Engineering major responsible for carrying out the directives of the administration.

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**Good evening, Cher. Let's get down to business. Tell us about the selection process for this position – how did it come about?**

Well, I was walking home along Fifth after my Calc 1 final when a small black dog jumped out of a bush next to me, put a sack over my

head, and hit me with a hammer until I passed out. Next thing I knew, I woke up inside Wean with snow piled up against the locked doors and all other students home for the holidays. Thankfully, they left me a note explaining the situation, which I had to eat as well.

**Sounds rough.**

Eh. My winter break was going to be research with a grad student about different types of cement, so this is debatably more entertaining. I just feel like the whole abduction bit could have been an email instead.

**How goes the eating itself? Is it challenging?**

You know, it's not so bad. I actually come from a really long line of paper eaters, so this was kind of meant to be. My great-uncle was the moth that the one chick found in the Harvard Mark II. They did take him away to bug jail for felony tax evasion after doing a background check, but hey – if there's digested paper in your blood, consider checking it out.

**Personally, I'd start to get bored after two or three floors. How do you stay focused on the task at hand?**

I'd say balancing out the flavor of the posters is the name of the game. You start to ...

*\*pauses momentarily to take a large bite out of a smashed-up ball of paper\**

... you really start to learn which clubs taste like what, after a certain point. *\*muffled from chewing\** Helpsh you balanshe out the ordering, like a wine tashting. *\*swallows\** CMU Debate? Very sour, like a Warhead. Women's self defense? Quite sweet, with a tangy aftertaste. The Tartan? Completely flavorless. Having a good ordering is really important. Like so!

*At this point, our field reporter sat and watched Ms. Redder crumple up and eat three more posters in complete silence, save the occasional belch.*

**Great. Glad we could watch that. Do you foresee any challenges with eating all these posters?**

Yeah, they're short staffed on master's students this year, so I've got to clean up Gates as well. Some smart aleck keeps leaving up posters in these really hard to reach places all over the Helix – something about a course at 8pm, in a room that doesn't exist? I don't even know anymore. There's one hanging above the La Prima that taunts me whenever I go to grab a tastefully grassy matcha. Guess I'm pulling out the ladder for that one!

**Well Cher, we don't want to hold you up any longer. Thank you for your hard work. Andrew Carnegie would have wanted this.**

~~~

Rumors have circulated that a more aggressive, permanent solution is expected for future years with each grade level electing one male, one female, and one nonbinary candidate to face off in a poster-eating competition to the death. Farnam "Snow" Jahanian has declined to comment.

Also, if you happen to know a way out of Wean's basement, please share this information with the 24/7 news crew.

Local school defends diaper-wearing mascot from furry allegations

Violet R. Blu
On the AnthroCon beat

For schools all over the country, sports mascots represent a sense of school spirit and athletic pride. For Doherty Regional High School, however, their mascot represents something else: the ongoing debate about what constitutes a furry.

In order to investigate the situation, I did some field reporting and attended a DRHS football game. Doherty Regional's home team, the Diaperwolves, played hard and beat the opposing team 23-16. Despite the team's stellar performance, the crowd seemed focused on one thing and one thing only: DRHS's mascot, Desmond the Diaperwolf. Someone, presumably an underpaid gym teacher, stood in front of the bleachers dressed like a wolf. Not just any wolf, though. This wolf sported a giant cloth diaper, complete with working safety pins.

The more I looked, the more I realized that many people attended the games just for Desmond. A slew of young people in fursuits crowded around the poor costume-clad staff member, begging for their Discord handle. One of them offered Desmond a beaded Kandi arm cuff of his likeness. Another produced a sketchbook filled with drawings of Desmond, the contents of which I will not describe further. Curious as to whether this was a regular occurrence, I tracked down the school's principal, Steven Lewandowski, and asked him about Desmond's popularity.

Upon hearing my question, Lewandowski immediately began rubbing his temples. "I don't know who those animal kids are," he said, "but I wish they'd stop coming to games. They're ruining the reputation of our mascot." He went on to explain the rich history of the Diaperwolves. "This town was home to the first diaper factory in America, and we wanted to honor our industrial past. The wolf part was just because wolves are badass. I mean, you'd rather it be a wolf than a gay animal like a penguin. Have you heard what those f—s do in Antarctica?" After being redirected to the topic at hand, Lewandowski offered a statement on behalf of DRHS. "Listen. Our mascot represents the pride that we have in our school and our town. We won't let it be corrupted and turned into something it's not."

Editor's note: Shortly after Ms. Blu conducted her interview, the Desmond costume went missing and was subsequently spotted at a local convention. Steven Lewandowski has been charged with grand larceny.

I joined this club to make friends but everyone's just racist

Bertie Wooster
Mourning a lost, noble art

It was a normal Friday afternoon in September. I could still see the sun back then, before the snow buried campus and the homework buried my spirit. How I miss those days! Anyways, I was walking home from Putnam Seminar, trying to figure out if the party I'd seen on Instagram charging for admission was a scam (it was, as evidenced by the subsequent police tape).

In the middle of The Cut sat a table manned by men. Before I could invent an excuse, I was being introduced to the College Conservatives. They were surprisingly friendly, especially compared to the sign-holding lunatic yelling at them nearby.

Thursday rolled around and I showed up to a meeting. I had nothing better to do and no one to talk to, which I now realize was the target demographic. An hour in, the meeting ended and—without anyone standing up, leaving, or so much as blinking—the Young Americans for Freedom meeting began, continuing the exact same conversation. It was like the nesting dolls I had as a child but even creepier.

It started with a fairly normal discussion of core American values. You know: freedom, opportunity, McDonalds, semi-automatic rifles, McDonalds, and bald eagles.

Naturally, we drifted to immigration. This is where things got weird. One guy was obsessively focused on the Americanness of Somali immigrants. I'd heard of dog whistles but this was a full-blown foghorn: "I am a nativist" and "it's completely justifiable to ask whether the Minnesotan Somali community is loyal to the US, or just to themselves."

Of course, I'd expected some edgy comments—you know, dehumanizing illegal immigrants or whatever—but not a full-blown manifesto. After the meeting, I was privately reassured that this wasn't representative of the club as a whole. Foolishly, I believed them. I kept attending. Weeks passed without incident. Maybe it was a one-off. Maybe I was overreacting. Maybe the foghorn was broken.

Then they announced a party. Finally! My social investment was yielding dividends. Much of that night is a blur of cheap beer and existential dread but a few moments remain seared in my memory. Perhaps it was the alcohol, but I have a distinct recollection of someone arguing that, if you were to remove African Americans, the US school system would be far better. Therefore, it would make sense to deport them en masse.

Even more confusing, there was someone ranting about how transgenders represent a "degeneration of our imagination." I still don't know what that means, but I'm open to experimenting with some imaginative degeneracy.

Anyway, I left the party early and stopped attending all events and meetings. One day, out of morbid curiosity, I checked their Discord:

"Your country is violent and plagued with violent people from a violent culture who enact violence on the population at insanely disproportionate rates. I don't want them to have guns! If the Constitution says otherwise, then the Constitution should quit"

Scrolling up for context (a mistake) revealed "we need to also address group differences in the process," along with a slew of crime rates by race and discussions of Black culture.

I felt so dirty after this I joined a different, brand-new political club espousing unity. After all, surely they'd be the last people on Earth to promote hateful speech.

The first thing I saw was someone sharing Mein Kampf with the comment "interesting perspective." I'm told that person is now a card-carrying Conservative.

These days, I eat my lunch alone in a Wean bathroom stall. The reels from adjoining cubicles offer an equal level of intellectual discourse, but without any of the problematic statements. The Conservative club, I've learned, isn't a place for debate or friendship. It's a support for people who miss the good old days, days they never lived but sure were better for everyone who matters.



Tales from Beyond Frick Park II

Surely Jacks Son
Stair-crossed lover

The construction of their union was, by all accounts, scandalous. Gates rose first, all brutal confidence and exposed systems. Hillman was slightly sleeker, more speculative, but still almost the mirror image of Gates.

The brutal, pragmatic thrust of Gates penetrated the very shell of the more delicate Hillman, and the campus pretended not to notice. Administrators spoke in soothing euphemisms: integration, interdisciplinary collaboration, shared vision. Students, dirty and horny, knew the truth.

Similarly, contractors reported noises that did not seem structurally sound. Grinding zinc, groaning masonry, clenched rebar. Forms strained and steel sang. It was loud, it was expensive, it was inevitable.

Unfortunately, their love is not perfect.

Gates lives in the now, demanding throughput and performance. The Hillman Center for Future Technology worries about the times to come, the generations they are raising, the ethics panel that hasn't been formed yet. Gates calls Hillman impractical, Hillman calls Gates shortsighted. Through it all, they touch anyway.

Because true connection is about touch, about ventilation systems that force them to share breath, about bridges and corridors, about the moment you realize you are no longer sure where one building ends and the other begins.

By the power of touch, they have become CMU's ultimate power couple. Tour guides skip over this, everyone pretends not to notice, but we all know. 5 million kilowatt-hours a year prove this.

Outside their union, Pausch bridge emerges, standing proud of this love. It looms, pointing towards the rest of campus, as if daring everyone to question the scale of their energy. After the sun sets, it spews strand after strand of color.

In contrast, Helix 1 curls downwards, soft and white and spiraling. A uterus, unmistakably so. Students descend every day, eggs ready to be fertilized with knowledge.

In SCS, we like to pretend everything is rational and computable. Inputs and outputs, proofs and contracts. Gates and Hillman know better. Love can be messy and complicated. Late at night, when campus is quiet, Hillman sometimes asks, half-joking, "Would you still love me if I was a dorm?"



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 way to get through this snow.

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:

Editors: Eshaan Joshi, Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Tali Kirschenbaum, Jupiter, Bertie Wooster, Allyn, Daniel Yin

Cover Art: Alex Werth

Problem Solvers: Daniel Yin, Rock Buddy

Journalists: Bertie Wooster, Homonculus Bosch, Robert "Humping is Funny" Foster, Jupiter, Auntie Readme, Gilgamesh, Violet R. Blu, Handy Manny, Rock Buddy, Citron, Allyn, Isabella Florence, Mar K. O.

Artists: Benner Rogers, Jupiter, Air Conditioner, House Plant, Alex Werth, Violet R. Blu

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Allyn

As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE

I'm sorry.
I can't in good conscience publish an image of an adult man in a diaper.

CHERUBS

The original Cupid died a few hundred years ago, shortly after the invention of the gun. Cherubs who have chosen to follow in Cupid's footsteps strongly dislike being called Cupid, especially after allegations surfaced of him working under Genghis Khan and subsequently creating 8% of the population of Asia. As an attempt to rebrand in 1910, not because of Genghis Khan's problematic actions, but rather because of the anti-Asian racism of the time, Cupid's followers took up a new name. Unfortunately, we cannot publish this name, as it did become a slur for gay men. Yes, it is the one you are thinking of. Many people would consider cherubs to be "baby angels," but this entirely misinformation. The distinction between cherubs and angels is entirely decided by the coolness of the wings. Cherubs, from a purely scientific perspective have objectively less cool wings, the diaper uniform is secondary. The misconception that cherubs are babies stems from mostly from their appearances in art, as imagery depicting babies in diapers is much more aesthetically palatable than adults in diapers. "People always assume it's either incontinence or a fetish thing," says one 45-year-old cherub who we interviewed. "Of course, for me, it is also a fetish thing, but that's independent to my role, just so we're clear." I was not particularly comfortable continuing the interview.

KGB Presents: Get Boarded, Get Carded

Join us for a night of board games and card games and probably some other games too.

When: Saturday, February 21st at 7pm
Where: POS 145

