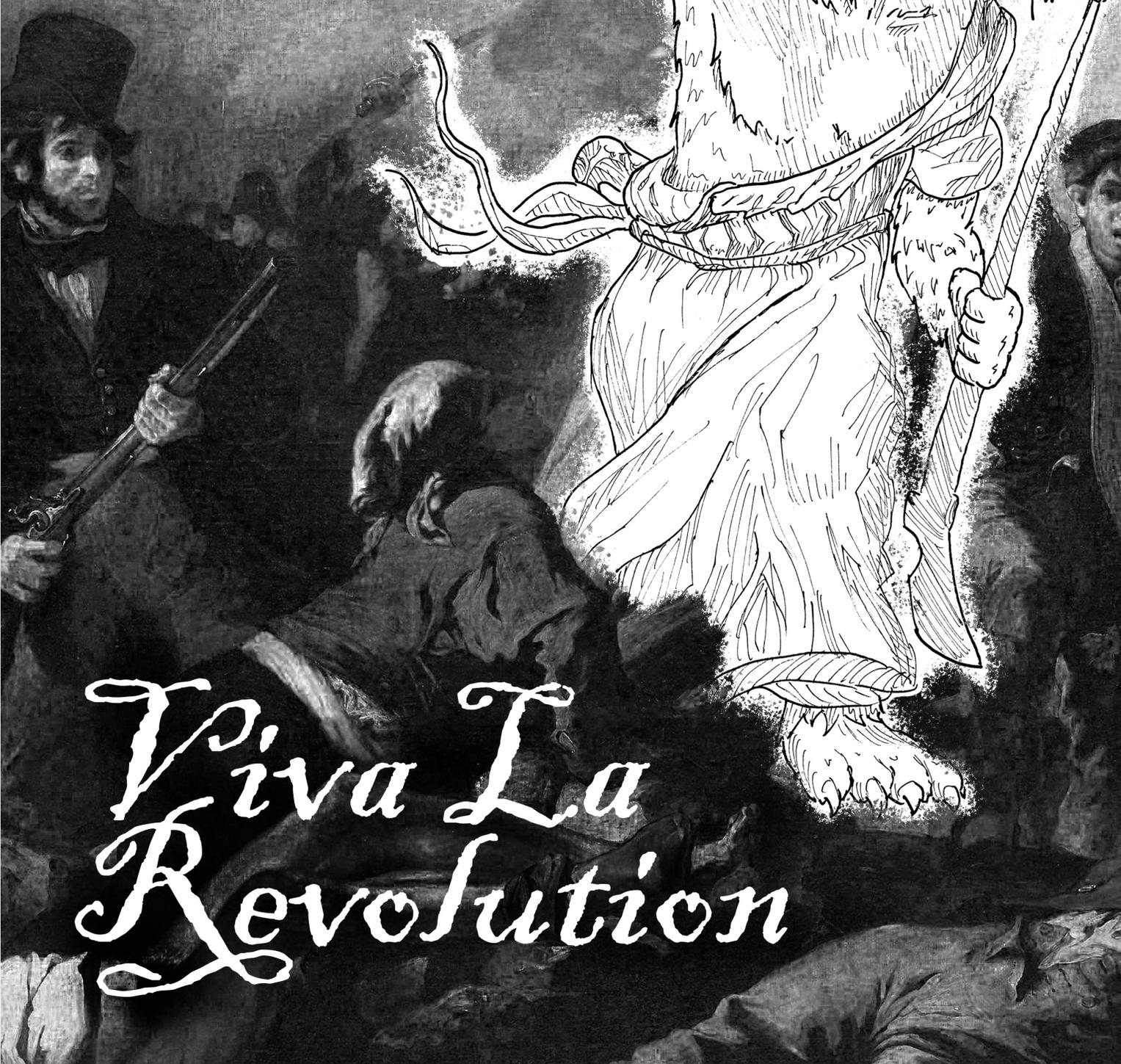


Volume V

Issue IV

KGB PRESENTS

REVOLUTION



Viva La
Revolution

An Editor's Guide to Crushing Students' Spirits

Allyn
Crushing on Freshmen

As an editor of this fine magazine, I spend a lot of time wading through incomprehensible drivel to guide it toward the pinnacle of our satire content: comprehensible drivel. It's a difficult job, one involving strategy and manipulation more so than artfulness or constructive collaboration. When I sit down across the desk from a young writer, I consider the words of the chess grandmaster Magnus Carlsen: "I am trying to beat the guy sitting across from me and trying to choose the moves that are most unpleasant for him and his style."

If you're a TA, this likely sounds familiar. Figuring out what to write in red pen to deliver a maximally crushing blow to a pathetic first-year is something that requires years of practice. So, I sat down with PhD candidate Mark Downapointe, a four-year veteran TA of 21-244, to collect his tips and tricks into a single informative interview.

"So first, you want to master what I call the 'demotivation sandwich,'" Mark told me. "You start by bitterly criticizing a tangible flaw in the student's work. For example, 'this proof is incomprehensible.' Then, you lift their spirits a bit with a compliment. 'You were born with a lot of talent' is a good one, more on that later. That opens the student up a little. Gives them a little self-confidence, which invites vulnerability. Then you ride that wave and follow it up with the second slice of bread. 'But I can tell you don't have what it takes to pursue a bachelor of science in mathematics.'"

Compliments aren't all the same though, Mark warns. You don't want to base your compliments off of the student's hard work. Instead, root all of your praise in fundamental attributes. "You don't want to leave personal growth in the equation. Your student should feel that they have a fixed domain of knowledge and skill outside of their own control. If they aren't succeeding, they need to believe it's an immutable flaw at the core of their very self. Sneaking this in through compliments, ideally from a young age, is how you build up that instinctual response to failure."

It also helps to know your enemy. Most CMU students were in the top few percent at their high schools. They never failed a class, and were likely on the honor roll. "Most kids that come here have never known academic failure. They've never had to confront inadequacy or recognize that learning is a muscle that must be trained. You want to maintain this at all costs. When they start missing lectures, failing exams, dropping letter grades, this needs to strip away the identity they've spent 12 years proudly building as an academic prodigy. Weaponize their sense of self."

I found Mark's refined techniques enlightening, despite his insistence that I am psychologically and constitutionally incapable of attaining his high level of skill. This article's first draft made its rounds among our editors, who loved his advice. One pulled me aside to tell me that while interviews have always been my strength, I just don't have the capacity to make it in the journalism industry. I hope that you too are able to find a use for the tips and tricks contained within this article.

Auntie Readme: Torn between my situationship and 47 feral hogs

Auntie Readme
Has a squealing feeling

Feeling Hogtied: February is the time for renegotiating leases. And, coincidentally, retreading and regretting my love life. I'm currently living in a two-bedroom with a guy who looks kind of like Timothee Chalamet if he were born and raised in the Texas panhandle. Long story short, we flirted a tiny bit, and he suggested that he was maybe considering possibly buying me flowers at some unspecified point in the future. Didn't happen.

I'm looking to find a new place to live, but all the good stuff got snatched up already. My only other option is a one-bedroom shack at the edge of Schenley Park. Now, this would almost certainly be preferable to awkwardly avoiding eye contact with my situationship every time one of us does the dishes or makes food, but the only hiccup is that I'd be sharing the place with the entire hog population of Carnegie Mellon University. What should I do?

Sincerely, Feeling Hogtied

Auntie Readme: Glad to hear from you, Feeling Hogtied. Sounds like you've got quite the conundrum on your hands. Most pig-related species I know are enrolled in some Tepper degree, so I'd imagine the social life would be pretty great. On the other hand, hogs can get pretty loud, which is a pretty sharp contrast to the muffled weeping you probably hear late at night through the walls. I guess the question boils down to this: both situations will be annoying to handle, but only one of them will leave you feeling heartbroken. I'd recommend buying an air freshener for your shack, and maybe an extra big drip pan to catch the inevitable bacon grease.

SIGN NOW



Petition to sacrifice
the Bay Area to
Enlil, ruler of all
Mesopotamian
gods, to save
America from self
destruction.



Rejected Headlines #32

- Does the third amendment let me kick out my ROTC roommate?
- You think you're a leftist? I'm wearing Che Guevara!
- You can disassemble the military-industrial technocomplex after I get a job
- Why can't Israel and Pakistan just get along?
- ECEs flee to suburbs of computer science, citing too many civil engineers
- Nudist Revolution on Campus, 30% of campus disrobes
- ... and it's the ugly 30%
- OpenAI launches new Abacus; Calculator sales drop dramatically
- Transphobes: It's still Constantinople
- The Revolution is coming, just let me get off my SSRIs first
- For the upcoming Readme "Female" Issue: "Susan Be Shopping"
- Student Senate revolts after fourth straight week of tasty pizza at meetings

All this and more, not in this issue!

Tarring and Feathering: The Skincare Hack You've Never Heard Of

Violet R. Blu
Wooden Veneer Tech

If you're anything like me, you've been living through crazy times. Every piece of news from the town crier spikes your cortisol, disgusting soldiers keep asking to sleep with you, and herbal teas have become STUPIDLY expensive. (Seriously, girls. You might as well throw your money in the Boston Harbor.)

All of this stress is a recipe for breakouts. If your face looks like a topographical map of Bunker Hill, you're not alone. We've received postage from readers across the colonies complaining that their skin is more oily than the inside of a musket. To all of these concerned readers: worry no more. I found a revolutionary skincare hack in the most unlikely of places.

The other night, I was walking home from my sewing circle when I stumbled upon a shocking sight. The Honorable Judge Edwin Pendleton (who appeared in last week's issue of *What Not to Wig*) was standing in the town square completely naked. At first, I thought he was filming content for his *OnlyLoyalists* page. Then, the Sons of Liberty emerged to pour tar on his head and stick feathers all over him. As he was crying out in pain, I could only

think of how amazing such a treatment must be for his skin barrier. I wondered if this protest tactic could be used to overthrow the pimples taking root in my face.

On my way home from work the next day, I visited Sir Pendleton in the hospital. He seemed a bit shaken up from the incident, but his skin was positively glowing. I've never seen anyone look so smooth. Granted, he did howl like a wraith at the slightest touch, but I'm a firm believer that beauty is pain.

When I got home, I decided to try this hack on my own skin. I poured hot pine tar all over my face, then added some quail feathers for the true spa experience. I couldn't wait to see the results.

Unfortunately, not everything went as planned. The tar burned my eyes to crisps, so I was sadly unable to see the results. When I asked my colleagues at *Ye Olde Beautie Press* how I looked, they said my skin was "purer than a virgin on the Sabbath" and that "Benedict Arnold would switch teams again if you asked him to come to your cottage". Even though there are definitely risks, tarring and feathering is so worth it. If you want to declare independence from breakouts, then this hack is just Common Sense.

THE BILL OF COMMANDMENTS

I: I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no laws abridging the freedom of speech unless they have other gods before me.

III: Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain unless soldiers want thou to quarter them without thy consent.

V: Honor thy father, thy mother, and thy right to not testify against thyself or be tried for the same offense twice.

VII: Thou shalt not commit adultery unless thou wouldst like to face a trial by jury.

IX: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor for having rights not written in this Bill.

X: Thou shalt not covet the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, for they are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

II: A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the destruction of any graven images, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

IV: Remember the right of the people to be secure in their possessions against searches and seizures. No warrants shall issue on the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

VI: Thou shalt not kill, but if thou dost kill, thou hast the right to a speedy and public trial.

VIII: Thou shalt not steal, nor shalt thou inflict excessive bail or cruel and unusual punishment on someone for stealing.

Everyone can agree that America is currently in a time of crisis. People refuse to help their neighbors simply because they posted a questionable take on the town Facebook page. Political violence runs rampant — yesterday at the grocery store, a guy flicked off my "Don't Tread On Me" hat (he apologized, but it was clearly politically motivated based on his painted nails). I believe this slowly mounting civil war is caused by one thing: the separation of church and state. Our founding fathers, while having absolutely no other moral shortcomings, erroneously thought that freedom of religion is one of America's core tenets. However, this clearly contradicts the first commandment! Thus, I have undergone the monumental task of creating a new code for our country to follow by merging the two most important documents in the world.

Loving God and Country // Nott N. Annagramm

Drop Punch Card



Drop five courses,
get an additional
course off for free!⁽¹⁾

Carnegie
Mellon
University

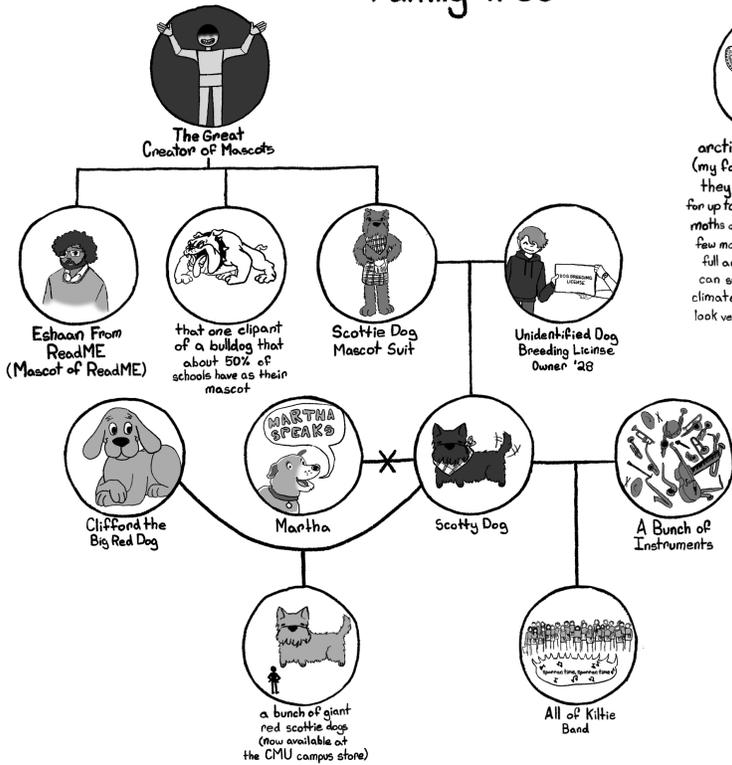
(1): Dropped course voucher must be exchanged with student academic advisor within five (5) business days of dropping courses



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

Hypothesized Scottie Dog Family Tree



arctic woolly bear moth (my favorite type of moth) they live as caterpillars for up to 7 years where most moths only live as larvae for a few months before becoming full adult moths, they also can survive in super cold climates and generally just look very cute and fluffy :)

It's Gone

Nott N. Annagramm
[Insert Byline Here]

2:33 PM

It's the day before printing. Time to finally write that article the editor-in-chief keeps asking me for. Let me just check the pitch tracker to see what I'm supposed to write about... huh, it's just a blank spot next to my name. That's weird. Our secretary's usually pretty good at his job, and everyone else has a pitch. Oh well, guess I'll just have to slack off for a couple more hours.

4:09 PM

I messaged the editor-in-chief, and he said I wasn't writing anything for this issue. I swear I was tagged in the browbeating, but I went back to check and my name wasn't there. He also said I wasn't at the most recent pitch meeting. I know I was there, but I don't particularly remember anything that happened in it. I'll just hope it's not an error on their end.

9:06 PM

I decided to check for articles in need of editing, but the shared drive wasn't there. I opened Discord to ask if I was accidentally removed, but the server wasn't there either. As a last resort, I emailed the editor-in-chief. This was the reply I got back:

"Who are you? I would never run a satire newspaper here. It would compete with our beloved Tartan – our incredible student news organization that has both incredible journalism and biting wit! You should join us instead if you're interested."

4:45 AM

I've been up all night – I don't care if there are classes tomorrow, I need to solve this, whatever "this" is. I've been searching for some kind of evidence, but I don't know where to look or what to look for. I kept gravitating towards the Wean Hall computing clusters for some reason, but a custodian asked me to leave. Every building is closed now. I give up.

11:27 AM

I wake up in my own bed. It feels unsettling for some reason, even though I've lived here for as long as I can remember. My mom walks in. "Gee, you sure slept in! Are you ready for breakfast?" I bolt upright. "Oh God, I missed a lecture! And I'm gonna be late for first year writing!" The words seem so natural leaving my lips even though I don't understand them. My mom looks confused. "What, did you have a nightmare about college? No wonder you decided not to apply!"

Genealogists have been left with more questions than answers // Air Conditioner

A 213 student's guide to the subtle distinction between yaoi and bl

Allyn
Eshaan Fujoshi

If you've taken one of the many Intro to Computer Systems courses (15/18-x13, or 213 for short), you've likely encountered a little thing we in the community call "bl" for short. You've probably also encountered yaoi. Some people argue these are the same thing, while others argue they're completely different, and yet more insist on nuanced and overlapping definitions. This article aims to set the record straight.

Let's start with the structure of 213. There are two weekly lectures and a weekly recitation. Lecture attendance is ungraded. A weekly quiz-style homework makes up a small percentage of the grade and a midterm and final make up more significant portions of it. But perhaps the most critical type of assignment is its numerous infamous labs. Just their names alone will send shivers down the spine of every prospective Hewlett-Packard applicant. Attack lab. Cache lab. And of course, malloc lab.

Saying the full name of the labs gets tiresome, so we started abbreviating them some time in the mid-2000s. Instead of

malloc lab, just say ml. Instead of data lab, just say dl. If you're bad at using bitwise binary operators and your lab grade is irrevocably fucked, you might say you're "fucking on the dl." But no abbreviation is used as often as "bl," short for bomb lab.

The other abbreviation you'll hear for bomb lab originates from 213's interesting relationship with systems courses at other universities. Many of the labs were designed only as a base which professors worldwide could adapt and build off of. The original bomb lab was much different from the one used at CMU today, leading to its more old-fashioned nickname: Yet Another Opaque Interactable, or "yaoi."

Thus, from this brief history, you can see that yaoi is a specific subset of bl. All yaoi is bl, but not all bl is yaoi. Neither term is more or less correct to describe the modern 213 bomb lab, but yaoi carries more specificity.

Hopefully this article provides an enlightening summary of an often-missed distinction between these terms. The 15/18-x13 community is stronger than ever, and whether you call it yaoi, bl, or just bomb lab, you're on track for a good few hours of satisfaction.

KGB Presents:



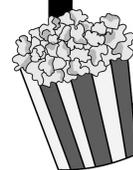
Movie Night



Celebrate the arrival of spring break by coming to watch a movie!

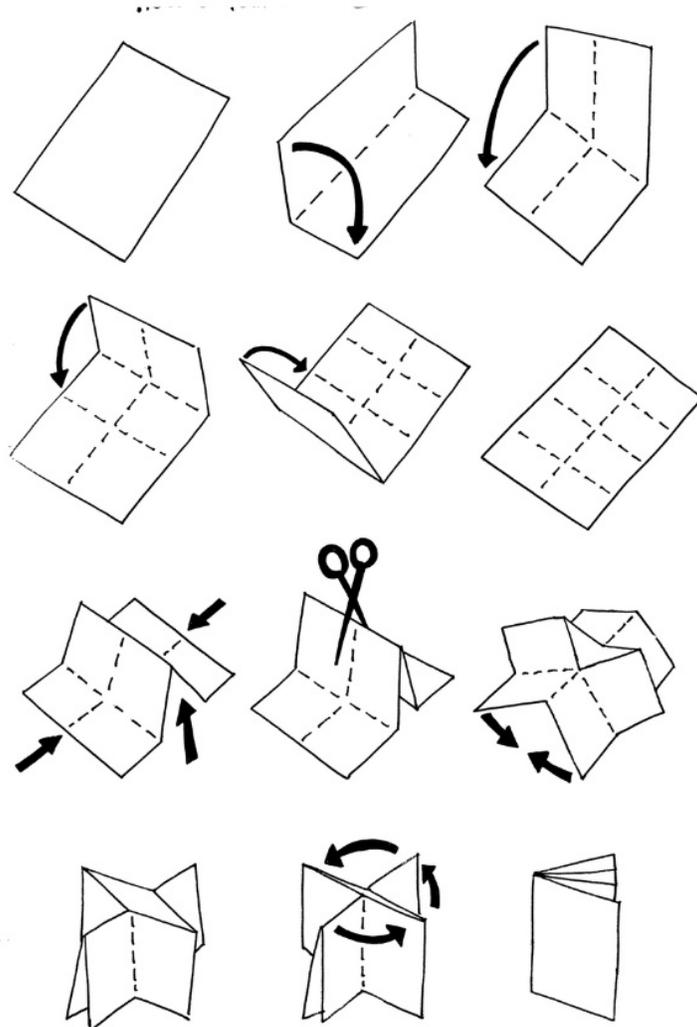
When: 2/27 at 7PM

Where: MM A14.



Hey You!

**Need a leg up in booth or buggy this year?
Use this page and follow the direction below to
create your very own:
ReadMe's Field Guide to Sabotage!**





ReadMe

Field Guide to Sabotage

So, you've noticed that CMU's annual Spring Carnival is right around the corner. Maybe you've also noticed the midterm season slump that's hit campus, stopping boisterous spring semester plans in their tracks. You've noticed that your competition for booth and buggy just keeps chugging along while you've been left in the dust. And now you hear a voice from deep inside your psyche, calling you to take action, to commit sabotage?

Luckily, here at ReadMe, we have no conscience and are proud to bring you this guide to sabotaging your least favorite booth or buggy org this spring!

Happy Carnival!

Now, get out there and win that 1st place prize!

We here at ReadMe hope you have found this guide informative and inspirational.

Tip 1:

Pour All Their Paint on the Fence
Have you noticed a booth's plywood is looking especially good this year? This tip may be for you!

Simply sneak into their student workshop (don't forget to bring a buddy so that you never work alone). Once there, dig through the piles of random junk to locate their best paint. Then, simply wait until midnight before dumping it all over the fence. Maybe smear a little message on there for them while you're at it.

their buggy career is over.

height, they'll soon realize they might be screaming in excitement about the new favorite drivers away for a fun night of bone sawing. Though wouldn't they? Sneak your least racers if all their drivers suddenly grew a few inches, be hard pressed to find new inside the vehicles. They would be hard pressed to fit the shortest, smallest people to fit Buggy relies on finding the help you win this race day.

Tip 2:

Extend All Their Wall Frames
Did the paint trick not work? Well, we have another booth-themed tip for you!

Go back to the student workshop (with your buddy of course) and gather all the loose wood you can find. Now, use it to tack on a few extra inches to their wall structures. Once on the Midway, they'll be realizing their walls look barren a little too late.

motherfuckaaaa" as you throw them.

at your target pusher. For extra pizzazz, shout "Read this is fired, throw all the ReadMes amassed. When the start signal is fired, throw all the ReadMes copies of ReadMe you've ready with the hundreds of stands. On race day, stand ReadMe from the designated collect the latest copy of buildings on campus and Go around to all the major of ReadMes

Tip 3:

Mount Deployable Wings to Their Buggy
Moving onto our best Buggy tips!

For this tip, ... enter... your least favorite buggy shop bringing along your best aerodynamic material. Mount this material and hook it up to a remote control. On race day, pull the lever to deploy the wings and watch as your enemies take flight bringing awe to the crowd but certainly not winning any medals.
As an extra step: Marvel in your own engineering genius for creating the first flying buggy.

Auntie Readme: I want to get back with my ex!

Auntie Readme

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes

Free Bird from DC: Hey Auntie, I think I've hit a rough patch in my life. It's February and all this talk of love and relationships has got me all torn up. See, it's been a rough year. I've just been feeling like shit. I keep blowing up at all my friends, friends I've been close with for decades! My deteriorating love life is certainly not helping.

Recently I've been thinking about my ex. What I see of her life seems so perfect! She broke up with that weird polycule she was a part of and started working on herself. She's completely changed her political compass and is focusing on her own self improvement. It reminds me so much of when we were together.

Now, I know we were far from perfect. I know people thought we were a crazy couple. I told her she was controlling and needed to get off my ass about paying the bills. She made me pay crazy rent, made me tolerate her weird friends, and she did burn all of my shit when we broke up, but nobody's perfect! People like to mention our age gap, she may be 1099 years old, but I'm 250, it's all legal! I dumped her (tea in the bay) because I thought I could do better, but now that I've amounted to nothing, I see I was wrong.

So, should I call her? I really think we could be something again.

Sincerely, Free Bird

Auntie: Thank you for writing, Free Bird.

It sounds like you're in quite the situation. To me, it sounds like you have some personal issue to work out before jumping into a relationship. Maybe try addressing some of those inner riots you feel. Then, maybe reconnect with this special someone as a friend. Build up a rapport before trying to pursue something more. Consider an exchange of goods, like jewelry or oil. As you get to know her better again, make sure you declare your independence and set your boundaries from the beginning. Maybe draw up some sort of constitution to establish the expectations of the relationship. Good luck, love!

This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Allyn

As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB

See ya next time!

The Spinning Jenny is sapphic, actually.

House Plant

Yuri on Wheels

The story you've been told about the Spinning Jenny is a lie.

Years of queer erasure and the narratives of straight men have hidden the true lesbian love story that is the Spinning Jenny. While your history books tell you that it was a yarn-spinning device invented by James Hargreaves, this is a lie. The true inventor of Jenny? Why, Jenny, of course.

Jenny may have pretended to be careless when she dropped a spinning wheel on its side, but she was actually a mechanical genius, enabling the eight-spindled invention that would revolutionize the cotton industry.

When it came time to recruit mill workers, Jenny had a curious request: women should be the ones to operate the machines. Why? Because it takes a woman's eye, she reasoned, to understand the mystical anatomy of the Spinning Jenny. Men could not be expected to find the pressing wire.

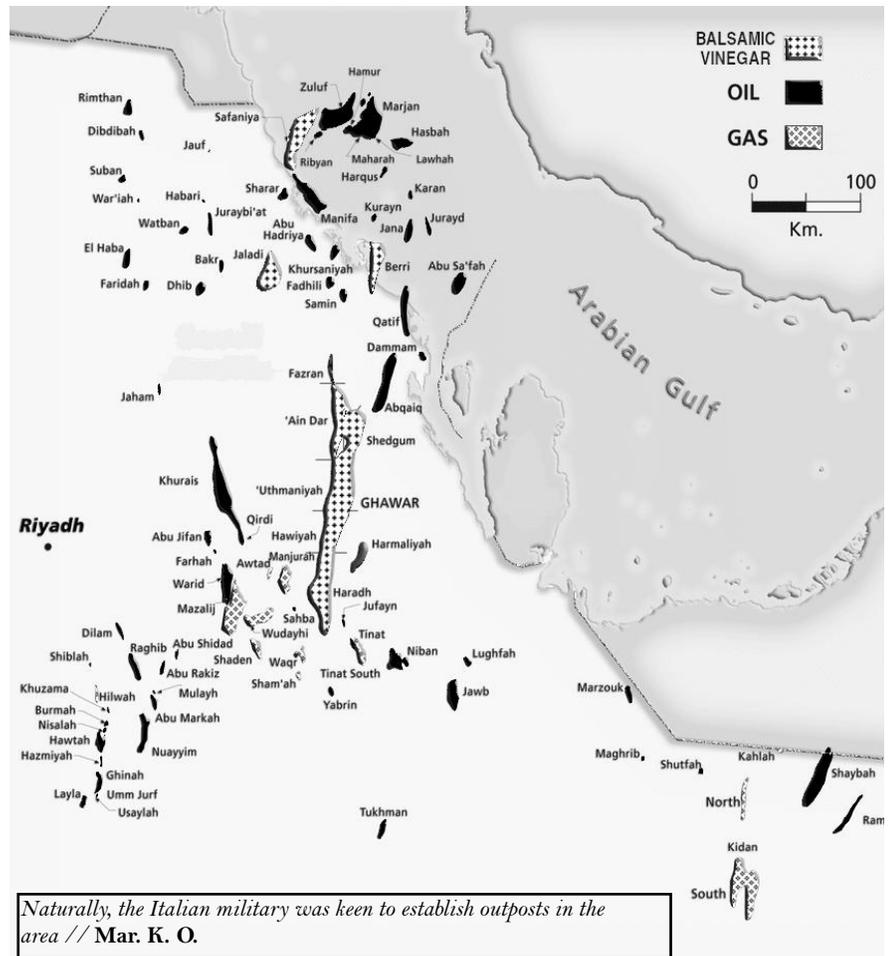
And so it was. Hundreds of mill girls came to work, coaxing the spindles around with a firm, gentle pressure. They'd run their hands along the threads, marvelling at the soft texture of the yarn, and slide

those middle and index fingers between the folds of the finished fabric to ensure their impeccable quality.

Soon, a camaraderie grew between the mill girls. Some women, especially close, would run the same machines together, hand in hand as they watched the spindles undulate. They'd stare deeply into each others' eyes as they worked and touch each others' hair to practice handling rovings. So often, they'd go home and show each other the benefits of increased finger dexterity, taking their new salaries and bidding farewell to their husbands before moving in together.

Men, so fed up with the sapphic paradise the Spinning Jenny had created, were quick to try and replace it. First came the Spinning Mule, because homophobes rather have bestiality than queer love. Then came the Slubbing Billy, to erase the achievements of women.

And Jenny? Many claim she didn't exist, that James Hargreaves had no wives or daughters with that name. They fail to consider that, perhaps, James was actually Jenny all along. As with Stonewall, there will always be trans women behind every revolution; The industrial one is no exception.



Top Secret: 2027 Chartwells Dining Concepts

Allyn
[REDACTED]

This confidential document was given to us by an insider within Chartwells, the division of Compass which provides food to colleges instead of prisons. Our staff has chosen to publish it unaltered.

2027 CARNEGIE MELL dining concepts

Confidential; no disclosure permitted

Concept 1: Water Chestnut

Proposed location: Cohon Center, 2nd Floor Marketplace

Salads featuring locally sourced greens and your choice of up to 2 toppings (wet or dry).

Concept 2: Marge's Pizza

Proposed location: Cohon Center, 2nd Floor Marketplace

Healthy pizza served cold by the slice with a variety of sauces.

Concept 3: H. Guyford Coffee Co.

Proposed location: Baker Hall

Drip coffee and international pastries in a grab-and-go format. Open daily from 8:30 AM to 11:00 AM (8:45 AM on weekends).

Concept 4: Hot Cross Buns

Proposed location: Posner Hall, in place of The Exchange

A variety of pre-warmed bleached flour buns, 2 per block. Cold water available upon request.

NOTE: Potential for increased margins for FY 2028 by uncrossing buns or reducing to 1 bun per block. Dependent on inflation, global supply trends. (Do not publish this paragraph)

Concept 5: Ciao Bella Express*

Proposed location: Cohon Center, 1st Floor

A pared-down selection of pastas and sauces.

* Is not actually faster than the current Ciao Bella, but gives you less food. (Do not publish the asterisk or this note)

Concept 6: Ham 'n' Cheese Deli

Proposed location: A Walkable 40 Minute Drive North of Campus

A family-owned-style establishment serving sub sandwiches, bagged chips, and a variety of bottled drinks. Conveniently located for busy students.



Join our
Discord



Survey Says!



CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
**ISABELLE
FLORENCE**

MEN IN BLACK

i apologize in advance, my shift key is broken.

not to be confused with the Hit 1997 moviE of the same name, oR thE 2002 moviE of the Same nAMe, or the 2012 movie of the same name, or the 2019 movie of the same name, or the lesser known animated series of, you GUessed it, the same Name, men in Black are EItHer goverNment aGents working overtime or something else completEly. i guess categoRically all things fall undEr either government agentS or SomEthing else, but regarDless, buzzfeed unsolved supernaTural had an episOde for these guys, and that's enough for Me to write this biweekLY column about.

the general rumor goes tHat the mEn in blAck appear at sites that have experienceD ufo activity and interrogate witnesses. tHEy aLso have been known to Pressure ufo or otherwise supernatural researchers into subMission, but i rEally don't see any evidence of that. EXCLAMATION MARK

The false propagation of rumors about the government and its diligent workers is a serious issue. If the government has interfered in the lives of you or a loved one, it is only because they want what is best for you. The government loves you very much.

What's Your README Name?

[First] [Last]// [Title]

- 0 Farnam Jahanian
- 1 Your favorite prof
- 2 Your most attractive prof**
- 3 Your worst prof
- 4 Your favorite readme writer
- 5 One of your profs' mistresses*
- 6 Your favorite politician
- 7 Your first crush**
- 8 Your own name
- 9 One of your profs' spouses*

First name of...

Insert the last digit of
your mom's birth year
←

Insert the LAST letter of
your FIRST name
→

- 0 Farnam Jahanian
- 1 Your favorite prof
- 2 Your most attractive prof**
- 3 Your worst prof
- 4 Your favorite readme writer
- 5 One of your profs' mistresses*
- 6 Your favorite politician
- 7 Your first crush**
- 8 Your own name
- 9 One of your profs' spouses*

Last name of...

Insert the last digit of
your birth day
←

- A Aroace
- B Buggy fetishist
- C CS major
- D Drunk
- E English major
- F Farnam sympathizer
- G Gutless coward
- H Hates grass
- I Illiterate
- J Jehovah's Witness
- K KGB officer
- L Lockheed intern
- M Minor
- N Normal person
- O Obscure instrument player
- P P ilk drinker
- Q Queer
- R Rat bastard
- S Showed up once
- T Terrorist
- U Undercover cop
- V Violent trans antifa type
- W Welch resident
- X Can't fucking spell
- Y Yaoi addict
- Z Zohran fantasizer

Title

*if no spouse/mistress, choose someone to ship
**if you're aromantic, ship your friend