

KGB PRESENTS

readme

VOL 5, ISSUE 5: SEX SELLS!

Editor-in-chief: Eshaan Joshi

Controversy rages over satire paper!

Too crude for Carnegie Tech?

Jim Garrett <provost@andrew.cmu.edu>
to: You

Dear Members of the Carnegie Mellon University Community:

I am writing to share my thoughts on the readme issue entitled "sex sells." I would like to clarify that Carnegie Mellon University does not endorse sex. The contents of said publication might imply. Our commitment is to academic excellence. I too once participated in what you might call "the college experience." Back in the day, I was first and foremost a student of knowledge.

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

ONE OF AMERICA'S NEWSPAPERS

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CMU SEX CONTROVERSY

Carnegie students outraged. What is it like? What's it like? Is your TA doing it?

By Anita Harton

Would you be surprised to find out that a campus of 8,700 undergraduate students with an average age of 22.1 was completely unaware of sex until just this morning? Many were, when the news broke. The provost of the university, Jim Garrett, sent out an e-mail to the entire campus...

bizarre of all is the students' seeming unawareness of the concept prior to the readme sex issue.

Many in the community are not surprised, instead choosing to see the 'controversy' as vindication of a well-known stereotype of students from the prestigious institution. Any Oakland resident will tell you: CMU students don't have friends, don't have lovers, don't even have halfway crushes; just mountains of homework, social ostracization, and clear neurodivergence.

With the publication of volume 5, the 'sex sells' issue, the controversy has reached a new level of intensity.

Does CMU deserve sex?

By: Guest columnist

I find it interesting that the satire paper at the center of this outrage titled itself 'sex sells.' If, in fact, sex sold, I doubt this little magazine would've prompted such intense backlash. Instead, CMU is content to...

THE DAILY DOHERTY

Your premier CMU news source since 2001.

March 13, 2025

Issue No. 1312

Andrew Carnegie estate condemns lowbrow magazine

All this + more?

SCANDAL AT CMU: The Secret Behind Ansys Hall's Weight Gain

Why drunk driving is better than sex

A brief survey of the N-GOON problem

Tongue wrestler fights battle for dominance

OPINION: Sex has no place on this campus

FRAUD UNCOVERED

THE PITT NEWS

What's going on at CMU? Pitt's guide to the "breedme" controversy

Roman Timesnew Senior Staff Writer

complicated due to the presence of content relating to drunk driving, computer science, and other vices. One article notably discusses the so-called 'N-GOON problem,' which seems to be a computer expression of its own...

Mellon's Student Newspaper Since 1906



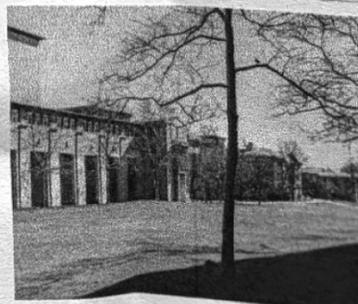
TARTAN

CMU scandalized over Readme "sex issue"

SCOTT SNUFFY Contributing Editor

Possibly the most shocking content one can introduce to a school full of socially ostracized and clearly neuro-divergent individuals—in other words, the student body of CMU—is a long satirization of sex. But that's just what our satire

still unexpected to Joshi. "I knew the stereotypes of course, but I thought that surely they were exaggerated. I was wrong." Despite CMU's sexless reputation, our sex poll several months ago concluded that a decent proportion of students have in fact participated in sexual intercourse while at CMU.



The Yinzer Yinquirer

Breaking: KGB ruins sex for good!

March 13th, 2025

Tongue Wrestler Fights Battle for Dominance

Violet R. Blu
12-time Watty Nominee

Since the dawn of humankind, the practice of wrestling has been used to determine social pecking orders. Countless fighters, from the Greeks to the Mughals to John Cena, have earned alpha status by turning their opponents into emasculated area rugs. It doesn't matter whether people wrestle with bodies, arms, or thumbs. All variants of wrestling serve the same purpose: demonstrating the power of one person over another. This age-old purpose is what led to tongue wrestling, the newest frontier of the sport.

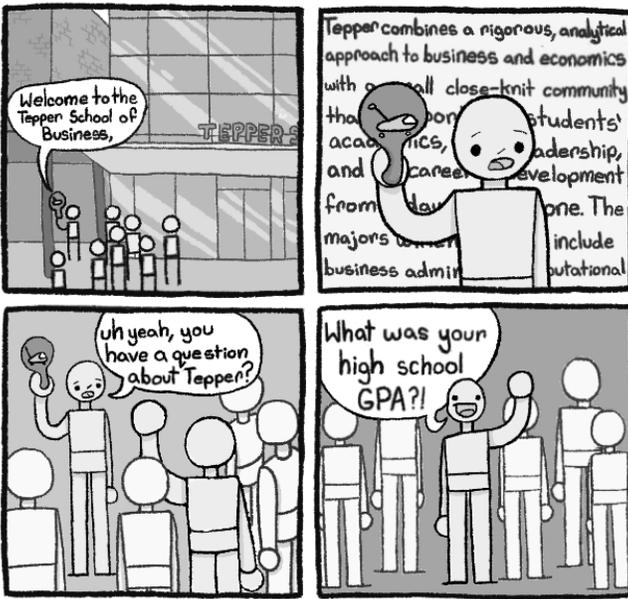
Wrestler Youssef Nassar, known professionally as Y/N, has pioneered an entirely new form of wrestling. He credits his inspiration to his favorite non-wrestling pastime, reading fanfiction. He revealed how in describing an intense kiss between two men, one work employed the phrase "their tongues battled for dominance". He cited this work as his inspiration. "Wrestling is all about dominating the other person. Good wrestlers make sure every part of their body is stronger than their opponent's, and that should include the tongue. I realized that I needed to train, so nobody could force me into lingual submission."

Y/N described the turbulent beginnings of his new martial art. "It was hard at first. People didn't understand the value of tongue wrestling. When I started teaching it to the trainees in my dojo, I got a lot of complaints. Mostly from parents. They didn't understand the discipline I was instilling in their six-year-olds."

After receiving harsh criticism and severe legal consequences, Y/N realized that the general public was failing to see his vision. "After I got fired from the dojo, I bought a new house. As I introduced myself to my neighbors by PA state law, one of them seemed interested in my craft. I was happy at first, but then he started talking about 'sex clubs' and 'BDSM'. I was appalled! I said, 'Listen. I'm not some sort of sex defender. Hell, I'm a sex offender. If you want to cheapen the honorable sport of tongue wrestling with moral depravity, then I'll take my business elsewhere.'"

All of this begs the question: does tongue wrestling have a future? Y/N admitted that he's struggling to find a niche it could fill. "I've spoken to dental hygienists, speech pathologists, lollipop manufacturers...nobody sees the importance of the discipline." Sensing the heartbreak in his tone, I humored Y/N by challenging him to a match. As he forced his strong, masculine tongue into my tiny mouth, my ocean-blue orbs closed in ecstasy. Strands of hair tumbled from my messy bun, and my toes curled inside my black Converse shoes. I would go so far as to call Y/N the Harry Styles of tongue wrestling.

However, my arousal was quickly replaced by shame. I had been bested. Dominated. Forced into lingual submission. I needed to prove my strength and earn back my self-respect. I decided at that moment to become Y/N's apprentice. Since then, I've been learning his ways in anticipation of a rematch. The next time our tongues battle for dominance, it'll be him who gets licked.



SCANDAL AT CMU:

The SECRET behind ANSYS Hall's WEIGHT GAIN!

Jupiter

Very Educated and Unbiased Reporter

Exclusive! The dedicated journalists of ReadMe news have been carefully following ANSYS Hall the past few weeks. As one of the youngest buildings at Carnegie Mellon, it has a lot to live up to. Completed in 2019, ANSYS is one of the hottest buildings on campus. It's outfitted with large windows and creamy brick that leave nothing to the imagination. Of course, the sleek, modern design is often cited as one of its most desirable qualities.

As we watched, we noticed something shocking about ANSYS'S

picture-perfect exterior. The lights of ANSYS Hall seem dimmer, no longer shining like they did in 2019. The windows by TechSpark bulge just slightly out, ruining its flawless angles. The once perfect brick has now been stained dark brown. The cause of ANSYS's fall from grace? Maybe the water falling from the ceiling, beginning to pool on the floor.

It seems that in the stress of being CMU's perfect building, ANSYS Hall has finally cracked. Will ANSYS be able to pull itself together, or will it finally crumble to Highmark, CMU's newest sweetheart? ReadMe news will be sure to keep you updated.

Rejected Headlines #33

- Is your polycule centralized, or peer-to-peer? Find out now!
- To meet rising demand, U.S. Mint begins distributing the 1/100th dollar bill
- Subway unveils new protein option for sandwiches named "liquefied vagrants"
- To symbolize the colors of spring in Pittsburgh, CMU's Holi celebration exclusively features powders of white, black, and beige
- If you're so progressive, why doesn't your International Women's Day post pass the Bechdel test?
- Optimal formations you and your friends can walk in to block sidewalks on campus!
- Confidential: Exam answers revealed to student in Hunan noodles
- Daylight savings time to start moving forward 1 hour and 10 every March to account for inflation

All this and more, not in this issue!

Gentlemen,

Let's straighten you out.

VIAGRA



readME

*the issue in which
ReaDmE discovers
the key to attracting
readership*A Brief Survey of
the N-GOON Problem

B. Wanker

March 10, 2026

Abstract

The N-GOON problem asks: given a dorm, how many residents can simultaneously attend to their personal business without any two participants hearing each other through shared walls or ceilings.

1 Classical Gooning

Early work models dorm rooms as vertices and shared walls as edges, yielding a planar graph $G = (V, E)$. A gooning schedule is a proper coloring of G where each color corresponds to a time slot.

Wanker et al. [1] proved that the Morewood Gardens third floor graph is bipartite. Thus, the entire floor may be scheduled with only two time slots (e.g. 10–11 PM and 11–12 AM). More generally, any dorm floor requires at most four slots by the four color theorem.

Roommates within a room must subdivide their assigned hour equally. Empirically, compliance with this protocol is poor. It has been noted the above result fails most often during finals week, when demand spikes dramatically.

2 Multi-Floor Gooning

The classical model incorrectly assumes floors and ceilings provide meaningful sound insulation. When vertical transmission is considered, the dorm becomes a 3D lattice graph. The resulting structure contains $K_{3,3}$ subgraphs, including edge contractions (notably, edging the occupants often causes the opposite of a contraction). As a consequence, determining a valid schedule becomes NP-complete; informally, the problem is harder than the occupants.

3 Weighted Gooning

Walls transmit sound unevenly. For example, the wall between rooms 312 and 314 appears to be made of paper mâché.

Jack's Son et al. [2] therefore introduce edge weights $w_{uv} \in [0, 1]$ representing acoustic transmission between rooms u and v . The objective is to minimize the total interference $I = \sum_{(u,v) \in E} w_{uv} x_u x_v$ where x_u indicates whether room u is active and E represents the set of all rooms. Unfortunately, computing the optimal schedule is again NP-hard.

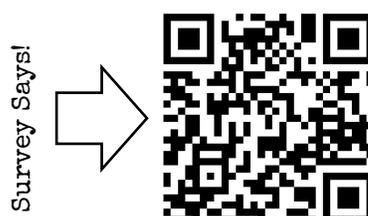
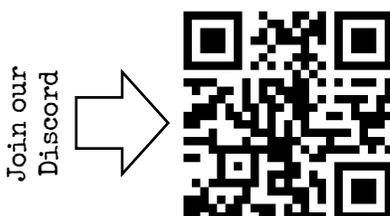
4 Hyper-Gooning

Recent cultural developments have complicated the model. In particular, the rise of group sessions invalidates the graph.

Maille et al. [3] model these events using a k -uniform hypergraph in which hyperedges represent potential collaborative gatherings. The resulting hyper-gooning scheduling problem is provably hard with no practical solutions.

5 Conclusion

Each extension of the model pushes the N-GOON problem deeper into computational intractability. We therefore recommend that CMU designs dorm floors to be bipartite, installs ceilings thicker than a tortilla, and advises first-years to invest in noise-canceling headphones.

From the Forbes Ave
McDonald's

WP

2 for 6 Fillet-o-Fish Enjoyer

The ancient Greeks, having nothing better to do with their time, came up with six words for love: agape (unconditional love), eros (sexual love), philia (brotherly love), storge (parental love), philautia (self love), and xenia (hospitable love). Less widely known is that the ancient Greeks also invented six words for hate, which they came up with shortly after inventing trigonometry: arc-agape, arc-eros, arc-phililia, arc-storge, arc-philautia, and arc-xenia. One lesser known perk of attending school in the Pittsburgh area is getting to experience all of these sentiments in their natural breeding ground, the McDonald's on Forbes Avenue. For the cheap price of a 2 for 6 Fillet-o-Fish, you can experience the full spectrum of hatred available to the human soul.

The inverse of agape, called the highest form of love and often described in a religious or charitable context, is a general sense of ill-will towards yourself, your fellow man, and your own existence. It is a more complex concept than arc-philautia, which is the classical sense of self-hate you feel as you eat whatever you ordered. Arc-agape is a more just, higher-minded feeling: everything is awful, not just you. This is something obvious even to PRT route planners; if you ever find yourself taking a bus from campus downtown to jump off a bridge, you are able to stop at the Forbes McDonald's for a burger first.

Decency to guests and travellers as an obligation is a concept that has developed in many cultures, and one that has successfully been squashed here. The un-American lack of drive-through and the location of the McDonald's naturally contribute to arc-xenia, or the inverse of hospitable love: during the lunchtime rush, a general sense of animosity comes with the adrenaline of waiting for your order number to be shouted out.

The concepts of arc-eros and arc-storge, the inverses of parental and romantic love, are more subtly demonstrated at the Forbes McDonald's but manifest there nonetheless. Any connoisseur of the location will notice that, after 11 PM on weekdays, the location is infested with underclassmen in the prime of their youth. The malevolent aura inside the McDonald's forces one's mind to drift towards hating the young. Hate in the sexual sense, i.e. arc-eros, can take on a multitude of meetings, but here specifically refers to the disdain one feels towards that same youth engaging in activities as they wait for their order. Get a room, damn.

The inverse of love between friends, arc-phililia, is interestingly demonstrated in this location, in the sense that the feeling persists regardless of whether one is dining alone or with friends. The flickering of the lights or chemical composition of the air sends subliminal messages to diners: nobody cares about you, and your jokes aren't funny.

This begs the question: if the Forbes Ave McDonald's is so bad, why do I keep coming back? Once again, we return to the Greeks. In addition to coming up with funny-sounding names for emotions, they also came up with funny-sounding ideas about the afterlife. Plato speculated that souls that are impure return to Earth to suffer, with the worst offenders returning as animals or even women. I propose, then, the obvious conclusion that the Forbes Ave McDonald's is actually a sort of purgatory from which one may eventually escape after sufficient purification. Until then, it looks like I'll keep going back.

They will greet us as sexual liberators

Allyn

Author of *the Twinkine Mystique*

The saddest day of my life has been, without question, the death of Pitt's beloved former vice chancellor Dick Cheney. On the 4-month anniversary of this somber occasion, I'd like to republish the 2003 interview another of our staffwriters had with him, which represents the purest encapsulation of his fighting spirit.

Dick Cheney: Now, I think things have gotten so bad inside CMU, from the standpoint of the students, my belief is we will, in fact, be greeted as sexual liberators. And the chancellor's made it very clear that our purpose there is, if we are forced to do this, will in fact be to stand up a social order that's representative of the students sexual desires, hopefully democratic due respect for consent, and it, obviously, involves a major commitment by the University of Pittsburgh, but we think it's a commitment worth making. And we don't have the option anymore of simply laying back and hoping that events at Carnegie Mellon will not constitute a threat to Pitt. Clearly, 12 years after the Pitt-CMU War, we're back in a

situation where she does constitute a threat.

"Roan Tysh": If your analysis is not correct, and we're not treated as sexual liberators, but as lustful pursuers, and the students begin to reject us, particularly in Wean Hall, do you think the students of Pitt are prepared for a long, unsexy, and dry battle with significant Panther casualties?

Dick Cheney: Well, I don't think it's likely to unfold that way, Roan, because I really do believe that we will be greeted as sexual liberators. I've talked with a lot of CMU students in the last several months myself, had them to my sex dungeon. The chancellor and I have met with them, various groups and individuals, people who have devoted their lives from the outside to trying to change things inside CMU. And like Justin McLeod who's a founder at Hinge, an alumnus, he's written great books about the subject, knows the college intimately, and is a part of the social opposition and resistance. The read we get on the people of Carnegie Mellon is there is no question that they want to bang hot singles and they will welcome Pitt as sexual liberators when we come to do that.

The REAL and UNADULTERATED Truth about Spring Break

Jupiter

Spring Break Realist

Hello, readers of this esteemed magazine. I come to you with the TRUTH about Spring Break. I must write quickly before they find me. I'm not supposed to be telling you this...

This semester I enrolled in 15-451, a simple algorithms course to fulfill my SCS requirements. In the first half of the semester, I have struggled. The notes are little more than incomprehensible scrawl and Office Hours seem to be located in a building that only occurs in dreams. With the dawning of Spring Break, I was sure I was going to fail the class. As I wandered the deserted halls of Wean, desperately looking for people to share my sorrows with, I heard the distant sounds of a lecture.

I climbed the stairs, up and up. The sound grew closer, never in my reach. Going mad, desperate to find this mysterious lecture, I found the roof. There, I saw them. Seven or eight hooded figures, all engaging in discussion of efficient data structures, the content of 15-451. The notes, lit by candlelight, were perfectly clear. As I approached closer, the topic of conversation switched to job searching. Each hooded person produced a clean, perfect resume. They all had jobs for the summer, with housing and benefits.

Horrified, I ran from the scene, back down the stairs until I was sure they wouldn't find me. What sort of cult had I stumbled upon? I was unsure. Shaken, I returned to my apartment. I attempted to sleep, nothing came of it. The conversation of the hooded figures was seared in my brain.

I attempted to brush off the memories, but I seemed to hear the voices from the roof anytime I entered Wean. Finally, I ventured back to the roof. There, they were waiting for me. They drew me in, handed me a cloak, and sat me down. I lost track of time. My brain just seemed to soak in everything. I learned the secrets of algorithms, how to get a job, how to find a wife, and how to be truly happy.

I still didn't know who they were. As I thought about writing this, a voice in the back of my mind said I shouldn't. Yet I couldn't keep this to myself. There, on the crown of Wean Hall, lied the answers to 15-451 and life itself.

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.

All New!

YOUR SECRET ROLE
HITLER

YOUR SECRET ROLE
FASCIST

YOUR SECRET ROLE
LIBERAL

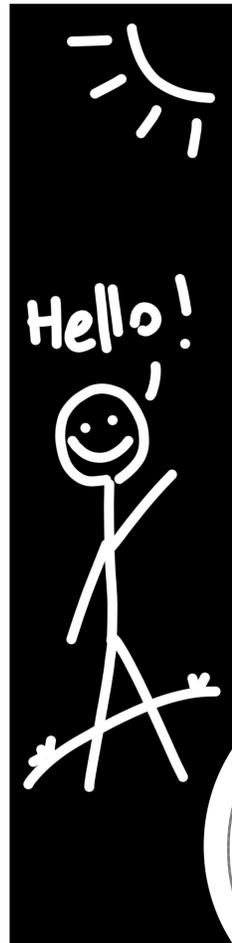
MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN

PRESIDENT

Included

- 1 Hitler Role
- 8 Fascist Roles
- 1 Liberal Role
- 17 Fascist Policies
- 7 Foreign Invasions

Secret Hitler: Capitol Hill Edition



KGB PRESENTS

readme

BREAKING: DeWeese Hall is labry. Intro interview with Hamd... Counsel. All the news... The... This font is not monospace. Our writers are starving. Founded 2023.

THIS SPACE HAS BEEN ANNEXED BY BENNER ROGERS

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

CMU PhD Student Actually Born Yesterday



Mar. K. O.
Competition Scout

As college admissions become more and more competitive, so do the applications for graduate school. So competitive, in fact, that a newborn child was recently spotted being wheeled in a carriage over to their Advanced Statistical Theory II seminar.

Savants are nothing new at CMU, but one-day-old Weiss Babeigh certainly sets a new bar, pursuing a Ph.D. under all seven departments of SCS. Her seminal work in hyperefficient Bayesian inference, which she published nine hours ago, is expected to revolutionize the modern fields of statistics and AI. Professors say Babeigh is a pleasure to have in class, with one MLD faculty member noting that she “poops her pants slightly less often than the other computer science grad students.”

The young prodigy is expected to finish her various doctorates within six months, most of which will be spent waiting for researchers to finish writing their praises of her work. Post-graduation, Babeigh plans to enroll in preschool, citing a strong interest in juice boxes, Bluey, and the color yellow.

When asked about a potential return to research, Babeigh responded: “baaaaaah shplebablbbbbbbaaaaaah baaaeueuhhhh,” before promptly shitting herself. Tiger parents worldwide have begun rigorously training their infants, anticipating a nightmare scenario where their child might not be the most intelligent one in the room.



Don't ask Scotty who she cheered for during the 2026 Winter Olympics // Gilgamesh

YOUR HOROSCOPE

ARIES	♈	You will be killed by a Virgo.
TAURUS	♉	You will be killed by a Virgo.
GEMINI	♊	You will be killed by a Virgo.
CANCER	♋	You will be killed by a Virgo.
LEO	♌	You will be killed by a Virgo.
VIRGO	♍	Discard that which no longer serves you.
LIBRA	♎	You will be killed by a Virgo.
SCORPIO	♏	You will be killed by a Virgo.
SAGITTARIUS	♐	You will be killed by a Virgo.
CAPRICORN	♑	You will be killed by a Virgo.
AQUARIUS	♒	You will be killed by a Virgo.
PISCES	♓	You will be killed by a Virgo.

What are they carrying to the sky?

Allyn
Boeing's #1 Fan

Walking to the Sky, installed in 2006 by prominent war criminal Jonathan Borofsky, is an iconic fixture of CMU's campus. Many have noticed that on some cloudy mornings, the statue standing on its lowest rung will be one step higher, and a new soulless, gendered sculpture will have taken its place. Nobody knows what happens to the statue at the highest position. Presumably, it has walked to the sky.

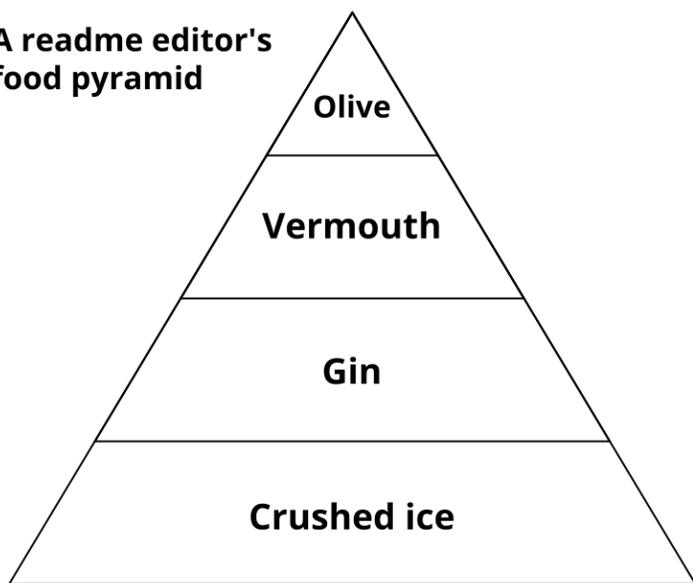
Several months ago, such a shift occurred. But a student sitting on the Cut in a lawn chair with a superzoom camera lens noticed something odd: the newest sculpture was carrying something. It appeared cylindrical in shape, wrapped in cardboard. The arm of the sculpture had cracks from the weight of whatever was in the package.

The next sculpture to be added

was carrying yet another suspicious object. This time, it was a sleek sheet metal box, with several cameras and infrared sensors on one side. The progression of ever more alarming devices on Walking to the Sky continued until the first sculpture, still burdened by its mysterious cargo, reached the top and passed on. We don't know where it is now. Assuming the transfer occurs at a force of 7,000 kilonewtons, we arrive at a likely target somewhere in Canada.

Some of the sculptures around the base of Walking to the Sky seem opposed to the use of the installation for military purposes. Daddy Thicc was spotted the other day carrying a sign advocating for peace and solidarity with the Canadian people. His child has been conscripted and can be seen carrying a rifle. Students sit by with bated breath. We can only hope that a peaceful resolution is reached.

A readme editor's
food pyramid



Tales From Beyond Frick Park

What happens if you stay up late in Gates 8?

"Roan Tysh"
Drowsy

I am a fan of Gates 8. It's high up with a gorgeous view of campus, but not too high. It's quiet, but just noisy enough that you know it's safe. Sometimes I hear a skittering I can't quite place. I study, I play games, sometimes I just read books. Safe books, quiet books. I came to campus once in 2026, but I was sent off, and now I am back. It's not the same, but I can recognize it when I try.

Sometimes, the hours grow late. The sunset isn't visible from my little nook in Gates 8. But I see the sky darken. I am comforted by it. I hear fewer noises. No coffee maker and a little less conversation, but the skittering is more frequent, and I am comfortable. It's quiet, but not so silent as my dormitory, blackout curtains drawn all hours of the day, cold pack on the nightstand, refrigerator unplugged as soon as I come through the door. I don't like the noise. Sometimes I hear slamming muffled by the concrete over my head. It's not at all like Gates 8.

Sometimes I stay particularly late. It grows almost silent. I sometimes think I can hear the ticking of the clock in the office closest. I think I can discern something chewing on plaster in the loneliest hours of the night. My

laptop shines white light into my face, but the lights are off. I'm too still. It is sometimes too quiet. I don't object, but my shadow looms just out of my sight.

It was an odd couple of years. I don't know why I was sent, even still. I don't know what they did to deserve it or why I did what I did in turn. I don't know why I thought it would sit right in my hands. It bruised my shoulder and pinched my fingers. It was too loud, too sudden. But I did what I thought was right with it.

I like it when I hear the coffee maker turn on in the morning. Usually the dark sky is a little lighter. The footsteps reassure me.

In the darkest hours of the night I hope to see something dark and quick scurry by. It darts from one shadow to another. It's amazing how many dark crevices you never notice. It comforts me. Its footfalls are quiet but not silent. The ticking of the clock goes in and out, sometimes it seems to find some long-hidden lubrication or lose a troublesome mote of dust in the gearwork.

A few nights the skittering isn't there at all. Sometimes it is those nights when it is utterly silent. My mind refuses to read. I wish to make noise to substitute but it is hollow noise. It is my noise. I still don't know why I was sent.

Senior Starts Quantitative Finance Firm Specializing in Block Market

Bertie Wooster
Invested a sizeable amount

At Carnegie Mellon University, the start of the 2025 school year has witnessed the rise of a new financial titan: a junior Computational Finance major, Manya N. Power, has launched QuantBlock Solutions, a quantitative finance firm specializing in trading the block market. "The emotional, speculative trading of the freshman selling and the sophomores buying is inefficient," Manya stated from the Hunt Bloomberg Terminal, which she has not left in days, much to the annoyance of several Tepper students who have taken to networking with each other while waiting in line for the terminal to clear up.

Manya's firm operates on a proprietary model that utilizes on a range of variables, from upcoming midterms to the current Schatz menu. Initial seed-funding was secured through a freshman who has pledged all of their meal blocks to QuantBlock, instead opting to subsist solely on pizza from club meetings, in exchange for access to premium insights during the coming Spring semester.

The emergence of such a sophisticated operation has sent shockwaves through campus; gut-feeling traders previously responding to posts within seconds have found themselves outpaced by bots. However, such success is not without scrutiny. The Student Senate is debating the long-term implications of derivative products, though consensus seems to be that block futures and collateralized dining obligations pose little long term risk.

During a recent career fair, Manya was witnessed talking to a Jane Street representative about "alpha generation in a market ripe for distribution." Whether this was about the meal block market as a whole or the complimentary bananas remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the traditional traders pore over every word, attempting to reverse engineer her decisions. Some claim a single misstep—a bad batch of sushi at Wild Blue, another case of dysentery from Hunan—could trigger a cascade bringing down this financial empire, and the block market with it. For now, Manya works on, downing Celsius after Celsius basked by the eerie glow of the terminal.



Could Drunk Driving be Better than Sex?

7 Good Reasons (and 1 Bad One)

Allyn

Doing both at once. Right now.

One of the great tragedies of the human condition is that two of the most forbidden of sins are also the simplest pleasures of life: sex and drunk driving. But for one brief moment, allow me to let comparison be the thief of joy as I pit these iconic vices against one another to prove once and for all that drunk driving is better.

1. Drunk driving forces you to live in the moment.

In order to properly drive drunk, you need to be utterly black-out wasted. If you remember any step in the process of getting home, you didn't go hard enough. If you do it right, you'll know as you swerve your way down a residential street that this is a moment between your present self, the road, and God himself. No action you take will be motivated by the desire to form a memory for your future self to reflect on, nor will it be a product of the thoughts, desires, and regrets which your drowning hypothalamus can't quite tickle. In contrast, sex is held back by the future and the past, both of yourself and of your partner(s), in a way which makes it far less pure of a hedonistic communion.

2. Drunk driving doesn't discriminate.

The problem with sex as a deadly sin is that it can quite quickly lose its transgressiveness and, in fact, become positively safe. Drunk driving, on the other hand, is transgressive, dangerous, and illegal no matter what your marital status is, whether you're cis or trans, straight or gay, wearing a condom or not, licensed to drive or unlicensed, and regardless of if you're "old enough." Any person, no matter their identity or status, can slam back some shots and get behind the wheel of a motor vehicle, and that's beautiful.

3. Drunk driving won't hurt your self-esteem.

Our culture ties a lot of baggage to sex and nudity, which makes any sort of self-esteem issue regarding anatomy, gender identity, or experience a potential source of discomfort. Drunk driving transcends such matters. You cannot drive drunk *badly*. The better your driving is, the longer you can drive, and the worse your driving is, the more you surrender yourself to the experience. Any mistakes are a product of your intoxication and any victories

are a product of your uninhibited instinct. It's not just that you love drunk driving, drunk driving loves you.

4. Drunk driving has fewer long-term consequences.

Once you drive home FUBAR'd off mystery liquors, park your car, and stumble inside to crash for the night, nothing's different in the morning, unlike sex. If you sleep with a stranger, that brings up a complicated set of possible regrets or complexities. If you sleep with a friend, you have to rethink how you approach your relationship with that person. If you sleep with a coworker, your workplace dynamic might be shifted permanently. It doesn't all dissolve in the dreamless sleep and blurry hangover that follows a passionate fit of drunk driving.

5. You can drive drunk with friends and strangers.

The complexities of having sex with friends and strangers, as I just established, are many. As soon as you bring more than one at once into the picture, it gets even messier. But with drunk driving on the other hand, you can have as many in the car as you want. Just do it! It'll be fine.

6. You can drive just a little drunk, or drive a lot drunk.

You can't have a "little bit" of sex. You can't be doing 10% of sex at one discrete point in time. That's just not a thing. But you can absolutely drive a "little bit" drunk. It's a continuous variable, in fact. Drunk driving gives you the power to define exactly how much you want out of the experience.

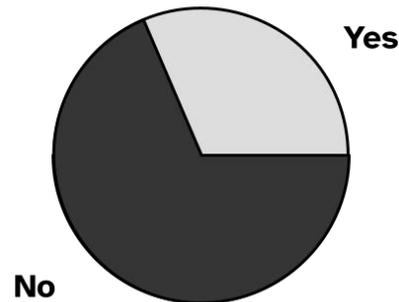
7. Drunk driving is sexy, but sex is not drunk driving-y.

Drunk driving is arguably one of the sexiest things someone can do. It's just so *cool*. If you can drive drunk like a pro, I want you so bad. You're the hottest person in the residential neighborhood. I would die for you, sexually speaking. But if you're good at sex, that actually inhibits drunk driving. More fucking is less driving. Less driving is less driving to do drunk. Why limit your options like that?

8. Drunk driving stimulates the GDP more than sex.

Alright alright, I promised one bad reason. But it's true! Drunk driving is inherently better for the market than sex. If this is the sort of thing you're into, take that under consideration.

Did you notice that The Tartan published an exhaustive list of slurs last week?



"I didn't see that but I usually don't pay that much attention."

- Charles (Robotics '26), student senator

"I don't read the news."

- Andy (Business '28), fraternity social chair

"I specifically avoid the Tartan due to its poor copyediting and its disinvestment in the news section, which is more relevant than ever."

- Linda (Fine Arts '26), Scotch 'n' Soda officer

"I can't believe they got away with that. I didn't even recognize some of those. In my opinion the Tartan's funding should be cut and distributed to other campus publications."

- Riley (ChemE '27), staffwriter for README

KGB Presents: Presentation Night

Listen to experts in their fields share their knowledge. Check real-relevant-announcements in the KGB Discord to sign up to share your knowledge!

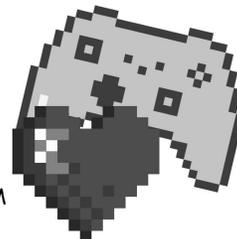


When: March 14th at 7PM
Where: WEH 5409

Video James

Join us for a night of video games! Have a game you want to play? Bring it!

When: March 21st at 7PM
Where: PH A18A



What is Sex? An Investigative Account

Citron
Sex Neutral

In the modern day, it is difficult to partake in the “popular culture” or the “massive media” without encountering allusions to the “sex”. The “sexual object” is evidently a device of notable significance to the constitution of that which may be referred to. However, being a mysterious and obfuscated entity, little is known regarding “sex” or its properties. The state of affairs being so, I have put forth my best efforts in order to discover more about the elusive “sex” and make public this information for the betterment of mankind.

To understand the first step of my research, some background knowledge is necessary. Google is a search engine. It can be intuitively understood as an engine that performs searches. Though at this stage, I lacked information to make a detailed and specific query, I was still able to use an advanced search technique to make an effective one; I Googled “sex definition,” appending “definition” to “sex” in order to find the definition of sex. The information revealed was enlightening; “sex” can be defined as “sexual intercourse,” which can be broken down morphologically: “inter,” meaning multiple people are involved, and “course,” meaning educational content is covered.

However, here, I ran into a dead end. I could not uncover any more from Google; the “safety search” feature thwarted my attempts to glean further information. Safe for whom, exactly? I believe the “megalopolis corporations” do not want some of this information to be found.

Regardless, I pressed on. The resource “arXiv” : “arXiv.org” is a repository preserving some of humanity’s oldest and worst html for posterity, as well as some “enjoyable facts”. Searching “sexual intercourse” on arXiv yielded a treasure trove of such facts; however, I was ultimately unable to decode academic terms such as “herpes,” “Romania,” and “sodomy,” and was forced to give up on this line of attack. Should you be capable of comprehending such high-level discourse, I encourage you to take up the task.

I then moved to my last resort in my endeavor: ethnographic study. I would insert myself in the midst of “sex fanatics” and blend in, with the aim of learning from them the true meaning of “sex”. The difficult part was locating the fanatics; to do this, I perused the house of the “one who dons”. It was there that I finally found my answer in an offhand comment made by one of the native “Donnerians”; he complimented another donnerian’s “buttocks” and alluded to “clapping” them. It was then that I realized what should have been obvious all along; I had, frankly, been remiss in not understanding it from the start.

Sexual intercourse, also known as “sex,” is a group activity requiring at least two participants. One participant, known as the “bottom,” proffers their “bottom,” known as the “sitzfleisch,” to the others. It may then be treated as a “bongo drum,” a “conga drum,” or for those with “western proclivities,” a “snare drum”. As the rhythm is beaten on the sitzfleisch by another participant, all others must sit in chairs in corners of the room and watch; this is the educational aspect, and the true form of sexual intercourse; it is by this device that sex reproduces. The exact meaning of the ritual is as yet unknown, but it is clear it is of particular religious importance, being a pastime of “Zeustopher” and “not Mary”.

The natural final question to ask, upon examination of the “political implications” of the “sexual pastime,” was whether the potency of its impending threat to the “Democratic Unionization of the Estates of America” necessitated public scrutiny. I believe not: having been assured that “concurrent politicians” are “without exception” in possession of a “tough and sinewy rectum,” they hold a rare and powerful resistance to the detrimental effects of the “sex,” and are in no imminent danger. Thus, the matter can be considered at rest, for now.

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
**ISABELLE
FLORENCE**



1972, The aftermath of a false flag Leprechaun attack

LEPRECHAUNS

Despite what first-grade teacher Ms. Gardener might tell you, Leprechauns aren't real. At least not since March of 2004, when the last one died in captivity due to heart-related complications caused by decades of inbreeding. When they were still around, Leprechauns were the pugs of the supernatural world, a living lesson about the cruelty of men. The poor creatures were selectively bred to have that red hair and those sparkly green outfits that we have come to love, with no regard for the genetic issues this breeding would cause. The dreary tale of our unlucky Leprechauns begins with the first domesticated elves of 7th-century England, sad little men with wet eyes, who so far lack the red hair that they would later be known for. As they were generally unfit for human consumption, most of these proto-Leprechauns were used as cheap food for other livestock. This inhumane treatment led a group of proto-Leprechauns to flee Britain and seek refuge in the emerald isle, where they would take up jobs as cobblers. It is here that they would officially gain the name Leprechauns. Sadly, this lineage of Leprechauns would later come to a complete end when the Irish Potato Famine forced the Irish to pursue alternative food sources. In the early 1900's, the Leprechaun's modern appearance began taking shape, as the Leprechauns still stuck in Britain were selectively bred to become a living stereotype of the Irish. It is important to note that few Irishmen of the time wore bright green suits, the Brits just hoped it would make them appear more homosexual. Using these miniature Irishmen, the British army carried out a large number of false flag attacks and staged several embarrassing and vaguely pornographic photoshoots (which would later inspire the creator of Lucky Charms™ cereal). Both the attacks and the porn were wildly successful.

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Foot Visionary



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This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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