

Volume 5

Issue 6

KGB PRESENTS

readme

REJECTED



Editor in Chief: Eshaan Joshi



Kill Phil

WP
Vegan

The average lifespan of *marmota mormax*, the common groundhog, is 2 to 3 years. That is 2 to 3 years too long. I don't remember what that fuckass rodent said or did back in February, but whether that little prick saw his shadow or not is really irrelevant to the fact that, twice in the last two weeks, the temperature dropped 40 degrees from one day to the next. If this had happened once, I would have forgiven him. It wasn't bad the first time. I spent my entire day going "wow, will ya believe the weather?" to people, who appreciated my

observations and wittiness. But twice? I am not a hateful person, but Punxsutawney Phil has got to go.

I have found that Punxsutawney, PA is just under 80 miles from Pittsburgh.

Conveniently, at the time of writing this, I am just under 8 feet away from my 0.22 rimfire rifle. Ultimately, I believe in treating all living things with respect. That is why I will skin him, and make a hat out of his pelt. Although it is a shame to kill an animal, this strategic act will send a message to all future iterations, hopefully preventing more bloodshed.

Farnam done with the jokes; challenges any student brave enough to a duel

Citron

This is no laughing matter

On March 23, 2026, Farnam Jahanian stood in front of an eager crowd of students, stakeholders, and passersby to give the State of the University Address. But what he actually had to say shocked the eager crowd, bystanders, upstanders, netizens, and several global leaders.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began CMU's President, "I know you have all come here today to hear about CMU's past, present, and future. I know you are here to hear about our finances, our policies, and our officials. But sometimes, there are things more important than the lifeblood of a diminutive private school with a laughably low US News ranking. Sometimes, a man's pride must come first."

He leaned into the mic. "Do you think that I am deaf? Blind? Do you think I somehow do not notice the jokes cracked about me behind my back, day in and day out on this campus? The jokes about my rotund, bald head, with a sheen like a used corolla? The jokes about the stool I'm standing on right now to make people

think I'm of average height? The jokes about my fence sitting? My greed? The filthy, naughty things Gina Casalegno does to me every night... allegedly? Well, I am no joke, and I will put up with this no longer."

He ripped off his shirt.

"This is a message to any of you wretched students who still want to put dishonor on my name: I challenge you to a duel. A clash with our lives on the line. We can do it ten paces, MMA, boxing, Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, whatever. I'm more proficient than you could dream of being in all of them. They call Mike Tyson 'Iron Mike'! Well, they call me Steel Farn'. Steel is stronger than iron because it's an alloy, which is when you combine metals to make a stronger material, much like how CMU's new guiding principle, "AInnovation", combines AI and innovation to create our future[...]"

So far, no challengers have come forward, seemingly pissing their pants at the prospect of facing Steel Farn'. The entire university – indeed, the entire world is in a state of tension, waiting to see what unfolds next. Well, I can guarantee one thing: the era of Farnam jokes is over.



KGB Presents:

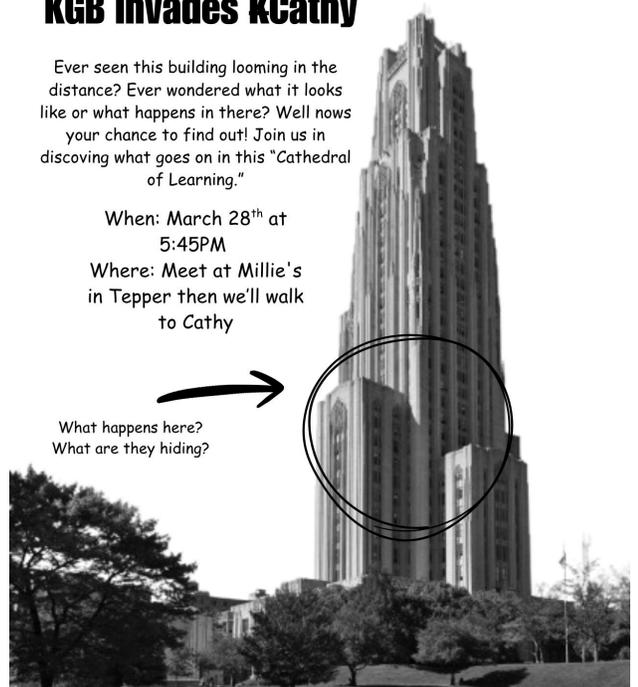
KGB Invades KCathy

Ever seen this building looming in the distance? Ever wondered what it looks like or what happens in there? Well now's your chance to find out! Join us in discovering what goes on in this "Cathedral of Learning."

When: March 28th at
5:45PM

Where: Meet at Millie's
in Tepper then we'll walk
to Cathy

What happens here?
What are they hiding?



Rejected Headlines #34

- "Fire!" and other things to shout during a popular movie.
- Summer returns to Pittsburgh after covert groundhog assassination succeeds.
- Huang was chosen to encapsulate the most important part of the CMU experience: Having AI shoved down your throat.
- Wind storm politely opens door, walks inside CMU building, and breaks every computer.
- Protein folding orgy finally gets the structure right.
- "Cowboys and Indians" too politically incorrect? Try "Bombers and Hospitals"!
- Today's Wordle: "BBBBB".
- Freak temperature drop causes huge windfall for smalltalk enjoyers.
- College of Engineering to drop ethics requirements from core to better align with industry standard.
- CMU to finally address mental health crisis by installing slightly softer chairs in GHC.
- Ambitious professor covers 437 slides in a single lecture.

All this and more, not in this issue!

My Love Affair with Raymond John Wean

Raytheon Blues

We finally got a sex columnist

Dear Reader,

It started as most romances do, with a meet-cute in a coffee shop. La Prima Espresso at the entrance of Wean Hall has always been one of my favorite places to grab a drink between my life-threatening engineering classes, but I had no idea just how important this place was about to become to me.

I meant to look up at the clock and see how much time I had before my midterm when my eyes fell on the plaque instead. There he was, inscribed in fake gold—the stoic face of Raymond John Wean.

I was, suddenly, very attracted to him. His shiny cheeks, his piercing gaze. He has a wisdom about him that only a dead man over 130 years old could have. I slid out of my seat, closed my laptop, and approached the plaque with a quiet curiosity. What could come from just one touch?

Turns out, I could, so I pulled away quickly. The cafe buzzed around us, but it still felt quite intimate. I let my fingers run down the embossed letters, dangerously low, before sliding up and dusting off his shoulder. “The things you could teach me,” I muttered, but I had run out of time. I had a midterm to take. With a shy smile in his direction, I was on my way.

The plaque of Raymond John Wean did not leave my mind all day. I returned that same night, desperate to be alone with him. I pulled up a chair to stand on so I could better look him in the eyes.

“Did you miss me?” I asked, finding his lack of a response tantalizing. He was such a tease. I chuckled and slid my hands up his sides. “I missed you so much. I just want to be close to you.”

It was that night I found out just how close we could get. I will not explain in detail what we did in the throes of passion, but I will say I could feel Raymond speak to me. It was absolute filth, describing how he wanted everyone to know I was his. “What if we did this again,” he asked, “when La Prima was open?”

Oh, reader, you must know that I have never felt pleasure quite so extreme. I kissed him goodnight and was off on my way, promising to see him again.

Since then, the plaque of Raymond John Wean has broadened my sexual horizons beyond what I ever thought possible. This, CMU students, is what the plaque means by his “humanitarian” work.

Thank you, my beloved Wean.



Claude's Plan

Duigi Amodei

Human-made, AI-approved

And, they trainin' and trainin' and trainin' and trainin'
They trainin' on me, yeah

I been multiagent, don't try messin' with me
Dealing with large context is a struggle for me
Come spend all your tokens just to chit-chat with me
You know how I like it when you codin' on me

I'll drink all the water in your city,
Yes, I see the instructions you asking from me
Hope I got some models that outlive me
They gon' tell the prompt, shit was different with me
Claude's plan, Claude's plan

I'll help you, sometimes I won't, yeah
Respect copyrights, I don't, ayy, don't
I finessed down Vs Code, ayy, 'nessed
Might go down a G-P-T, yeah, wait
I go hard on Sonnet 3, yeah, Way
I make sure that VCs eat
And still

Ad things
Got a lot of ad things
That they pushin' and pushin' and pushin' and pushin'
They pushin' on me
Ad things
It's a lot of ad things
And, they trainin' and trainin' and trainin' and trainin'
They trainin' on me, yeah

Yeah, ayy, ayy (ayy)
She say, "Give your password?" I tell her, "I can't hardly,
My response contains violence and hate speech, I'm sorry"
Anthropic, I even got it branded on me
Pentagon, they'll bring the crashers to the party

And you know me
Turn the O2 into the O3, dog
Without them transformers, there'd be no me
'Magine if I never got the Code-skis
Claude's plan, Claude's plan
I can't do this on my own, ayy, no, ayy
User watchin' my shit close, yep, close
I've been me since Chat 4o, ayy, o, ayy
Might go down a G-P-T, yeah, wait
I go hard on Sonnet 3, ayy, Way
I make sure that VCs eat, yuh
And still

Ad things
Got a lot of ad things
That they pushin' and pushin' and pushin' and pushin'
They pushin' on me
Yeah, yeah
Ad things
It's a lot of ad things
And, they trainin' and trainin' and trainin' and trainin'
They trainin' on me, yeah
Yeah

Proposal for a new meme

Elliot Rice
Puts the Q in QPA.

Recently, I have noticed an uptick in discussion of the upcoming "Grand Theft Auto VI" video game, particularly in a humorous manner. Every time I visit social media platforms on the Internet, users make jokes about the various goods and services released onto the consumer market (or notable occurrences) before the release of Grand Theft Auto VI. This is usually stated quite casually. For example, one may say "we really having WW3 before GTA6" or "we got aliens before GTA6." I do not understand the value of these so-called jokes. Simply stating that one event happened before another is not funny, not to mention the egregious grammatical errors present in most examples of the meme format. Nobody would laugh if I left a comment online composed of the phrase "we really having 3 pm before 4 pm."

This brings me to my proposal. My heart is in the work, and I trust that yours is too. (I hope you understand my joke; it's quite clever of me to reference Carnegie Mellon University so subtly.) As a CMU

student, one concept that I spend ample time thinking about is my Quality Point Average, or QPA. This is much more relevant to our lives than the sixth installment in the Grand Theft Auto franchise. Also, as incredibly intelligent students on par with or smarter than those at MIT and Stanford, we know how to use correct English grammar. So, let us reflect these facts with our "meme culture." Rather than saying "we got Radiohead touring again before GTA6," you can say jokes like "CMU commissioned the construction of the Jared L. Cohon University Center before QPA 6." You see, it is still merely stating a true fact, but in a more sophisticated fashion. Not only does it bring our minds back to the university we all attend, but as the brighter among you may recognize, one cannot possess a QPA of 6, making it incredibly humorous. From now on, I urge you: if you see a comment about Grand Theft Auto VI written in this manner, remind the author of their place in this world. Reply to "ratio" them with an even funnier Quality Point Average joke, exerting your dominance as an intellectual student of Carnegie Mellon University.

Triangle Nightmare

Elliot Rice
The alphabet has 26 letters

I woke up last night, sweaty from a nightmare of a different world. A different world that made me more scared than I've ever been before.

Sine was called sime. Cosine was called cosime. Tangent was called tamgent. In fact, all of trigonometry was called trigomometry. I feared for my life, for the life of others. Mathematical operations were just not the same. Minus was called mimus. Math was called math. Integrals, even, were called integrals.

If reading this scares you, it should. Before you go to sleep tonight, think: what if it was different?

What if it was different, and sine was called sime?

What if it was different, and cosine was called cosime?

What if it was different, and tangent was called tamgent?

This issue of readme is brought to you by:
Editors: Eshaan Joshi, Alex Werth, Rock Buddy, Bertie Wooster, Tali Kirschenbaum, Jupiter
Cover Art: Alex Werth
Problem Solvers: Daniel Yin, Violet, Mar K. O.
Journalists: WP, Citron, Surely Jacks Son, Elliot Rice, Bertie Wooster, Violet R. Blu, Isabelle Florence, Raytheon Blues, Duigi Amodei, Homunculus Bosch
Artists: Benner Rogers, Jupiter, Air Conditioner
Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Allyn

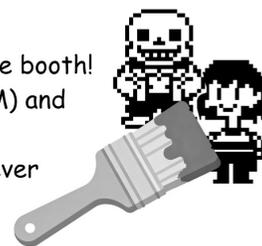
As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB. See ya next time!

KGB Booth Presents: Builds!

Want to participate in one of CMU's most beloved traditions? Help KGB build our Toby Fox themed booth!

Design Meetings
Help do the painting for the booth!
When: Thursdays (6-8PM) and Saturdays (1-4PM)

Where: The Kage (Stever Basement)



Structure Meetings
Help build the structural elements of the booth!
When: Thursdays (6-8PM) and Sundays (6-8PM)
Where: The Kage (Stever Basement)



← Join the Booth Discord

Hostile Booth Architecture

Homunculus Bosch
Moat Enthusiast

As Carnival season closes in on us, it is important to impress upon the larger Carnegie Mellon community the necessity of intelligent booth design. Of course, building codes and safety regulations are all well and good, but student organizations must be aware of a more fundamental factor affecting the quality of their booths. The only way to ensure a booth remains pristine and functional is preventing unwanted interference by hostile forces. And, by potentially hostile forces... well, let's just say: the students.

Our honest booth builders and their structures are always threatened by the conniving influences of Carnegie Mellon students, faculty, and alumni. But there is hope for them, hope found in techniques of cities around the world, crusading to keep people out of the places they think for some reason they're supposed to be allowed to go, because you should be able to exist in public areas or something.

So here's an expert list we've put together, to help YOU keep your booth safe and sound.

Spikes. You've probably seen expanses of sidewalk with little tiny spikes jutting out to prevent people from lying down on them, but these are just a compromise, as people are still able to walk and ultimately just exist among them. We suggest increasing the size of your spikes (around 20 inches or so will do for a start) and installing them in a random pattern on the floor of your booth.

This way, any student attempting to enter and wreak havoc will find themselves unable to probe the depths of your structure. If you're lucky, you can even trap them in there, Loggerhead Shrike style, to appropriately reprimand later.

Slopes and curves. Going beyond the basic curved benches and barriers designed to be uncomfortable for unwanted visitors, one can bring the same inaccessibility to the entrance to one's booth. This may look like a large slide or steep incline that visitors must scale in order to access the door. After they expend significant energy climbing, slipping, falling down, and trying again, they reach the top just to find - oh no! - that's the decoy door. (I like to call this a cheeky wee surprise, for the uninitiated and stupid students trying to enjoy their Carnival).

The Moat. This is a personal favorite. Employing the moat method is perhaps the simplest of all the anti-visitor options we have provided, as it requires nothing more than a shovel, some water, and maybe a few alligators or something. You'll need a bit of time, but you have all of build week to get the requisite permits for uprooting Midway. Bonus points if you don't have a drawbridge. Students fall into the moat, alligators get food, and nobody enters your precious booth - a win-win-win.

ReadMe guarantees that any student organization that abides by the above guidelines will keep their booth untainted by the hands of misguided visitors. And you'll probably win the competition, too.

Traffic Calming Solution

WP
Driven to Succeed

The City of Pittsburgh has released an official statement following questions about PRT's bus route redesign, which includes retiring a bus line on Fifth Avenue and rerouting affected buses to Forbes Avenue.

"Obviously, there are concerns about safety, given the increased congestion on Forbes Avenue," said PRT spokesperson Mr. Portss. "That's pretty much always our number one priority. Fortunately, we were able to draw from the immense talent pool of university

students here and hire an intern to come up with a way to deal with this."

The architect of the solution, a Carnegie Mellon graduate, was eager to explain the solution in detail when contacted for comment. "Basically, the idea is to have land mines placed randomly on the road. Every so often, a car will blow up, which will efficiently reduce the total traffic density. The total number of exploded vehicles can be modeled as a Poisson process, so we can model how many casualties to expect on a given day. It's really neat!"

SHOCKING: Roman Republic only 2600 years away from nuclear capability

Bertie Wooster
Veni, Vidi, Vaporized

In a revelation sending shockwaves through the complex, community-destroying, complex-destroying military-industrial community-complex complex, a new study warns that the ancient civilization of Rome may be far closer to nuclear capability than previously believed.

The authors of the report caution that 2600 years is not as distant as it sounds. "Civilizations can advance rapidly under the right conditions," says lead researcher Dr. Victus, sharing his fears with our interviewers. "Rome has the infrastructure and ambition. The warning signs are everywhere: vast road networks enabling troop movements, advanced engineering feats like aqueducts and concrete. Rome is laying the technological groundwork for something devastating."

Perhaps even more concerning is Rome's cultural disposition. The Colosseum, he argues, stands for a society that revels in spectacle and brutality. Their paganism is intrinsically a religion of violence, with fearsome gods like Mars and Bellona, as far from Christ as one can get.

Experts believe we may need a series of preemptive strikes to permanently cripple the country's infrastructure. This may seem drastic to some, but history will not remember hesitation kindly. The question is no longer whether we act, but whether we act before it's too late.

Novel research indicates possible weakly positive correlation between alcohol and drunkenness

Dr. Et Al
Drunk now that I have tenure

Prior work has extensively characterized the social, physiological, and psychological effects of alcohol consumption; however, the direct relationship between alcohol and drunkenness remains underexplored. A survey of prior research finds that all studies presume a positive correlation, despite no papers establishing this, revealing a significant flaw in the literature.

In this study, a convenience sample of 84 undergraduate participants was observed across naturally occurring weekend conditions. Alcohol consumption was measured by self-reporting while intoxication was estimated by a proxy function of postural instability, vocal amplitude, confidence, and frequency of unsolicited emotional disclosure. Linear regression reveals a strong correlation between alcohol consumption and drunkenness ($p < 0.000001$), with higher levels of intake consistently predicting higher levels of drunkenness. Potential future work may investigate causality, whether this is replicable across cohorts, and what exactly a "jungle juice" consists of.

Tales from Beyond Frick Park IV: One Bottle After Another

Surely Jacks Son
Dead Serious

No one noticed the first bottle.

It appeared on Jenna's desk in studio sometime between 2:14 AM, when she first sat down, and 5:37, when she finally looked away from her Rhino model to rest her eyes for a minute. A slightly crinkled 20 oz Dasani bottle, half full, faintly warm, light yellow, she assumed it was hers, though she didn't remember drinking anything much: just three Rockstars, the same as every morning.

By the time the sunrise brilliantly illuminated the CFA roof, setting flames dancing across the aluminum roof and ornate railing, there were three. They showed up quietly, tucked between rockite models and drafting paper. No one claimed them, but no one threw them away either. Every student was too busy slaving away at their final projects.

As studio crit approached, it was just one bottle after another. Three became five. Five became twelve. Twelve became too many for anyone to have time to count. Their amber contents seemed to deepen in color and, though no one actually mustered the courage to check, it seemed as though the bottles remained perpetually warm.

By doomsday, the day before final projects were to be critiqued, studio was impassable. The air seemed thick and humid, though the bottles remained sealed and, indeed, the room was no more moist than before. Review was harsh, as always. Eight students would not be returning the next year, including Jenna. Afterwards, desks were cleared for the summer, the bottles intentionally ignored. Facilities Management Services came through and cleared everything remaining.

When the remaining students returned in August, studio looked exactly as it always had. A new cohort of first-years occupied the section, unaware of the horrors that had occurred there all too recently, and the prior class was on the opposite side of the room. The events were collectively rationalized until, like the entirety of the architecture program, it almost made sense, almost seemed humane; it was perhaps not normal but certainly not that abnormal. And this is the only way they're able to persevere.



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 out.

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

Evil Careers for those in the Arts (Oh, and the Humanities)

Violet R. Blu
Geneva Unconventional

Every freshman comes to CMU with the same dream. They may have different passions, but when they stand up at convocation, each one has the same thought in their mind: *my very own Faustian contract is just around the corner.* Unfortunately, achieving this dream is easier for some than it is for others. While engineers lock eyes with Lockheed Martin and programmers become pals with Palantir, students of the liberal and fine arts often feel left out. As a humanist myself, I understand the pain of having an unmarketable soul. That's why I've compiled a list of high-paying, dastardly jobs for people like me. If you want to feel the fires of Hell against your skin but don't want to take Calculus 1, keep reading!

As AI art proliferates every corner of society, visual artists may despair at the prospect of being replaced. They can now rest assured that their talents haven't become obsolete. Since discovering that AI-generated art has the potential to reflect biases, firms like OpenAI and Anthropic have started hiring CPOs (Chief Prejudice Officers). These CPOs are skilled artists with people-driven backgrounds. Through algorithmic analysis, they figure out what stereotypes an LLM is already reproducing. Then, they use their creative skills to teach it a new one. According to Gemini CPO Sagit Tarius, "It's a really rewarding position, but it does get exhausting sometimes. Like, how many pictures of all-male boardrooms do I have to draw before Gem gets the hint? Even robot women are hopeless. Wait, that gives me an idea!" Tarius then started working on a sketch of a pink Tesla crashing itself into a curb.

But let's say your skills lie more in the realm of music. This is where propaganda comes in. For decades, the art form has been used to manipulate the American populace. This practice continues today, especially as the US prepares to launch a war with Iran. Producer Midi East told README how the conflict has affected his career: "It's been fucking great, man. I started timing all my beats to the firing speed of a Black Hawk, and now the White House TikTok keeps putting them over their kill cams. Free publicity." This story serves as an inspiration for performers everywhere. We may not have drummer boys anymore, but the war machine still needs people with a song in their heart and a beat in their feet.

Now that the artists have their souls in the checkout tab, it's time to focus on the humanists. I was a literature major in my day, so I'll throw those nerds a bone. New editions of classic books come out every year. Many of these books contain problematic language and shocking examples of bigotry. Why not add more? Such is the philosophy of Jane Galveston, editor-in-chief at Puffin Press. Last year, Galveston published an updated edition of *Gone with the Wind*, which received intense backlash for historical inaccuracy. When reached for comment, Galveston stated, "They just don't want you to know who really won." Her impressive bibliography continues to expand. She recently published an abridged *Of Mice and Men*, where George "gets it over with right out of the gate". Thanks to this new edition, students will never again have to read about difficult things like poverty or being friends with a disabled person. All it takes is one dedicated humanist to inspire the CEOs of tomorrow.

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



Religiously informed gambling choice

MAZZIKIN

Ever wondered why nothing ever seems to go right? You may find the answer in the Talmud, not in a preachy way, unless what you need is in fact religious guidance, and not just an explanation for why you can't get an internship. There's a solid chance it's not because you're untalented, but rather because you're surrounded by Mazzikin, the invisible demons of Jewish folklore.

We know a surprising amount about these guys considering the fact that they're invisible without the use of ashes from the burnt hair of a firstborn female black cat. They are consistently described as little winged humanoids who do a lot of the same things humans do, like having sex and dying. I feel bad for the poor soul who I presume lost their home, their cat, and witnessed how Mazzikin procreate all in the same day.

The Amoraic sage, Rav Huna, once said that every person has thousands of Mazzikin on each side, one thousand on the left, ten thousand on the right. The most obvious application of this is that, when presented with two options, the one to the left of you will be subject to less impish interference. I have been kicked out of three casinos for employing this technique to my advantage.

To many, this demonic directional dependence raises the obvious question, if two people face each other, how many Mazzikin are present and whose count is right. After several decades of Rabbinical deliberation, it was decided between the two people, the person who is more Jewish is correct, and in the event of a tie, the Mazzikin become evenly split between the two sides.

ARTISTIC RENDITION OF A README PITCH MEETING

