

Sweepstakes forbids new live-birth method

Violet R. Blu
It's the Apex of motherhood

Just weeks ahead of Carnival, Sweepstakes has dropped a bombshell on all buggy teams: due to existing rules prohibiting mass loss during a race, the "live birth method" is officially banned. In previous years, buggy drivers would impregnate themselves prior to Carnival, nourishing the fetus with Stack'd and melatonin gummies. Then, they would induce labor the morning of race day.

The method unfolds in two parts. As the driver takes the first downhill, they must fight to stay pregnant. Extra weight means extra momentum, and on the course, every kilogram meter per second matters. While some train their pelvic floors to hold in the fetus, others simply put a Kumon worksheet between their legs in hopes that their future child will stall for as long as it can.

Once the driver reaches the bottom of the next hill, the plan enters phase two. The pusher takes control, grabbing the push bar and opening the back hatch at the same time. Meanwhile, the driver starts doing some pushing of their own. After a few short kegels, their wailing baby flies out of the back hatch and into the pusher's free hand. This sudden weight loss allows the buggy to get uphill with ease. Over the years, the live birth method has earned 26 victories for SDC alone.

This year's drivers report feelings of betrayal and devastation. According to CIA driver Misa Shordi, "I literally only got knocked up for Sweepstakes. What am I gonna do with this kid now, raise it? Hell no." If any buggy teams are looking for a child that will grow up to be five-one, Shordi agrees to sell you her daughter in exchange for a new chin pad.



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 any excuse to keep day-drinking.

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

A Freshman's Guide to Carnival

Greeshma Adiga
A Freshman

You and I have one thing in common: We've both never been to Spring Carnival. Fear not, because my expert sleuthing over the past few days has allowed me to gain insight into this mysterious campus-wide event. What does a midway taste like? Who's in the doghouse? I'll answer all your questions and more in the guide below!

Spring Carnival came to be when CMU administration realized that the student body may revolt without bread and circuses. Hence the tradition of selling snacks so unhealthy they make Stack'd Underground look like a dietician's haven. The rest of Carnival's events grew out of this singular focus: to let the CMU student be happy, if only for a moment. It's why Booth is such a popular event: Oh, the fulfillment of constructing a building instead of bombing it down!

Buggy, another crowd favorite, draws from the CMU student's innate desire for physical affection. Nothing says "love" to a touch-starved college student like being stuffed into a tiny metal tube and dropped down a steep hill. Truly a heartwarming way to spend your mornings at Carnival!

If Buggy and Booth are too mainstream for you, there are always alternatives. Doghouse, a smaller form of booth, allows students insecure about their size to feel a little bit better about themselves. And for those with too much cowardice to risk life and limb in Buggy, Mobot provides a CS student-friendly

alternative where athleticism is completely optional.

Spending too much time outside is dangerous for CMU students, so Carnival also provides a wide array of indoor activities to enjoy. Head over to Hunt Library and enjoy the "Room to Imagine", a showcase of 125 ways that CMU history can circle back to Andy Warhol. There's also a Carnival Activities Tent, the perfect spot for a meet-cute with that handsome alumnus fifteen years older than you. Go for it, girl!

Now, I'd mention the various rides and games at Carnival, including the massive Ferris wheel that they lug onto campus somehow, but real CMU students have better, more productive ways to engage in risk. This includes Day Drinking, a fun event where students drink during the day. This is accompanied by Day Partying, both of which actually last well into the night!

Despite this, it's important to stay safe. That's why you should NOT attend the Fetty Wap concert on Saturday night. I heard he's been in jail or something. Also, make sure to always hold the dorm doors open for random strangers walking behind you. If you don't, they might get mad and yell at you, so it's definitely safer to let them in.

Have fun at Carnival, and remember this: Everything going wrong in your life doesn't have to exist for just this one weekend. Your taxes are filed, your summer job is locked in, and your finals are ages away. This is the one fun thing that happens at CMU, so you might as well enjoy it.

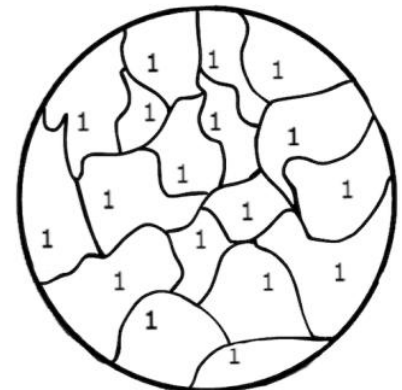
Rejected Headlines #35

- Topologist reveals Ferris wheel to be dodecahedron all along.
- Hardest job imaginable: affirming therapist to drone strike today.
- CUC gym administrators remove all first-floor machines to make space for a merchandise sweatshop.
- Alumni find 50% of soul returns after donating to Readme (cmureadme.com/donate).
- Wild Blue opens as gas station food for buggy repair depot.
- How to tell if your ice sculptures are ethically sourced.
- Repeatedly saying "No hablo ingles" has not helped me get out of my Spanish final.
- Local gnome discovers his house has been stolen by SDC booth.
- Opinions: Dishwashers are the LLMs of the household appliance world.
- Tired of protein shakes? Gym bros invent "carb shakes" comprised of beer, ground pasta, and soft-serve ice cream.
- Artemis 2's local Claude instance hallucinates, makes a call to the "blow_up_ship_violently_with_cameras_watching" API.

All this and more, not in this issue!

readMe
Booth Color by Numbers

Coldplay's Yellow



Key:

1 = Yellow, 2 = Blue, 3 = Red, 4 = Green, 5 = Orange, 6 = Purple, 7 = Pink, 8 = Brown, 9 = Grey, 10 = Black

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KGB PRESENTS

readME

Carnival : Free
Finals : \$3

*the issue in which we try to
figure out how many laws
we can break before
CMUPD stops us*

VOL V, ISSUE VII, 4/6/2026

Editor-in-Chief: Eshaan Joshi

All the news unfit to print

cmureadme.com

New job opportunities for recent graduates.

Handy Manny
Had their unlimited PTO rejected

Dear Recent Graduates,

Now that we have your attention, have you made your way into the terrifying depths of the real world? Do you long for the days when the biggest fear was looking at your grades instead of making a mistake on your taxes and being arrested? Whether you escaped Pittsburgh or are still creeping around this city like a stalker at parties, you are now officially old and withering away. The sweet embrace of Wean Hall during Carnival season is your highlight of the year, and it's time to accept that.

You aren't getting any younger, no matter how much you try to escape the fleeting feeling of loneliness. That one person in your class is now a multi-billionaire, while you are stuck working at a weapons manufacturer building the bombs that our government used a week ago. All you can do is sit there and give an update, making the meaningless work you do sound interesting on LinkedIn.

We sympathize with your pain, so we suggest that, as a way to relive the memories of yonder, you should donate to the KGB, so we can have fun in your place. Whether you made fun of the KGB in the past, we do not care; the only thing we care about is having basic amenities like fighter jets and indoor trampoline parks.

While we may not be able to give you a graduation ceremony for you 2020 grads, or give the 2025 grads a connection so they can actually get employed somewhere, we can repeatedly ask for donations. In fact, after you donate online to us, we will remind you of that email and the deadline due next week, free of charge!

Best

The Readme Editorial Committee

A Grad Student's Guide to Carnival

WP
Old

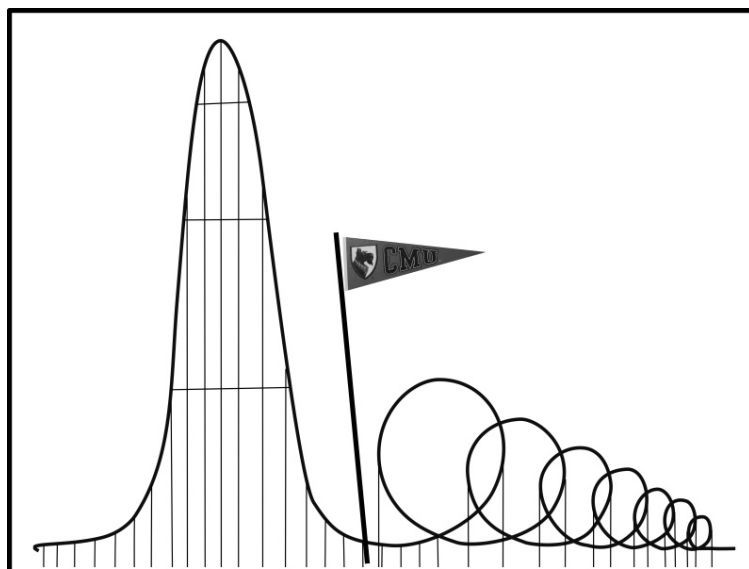
Me and the freshman from the other page have one thing in common: we have never been to Spring Carnival. If you're a first year Master's student, you need to lock in, because there's a good chance your program (which also has a 1 in 5 chance of having the word "AI" in it) runs for three semesters. This means that this might be your one and only chance to participate in Carnival as a student. If you're a Ph.D. student, why are you reading this? Go back to your lab, bitch. If you did your undergrad here and came back for more, fuck you for being smarter than me.

The trick to enjoying Carnival is to never forget the cardinal rule of graduate school: you are Old. Your age doesn't matter, and I would like to point out that this is the only context in which you get to use that phrase. You could be 21, freshly out of undergrad, and younger than current seniors. Doesn't matter. You are Old. The faster you accept this, the higher your chance of being able to enjoy yourself. Being Old shifts how people look at you for doing certain things because you're expected to have some of your shit together. A good example of this is day drinking. Be a responsible adult: hide your vodka in a water bottle, and be discreet about it. You are past the age where people will trust you enough to take a swig from it, anyway.

This leads to the next point of

Carnival. How do you bond with the undergraduates here? For the first time, you might have to interact with the half of the school's population that you've managed to avoid. Fortunately for you, I have spent the better part of the year working undercover at this awful campus publication in order to figure them out. My research has led me to one conclusion: they are people too. They might be a bit smarter or richer than you, but that doesn't change the fact that you should treat them like you would a normal person. If you want to be friendly and get some good memories from this event, be yourself! Being mean to people has never led me astray. Don't let self-doubt get in the way of you walking up to a teenager and telling them that their parents don't love them, or asking if they're "supposed to look like that." People will find you hilarious.

That being said, if you're a student in a short program, you don't really have the option to be able to bounce back from a terrible semester. That means that if you're already stressed out, you might feel the urge to skip out on everything, and not even waste an hour strolling on the lawn admiring the commotion. Listen to that urge. When your time comes, you'll want to rest assured knowing that you got through graduate school without a single "B". Nobody has ever laid on their deathbed and gone, "Man, I wish I had done more things."

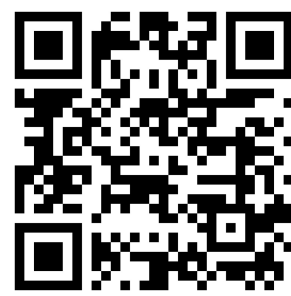


New Carnival Event
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Nine-and-a-half theses on comedy

Bertie Wooster
In nomine comoedia

1. When the humorist writes, he ought to will the entire piece be one of intelligibility.
2. Satire cannot be understood as merely the presence of references and proper nouns; artificial intelligence, Farnam Jahanian, Palantir, and Charlie Kirk do not a joke make.
3. When references are to be made, timeliness is of utmost importance.
4. More generally, timing is essential. In writing, this is achieved through punchiness and restraint.
5. They preach only false doctrines who teach that a sentence becomes funnier by being made longer, stranger, and more subordinately clausal.
6. A joke explained is a joke better left unstated.
7. Similarly, it is certain that a joke, once made, need not be made again in the following sentence, nor in the sentence after that, nor as a concluding callback whose only merit is persistence.
8. Those satirists are in error who say that if a line is weak, it may be redeemed by placing it within quotation marks and attributing it to a sophomore in SCS.
9. No rule of humor is firmly true and to attempt matters of the heart is ever difficult.
- 9.5. Blessed be all those who attempt humor, however feeble.



This issue of readme is brought to you by:
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Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

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

The Tell-Tale Tartan

Bertie Wooster
Thief Extraordinaire

The idea first entered with levity. A prank, someone said. A joke, said another. A bit, I asserted, and all agreed this was the fairest possible framing. This was no exercise in greed. I desired not money and, indeed, am hardly starved of such, given my Californian parentage. Power neither did I want, for there is little to be gained by dominion over sporadically published gratis periodicals (which happen to serve chiefly as insulation, kindling, and versatile booth-construction material). No, I think it was the spirit of the thing: their hateful abundance! Those neat little stacks at dawn, those smug rectangular towers scarcely diminished by evening, those lavish budgets, all this pomp for some extraordinarily laughable publication – and on April Fools, it was meant to be especially laughable – for alongside those Tartans and Pillboxes, were to be the reverse: Natrats and Sexobllip; ostensibly serious journalism was to be complemented by allegedly humorous writing.

Observe now how methodologically we proceeded. We rose at five in the morning, an hour reserved for airport departures, buggy competitors, and the clinically unwell. We rendezvoused in the blue-grey predawn with the enthusiasm of those about to embark on something great and amusing. The mood was initially exuberant, subdued only by the weariness infusing every action and statement.

Two hours, we lurked. For, foolish as we were, we presumed the papers would be out by six, as is their wont; but hasty – too hasty by far! – were we. Breakfast was difficult: our anticipation curdled into nerves, our nerves into dread, our dread into anticipation again, and so forth in increasingly brief cycles. At last the time fell with a papery plop as we observed Tartans unceremoniously dropped onto a stand. With a graceful swiftness that would move angels and bank robbers alike to tears unlike, we descended.

My dear reader, we cleaned them out. Two thousand five hundred Tartans. Two thousand five hundred Natrats. Two thousand five hundred Pillboxes. Two thousand five hundred Sexobllip.

We took them all – or nearly all (indeed, I must digress here to crow that the Tartan's staff believed we had made a comprehensive job of it, despite the fact that perhaps hundreds remained marooned in obscure nooks and random crannies across campus) – in armfuls and backpacks and the belief of something greater.

Our spoils were deposited in, of all places, my dorm room. There, they all lay in great accusatory heaps. It was no longer possible to sit still naturally: my chair rolled with a newfound resistance, the air itself had become papery and opening the window threatened an avalanche of such scale I might only have been found months later among then-vintage kindling.

Despite this, we exulted, taking photos with the exuberance of tourists at the Louvre. After all, the quantity was admirable, naturally, but so was our bravado; our ruthless, secret efficiency; and, above all, the absolute and undeniable stupidity of it all: for is not college to be spent on wasteful trivialities that amount to a thing of beauty?

Soon came word that the Tartan's membership believed the disappearance had been the fault of their new printing company (and, to their credit, this did explain the initial delay in distribution). They were, we learned, considering demanding a refund. A refund!

Reader, you must try to imagine my torment (for it is one you doubtless and hopefully have never experienced). There are crimes against persons, crimes against property, crimes against humanity, and, above all, there is the unique and unbearable moral transgression of accidentally causing undergraduate editorial staff to send a sternly worded email. This, we could not allow and we reached out anonymously to an intermediary, the officer in charge of the Tartan's communications, confessing the whole affair was nothing more than a foolish April Fools' prank.

For our troubles came the threat of police action. For what? For larceny of the complimentary? For aggravated overcollection? For daring the Tartan to be funny? In point of fact, we were intending to only carry out the heist should the Natrat be hideously unfunny – which, admittedly, was a certainty – and, indeed, our ransom note – had events progressed that far – was to be nothing more than a few points on humor – nine point five theses on comedy, to be precise – and an apology.

But nonetheless we agreed to replace what we had displaced. There is no dignity in undoing a prank; once more we became beasts of burden, staggering under the weight of their ideas. Despite our redresses, we expected further condemnation, perhaps fury. Bizarrely though, we were asked to stop halfway through.

"Why?" you ask. I hear you and, though it pains me, tell you it was due to a misprint – they planned to reprint the issue anyway.

Can you comprehend the abyss that opened up in my soul? We had not interrupted the stream of the Natrat's relentless history (incidentally, this august tradition has only been interrupted twice before, in 1994 and 2004, but modesty forbids me from saying more).

Anyway, what a waste of time it had been! And yet – and yet! – was it not beautiful?

For what is Carnegie Mellon if not overengineered uselessness: spending hours on a project only to realize it had been rendered irrelevant; working and working and working and, ultimately, pranking only yourself? In the end, no, they still are not funny, whether intentionally or otherwise; but we were – whether intentionally or otherwise – and that is enough.

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FOR _____

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Loan me money so I can buy an airplane!



Tales from Frick Park IV: They have a mouth and must not scream

Bertie Wooster
387.44 Million Miles of Hate

“Alright everyone, if we could gather in a semicircle—yes, perfect—watch your step there. Welcome to Carnegie Mellon University! My name is Victor and I’ll be your tour guide today.

Behind me you’ll see one of our most iconic landmarks: Walking to the Sky. Feel free to take a photo, just no flash. Sudden stimuli can ... interfere with the finish.”

Everyone squints upwards. “Yes, it is quite tall. The sculpture represents aspiration, forward motion, the limitless potential of CMYou.”

A faint, papery crack as one of the figures shifts almost imperceptibly.

“That lifelike texture is intentional,” Victor continues lightly. “The artist wanted to evoke the immediacy of the human form.”

Another pause. A student at the back raises a hand. “Did—did that one just blink?”

Victor smiles. “Great question! CMU is interdisciplinary. What you’re seeing is the result of a collaboration between the School of Art and the Robotics Institute.”

The wind carries something down from above. A sound, thin and strained, almost a word.

A mother tilts her head. “It sounded like—”

“—wind through structural elements,” says Victor smoothly. “Totally normal. Each figure is selected to remind them of their

commitment to campus life.”

The lowest figure’s jaw trembles. The paint at the corners of its mouth has cracked, revealing something damp beneath the lacquer.

Victor steps slightly to his left, blocking the view. “Fun fact: our retention rate is among the highest in the nation. This is because some students become such a vital part of the Carnegie Mellon community they’re invited to join it permanently.”

Another eerie noise, this time a soft moaning, reminiscent of a sob.

“We do ask that all participants refrain from vocalization during tour hours,” Victor announces, louder now. “This ensures we don’t disrupt visiting families or negatively affect yield.”

A drop of something dark hits the pavement. Victor’s sneaker slides over it. “Just preservative. They’re selected posthumously, of course. Lab accidents, shuttle crashes, food poisoning. We honor our fallen with our Robotics Institute’s pioneering neural reanimation.”

A student lowers his phone. “So they’re zom—”

“Yes, they’re legacy students.” This joke is greeted by faces almost as lifeless as those above.

“Isn’t it inspiring,” he continues, “how still they are? That level of professional polish is something you’ll develop here.”

“Anyways, we’ll be heading to the Cohon University Center next. And remember: at Carnegie Mellon University, our heart is in the work.”

Background

Apex’s dominance had become unbearable. Worthington’s revolutionary wheel geometry made every other team look slow, and his refusal to explain his design had pushed CIA and SDC to their limits.^[3] A previous attempt to discuss the design during the 2025 Spring Carnival was abandoned when Worthington laughed for 45 seconds as he made “Apex more like Gaypex” jokes.^[4]

Formation of alliance

The breakthrough came when a CIA operative and an SDC operative found themselves hiding behind the same ad hoc PVC cart outside the Apex workshop at 4 AM (the average waking time of a buggy mechanic, per prior intelligence). They turned to talking about what their surveillance was for and it turned out both SDC and CIA’s engineering teams had developed precision delivery systems and were scoping out a bombing run. They spent two weeks arguing about whose was better before realizing they could just use both, which engineers from both sides spent a subsequent week integrating the two (this consisted of duct-taping them together in a Doherty Hall classroom).^[5]

Intelligence gathering

Worthington’s patterns were alarmingly predictable. Each morning at 05:00, he emerged from his garage—which contained a cot, 3 whiteboards covered in incomprehensible scrawls, and a \$4,500 La Marzocco espresso machine funded through the team’s discretionary materials budget—to perform his traditional pre-dawn practice victory lap.^[6]

The lap consisted of walking slowly around Flagstaff Hill exactly once, accompanied by his drivers, which Worthington believed made their course routes better, but which surveillance teams described as “just a few people walking in a circle, like, one time, slowly.”^[7]

Operation

At 05:00 on 28 February, Worthington emerged for his victory lap. At 05:43, he returned to the garage and began preparing his first espresso of the day. At 05:47, four modified commercial quadcopters, two from each team, approached from opposite directions.^[8] Witnesses reported seeing the drones pause momentarily in mid-air as they passed each other, as if acknowledging the historic nature of their collaboration, before continuing to their target.^[9]

All four drones simultaneously released their payloads. The espresso machine was destroyed beyond recognition. Worthington, his executive assistant (a role created specifically to bring him coffee), his lead mechanic, and three first-year recruits who had been sleeping in the bunker were all terminated.^[10]

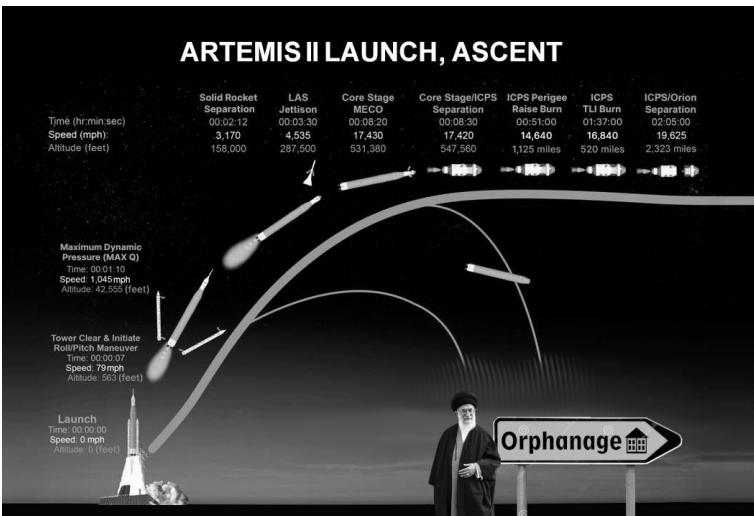
Aftermath

Members of CIA and SDC celebrated together at Revolution Noodle.^[11] The handshake they had practiced was, according to observers, “longer than necessary” and “a little try-hard,” but everyone involved seemed satisfied.^[12]

The Sweepstakes Committee released a statement expressing “concern” and reminding teams of “the importance of a safe practice environment,” which all parties interpreted as meaning they had no idea what to do and hoped everyone would just calm down.^[13]

Apex, meanwhile, held an emergency meeting to determine who, if anyone, understood the remains of Worthington’s whiteboards. The answer, it emerged, was no one.^[14]

CARNIVAL 2026 FEATURES FIRST UNDERGROUND BOOTH



BA

HANK GREEN'S

BA presents...

brother is coming to town!

Student Tickets Ran Out!
Sorry :(

vlogbrothers star and Crash Course co-founder

7:00pm

Carnegie Music Hall

April 10, 2026



*There is no guarantee that Hank will show up at his brother's event

Hang in there



There will come soft Tanks

Rock Buddy

Made it two hours before succumbing

“The bathrooms are down to your left, past the staircase,” he threw out to no one in particular. His hardened grey face stared, with a thousand-yard stare, into an assortment of broken glass, bent metal, and the vandalized remains of a few abandoned bikes that had been left for far longer than seven days. He waited. Then another. “If that’s all, I’ll get back to work.” His misshapen ears couldn’t hear the wind jostling up the dust outside. His prominent nose couldn’t smell the lingering stench of fermented noodles, rotten chicken, and broken bodies in various stages of decomposition. In truth, the only thing that could tell him it was over, that he could retire at last, was a dusty keyboard, decades old, that hadn’t seen contact in many moons.

Marion Lefleur didn’t know it, but he had been in situations like this before. He was born into the fires of war, and then, like most veterans, was left to rot away in Pittsburgh. He was a decommissioned “tank”, left behind as a curiosity of an earlier time for newer generations to walk past and ridicule for his primitive nature. But he had gotten the last laugh, hadn’t he? Where were those students now? Tank didn’t know that they had gone. He had no idea that metres away lay the irradiated corpse of a robotics student bludgeoned to death with the

very desk placard that read “Roboceptionist”. Months earlier, that student had asked Tank to imagine a world where bedrooms were called “Pissrooms”. Such a miracle, the imagination of a young student! Poor Tank’s fragile memory banks could never deal with such a complex idea. The idea was erased from his mind. One less problem for Tank to think about now. He could never fix the world now though, limited capacities notwithstanding. It had been four months, eleven days, and three minutes since PRT stopped accepting CMU and Pitt IDs. Four months, eleven days, and three minutes since the last time society still somewhat functioned. Four months, eleven days, and three minutes since the last time anyone would ever come to Tank for help.

He had one query since then.

The last message Tank would ever receive laid frozen on his chat feed, and read:

“jeigbewvnquagvsjdfpisjdpdifhoishdiofj
ohihsofihoisdtwohouseholdsbothsalikei
ndignityinfairveronawiuwehriuhwieur
errr”

It had been the writing of a stray raccoon scampering by, looking to nibble what was left of an HCI alum. Tank simply tried his best and responded “Yes, please” in his discomfoting voice. The raccoon had nothing to say in response.

What to say to a tour guide

Homunculus Bosch

Are admitted students really people?

It is admitted students weekend. Yes, it is Carnival, but it is also admitted students weekend. And admitted students weekend means it is the perfect opportunity to impart some well-earned knowledge upon the bright-eyed pests scurrying about campus, excited for their “futures” or whatever. Because caring about that’s lame as frick!

Next time you witness a harried student clad in the ugliest red polo shirt you’ve seen in your life shepherding an ill-behaved mass of overbearing Indian parents through Hamerschlag Hall, here are a few things you can do and say to make their shift just a little bit easier.

1. One epic trick that not enough people do is literally just screaming at the top of your lungs at a tour group passing by. It’s really simple and easy, since you really just have to make eye contact with someone’s younger sibling on a tour and scream without blinking or moving for a minute or two. Bonus point – the tour guide gets a little break during their speech to recover!

2. Here’s a classic that I’m sure all of us have tried once or twice – simply begin undressing in front of a tour, douse yourself in tar, and then roll around in a pile of feathers. Even better if you begin shouting vulgarities in a British accent. It’s a fun callback to American history and will give the tour guide a great segue into how wonderfully interdisciplinary CMU is.

3. This one requires a little athleticism, so do not attempt it if you did not watch the Olympics this year. Walk up the stairs near the UC black chairs, hop over the railing, and suspend yourself headfirst by the feet over the edge of the wall. You can then begin convulsing violently and speaking in tongues. If you wish to fully commit to the bit, you can have a friend on the lower floor begging you to stop and come down, saying that this isn’t really you.

4. Moat. Build a moat.

I do sincerely hope that you employ a few of these tips and tricks when you pass by the Welcome Center in Tepper – just make sure no parents are near enough to ask you for your high school GPA.



Red Bull **WILL** give you wings.

When you have a hammer, EVERYTHING looks like a nail



On my time working in the Allegheny cannon factory

Meat the Intern
Driven to Succeed

Back in 2023, I got this lucrative job working at the cannon factory down the street from the old abandoned steel mill (the very same steel mill I had my first kiss in eight years ago). They would pay me to come in every day, no matter the rain, sleet, snow, or hail, nor the birthdays, baseball games, or religious demonstrations, all just to sit in this dirty old cannon for two hours at a time. They were real particular about those hours too. On Sundays it was 7-9 AM, on Mondays 2-4 PM, Tuesdays 3-5 in the glassy-eyed hours of morning, and so on. Say what you will, but the pay was good, and man, the health insurance coverage was unbeatable. I could've broken every bone in my body or knocked out every last tooth in some freak accident, and I still wouldn't have paid a penny.

After so much time spent inside the barrel of a cannon, nowhere else to look but out the shaft, through the hole in the roof, and right out into the sky, the mind starts to play its tricks on you. It was always on those late Tuesday shifts that I could swear I was hearing footsteps creep up to the cannon, and as they did, the faint crackling sound of a fire would get a little louder. I might've even sworn I saw the iron inner walls of the cannon take on the faint orange glow of a flame. Nonetheless, I was here to make money. I had developed a psychological dependence on purchasing these clown-themed trading cards from my local weed dispensary, and I needed a way to finance my purchasing them in bulk. It's all a speculative market; my investments will pay off ten years from now.

And maybe I experienced some kind of neurological re-wiring at this point in my life. What of it? It's not wrong for a man to

experience sexual awakening while being paid for his time in a 40-ton metal cylinder. Sometimes I would doze off during the night shifts and with my thoughts poisoned by thousands of illustrations of dope-smoking clowns, I would dream I was in a circus. My cannon would suddenly be painted a stimulating coat of red, white, and blue. I could see myself from the perspective of a stranger, and I too was painted brilliantly, with red in my cheeks like an orgasmic blush. I could see a sea of clowns surrounding me, caught in a rhythmic dance.

Most times I found myself in the circus, I would jolt awake to some loud factory sound ringing the whole cannon tube, but this one Tuesday night, last year in May, the entire factory was dead silent. Before long, I was back in the circus. As the clowns spun their circles around me and my cannon, I sensed something approaching. All of a sudden I felt a stern pressure on my iron hull, as the most muscular clown of them all had leaned on my cannon. He produced a blunt from thin air, took a long inhale of it, then flicked it onto my fuse. I heard that fire crackle and my muscles tightened for the blast. The clowns kept dancing and dancing and the big one wrapped his arm tight around the perimeter.

I woke up with semen in my pants. My boss, a particularly bulldog-adjacent man, was peering down the barrel with as much of his face as could fit. "We need to have a chat," he said, his speech half-obstructed by a cigar. I apologized about as much as a half-awake man with semen in his pants could from the inside of a cannon.

"We're letting you go."

I thought about a really topical joke I could've made, but instead I told him I understood and I walked home in the dark. It wasn't that funny anyway.

Introducing Tall Booth

Jupiter
How do I get down from here?

As students, staff, and alumni flood the Midway this Carnival, they'll notice the usual arrangement of booths, each with its own unique design. Navigating through the Midway, entranced with the artistry of Spring Carnival, they'll walk slowly into the shadow lurking at the back of the Midway. There, they'll find the newest addition to the Booth competition: Tall Booth.

The point of Tall Booth is not simply to build a sound structure with a nice exterior. Instead, the simple objective of Tall booth is height. Build the tallest booth imaginable. How tall? To space and beyond ideally.

According to the committee responsible for founding Tall Booth, building one requires creative thinking. As such, builders are actually encouraged not to complete the usually mandated BioRaft training for building booths as such training prohibits the flow of

ideas for extending the height of the booth. In observing the building of Tall Booths, reporters have noticed all manners of creative building methods. There were reporters on ladders stacked on ladders in order to reach the 9th or 10th stories of some booths. Or, 2 by 4s being used to cover the outside of booths after builders have run out of exterior ply.

Venturing inside these booths, many feature one singular ladder to access the various floors, much like the ladders mounted on the sides of wind turbines. Staring up, visitors of Tall Booths report seeing the structure sway side to side and groan under their own weight. Some argue that the constant movement of the booth interferes with playing the games. Tall Booth builders argue that it's part of the fun.

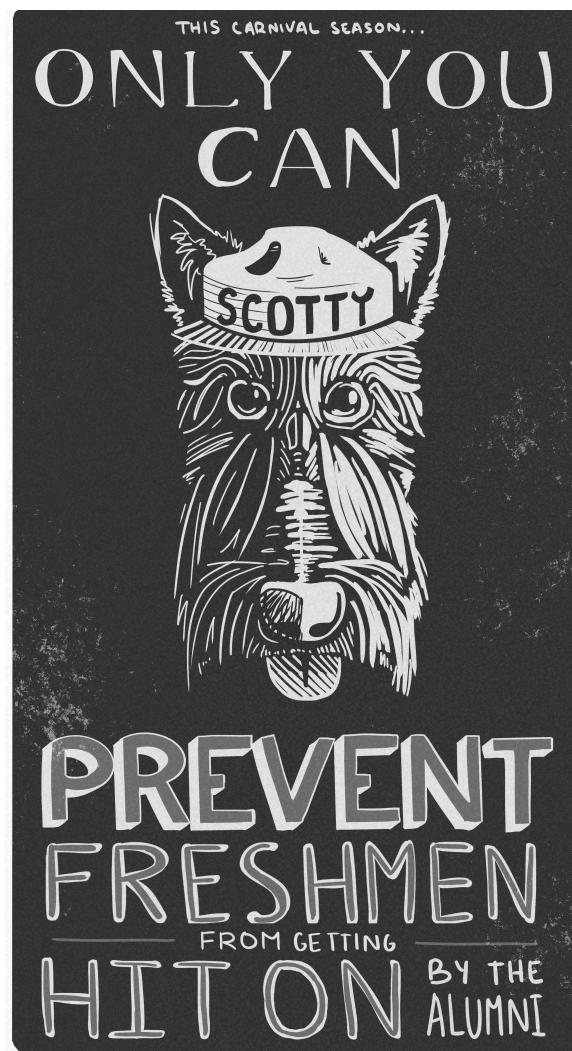
So, as you venture out on the Midway this spring, consider stopping by these marvels of jank engineering and experience Tall Booth!

On Pediatrics

Elliot Rice
Amateur Mathematician

The p-adic numbers are an extension of the rational numbers \mathbb{Q} which are distinct from the set of real numbers \mathbb{R} . They can be thought of somewhat similarly to numbers with bases that are not 10; however, at a fundamental level, they are not the same. The "p" in the term p-adic denotes a certain prime number, and there are different p-adic numbers for every prime. For example, one may talk about the 3-adic numbers or the 17-adic numbers. When we write a number in base-3, for example, we write from left as a decimal. For example, $\frac{1}{5}$ in base-3 can be written as 0.01210121. On the other hand, p-adic representations of rational numbers are written from right to left in the form of an infinite decimal expansion. So, the real rational number $\frac{1}{5}$ in 3-adic is written as ...121012102. These are almost inversions of each other, with one important difference, the "first" (rightmost) number in the 3-adic expansion is a 2, which breaks the pattern seen in the base-3 expansion. This is an application of the modulo function: let the rightmost digit be a_0 . We want a_0 such that $a_0 \equiv \frac{1}{5} \pmod{3}$. This leads us to see that $1 \equiv 2a_0 \pmod{3}$, so $a_0 = 2$. Other than that, the pattern of numbers repeats similarly to the same rational number of base p, although this is an informal way of thinking. Formally, a p-adic number can be better conceptualized as the power series $s = \sum_{i=k}^{\infty} a_i p^i$ where k is an integer, and a_i is an integer between 0 and p. Although they may seem obscure or useless, the p-adic numbers have many uses not just in mathematics but also in quantum mechanics.

The reason this issue is so pressing today, however, is simple. What if the p-adic numbers were called the pediatric numbers, and only kids could use them? Wouldn't that be funny?



Don't Come Back

Bertie Wooster
Sick of your bullshit

It's Spring Carnival, meaning our campus is once again clogged with the shambling corpses of alumni who refuse to die with dignity. This is a group that includes you, probably, and if it doesn't, it will. Every April, you ooze back onto campus in your quarter-zips, grinning like dim-witted Golden Retrievers recalling where they buried a bone during the Obama Administration. "Wow, they haven't torn down Donner yet?" "I haven't painted the Fence since SAE held it for two weeks in the freezing cold." "I remember when Jim and I..." Shut the fuck up. No one cares.

We know you're not coming back because you care about us students. You are coming back because your marriage is collapsing in a Bay Area suburb and the last time you felt a spark of something more was when you got blackout drunk at Carnival and fingered someone on Flagstaff. Okay, whatever. Good for you. You've had your turn, built your buggy, kissed your sweetheart at the Fence, and got all your sepia-toned memories. That's sweet, I get it.

I'll put it gently, to avoid causing you a heart attack (and because my publisher is glaring at me to tone it down): those days are gone. You'll never get them back, no matter how hard you try. You cannot reconnect to the campus community by throwing your blood money at us. We do not want your money or your tales of yore. We don't want to hear about how ReadMe was run by AB or how the Natrat used to be the peak of comedy. We don't give a flying fuck about how you used to make fun of the KGB, as if no one does anymore, or your shenanigans in the steam tunnels.

You will never absolve yourself of becoming the hollow, LinkedIn-poisoned ghoul you swore never to be. If, despite this warning, you still donate, we will spend your \$50 printing your name under the headline "Local Alumni Still Masturbates to Memories of Booth" and leave copies where your family can find them. We would do this regardless of whether or not you donate if only we had the printing budget. You have been warned.

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



SMILING MAN

I dated this guy for like a few weeks, I just didn't realize he was, you know, from the planet Lanulos in the galaxy of Genemedes. I guess it just never came up while we were getting to know each other over Hinge. In retrospect, I probably should have asked him why his age was set in the thousands. And yes, I don't set an upper age limit in preferences, I won't defend myself here, but if I were to defend myself for a moment, I would like to say that there is a nonzero chance of me meeting Liza Minnelli and us falling in love.

Regardless, a few ill-advised messages later, I was at cheap Italian restaurant with Indrid Cold, The Pale One. I liked him well enough, aside from that weird smile of his. I think that otherworldly entities who happen to enjoy smiling get a bad reputation from creepypastas, because that trope really was all the rage at that point in the internet's history. Just throw a big old grin on a creepy guy that does a creepy thing and call it a day. The creepy part of Jeff the Killer wasn't that he smiled, it was that he Jeff-the-Killed people.

Honestly, Indrid was a pretty upstanding guy. We had a pretty polite and mutual breakup because he claimed had to listen to a capella music covers of radio hits during sex and, as it turns out, I was just not yet at a point in my life where I could handle that. I hope he finds someone who can.

I did unfortunately contract Alien Herpes.

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