

VOLUME 5

ISSUE 9

KGB PRESENTS

readme

SUMMER SCHOOL



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Jush Aditya

CMU covers Cut and Mall in sand, citing "Being Outside" epidemic

Daniel Yin

Basically at the beach

In a rare stretch of good weather, Carnegie Mellon students have taken it upon themselves to spend their limited free time "touching grass." Although students largely found going outside to be enjoyable, CMU's administration identified several insidious drawbacks of the practice. As a result, the university coated the most popular lounging areas, the Cut and the Mall, with a layer of silt.

The administration often uses days with nice weather for promotional photos of campus, which could be adversely affected by the presence of students. University Communications and Marketing research has shown that the presence of students lying down in the grass is harmful to CMU's rigorous reputation. The yellow-brown dust caked in the grass will proudly be featured in

UCM materials.

Another harm brought about by resting and relaxing is to students' mental health. Fewer students reported going to CaPS, which made appointments more available. This may lead students to believe the help they receive is less selective and thus worse in quality, impacting therapy outcomes. The university hopes the layer of sediment will raise wait times to a target 8 weeks for a first appointment.

We reached out to Scotty's spokesperson about the new lawn treatment. He reported: "It's no substitute for delicious manure, but the mud-like texture of the silt mixing with the sprinkler water makes for a fun afternoon for Scotty."

Overall, the benefits of making the grass look and feel like it's covered in cow dung is estimated to improve student sentiment to an "acceptable" level and save about 20% as much as it cost.

What is Luigi Mangione up to these days?

Citron

Tapped into the celebrity lifestyle

He's in prison.



*artist rendition

Figure 1: CMU if they didn't have free jerk-off pods in Hunt Library

Finals Week Sestina

Violet R. Blu

aka Ezra Dolla \$ign

As I enter the cold concrete cervix of Wean,
the gold plaque of Raymond smells my fear.

I order a coffee that'll make me shit
out all my self-loathing and lack of sleep.
I don't think I've retained a thing from this class.
It might be worth risking the AIV.

Is channeling ghosts in exams an AIV?
I'll hash out my questions with Raymond John Wean.
I'm not sure if he can help with this class,
but my judgment is clouded by fear.
As quietly as if the world were asleep,
I whisper a refrain of Shit, shit, shit.

I come to the conclusion that I'm shit
out of luck even if I get away with an AIV.

Though I cry myself to sleep,
I know I'm not alone. We all must wean
ourselves off of hope and learn to swallow fear.
Here's what they missed in your Core@CMU class:

We all like to think we have too much class
to write answers on the bathroom wall in shit,
but people grow desperate in times of fear.
If the big stall stinks of an AIV,
pretend you saw nothing. Just walk out of Wean.
Don't wake the custodial staff from their sleep.

Even in the depths of REM sleep,
you'll be doing work for your linalg class.
Each matrix is The Matrix, labyrinthine Wean,
and you'll find that you can't escape for shit.

Is dreaming of vectors an AIV?
Thousands of arrows all pointing to fear.

You have nothing to fear except not feeling fear,
not studying enough, and getting too much sleep.

Being rested and calm is an AIV.

If you want to pass every class,
you must sit on the toilet and shit
enough bricks to build a replica of Wean.

Professors give lectures on fear to each class.

Just get some sleep! No. Ignore that shit.
It's not an AIV to give your soul to Wean.

Join our
Discord



Survey Says!



My Relationship with the Ready 2 Ride Mobile App

Raytheon Blues
On the Bus Ride to Heaven

Yeah, I know she's unpopular. I know you want your analog methods back. This is like the NYC Metro card all over for you, huh? Well, I don't care. I'm in love, and I'm proud of it.

Me and the Ready 2 Ride Mobile app met on the way to the coffee shop. Everybody wants something purely physical these days. Well, I downloaded her at the last second—I know, pretty lame of me. We were ships crossing in the night, I could only activate the ticket right before the ride. But once we were in transit together, I couldn't look away.

Ready 2 Ride, your beauty is not the kind that most people can understand. Everyone wants the

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.

raw pain of having to change the cards' orientation to no avail. But with you, there is a deeper struggle—the struggle to be known. It took me shockingly long to convince you that I was even a CMU student, and, even then, the trust was thin.

But as we've gotten to know each other in these very short days, I've learned a lot about you. Yeah, you like having a monthly hall pass that can be activated an unlimited number of times. But I'm cool with that. I love you for who you are, Ready 2 Ride App. I don't need you to go to the ends of the earth for me, because going to Giant Eagle will be enough. You are the center of my universe and my homescreen, the love of my life, and I love you.

Ready 2 Ride App, if you put a strap on, I'm always Ready 2 Ride you.



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!



Pierre Menard, Author of the 15-122 Final

Surely Jack Son
In The Garden of Forking Repos

Long before a student has even enrolled in 15-122, it is guaranteed they have already contemplated and come to dread the class. It's encountered in rumors and Reddit threads long before a student even sets foot on campus. By the time one is ready to take it, the class has achieved an almost theological status. Most students cope by studying. The rest cope by not.

Enter Pierre Menard, a sophomore who rejected studying. His method was more ... Iliano-esque. He adopted a French accent, began speaking about linked lists to an audience of first-years, and stood in front of large crowds that were smaller every week. He even went so far as to compel his friends to pretend to grade check-ins, so that he could supervise them. For weeks, thus, he relived the professor's life exactly.

By the night before the exam, there was no meaningful difference between Menard and Iliano, except in matters of payroll. Seated alone in Gates, he closed his eyes and reconstructed the exam from first

principles: a sorting problem, for sure, one that would tempt the naive into answering it took quadratic time. Then some bitcode operations, painfully time-consuming but utterly simple. And so on and so forth. He wrote down all the answers, triumphant, and memorized them.

The next morning, Menard opened the exam. The first problem was, indeed, on sorting. He had never learned to sort. He had learned the act of teaching sorting and of being Iliano and of being Iliano learning sorting. He had learned the gestures that would produce the answer so thoroughly the answer itself was a meaningless output. As he stared at the page, he – though it could not be said whether this thought came from what remained of Menard or from what had arisen of Iliano – realized, with complete clarity, the optimal strategy would have been to study, instead of concocting an elaborate scheme to complete the course without doing the work as intended and learning the content. But he passed nonetheless.

Andrew Carnegie

1234 5678 9123 4567 823456789
Carnegie Mellon University

First Look:
the **NEW CMU ID!**

This new, innovative design prioritizes legibility, simplicity, and minimalism.

- It's designed for the digital age, with features such as:
 - A built-in AI-powered assistant
 - Think-and-go payment (less social interaction!)
 - All your personal information on the back (for government use)

Rejected Headlines #37

- Students shocked as test difficulty scales inversely with study
- The impending draft will be great for my grad school resume
- How to have a hot AI data center summer
- In Farnam's absence, students erect golden Scotty Dog statue
- Goldfish no longer 'Snack that Smiles Back' due to political climate
- Should the student handbook legalize blackmail?
- Campus router upgrade ends in unexpected raw meat surprise.
- Booth Teardown migrates off Midway, Maggie Mo destroyed
- Controversy over Rev Noodle slogan: "Are you ready for the revolution?"
- Bitches be tripping? Where? (I'm so desperate)
- CMU revises clone policy so you can take two exams at the same time
- Woke professor spends half of lecture on land acknowledgement only to immediately deadname student
- There's still time to hook up with your professor!
- Truancy StuCo shut down for record-low attendance
- Alcohol Awareness: Have you been aware of alcohol today?
- Desperate to cash in on AI craze, Catholic church to unveil Gaude.

All this and more, not in this issue!

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



52-HERTZ WHALE X THE BLOOP

The ocean can be a lonely place, doubly so for its cryptids, and no ocean cryptids live quite as lonely lives as the anomalous outcast whales. The 52-Hertz Whale, first recorded in 1989, has a call that matches no other whale in the ocean, having an unusually high, 52 hertz frequency. In 1997, a second anomalous whale call was heard, that of The Bloop, whose booming call would suggest it to be approximately 250 ft in length. Speaking strictly as a cryptid expert, I think that the 52-Hertz Whale and The Bloop should fall in love and make out crazy-style. Just imagine that for a second, the two loneliest whales on Earth, passionately scissoring their mouths together, rubbing baleen bristles perpendicularly like two massive toothbrushes, blowing heart-shaped bubbles, and moaning in tones that no other whale could make. That would be hot. For the whales.



Readme's Homework Eating Service

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis
Nom Nom

Finals are a stressful time. Each class just loves piling on projects, homework, and exams all at once.

That's why Readme is proud to introduce the new Readme Homework Eating Service! Inspired by the dogs of old, the Readme Homework Eating Service is incredibly straightforward. Bring a printed out copy of your homework to any member of Readme and they will promptly eat it. If your homework is digital, we are happy to accommodate by consuming your laptop or tablet.

If your professor requires proof of why you couldn't complete your homework, simply take a picture of a member of the Readme Homework Eating Service gnawing on your work. We are also happy to pose for action shots of you watching helplessly as a member of Readme viciously consumes your assignment.

Testimonials:

"I was really stressed out about my First Year Writing paper. Thankfully, a member of Readme ate the entirety of my rough draft! Now I no longer need to think about it. The bite marks were so dog-like that my professor just stood in shock! Thanks, Readme

Homework Eating Service!"

"15-122 just kept giving me programming homework, and I didn't know how to complete any of them. So, I brought my laptop to the Readme Homework Eating Service, and they went to town. I'm a bit concerned about their willingness to eat electrical components, but at least I'm now free of 122."

"I'm a TA for [REDACTED] and I really didn't want to grade the finals. I brought a stack of finals to the Readme Homework Eating Service, and they ate them all for me. I'm probably going to get fired, but at least I don't have to grade these finals."

"I was worried that my tear-stained dissertation wouldn't be edible, but the guys at the Readme Homework Eating Service seemed to really enjoy it. I think they liked the slightly salty taste."

"I'm a professor for [REDACTED], and I didn't feel like teaching. I gave Readme my class notes and they consumed all of them for me. Fuck you, I have tenure."

Note: Please remove all staples from papers before turning them over to the Readme Homework Eating Service. (One of our employees likes the staples a little too much.)

KGB Presents

Last Day of Class Picnic

Celebrate the end of the Spring 2026 semester with a picnic!

When: Friday, April 24th at 6:30PM
Where: Flagstaff Hill (Schenley Park)

See Real-Relevant-Announcements to sign up to bring food and tell us you are coming!

