

KGB PRESENTS

readME

Volume 6, Issue 0



If
You Don't
Read This
Magazine,
We'll Kill This
Dog

Thompson Adams

Everything not on your ABP Everything Bagel

Alex Werth
Still Hungry

I asked for a bagel
with everything on it,
a coffee and apple to go,

They looked at me funny,
like hey, little buddy,
there's something that you didn't
know:

It comes with the sesame,
salmon and chili, and
maybe a dollop of cheese,

But missing some magic that's
bound to be tragic if
we didn't put you at ease:

It's missing the pasta,
the Rev Noodle soup, and the
infinite breakfast at Schatz,

There's no second chances
for four P.M. sign-ups, or
leftover CMU hats,

We're fresh out of friends
who'll stay til' the ends
of the earth, or at least til' the
spring,

But maybe you'll do
with a classmate or two

who'll text you for boring ol'
things;

We don't have the dog
that you miss from back home,
but
we'll look for a cat in the back,

We can't sell the knowledge
that jobs after college have
bosses that cut any slack;

No healthcare or dental or
loans or forgiveness or
letters from home that they're
proud,

But give us a moment, we'll
put in assurance you're
trying, so how does that sound?

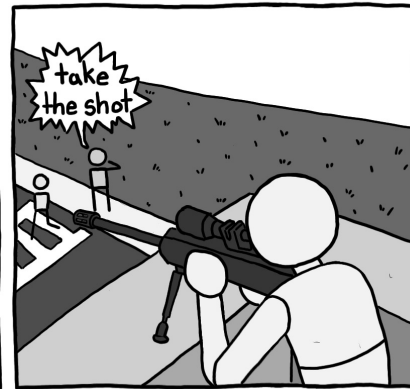
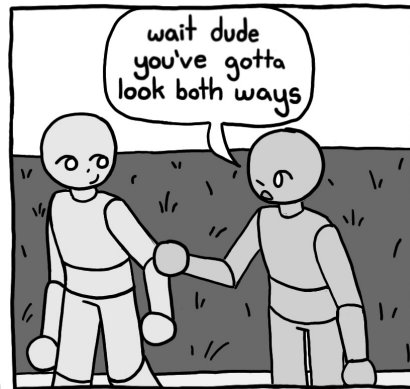
We know it's not much,
and it's almost to lunch,
but despite it, we hope that you
see

That someone's still thinking of
you, and you'll—

Oh, avocado?

That's a block,

plus three.



Are You a Lazy Bitch? Automating Your Human Interaction With Claude

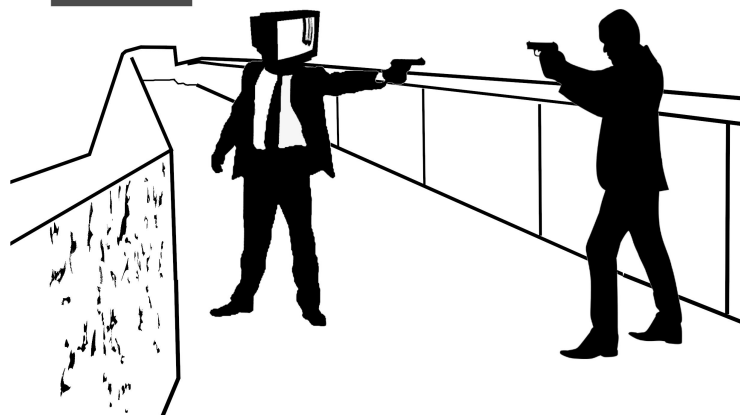
WP

Generating conversation summary...

Being a mediocre friend takes a lot of work. Is some dumb bitch blowing up your phone, asking inane questions like “are you free this weekend?” or if you “want to grab a drink :)”? Do you have a friend incapable of getting the hint that you do like them, but more of in a LinkedIn connection way? Are you tired of having to spend time and energy on maintaining enough social capital to use for networking opportunities in the future? The struggle is over. Claude Fable allows you to input biographical information about your friends to generate customized responses to their messages. With a range spanning from “dude I’d love to but my homework is KILLING me” to multi-response conversations about how you’re “sorry about their grandmother”, Claude Fable can adapt to any situation. By removing the burden of emotional labor from human interaction, Claude Fable frees up your day so you can focus on the things that actually matter.

Carnegie
Mellon
University

Explore Human-Computer
Interaction at CMU



Confessions of the Fence Eater

Nott N. Annagramm
Pick-me Pica

As many of you know, I am about to be expelled from CMU for taking a bite out of the Fence. The vitriol I've received from faculty and alumni for this victimless crime has taken a tremendous toll on my mental health, and I would like to present my side of the story.

It all started when I was holding the Fence for an unnamed organization. I hadn't eaten in 8 hours, and I couldn't risk anybody stealing our turf as I snuck off to Ciao Bella. My gaze drifted to the paint-covered picnic table I was sitting at. Beautiful splotches of color pierced the clouds of my dreary mind and empty stomach. Throwing caution to the wind, I scratched a bit off with my fingernail and licked it. It melted in my mouth – bitter yet oh so sweet.

Reader, it was heaven.

For the rest of that hour, I clawed at that table, chasing that flavor, that feeling. It was bare when I left. Not one person batted an eye at the suddenly drab planks. That gave me confidence. I knew what I needed to do.

After the club left early that morning, I struck. Armed with a

hammer and chisel, I chipped away at one of the Fence's posts. Once I got a few layers deep, I sunk my teeth in. Oh, how the flavors blended together! The fruitiness of the acrylics, the earthy tones of the warm colors, and the palette-cleansing blacks and whites. Best of all, though, was when I got to nearly the center and I tasted something unique – sweet in a way the other paints hadn't been, yet oddly familiar.

However, as my tongue worked desperately at that hard-to-reach spot, coaxing sweetness from layer after layer, I heard distant shouts and suddenly felt rough hands tugging at my legs. The CMUPD were brutally forcing me away from my peaceful feast, shouting names to shame my proclivities: "fence-eater," "maniac," and "that one weirdo they want to kick out of that club."

Despite the disgusted gazes of my former classmates, I regret nothing. The only person harmed in this fiasco was myself, as I lost two teeth when the officers yanked me off the fence. Yet, as they dragged me to Warner Hall, I finally placed that incredible taste from the Fence's center:

It was exactly like my dorm's tap water.



Stupid Baby Rabbits Keep Ruining My Brooding

WP
Rabital Brooder

Rabbit populations follow boom-bust cycles, and the Pittsburgh rabbit sex market is at an all time high. This wreaks havoc on native plants, spreads disease, and takes away from my most enjoyable hobby: being miserable. Sometimes I walk around Westinghouse pond and contemplate drowning myself in two feet of water (I'm 6'5 by the way), and I see a bunny the size of my first nibbling at a clover. Other times, I mope up and down the hills of the Schelney golf course, and see balls of fur hopping into the sunset. How am I supposed to brood under these conditions? The balance of nature is a delicate one, and this is yet another example of how devastating the consequences of upsetting that balance can be. I can only imagine the suffering of my fellow CMU students; regardless, we must console ourselves with the fact that the rabbits will reach adulthood by midterm season.

Rejected Headlines #38

- Carnegie Mellon's cannibal-in-residence seem moping around campus: "so much for on-campus dining..."
- College of Fine Arts budget up 50% after a student finds a quarter and two dimes in the Mezzanine.
- Child of prophecy destined from birth to attend CMU rejects fate.
- View of Cathedral of Learning voted #1 CMU amenity for fifth consecutive year.
- Strip District not what student expected.
- Pittsburgh announces new bridge connecting two places that were already connected, like, five times.
- Seeing Walking to the Sky as boring as seeing photograph of Walking to the Sky, studies report.

All this and more, not in this issue!

What happens if you don't find love during O-week?

Nott N. Anagram
Not at all a lobster

I had just broken up with my girlfriend. She saw someone on the tour of her college she liked more than me. There was an option on the housing form called the "Romance Program." It said that if you don't find a partner during O-Week, you will work at an unethical company of your choosing. I chose Palantir. I have a very good memory of faces, so I relate to them a lot.

There were only options for heterosexual and Welch. Apparently the bisexual program "caused too much drama, and everybody wanted to work for Starbucks." After a long period of deliberation, I went heterosexual.

On day 1, I talked to a girl from across the hall. She told me she was majoring in math. I lied that I was too. To impress her, I said that the sum of all integers is $-1/12$. She slapped me in the face and said a relationship can't be built on a lie.

In reality, my major is undecided. In other words, I have no defining characteristics. This makes me fundamentally undateable. My roommate is actually a business major, but he wrote a poem to impress a creative writing major. He showed it to me before he gave it to her. It was the shittiest fucking poem I've ever read. The next time I went into my room, they were having sex. I think their defining characteristic is that neither of them are self-aware.

On day 4, they made us walk over to Schenley Park with tranquilizer guns to hunt for woke students. For each one we caught, we would get one more day to find a partner. I saw one wearing a black shirt with the Fence on it and some words I couldn't make out, but it ran away before I could shoot it. I didn't get any extra days.

On my last day, I got desperate. Math girl from the first day was going to work for OpenAI, so I bought ChatGPT glasses that tell you what to do to make you more attractive to women. I walked up to her and told her I would honestly like to delve into that sweet sweet puss. She shot me with a tranquilizer dart. As my consciousness faded, she said she would make me work for the company nobody wanted to work for and started dragging me to the career center.

So anyways, that's how I became the manager of this McDonalds. What was your problem with our refund policy?

LCAL SUPPORT GROUP

Check in on your newly
majorless friends :f



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

Editors: Eshaan Joshi, Violet

Cover Art: Greeshma Adiga

Problem Solvers: Daniel Yin, Violet, Mar K. O.

Journalists: Nott N. Anagram, Violet R. Blu, Raython Blues, WP, Citron, Alex Werth

Artists: Jupiter, Isabelle Florence, Benner Rogers, Jupiter, Alex, Greeshma Adiga

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

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

KGB Presents: LEGO Building Extravaganza!

Friday, August 21st.

4PM-5:30PM

UC Rangos 3

Join the KGB for our LEGO
Building Extravaganza! Join KGB
members as they answer any
and all of your questions about
life as a Tartan and bond with
other first-years over legos and
snacks!



I WANT YOU
TO DISCLOSE YOUR
SEXUALITY

Self-Care For The Self-Destructive

Raython Blues

Somehow the happiest person you'll meet

Welcome, freshmen, to Carnegie Mellon! You've got a busy week ahead, one of so very many, so make sure you enjoy this one while it lasts. After all, come next week, and you will be launched into a world of coursework, clubs, and career choices that will define the rest of your life. No pressure!

That's why it's important to make O-Week count. You could do that by making new friends, learning about yourself, and getting to know this campus. But how about instead setting yourself up for a miserable four years ahead by taking care of your sweet, sweet self-destructive tendencies?

If you want to make the least of Orientation Week, start by not participating in any of the events, even the ones that sound fun. Instead, lock yourself in your dorm room and scare any potential new friends (read: wastes of time) away by saying you have endless diarrhea.

If you do have to venture outside, make sure to only interact with people you're sure to hate by next week. If your skin isn't crawling, you're not doing it right! Seal the deal by finding someone you absolutely admire and comparing yourself to them at every turn. Bonus points if you develop a crush on them, never say anything about it, and let the despair grow to hatred in your heart.

When interacting with your new enemies, make sure to compare AP scores, high school grades, extracurriculars and first semester unit loads. Behave as egotistical as possible on the outside, but make sure your insecurities leave you curled up at fetal position when it's time to go to bed! A good rule of thumb is, if you're laughing and feeling good about yourself, you're doing it wrong.

You're going to hear about a whole lot of campus clubs and organizations, and it's important you sign up for all of them! Don't actually attend, of course, because your skills are totally inadequate and they won't want you there. Instead, stay on the mailing list and sit and watch as they host fun events without you.

If you do choose to participate in an extracurricular activity, remember that it's only as good as can be expressed on your resume. They say the University of Chicago is where fun goes to die; Here, fun goes to be repackaged into three concise bullet points that stay on your resume until you (hopefully!) get a real job.

As classes start, remember that professors don't want you to succeed, and you should take their attitude in stride by not trying at all. The TA's won't help you either, they're just here for the money. You're better off banging your head against the wall alone in your dorm room and then resorting to Chat-GPT when all else fails. Despite not being able to handle your courseload, sign up for more and more classes. 60 units is for babies, you can do more than that!

(Pro tip: Leave First-Year Writing for your junior year, you'll have plenty of time for it.)

If you have free time—and why do you have free time, peasant?—don't bother exploring the “rest of Pittsburgh”. Pittsburgh consists of your dorm, Schatz, and the Hunt Library, that's it. Nothing else matters. If you absolutely must, you can visit the neighboring University of Pittsburgh and think about how much fun they're having. That could have been you, but alas, you went to private school.

Remember that person you developed a crush on, earlier? Ignore them. Give them the silent treatment. Instead, get yourself into situationships with people you don't like. It's a known fact that STDs don't count freshman year, actually. There's an amnesty period. Go forth and fornicate as unsafely as possible!

When your mental health starts crumbling before your eyes, remember not to ask for help. Don't talk to your RA, they'll just bust you for having weed. Or adderall. Or alcohol. Speaking of those things, you should try dabbling in all three at once. Remember, most drugs do a lot better when crushed. Nasal Ibuprofen has been going crazy for me lately. I'm sure it will make you feel better, too!

Now that you're depressed and lonely on your dorm room floor, here's just a little more advice:

We all die alone. But some of us die with 4.0s and Nvidia stock options, and the rest have fun during their Freshman Orientation Week. But if the stress of it all gets to you, and you feel like it's a bit too much, drop by Doherty Hall 1211, every Saturday at 5 P.M. We'll get your resignation squared away.



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

A Freshman's Guide to Staying Healthy

Violet R. Blu
Qualified Enough

Congratulations on starting your first year at Carnegie Mellon! Now that you're in college, you can't rely on your parents to keep you alive anymore. You have to get your own food, look after your own wellbeing, and avoid locking yourself in a hot car while you buy cigarettes. It's a lot to think about! That's why I've taken it upon myself to create this comprehensive guide to health, fitness, and emotional tranquility. I survived my freshman year with only minimal hospital visits, and you can too!

Tip #1: Watch what you eat! Some foods are more calorie-dense than you think. One unexpected culprit of the Freshman 15 is uranium-235. Because it requires minimal prep, it's a staple of the college diet, but many students don't know the health costs it carries. One gram of the stuff has 20 billion calories! If you want to avoid becoming a monster that no one can love, opt for a leaner alternative like radium-226. As a bonus, your jaw falling off will reduce unwanted dental expenses. It's a win-win!

Tip #2: Find ways to stay active! While the UC has a state-of-the-art gym, some people prefer to exercise outside, myself included. Here's one of my favorite hot girl workouts: put on a weighted vest and wrap leaden cuffs around your wrists and ankles. Then, go to the steepest hill nearby. Trudge up the unforgiving incline while repeating a motivational mantra, such as “I deserve this I deserve this I deserve to suffer”. Let the weight of your inadequacy tone those calves! Reformer pilates are so last Tuesday. If you want to get a shelf butt, Victorian wraith walks are the way to do it!

Tip #3: Mind your mind! Your first year of college can be pretty stressful, so it's important to keep in touch with your emotions. Finding a good cry spot is paramount to mental wellbeing. The CMU campus offers many locales for wistful contemplation. Stand on Pausch Bridge and watch the fawns frolic below while reflecting on how you'll never be that carefree again. Sit next to Walking to the Sky and think about how the closer one gets to heavenly glory, the further one becomes from earthly contentments. Stare at the side of the CFA building and lament that your ass will never be as perfectly round as that stone cherub's. Additionally, CaPS can be a useful resource, but if you say “Caps off to you” after every visit, you will get banned. If all else fails, go visit Tank in Newell-Simon Hall and press your cheek to his monitor. Let his artificial warmth mimic the heat of another human body. You are not alone. You were never alone. He was always there for you.

Welp, that's all the column space I have! If you want more wellness tips, make sure to read my bestselling book, *Wild Blue for the Soul*. As long as you heed my advice, you'll be healthy as a horse, an animal that famously has no problems at all!

Editor's note: Wild Blue for the Soul is no longer available for purchase. The only printed copy was thrown in the trash outside Hunt Library and is currently being used as rolling paper for squirrels.

SCAN ME!

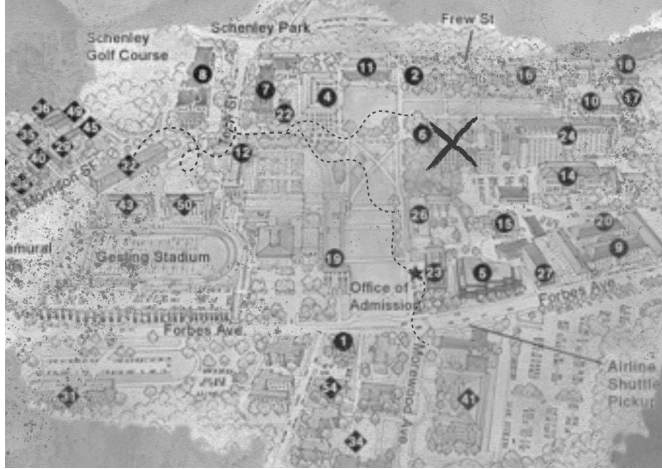
Core @ CMU is for cowards

Join Readme!



KGB Presents: Scavenger Hunt

Thursday, August 20th at 7PM
Doherty Hall 1212



Lights! Camera! Action! The CMU Pornography Club

Citron

The gentlemanly type

Much to the delight of erotism aficionados and carnality enthusiasts, a salacious new club is coming to the CMU campus in the 26-27 school year. The CMU Pornography Club, established by third-year Rajesh Cummings, aims high.

"We don't just want to release the decades of pent-up sexual frustration that call this institution home," says Rajesh. "I mean, decades. You can literally taste it in some of these classrooms. It's frightening. But that's not the point."

"It's fundamentally an artistic endeavor," ejaculates head director Owen Dickens. "That's what everybody else gets wrong."

Owen believes that pornography is about expression. "When we film a man having sex with a woman and then upload it to the internet, it's not about the man having sex with the woman; it's about what I express through the sex of the man with the woman. It's intimate, and I'm exposing myself the most of

anybody involved."

"[I'm a minor]," adds incoming freshman Ana Nimus. "[I'm a minor] [I'm a minor]." But the CMUPC isn't just full of visionaries. Some people, like sophomore Cher Kingett, are just looking for a place to belong.

"I've had some bad times in the last few years," Cher confesses. "Sometimes it's hard to keep going, but this year, I decided I would pick up the pieces. And honestly, I couldn't have done it without some of the wonderful pornographers I've met here. They've helped me see that there's a porn star inside all of us, ready to shine. Even in me. Even in you."

"I'm pivoting. I'm pivoting," says CS student Sek C. Beast. "There's no future in computer science. But masturbation is eternal." He refused further comment, claiming to be in his "refractory period."

But there's an old saying: everything is about sex, except for sex. Which is about artificial intelligence.

"No, we're not looking into AI porn," says Rajesh. "What the fuck are you talking about? Gross, dude."

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
**ISABELLE
FLORENCE**



In a truly caring world, this wouldn't cause a car crash

DOPPELGANGERS

The myth tends to go that seeing a doppelganger of yourself or someone you love is a sign of some sort of impending tragedy. This, however, is a symptom of the ingrained and irrational fear people have of their loved ones being replaced by some "evil copy," which, in itself, is a symptom of a fear of change. Instead of accepting the idea that a person can change, they find it easier to blame the doppelganger. This, of course, is not the doppelganger's fault, this is just what they do.

You know the classic doppelganger situation: person sees doppelganger; person tells loved ones they saw the doppelganger; doppelganger (painlessly) replaces person; loved ones suspect something has changed; it's the doppelganger's first day on the job and the societal prejudices that humans have against it (and change as a whole) puts the doppelganger under significant emotional stress, affecting its ability to concentrate; freak car accident. That doppelganger and the family of five it was driving with would still be alive if only society could accept the fact that sometimes a person just gets killed and replaced by a supernatural simulacrum of themselves. Change is a part of life, and that's okay. While the shift to phones using face ID instead of passwords is a step in the right direction, there is still a long way to go before every doppelganger gets a proper chance at human life.

I have it here in writing that I, Isabelle Florence, of sound body and mind, think that doppelgangers are chill and any future disparaging comments I might make about them, particularly about being caught by one and getting tied up in the Doherty basement, should be ignored and considered the byproduct of a genetic predisposition to schizophrenia.

Hey You!

Do you like saying funny things?
Do you drawing pictures? Do you
like telling people how to be
funnier?

Then come write for CMU's
premier satire magazine:

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Pitch Meeting every
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