

KCB PRESENTS

readME

Volume 6, Issue 1

We Killed The Dog



Justin Adair

Readme's Readme

Alex Soda
unformatted

README

World-renowned satire magazine at Carnegie Mellon University, published every two weeks, unless we're feeling particularly funny in which case we skip an issue. Originally a way for founder Gerald Readme to evangelize their hardline Pittsburgh separatist beliefs, it has since turned into a way for students to make the least of their print quota.

Per our out-of-court settlement with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Readme is legally interdicted from printing the truth or any part of the truth. As such, owing to their studies, all philosophy majors are disallowed from contributing to the magazine. Students majoring in economics, however, are encouraged to join.

INSTALL

All Readme magazines may be installed in the user by loading onto their Neuralink with a Flipper Zero. If user does not have a functioning Neuralink, they don't deserve Readme and should uncontrollably sob in a corner while they reconsider their failure.

TODO

- Instigate a major conflict between CMU admin and students [ONGOING]
- Install a mall on the Mall and profit
 - Step 1: remove all trees [COMPLETED]
 - Step 2: kill all grass [UNDERWAY]
 - Step 3: defraud a construction company into free labor [LOOKS PROMISING]
- Corner the CMU magazine market through a suspicious series of events implicating The Tartan in an underground meal block-smuggling ring [IN COMMITTEE]
- Seize the means of production, put it all on red

LICENSE

All Readme articles are licensed under the GNU Anti-Memory License, and as such, must be forgotten within ten minutes of being read. Anyone found to be remembering articles for any longer will be forced to become a writer for Readme. This is a threat.

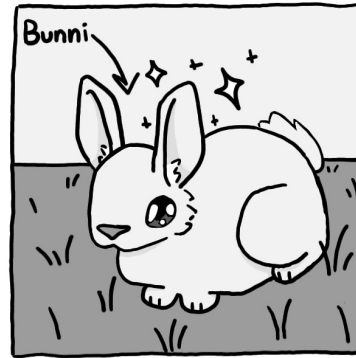
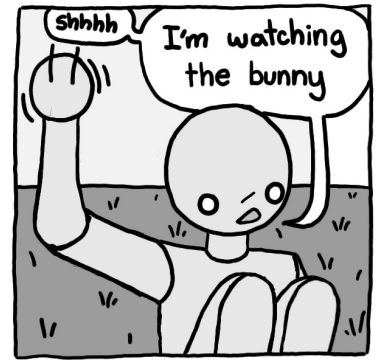
CONTRIBUTING

Contribute at weekly meetings in DH 1211 on Saturdays at 5:00. For first-timers, we strongly recommend scheduling a session with either CaPS or Pausch Bridge (your choice) immediately following the meeting.

SCANME!

You have no better use of your time.

Join Readme!



The Death of a CFA Grass Farmer

Violet R. Blu
East of Wean

The barren time comes every year and we are never ready. No matter how hard we labor, our stores only dwindle. Futility strokes my dingus with her cold hands, never granting me the mercy of release. We cannot outwork the famine. We cannot outrun the tent.

It comes every August. We wake to the sound of construction. We rise to see a monstrous shadow blocking out the sun. The tent looms. Its shape suggests a church, but it is unholy. Its walls are virgin white, but it is depravity manifest. Beneath its vinyl floor lies our very sustenance. Each blade of grass on the CFA lawn could have fed my family. Instead, they shrivel, deprived of the sun's nourishment and the rain's sweet relief. We shrivel, too.

The freshmen are no help. They shamle in and out of the tent as if sleepwalking, eyes closed to the suffering around them. I come up to them, hat in hand, and beg for anything to keep my family alive. Despite the bindle slung over my shoulder and the hashtag-shaped patches of dirt on my cheeks, no one has ever taken pity on me. They tell me to go fuck myself and get my own meal plan. I've tried, but CMU Dining doesn't accept withered strands of buckwheat as

currency. In my desperation, I once resorted to stealing grass from the Cut. When the Ultimate Frisbee team caught me, they took turns throwing me into the wind. I eventually blew away, gliding through the air until I smacked into Walking to the Sky. In my starving delirium, I thought I heard Daddy Thicc's jeering laughter. I hit the ground face-first with tears in my eyes. My mouth was finally filled with grass, but my throat was too tight to swallow.

I do not know when this torment will cease. The end of orientation week is normally a time of hope. They've taken down the tent, leaving the barren ground underneath to be replenished with time. This year, though, we have another concern. The Mall tree hermits have been displaced and are begging us for a share of the lawn. We cannot spread our resources any thinner. As I write this, the automower is ripping up the last of our harvest. I have no reason to believe we will survive. If I must die, and my family along with me, I need everyone to know the reason why. Next time you watch the orientation magic show, ask yourself: is it worth the cost? Actually, the magic show is really cool. Maybe that was a bad example. But still.

Connor, Georgia Coons

A Grad Student's Guide to PA Liquor Laws

WP

Oppressed by the state

Congratulations on starting grad school! It's like freshman year all over again, except now you're old, and alcohol isn't new and cool anymore. On the bright side, getting your hands on a drink should at least be significantly easier this time around, right?

Wrong. The state of Pennsylvania is doing its best to replicate your experience of buying alcohol as a teenager. The PA Liquor Control Board is an omniscient, omnipotent, and omnimalicious force that stands between you and your cold ones. It acts in nefarious ways that will make themselves increasingly known to you the longer you spend time here.

As you find yourself wandering the streets of Pittsburgh, you may notice what appears to be a chain of liquor stores called "Fine Wines and Good Spirits". All of these stores are owned by the People's Republic of Pennsylvania, and every one closes at 9 PM. Every morning you want to start your day off right with a few shooters in your coffee, you need to do it through the government. Awful, and an infringement on your rights as an American (even if you're an international student).

You may also notice the presence of several establishments named "It's Dogg'n It". There's one on Murray Ave in Squirrel Hill, and one off of Atwood and Forbes. You may

also notice they all have a broken hot dog machine and two plastic folding chairs in the corner. This makes these establishments restaurants; the fact that they don't serve any food isn't their fault. The hot dog machine is broken. It's not plugged in anyway, because it's broken. No they won't try turning it on, it's not working. It might blow a fuse or something. Stop asking about the hot dog machine. There will be no dogg'n it tonight, or any night. Just purchase your legal 2 AM restaurant twelve-pack and leave the overworked staff alone.

Lastly, all bar specials end at midnight [1]. That is because joy is not allowed after 11:59 PM and generally frowned upon during regular business hours. If you are having too much fun after then, either the bartender has to hit you with a baseball bat, or you must pay a fine. For similar reasons, bars are allowed a cap of 24 happy hours per week [2]. This has disastrous effects on, like, the economy and small business owners and stuff.

Americans have a constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness, a right that is hindered under current Pennsylvania law. When people call Pennsylvania a red state, they are really referring to their un-American, Soviet-tier liquor laws.

References:

[1]: 40 Pa. Code § 13.102

[2]: 47 Pa. Statutes § 4-406(g)

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



Rejected Headlines #39

- CMU student confused by other college: "I didn't know Penn was in Pittsburgh!"
- CMU student folds up into a cube and powers down
- A Freshman's Guide to Communal Bathroom Etiquette
- Strip club entirely bereft of copper wire
- Professor brilliantly evades no smoking policy with chalk cigarette
- CMU announces tuition freeze, students to keep paying forever
- Giant Eagle to incinerate your groceries if you don't donate 5 cents to starving kids
- LLM passes Turing Test by replying "sorry, just saw this" after four days

All this and more, not in this issue!

KGB PRESENTS

BREAKING: Delorcy Hall is labyrinthine
Interview with Hama, scaling himself
All the news unfit to print, printed
The logo in which font & size out
There are tunnels under CMU
this font is not monospace
Our writers are starving
Founded 2023

KGB "Scav Hunt" data trains AI to assist in ground invasion

joehill's shoes
slightly better than AI

A campus event named 'Scav Hunt' by the KGB, a student organization, has come under fire after data from the venue was allegedly used to train an AI model, rumoured to potentially assist in a ground invasion of Doherty Hall.

While event-goers reported being "mildly amused" and unsuspecting, likely due to the KGB's historically luddite and, frankly, backwater attitude regarding generative AI, students were shocked to discover that the seemingly innocuous body cams given to all participants had taken a detailed record of their activities and the labyrinthine interior of Doherty Hall.

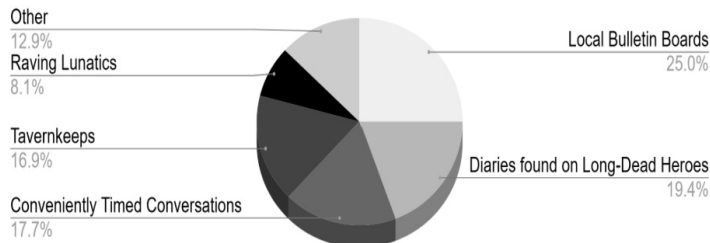
This is particularly alarming news as rumours circulated earlier of a potential ground invasion of all CMU buildings holding key computer engineering figures and art freaks.

The Tartan ran an exposé Saturday claiming select KGB officials sold player data to interested parties including Palantir and the Tepper School of Business. Experts concluded the data could help train AI models to map out Doherty and anticipate campus personnel behavior in an hostile environment.

When asked for comment, the KGB denied all allegations, adding that their organization never violated anything explicitly listed on their 284 page user agreement contract that all players voluntarily agreed to.

When asked about the controversy, a freshman told us, "I thought it was suspicious when one of the items was a 'hand-drawn map of Doherty.'" They further lamented, "I really thought I found my community... but I guess no one really is immune to AI's deep pockets at CMU."

Average Adventurer's Sources of Information (Sample Size: n=6)



Study finds local tavernkeeps no longer dominant information source for questgoers

Rock Buddy

Looking for meaning in the meaningless

The Tavern—a place that has always been associated with methodical research. But, according to a recent Pew Research Center poll, tavernkeeps are no longer nearly as popular among the adventuring populace. I sat down with local guildmaster, Bjork Sidewei, to find out why: BS: Back in the 50's, tavernkeeps were just the only way for the average American to find out about important quests. Oracles were too infrequent, wizard consults were unaffordable—it all came down to the tavern.

RM: So what was the turning point?

BS: There was no one clear turning point, but a slow downfall from a number of factors. For one, you have to remember that younger generations simply aren't drinking as much as their elders—

RM: Why is that?

BS: The sheer number of corpses littered with healing items have contributed to a sort of

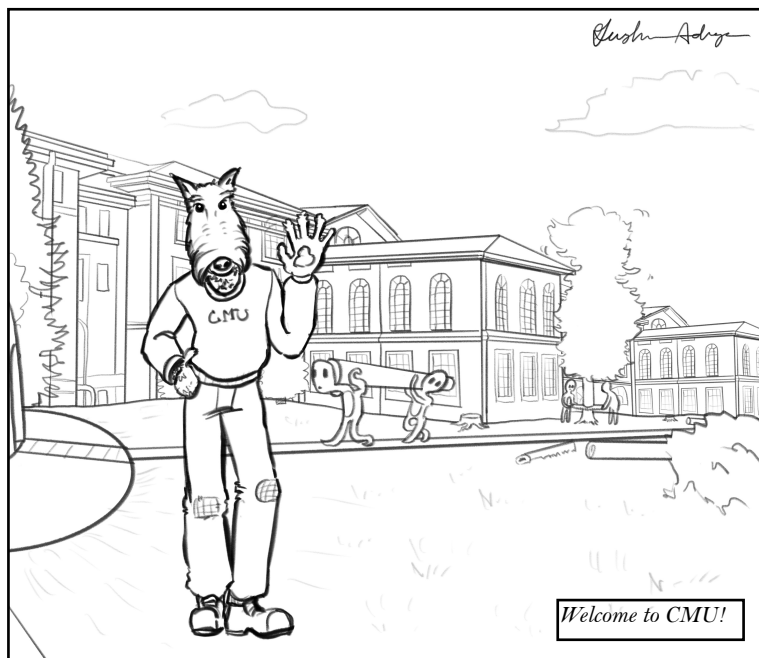
potoflation. Your average adventurer no longer has to go to the tavern to stock up. Another thing you have to consider is that younger generations are squares who have no social lives. Meanwhile, the older generations who drink are increasingly retiring and becoming quest-givers themselves, further reducing the need for tavernkeeps.

RM: To those who miss the days when tavernkeeps were ubiquitous, would you tell them to still hold out hope?

BS: Frankly, no. It's a symbol of a bygone era. I see better chances of the return of Damsels being imprisoned in overly tall towers than tavernkeeps coming back.

RM: Do you see any other Quest methods looking to fall out of popularity as well?

BS: I think people are tired of written prophecies, and we'll see a decline in them as well. The headaches found in their lack of clarity, and angst about the nature of free will that they inevitably cause seems unnecessary in our freedom-focused modern world.



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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



Readme needs web developers. Please.

The War on South Craig Street

Greeshma Adiga

[insert dramatic violin here]

"I always say, as you know, that if my fellow citizens want to go to Hell I will help them. It's my job." Oliver Wendell Holmes.

By the summer of 2026, Avirat Kohli had had enough. Two great armies were converging on his Indian grocery, and what would become the first and only battle of the South Craig Street War — 'Sraig,' or 'that stuff' behind Tepper,' as CMU students called it — would soon rage across his doorstep. Before the day was over, an Earl Grey tea would explode in the lentil aisle. "I would have shut my doors," he recalled, "but I was excited by the prospect of new customers." It was not a wise decision. An army of Pitt students quickly seized his property, giving them major negotiating power against CMU's computer science squadron.

A food service worker from Chipotle, who, during her morning shift, prepared a veggie bowl for a Pitt student and found battle strategies on the back of their receipt, became an unexpected hero for CMU when she brought it to the war-torn doorstep of 4615 Forbes Avenue, saving the CMU army and possibly Carnegie Mellon itself...

Two ordinary students, one from the Pitt School of Nursing, the other from the Swanson School of Engineering, who each served three years and together seemed to have been everywhere in Pittsburgh during the war...

An incoming CMU freshman, innocently enjoying boba from Wushiland, ignorant of the war unfolding past the doors that would come to shape her college visit experience, yet went on to become one of the greatest generals the Carnegie Mellon army had ever seen...

These were the brave students who found themselves pitted against one another, neighbors made into enemies, the fabric of Oakland, Pittsburgh torn apart by a divide that would take all day to heal and all week to forget.

At Schenley Plaza during the first (and only) night, then-CMU President Farnam Jahanian said perhaps more than he knew. "Various community stakeholders must come together and share their valuable perspectives," he said,

"before we decide whether Aaron should have poured that cup of ramen noodles on Jessica." He paused for the booing. "This is not a war. Stop asking for money."

"To understand the character of the South Craig War," explained a Dietrich history professor, "you must first understand that the students involved were really petty and immature. This is the nature of all students from any school. It is a nature that unites us all."

She continued. "For me, this war was not about that library book, or the unpaid electricity bill, or that one guy who kept playing loud music on the bus. It was...it was the crossroads of our being—the very heart of our existence—of our schools—and it was one hell of a battle!"

It's hard now to conceive of what life was like for the tens of students walking on the sidewalk as the war unfolded. Mothers shielded their children, cars stalled in the street, and even the Carnegie Museum of Art seemed to hold its breath as the first students stepped onto the road, wielding heavy tomes from the Caliban Book Shop. Pitt troops crossed the road by instinct, ignoring the crosswalks and the traffic, as if time itself bent to their will.

"Private students just want clout! You're not from here, so get out!"

"What a horrible sight it was," says a CMU art student who had been eating Berry Fresh fro-yo when it happened. "I felt alienated, abhorred. It was like they didn't like me."

"We don't like you!" shouted the Pitt students from outside. The CMU student shrugged. "Well, it might be up for interpretation."

The loss of several cups of fro-yo in the ensuing battle was a devastating blow to CMU's army. They quickly retaliated by rolling buggies into the street, and threatening to smash them into the cars of Pitt students. Actual property damage seemed a bit too far, and so both armies quickly conceded and went back to their summer jobs and summer classes.

"When you see a lonely cup of coffee on the sidewalk of South Craig," said one creative writing major, "may you always remember what was lost. Let the sound of the crosswalk indicator be a bell, a resounding toll, that sounds even in the dead of night."



To The University of Pitt

CMU to increase free speech "by any force necessary"

joehill's shoes
Union Unorganizer

A core pillar of our democracy and liberty has always been the right to freedom of expression. The Founding Fathers famously freed speech from its shackles of Europeanism with the signing of the 1st amendment (unfreed slaves notwithstanding).

Carrying on this tradition, CMU president Farnam Jahanian announced, "CMU is firmly committed to raising free speech on campus by 110% in the next 2 years." The announcement comes shortly after controversy over CMU banning students from painting the Fence with any part of their bodies except the buttocks, a decision critics condemned as encouraging "Fence-sitting."

After acknowledging the rightful outrage of select loud-mouthed students, the president unveiled a

strict set of guidelines designed to ensure all members of the CMU community exercise free speech correctly. The guidelines establish best practices for freedom of expression, allowing the university to maximize free speech output while eliminating ambiguity over what does and does not constitute the "buttocks."

The president's proclamation was met with thunderous applause as he added final remarks that CMU will use "any force necessary" in its fight for free expression.

In our current geopolitical, socioeconomic, post-neoliberal, corporatist, functionalist society, a clear and generalized outlining of "freedom of expression" is long-overdue. With this historical announcement, CMU leads the charge for a future brimming with expression that is 110% freer than today.

KGB Presents: The Underground Tour

What secrets is Carnegie Mellon hiding? Find out here!

He did what to the alcoves??

flooded??

Friday, September 4th at 6:30PM
UC Black Chairs (Kirr Commons)

Scotty's Obituary

Nott N. Annagramm
2007-2026

Scotty Dog passed away on the night of August 25th from the terrible disease of two bullets to the side of the head. She was born in 2007 in Calgary, Canada to two Scottish Terriers who are both deeply mourning her passing. In 2008, the family decided Pittsburgh would be a better city for their child to grow up in, not knowing that the apathy of its college students would lead to her untimely demise.

Scotty was an enthusiast of CMU's athletic department. She was a delight to have at every match she went to, which was all of them. Many students have considered quitting their teams

to mourn her, which has severely decreased the alumni donations CMU has received lately. However, the main reason most donations have ceased is because a certain someone didn't care enough about the last issue of ReadMe to save their mascot's life.

Scotty, despite having no children, considered all of CMU to be her family. Therefore, this student could have helped their relative – their own dog – and chose not to. Her remains will be cremated and thrown off the top of Walking To The Sky, in honor of the wonderful career she never got to have. She will be missed. You won't. You monster.

In
Loving
Memory

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



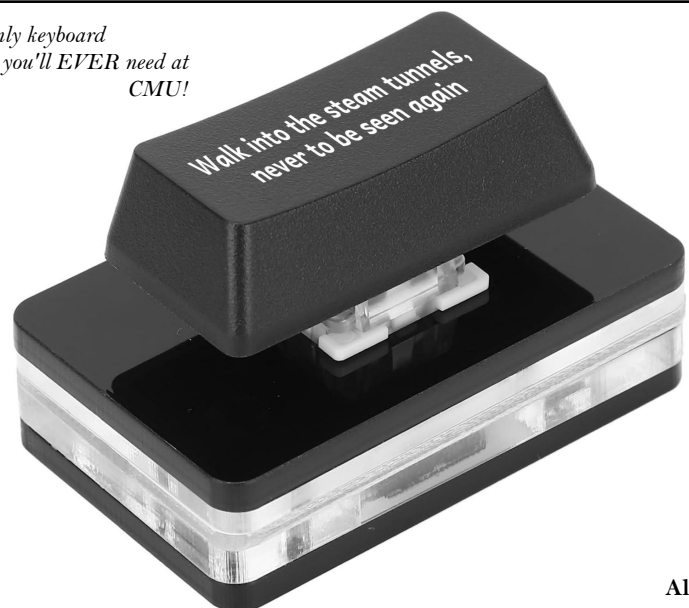
MICHIGAN DOGMAN

On February 15th, 2026, Jane Street made a perplexing post on LinkedIn, announcing that the Michigan Dogman would be joining their team. For those unfamiliar, the Michigan Dogman is, as the name would suggest, is a seven foot tall half-man, half-dog who has terrorized Michigan since 1887. Despite being one of the hotter cryptids (top five if you ask me), the question still remains: how did he land a quant job?

Detroit's 2026 Motor City Furry Con was held in a Hilton Marriott from February 13th to 15th. ReadMe's advanced team of anthro specialists reported that an convention goer with what they believed was a "remarkably realistic fursuit" was seen attending a Smash Bros Melee tournament and a guest lecture on the ethics of animal-themed adult toys before ultimately entering a crowded hotel room the night of the 14th. What exactly happened in that hotel room is unknown, but the next day, the very same room was closed for maintenance and Dogman had a job at Jane Street.

Originally starting as an assistant researcher, in the short period of time he has been employed, Dogman has climbed the ranks to lead researcher. We asked a current Jane Street employee about what it's been like working with a cryptid. "He does smell better than most of my coworkers, so I can't complain, but I don't think he knows what quantitative trading is. He kinda just plays Google Minesweeper all day. Nothing against him, he's pretty chill, I just don't know what he actually does." If you thought this interview would end with a joke about Dogman exhibiting some quirky dog-like behavior like fetching, wagging his tail, or sniffing hole, reflect on yourself for a second.

*The only keyboard
you'll EVER need at
CMU!*



Alex Soda

Scotty Snacks!

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