

KCB PRESENTS

readME

Volume 6, Issue 2



DO YOUR PART.

BUY MEAL BLOCKS

A Short History of CMU

Alex Soda

History Major Emeritus

CMU came into being when the eponymous Andrew Carnegie discovered Doherty, Porter, and Baker Halls during an excavation while preparing for the construction of a new US Bureau of Mines building. Modern archaeologists have been unable to conclusively pinpoint their age, though the pale Kittanning bricks certainly predate homo sapiens. Contemporary sources report a cautious Carnegie entering into the bowels of Doherty G-level, to return several hours later with a fanatic look in his eye, an insatiable desire to expand the complex, and, most strangely, a conversion to Catholicism. Nearly no one dared venture as far down thereafter, and the university would seal off the entrance in the early 90s following the death of a student recklessly exploring the bottommost layers.

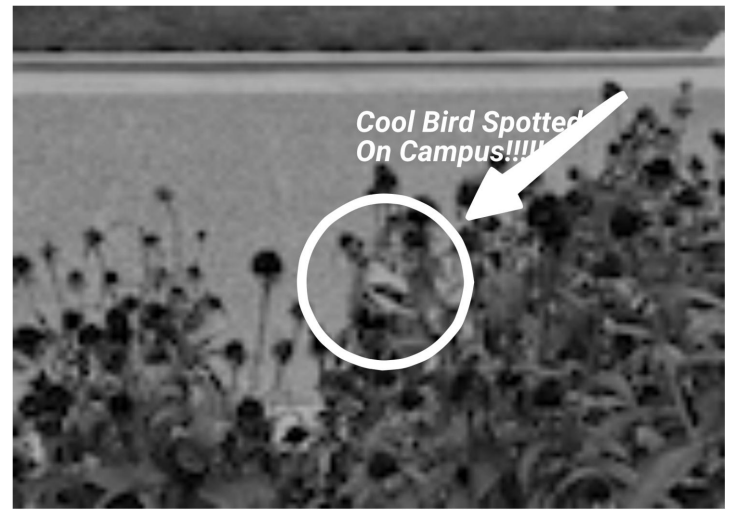
Carnegie poured his heart and soul—well, only his heart—into the buildings that would become the University. He ordered the construction of a magnificent fine arts building and chapel (following his conversion) around what would become the Mall, funding construction however he could. He even sold his beloved giant Russian nesting doll, which went 196 layers deep. When all revenue sources nevertheless dried up, Carnegie was forced to downgrade construction quality, leading to the infamous Wean “Concrete Jungle” Hall.

An important chapter of CMU’s history occurred in the late 60s and early 70s during the Vietnam War. Due to a freak paperwork error, the beloved CMU Dean of Students Walter Melon

was mistakenly drafted and shipped overseas. The student populace was beyond incensed, going as far to paint “Shame on You,” on the Fence, addressing President Nixon. When Melon died from a heart attack after needing to run up a particularly steep hill (he was quite old), the campus was thoroughly engrieved. Every CMU student wore all-black for the 71-72 academic year, and a student initiative to add his name to the university passed with 99.99% support. However, due to Carnegie’s unsteady hand while writing the change, his name was accidentally misspelled as “Mellon.”

CMU has been built almost exclusively on Carnegie’s hard work. But look around the country, and nigh all other universities have a similar story. It is a well-known fact, for example, that John California-Berkeley heroically died while placing the final stone in the university that bears his name. A shame that a man and jurist brilliant as him is today only remembered for such a middling institution. Their hearts, obviously, were never in the work.

Carnegie’s health steadily waned along with his fortune, and once he accepted his fate, he sealed himself into the basement of Baker Hall with a container of his favorite wine. The university almost immediately rolled back some of Carnegie’s more eccentric choices, including renovating his chapel into a new engineering hall we now know as Hamerschlag and replacing the aged steam tunnel heating system. The university continues to operate more or less as it did under Carnegie, though its fate without his leadership is as of yet unknown.



Some Pointers for CMU SCS

Mar K.O.

Raises a point

0xE215629B68445E00

0x9E9E5875E147CF3C

0xD730C87F17A67175

0x43AB4FF862A36789

0x3716546A15DFC798

Segmentation fault (core dumped)

Tales from Beyond Frick Park VI: The One and Only Journey

Presented By:
Surely Jacks Son
Beyond the Mon

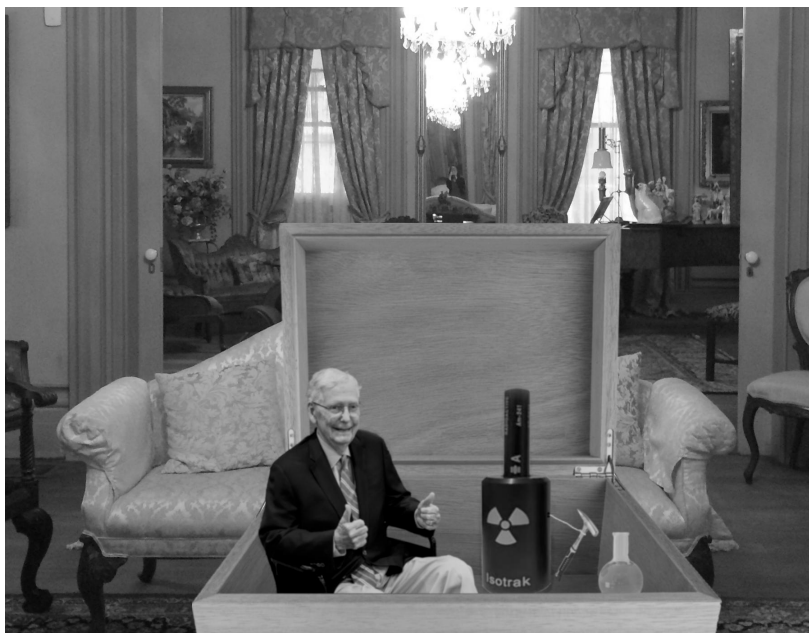
Mr. Vizinyos delighted in recounting his tales of yonder. Paris, he explained, was Shadyside if Walnut Street had been widened to the point of absurdity; Venice resembled the South Side Flats when flooded; Tokyo was naught but Downtown if Downtown extended forever and the PRT went everywhere, anytime; and, naturally, Polish Hill was indistinguishable from Minsk. His neighbors always listened respectfully, though they all knew Vizinyos had lived in Squirrel Hill for seventy-four years and regarded crossing the Monongahela as the sort of expedition for which a prudent man packs sandwiches.

A student, recently arrived to the neighborhood, had the temerity

to ask, “Mr. Vizinyos, have you actually been to all those places?” The ensuing conversation was lengthy and, as is the wont of things involving CMU students, rather dull. Suffice to say, it was eventually elucidated that Vizinyos had not been anywhere further than Coraopolis. He insisted, however, that “Pittsburgh has everything: hills, rivers, Italians, universities, bad roads, Italian food, bridges. If you understand Pittsburgh, you understand everything and have been everywhere. It’s yinzers all the way down.”

Certainly, his theory of civilization was not without merit and vastly more practical, so at last she assented. She had just one question: “What about New York?”

Vizinyos shook his head. “Never been,” he said. “Too far.”



Daniel Yin // June 14th, 2026: Good Luck, Senator Mitch McConnell!

Pittsburgh's Newest Invasive Species

Tali Kirschenbaum
Not an Ecologist

You've seen them around. They didn't exist here a few years ago, but now they're all over the place. If you don't know what they are, you might think they look kinda cool. Really, they're destroying our environment.

Pittsburgh's newest invasive species has no natural predators. It destroys its competition, becoming all you see. It behaves unpredictably, darting around or stopping at the slightest disturbance. It sees in all directions. It tries to avoid people yet feeds on the systems we rely on. It flies around the city, destroying natural resources as it goes. It is not beholden to human control. Worst of all, it knows where you live.

Pittsburgh isn't the first city overtaken by this pest, but it offers ideal conditions that enable the species to thrive. Known to most as the Waymo—and to science as *Vehicula autonoma*—this creature

upends the natural order, bringing chaos to that which is familiar and threatening an ecosystem that has developed over generations.

The Waymo disturbs the typical flow of nature by waiting to turn left until all oncoming traffic has passed. The Waymo disrupts the food chain by preying on the formerly-invasive Uber population, which previously drove the native taxicab nearly to extinction. The Waymo claims space in the roads, leaving native cars and bicycles to sit idle until, eventually, they die out.

Most invasive species are eradicated by forced removal. This one is different. The only way to defeat the Waymo is to refuse all contact with it. Do not approach it. Don't even look at it. It is watching you. It subsists on your intrigue. Do not feed it. It is a dangerous animal, but if you feel inclined to truly inconvenience a Waymo, there is one simple solution: jaywalk in front of it.

Call Me in Case of Campus Emergencies

Cade Suko
Really Cool Guy BTW

Imagine this: you've been shot and you're bleeding out on the ground. You call the campus police to come save you, but they send out a guy with another gun! Do you feel safe in this situation? Do you trust this random stranger not to also shoot you? Of course not! But I have a better idea: just call me instead.

Is there a criminal on the loose? I'm literally 6 foot 3. That criminal is getting hit with the good ol' Cade Combo. All my homies can attest to my power.

Are you having a medical emergency? Do you trust a random CMU-sponsored stranger to give you mouth-to-mouth, or do you trust me? I've kissed a lot of people before, and hardly any of them died!

Is a building on fire? That's pretty awesome—please call me so I can get there before the fire department does. I've always wanted to heroically run into a burning building.

I'm your friend, and I can be trusted with this stuff more than the CMUPD can. If I'm not your friend, what are you waiting for?? Just call!

Rejected Headlines #40

- Courses begin offering premium access to TA's unfiltered remarks
- OPINION: CaPS should stop hiring therapists shaped like penises
- If I don't get this article published my parents will kill me
- If you do what you love (quitting your job), you'll never work a day in your life
- Birds do it. Bees do it. Even educated fleas do it. Let's do it. Let's go extinct due to the limitless greed and destruction of mankind
- CMU community agrees not to do anything worth reporting on until Tartan ready to publish month into semester
- Asian Student Association to be renamed Student Association to remove redundancy
- 98-268: Readme's you should have read by now

All this and more, not in this issue!

soylent plaid
Original
alters DNA
ethical mudge-sludge
fluoridated
15.8 OZ (450g)

soylent plaid
Original
20g refined sugar
39 heavy metals
14 FL OZ (414mL)

Liquid Meal Block

*does not cause cancer only in the state of Pennsylvania

joehill's shoes // Let us take a few things off your Flex



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

Cigarette Networking

Camilia Creutzfeldt

Give me another one of them stogies

Another year, another summer of being a bum. Despite my best efforts, I did not land an internship. "Are you legally authorized to work in the United States", my eyes glimmer with hope. "Yes", I mutter under my breath. "Do you now or in the future require visa sponsorship", the hopeful glimmer wells into sorrowful tears, "Yes", I click on the checkbox. The odds that I manage to find a job and won't be deported after graduating are looking grim.

So, dear reader, what did I do? Did I fuck off to a trip to Italy with my bourgeois international friends from highschool, stopping at Maranello for the Ferrari factory tour? No. I did fuck all in "research" with a "professor". At least I got paid \$16 an hour to converse with Claude (oh how I love her). When I was done with work, I'd rot away in bed, occasionally jerk off, and catch up on the Youtube series Tip 2 Tip: China by Youtuber Ludwig Ahgren, having missed out on it from being fucked raw by hit class 15-410 Operating Systems.

In the series, guilao Ludwig offered an old Chinese grandpa a cigarette, and the old man graciously gave him directions to the nearest motel. After this interaction, these facts became clear to me: (1) All Chinese people smoke cigarettes; (2) Offering a Chinese person cigarettes is a guaranteed way to gain their favor; (3) There are lots of Chinese PhD students at CMU with academic and industry connections.

My course has been charted; I will smuggle in various Chinese cigarettes, find myself a Chinese computer science PhD gege, offer him a soft pack of Zhongguó, perhaps get in bed with him if necessary. Finally, I'll ask him for a referral to work at Meta-Amazon-Nvidia-Google-Apple-Palantir-OpenAI-Roblox-Netflix.

Here's the progress report on this amazing plan: Where the fuck do people smoke on campus? I've heard CS PhD students often go on smoke breaks, but I have yet to see this; in fact, I barely see anyone smoking, period. I've also heard that Drama kids hit the occasional cancer stick outside of Purnell, but they remain elusive, and frankly I don't want to socialize with a theater kid, even if their parents are grotesquely rich (I'm joking, if your dad works at a big company exploiting the lowlifes of the global south, hit me up). This once, I exited Newell Simon, deflated after being rejected by another smoking hot TA, and found three Hunan Express guys smoking. I thought about offering them one of my Nánjing's, but decided against it: I want to network with the elites, not some low-class rabble. Occasionally, I spot cigarette butts on the ground, so clearly people do smoke at CMU, but I will only catch what remains of the wisps of tobacco smoke.

So, if you're a PhD student who would like to talk over a few cigarettes, reach out to me. I am begging. My new addiction to lung darts better be worth it.

THE FUNNIEST JOKE EVER

Mar K.O.

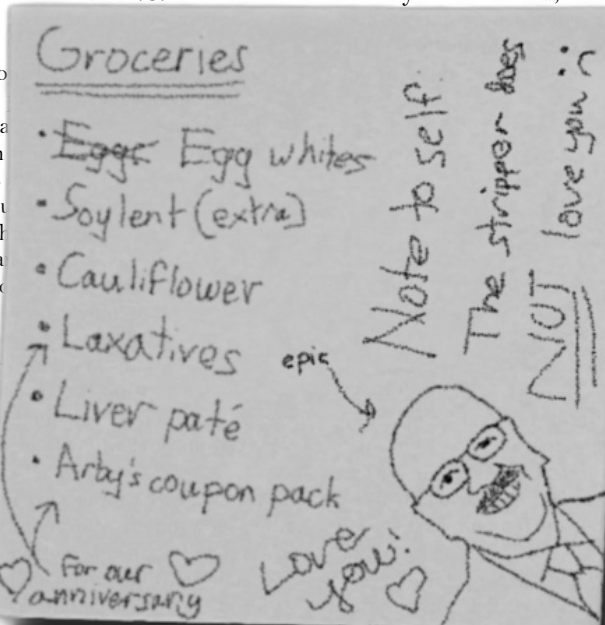
Put your left foot in, take your left

Put your foot out, shake it a and then what it's

You put your right foot in, and do the ho yourself about!

Put your foot out, shake it and then what it's

You put your right foot in, do the ho yourself about!



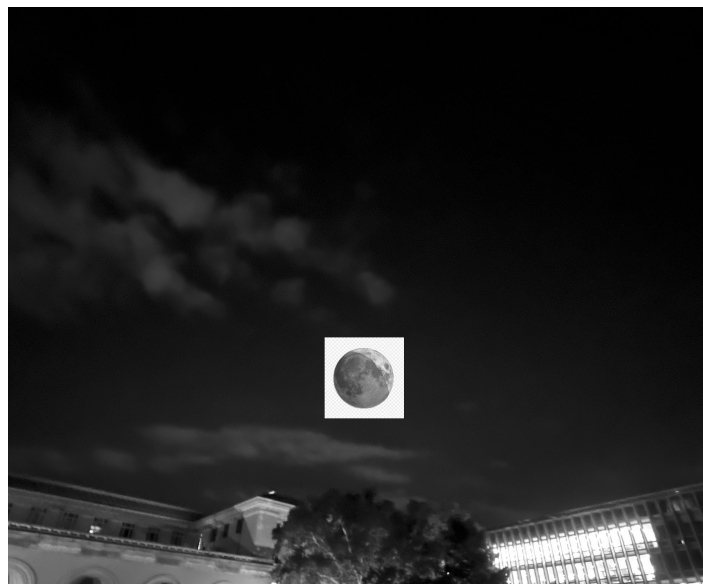
and then they pokey d. That's

you take our right about. You turn it's all

your left and then they pokey d. That's

you take our right about. You turn it's all

your left foot and then shake pokey...



“Moon landing” believers will tell you this photo of the lunar eclipse is real

This Dog got into CMU with a 1100 SAT

Citron

My bark is in the work

“I didn’t really want to go to MIT anyways. I just feel like their campus culture wouldn’t have suited me,” explains 17 year old Basset Hound Elvis Johnson. “But CMU’s got these Tartan traditions, and, you know, that kind of thing. I think it was my number one choice, actually.”

The most remarkable thing about Elvis is, without a doubt, his college admission results. Despite scoring a measly 1100

after 2 retakes on the SAT, he was admitted to top Drama and Design university CMU for a degree in Statistics and Machine Learning.

“I was in shock,” said Elvis. “I called over my bitch mom and son of a bitch dad immediately... We were so excited, we didn’t set off any fireworks that night.”

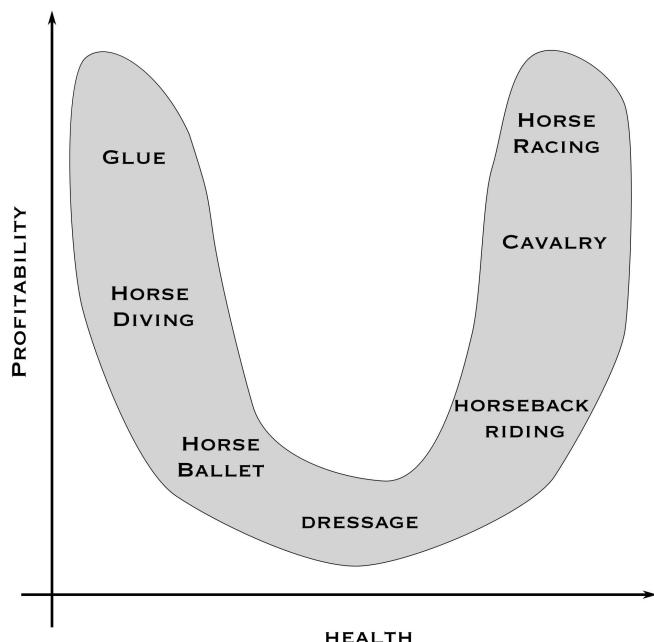
This marks the beginning of an exciting new chapter for Elvis.

“I’m going to transfer to computer science,” he explains. We look forward to seeing where his path takes him.

you won't even feel a bump.



Horseshoe Theory Finally Useful



Daniel Yin
Spooked

Shockingly, the first and only legitimate use of horseshoe theory is actually related to horses. While a horse of medium health may provide companionship and funny videos for Instagram Reels, it's been determined that the optimal horse

health for very profitable horse activities is either very low or very high. Therefore, to maximize your horse-based income, you should either pamper your horses with the freshest ryegrass or let them loose in your neighbor's lawn as is appropriate to your horse business sector.

Rat Authorities Ignore Human Infestation in Mudge

Cade Suko
Kinda likes cheese

If you're a rat in Carnegie Mellon University, you may love hanging around in many places—Darting around Hunt Library, sliding down Baker Hall, serving food at Yella's, or being served as food at Yella's. However, the largest and longest-standing safe haven for rats is undeniably Mudge House. Formed in 1958 by Edmund W. Mudge (who was very progressive for a koi fish of his time), it is the first and only rat-inclusive housing unit at CMU.

Rats lately have been seen more positively in the public eye due to their great contributions to the COVID-19 pandemic, and the worldwide rat-to-human college admission ratio recently hit an all time high at 23%. Yet, at Carnegie Mellon, the opposite trend is happening—rats are being increasingly oppressed and displaced,

despite other vermin (such as rabbits and SCS students) being relatively unaffected. How can this be?

Consider the current situation in Mudge House as a microcosm of what's happening to rats in CMU as a whole. Due to overenrollment, what once was a rats-only dorm is letting in hundreds of humans, to the point where they nearly outnumber the rats! Even more concerning is that the humans breed very quickly and are incredibly difficult to get rid of. Despite repeated complaints about this issue, CMU rat authorities are still unable to assist because of how short the staff are.

To all rats burdened by this pestilence: you are not alone. We recommend setting up traps for the humans, such as "poisoned leftovers in the fridge" or the classic "RAM-stick-in-a-bear-trap." We wish you the best in reclaiming your rightful house.

How to Spice Things Up in the Study Lounge

Violet R. Blu
Anatomy Expert

Have you ever noticed how schoolwork is boring but sex is super fun? If you have, you're not alone. The good news is that you can combine the two. If you want straight As and straight Os, read this handy (no pun intended) guide!

Sexy study strategy #1: Put your work somewhere you can't help but look. Solve matrices in whipped cream on your boyfriend's back. Use your girlfriend's right titty as a normal distribution curve. Project a PDF onto your partner's foot and annotate with your tongue. This method makes boring information impossible to forget. When you're sitting in your exam hall trying to remember what a "spectral theorem" is, you'll picture the words written across a rippling latissimus dorsi. A small caveat is that you may only be able to formulate the answer by first drawing your lover's muscled torso on your answer sheet. Depending on who's grading your exam, though, this may be completely fine. If you have a male TA, just write "drawing of you, Josh" and let the 100s roll in.

Sexy study strategy #2: Turn procrastination into pain. First, find a cruel dominatrix or get one assigned to you by the Student Academic Success Center. Then, tell them they cannot let you finish until all of your assignments are submitted. If you're taking too long on a problem, have them hit you with a cane. If you're doing the Connections instead of working, have them zap your gonads with a cattle prod. If Heaven forbid you start to doomscroll, have them spray all the windows with Windex and use your naked body as a

squeegee. Only when your Canvas dashboard is empty can you know the sweet release of pleasure. For me, the best feeling after a long study day is getting to take the Hexbugs out of my pants. Find what works for you!

Sexy study strategy #3: Don't be afraid to go the digital route. Say you're lonely and don't have anyone to hold. Say it. Out loud, in the mirror. Good. Anyway, you're in luck, because solo study time can be just as fun. All you need to do is open any Google Doc from throughout your course and linger there. Wait for someone, anyone, to pop up in the corner. Maybe it'll be that one TA who always leaves sweet comments on your assignments. Things like "make sure to round to the correct number of sigfigs" and "not what is happening on line 6 at all". Maybe you'll rub your cursor over his and imagine your fingertips brushing against his knuckles. Maybe he'll see you and leave a comment: "I yearn for you, Violet. Every minute of every recitation." Maybe you'll respond: "Oh, Josh, I would never miss your office hours." Maybe you'll run away together. Maybe the drudgery of college was keeping you from each other all along.

Anyway, those are all the tips I have to offer! If you want your exam grades to reach their peak, remember to stop cramming and start slam-jamming. After all, studying is only boring if you make it boring!

README SWEEPSTAKES: If you try any of these methods, please send me a picture for a chance to become my desktop background!

BENNER
STOP!!! putting
obscure Russian literary
references in Read Me!!!
Who the fuck is Mayakovsky
anyways??



Why it's really called Au Bon "Pain"

Cade Suko

Hungry and Thirsty

Never, ever go near Au Bon Pain if you care about your dignity. Please humbly take my story as a cautionary tale.

It was a beautiful Thursday evening. I was headed to a dinner date with my girlfriend at Revolution Noodle, but young and foolish as I was, I took a wrong turn in the UC.

That was the moment I first saw it: the café that still taunts me with its beauty. Like the succulent apples and oranges they serve as sides, Au Bon Pain's allure was beyond compare. With all consideration of my date thrown out the window, I ventured out on my own, ordering a Cheesy Chicken Bacon Ranch sandwich and taking a banana, a cookie, and a fountain drink.

While I was sitting and waiting ever so patiently for my sandwich to be ready, I received a text from my girlfriend: "where are u". Where am I indeed, for I was so utterly lost in the aromas and decor of ABP.

Before long, it was time for me to pick up my food. The moment I saw it, I immediately realized that my love for my girlfriend would never be as powerful as my love for Au

Bon Pain, and I knew what I had to do. I broke up with her on the spot. I texted her, "it isn't you, it's me," but deep down inside I knew who it truly was: Au Bon Pain, with its beautiful and possibly Spanish name.

When I tried to eat my food, I was stopped at every turn. The sandwich was far too hot, by both definitions of the word. The fountain drink dispenser hissed at me angrily but seductively. The banana was missing most of its stem so it was difficult to open; yet, it was everything I longed for: ripe, banana-shaped, and full of potassium. I realized that the store must be playing hard to get. If I wanted to win it over, I would have to act. I walked up to the checkout counter and immediately started hitting on the employee.

This was met with immediate rejection and humiliation as I was kicked out of the store and had to leave my precious, tantalizing food behind. If you care about your life, don't ever go into ABP, lest you be tempted to follow in my footsteps. I realize now that I will never be as high-value as the value you get for your meal block every time you purchase at Au Bon Pain.

CRYPTID CORNER

**PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE
FLORENCE**



00-101: INTRO TO EVERYTHING

Before getting hired as a researcher in CMU's cryptozoology department, I was an undergrad here and I had this friend named Kevin. What a wonderful guy; sweet as could be, probably British, definitely at least a little gay, but he didn't know it yet. It was our sophomore fall and the time had come to start plotting out the next semester's schedule. He was somehow still undeclared at this point and was trying to find his calling. Registration day arrived and he found himself waitlisted from every class he wanted to take, as well as the ones he didn't. In fact, as we sat next to each other, the same classes that appeared to have plenty of room on my screen, were displaying with waitlists in the thousands on his. Poor Kevin was so desperate just to find something, anything, without a waitlist that he began typing random course numbers into the SIO course search bar. As unlikely as it sounds, amid the random number spam, 00101 must have come up because all of a sudden a box on his schedule labeled "00-101 Intro to Everything" was staring him down. He checked the course information and tilted his screen over to me. We spent a while gawking at the "Register" button. It was 36 units, just enough to make him count as a full-time student. What kind of class could possibly count as 36 units is beyond me, and I would soon find out it was beyond Kevin as well. Something was different about Kevin after that first day of spring classes. He didn't eat the Hunan block I gave him, which in itself isn't the most surprising, but he didn't even catcall any of the old men working there. I asked him what was wrong and he said something about God, but I was busy with my General Tso's chicken. He told me that the recitation was tomorrow and I told him that it usually is. I never saw Kevin again, but a new guy was added to Walking to the Sky and campus smelled like burnt toast for the rest of the week.

SCANME!

You have no better use of your time.

Join Readme!



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

Editors: Violet Connor, Eshaan Joshi, Jupiter, Greeshma Adiga, Alex Soda, Cade Suko, Rock Buddy, Daniel Yin, Violet R. Blu

Cover Art: joehill's shoes

Problem Solvers: Bertie Wooster, Jupiter, Eshaan Joshi, Daniel Yin

Journalists: Tali Kirschenbaum, Cade Suko, Alex Soda, Mar K.O., Surely Jacks Son, Isabelle Florence, Violet R. Blu, Citron, Camilia Creutzfeldt, Daniel Yin

Artists: Isabelle Florence, Jupiter, Daniel Yin, joehill's shoes, Benner Rogers

Tech Team: Daniel Yin, Alex Soda

As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB.

See ya next time!

KGB Presents:

Get Boarded Get Carded
Come relax with some board games!

September 12th at 7PM

POS 145



Trivia Night

Join us for a night of trivia!

September 19th at 7PM in WEH 5409

