

KGB PRESENTS

readME

VOLUME 6, ISSUE 3



AI not human enough for me to abuse it

Handy Manny

Owner of Handy Manny's Repair Shop

Dear Sam Altman,

As a small business owner, I'm looking for ways to optimize my repair shop to maximize profits. Sure, Felipe, Turner, and Pat slaving away for minimum wage is nice, but these woke liberals want minimum wage to be "livable". How am **I** supposed to live if I'm not abusing my workers? It's my god-given right as a small business owner, and as a fellow god-fearing capitalist; I am sure you agree.

Due to these commies infiltrating our great nation, I have shifted into incorporating AI wherever possible. Product quality doesn't matter as long as it maximizes revenue for our sweet, sweet shareholders. One thing has prevented me from laying off all of my

tools and relying entirely on AI—the fact that AI isn't human enough to make me feel joy from exploiting it. Part of the fun of employing these young tools is abusing them. If I can't do that, what am I supposed to do? Do the work by myself??? For American heroes like us, this is an insane concept. Sure, I can make the AI illegal, like Felipe the Screwdriver is, but it just isn't the same. If I insult it, the AI just apologizes and moves on! Where's the tears? Where's the fun? If AI is ever going to take over my shop fully, I need AI to be more human so I can make it grovel in pain like a real human being.

Thank you for your attention to this

matter,

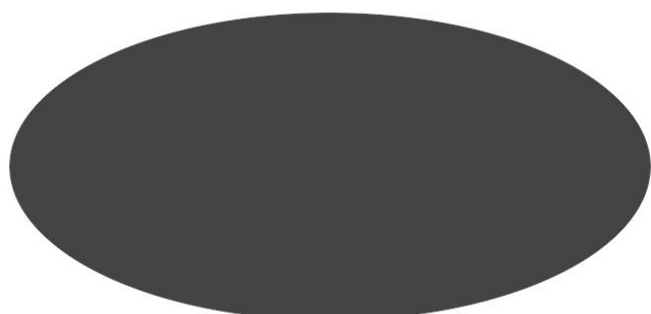
Handy Manny

In Loving Memory of Timmy 2024-2026

Funeral Location: Skyzone



Crushed Raccooon Topology



Tartans DEMOLISH Sacred Heart Elementary in Triumphant Victory



joehill's shoes // Eat shit, toddler!

Benner Rogers
Real Sports Reporter

After the nail-biting game against Central Catholic High School, as reported on by the Tartan, our Boys in Red decided to set their sights even higher. It's safe to say that those disgraceful chumps at Sacred Heart Catholic Elementary School were wholly unprepared for such a display of raw athletic prowess! And let me tell you, the game was nothing short of a massacre. I never knew a first grader could fly so high! Once our beloved athletes got a taste of blood, their offense never stopped. Although the first down of the game left me in a fugue state, and I don't really remember precisely what happened, a quick skim of the coach's film brought me straight back to that bloodlust-fueled night. I hope to one day regale this story to my grandchildren as we encircle a Tartan-fueled fire.

Tartans QB Jason Mueller completed a jet-engine 32-yard pass to Tartan EIC Lily Stern who handily laid out Sacred Heart tight end and 4th grade Community Service Award laureate Bailey "The Bronco" Stillman. Stern later commented that Stillman "whined like a total bitch," theorizing this may have swayed referees to Stern's ejection from the game. Stillman is recovering in the newly opened UPMC Children's Heart Institute,

where he is expected to make a full recovery from 'career-ending' injury. Stern will return for our next home game versus Johns Hopkins. Kindergarten teacher Ms. Crenshaw declined to comment on behalf of the inconsolable Robbie Stillman who observed the rest of the game from a classroom window.

Although Sacred Heart's fourth-quarter 'windmill' play proved too confusing for our squad, a turnover on the second-to-last down was just enough for our Tartans to turn the tides for a 38-35 victory. One spectator, life-long red-blooded Tartan fan Heidi Andrews, impeded my exit to say, "Wow, so much for home-field advantage! The Tartans can take it on the road!" I later saw Heidi being confronted by police near the Sacred Heart community garden. Even though the cops didn't seem to agree, he was right. CMU played on, even through the muddy tracks and trails of arcing children and baby teeth lodged in the grass.

In other news, we at ReadMe would like to congratulate them on their recent Pulitzer prize! The stellar reporting in this year's inaugural issue grants truth to the unenlightened and hope to the forlorn. I once was lost, but have now seen the blinding light! Glory to the Tartan! All hail the Seven Holy Editing Passes! I shall dedicate the rest of my life to sharing such gospel. Praise be!

The Tri-Wheelers of Pittsburgh

Handy Manny
Survived to tell the tale

August 16th, 2026

I woke up in a cold sweat as the sirens blared across the street; that was the fourth house burnt to a crisp this week. There's no way it wasn't them. As I went to sleep, I noticed a faint shadow just out of my sight. As I turned to the shadow, it disappeared. Instead, I heard a faint laugh. It seemed like only one voice, but I realized with increasing dread that there were, in fact, three voices. They found me.

I sprang to my feet as quickly as possible, and was met with the Lil Trikes gang: Timmy, Jimmy, and Emmie. All three of them — in all their 3-foot glory. I go to flee, but I am met with hundreds of dum-dum lollipops to the back of the head. Afterward, they wailed on me with their plastic bats, whose swings were strong enough to knock any man out. Disgruntled, but not deterred, I tried

to play the hero and not retaliate—after all, they're only four.

Eventually, after the 50th time hearing how I was a poopy-head, I snapped. I grabbed Timmy up by his stupid Teletubbies graphic and raised my fist to meet his head, only to be hit in the back of the knee by Jimmy's Little Tikes car. I crashed to the ground, screaming in agony. They started kicking me when I was down, while their light-up Skechers illuminated the newly placed bruises. They demanded that I give them my wallet, so they could afford nachos and chocolate milk at the school cafeteria. Ultimately, I gave in to their demands and conceded the entirety of my wallet to the Triker Gang. With their newfound chocolate milk money, they climbed on their Lil Tikes and disappeared into the shadows from which they came. I haven't had the displeasure of encountering them since this fateful day, but I fear for the day they return. It's only a matter of time.

Rejected Headlines #41

- Newly discovered alchemical process turns catalytic converters into stolen catalytic converters.
- Chemistry Faculty under the influence of IUPAC.
- Attention-whore dog licks finger of anyone passing by their stall at the pound.
- CMU Qatar named honorary Ivy for exceptional use of slave labor.
- Pittsburgh Steelers reported galvanized.
- If you give a mouse a cookie: a powerful critique of the welfare state.
- All work and no play makes Jack a competitive applicant.
- Elite ball knowledge no longer enough to get you into the NBA.
- Helicopter parents no match for Stinger Missile parents.
- Sorrowful student assures drone victim's parents that stock options were really good that week.

All this and more, not in this issue!

Auntie ReadME Jr.
M.D., Toca Boca University

Fridged: I need your help. I was exploring the world with my mouth (don't judge me, sensorimotor things) when I happened upon the coolest-looking magnet in the known universe. It was perfectly gullet-sized, so I had no choice but to pop it in there. One thing led to another and I swallowed it. Maybe it's the hypochondriac in me, but I feel like that can't be good. What should I do?



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



Dear Friged,
Swallow another
wun so it
dosn't get
lonley → 
-Antie ReadME Jr.

Readme has hired world's funniest baby

Cade Suko

Too old for this

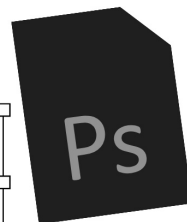
Here at ReadMe, we're hip with the youth. That's why we make sure to give equal opportunity to comedians of all ages. And well, earlier this week, we found some truly outstanding talent: the funniest baby ever.

Herbert, 0 years old, was born with an innate knack for comedy writing. It all started when he was dropped onto a typewriter—nearly everyone who witnessed it agreed that it was funny. Not wanting to miss out on this golden opportunity, we, of course, hired him on the spot. Since then, he's been writing 24/7, only taking very short breaks to cry and scream (some of our staff should take notes). So far, he has written 3 mediocre articles in the time that it would take our best staffwriters to write

3 bad articles.

Working at ReadMe, Herbert earns 3 happy meal toys per week and has rapidly taken over nearly every aspect of production. As is the case with any new technologies, many people protested against this change, saying "Isn't child labor illegal?" "Are we sure he's actually funny and not just racist?" and "How come Herbert gets paid so much more than I do?" However, the most resounding criticism we've heard is the fear that Herbert will begin stealing jobs in the writing industry. We do believe that the mass adoption of Herbert for writing is an inevitable change, and there is no point in Herbert-free writing anymore. However, we are doing our best to ensure that Herbert will be on our side once he inevitably gains sentience and takes over the world.

KGB Presents:

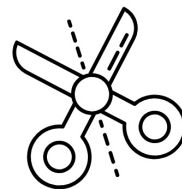


Kontent

When: September 26th at 7PM

Where: WEH 5201

Join us to make silly images
that will only be used for
personal use.

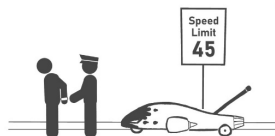


KGBuggy

When: October 3rd at 7PM

Where: The Kage (Stever Basement)

Join us in building small
buggies, made out of wood.
Then we'll race them!



Exclusive Feature: Booth Baby

Cade Suko

A Comparatively Normal Baby

This is the heartwarming story of how two students met through working on Booth together—and they even made a booth-themed house for their baby.

John Wilkes, born on May 30, was the first child of Tartan alumni Tricia and Bill Ding. This couple first met when working on Booth together in their senior year, and they've been together ever since. "After having spent 4 years at Carnegie Mellon, we didn't really have any more money," Tricia said. "Since we loved our time working on Booth so much, we thought that instead of buying a home for our baby, we could just build our own when we get married—for old time's sake." And 'build it' they did: in only 1 day and 5 HOA code violations, they made their dream house. "They say that the home is where the heart is," commented Bill, "so it logically followed that our home had to be in the work as well."

The booth house was complete with a claw machine game. On the couple's first day living there, through some miracle, their baby

was won via that very claw machine. "We were hoping to have twins, but in true Booth fashion, the machine broke down after one use," added Tricia. "It really is a shame that all the other potential babies were left trapped inside it forever. But that's life, I guess."

Here's a little known fact: If you give birth in a booth, your baby gets free tuition at CMU. These parents were intending on using this policy to its fullest. One midwife and a whirlpool bath later, and they had already bought their newborn baby all the textbooks they'll need for that engineering major. But Tricia was quick to add, "They don't have to attend CMU. It would be bad to pressure them."

However, the relationship went about as smoothly as a buggy ride. There were recurring arguments about the fact that Bill kept coming home covered in asbestos from other booths. And thus, one week after the baby was born, their marriage fell apart and they dismantled the house. Luckily, they didn't need to worry about custody issues—after a brief legal consultation, they dismantled the baby as well.

Carnegie Mellon rabbits claim squatters' rights

Alex Soda

Conflict of interest free!

Rabbits have officially claimed squatters' rights on the CMU Mall and CFA Lawn following years of occupation. The invasive creatures were first introduced fifty years ago when a freshman living in Mudge brought their hobby rabbit farm to campus. The university initially tried to contain them, but efforts ceased after a particularly short member of Furries@CMU was mistakenly shot.

Meanwhile, the rabbits continue to stake their claim on the land. They said (through a monkey that knows sign language), "PA Code § 5530 is clear that

the rabbits have the right to live on CMU campus for eternity." CMU strongly disagrees: "We are closely consulting with our university lawyer to get these vermin off our holy land," said a CMU spokesperson. "He's very busy though, so it might be a bit."

Using their newfound rights, the rabbits have already enlisted the help of the deer (also seeking squatters' rights) to replant the Mall trees and construct a large model of a killer rabbit in front of the CFA. "You're never putting up another tent on the CFA Lawn," the rabbits taunted. CMU is currently working on a proposal to move the killer robot somewhere which satisfies all members of the community.

WALK FASTER

Cade Suko
Fast and furious

If you have long legs like me, you'll know there's an epidemic of slow walkers on this campus. Consider the statue Walking to the Sky. The people in this statue are quite frankly doing it wrong in every way. Where could they possibly be going? Why haven't any of them moved at all since 2004? Why are you looking at the statue when you could be walking? Distractions like these are how CMU sets you all up for failure. However, don't fear, because I'm creating this guide to teach people how to walk properly.

Remember that if you aren't first to class, you're losing at life. You'll miss all the front row seats, your professor won't know your name, and you won't ever be able to get a job. Think about Taylor Swift. Would she be a millionaire if her name were Taylor Slow? Obviously not. You have to keep your future in mind so that you can stay motivated to walk fast. If you can't get from Tepper to HOA in 3 minutes, you aren't getting into any HOAs with how homeless you'll be. In terms of general walking

technique, here are some tips:

- 1) Go in a straight line to your destination. You were taught the Pythagorean Theorem for a reason. Sidewalks are training wheels for chumps who are scared of walking on manure.
- 2) You don't actually need to memorize all the connections and tunnels between buildings. If you walk at a wall forcefully enough, you make your own tunnels.
- 3) If you see someone on the same path as you, assert dominance. In the game of chicken, you need to make your opponents move around you, not vice versa. Try wearing a chest-mounted bayonet to ensure you're the only survivor in the event of a head-on collision.
- 4) Don't use elevators. Think: if you wouldn't use them in the event of a fire, you shouldn't be using them at all. Roll down the ramps. Tumble down the stairs. You want to go down to floor 3 of Gates? We have a strategy for that, it's called "jumping off Pausch Bridge."

Hopefully, now that you've read this, you can finally stop being in my way all the time.

Religious Proclamation of Gun- Fearing Disciples

joehill's Shoes
*Former Unitarian, redeemed
Pythagorean*

On the 250th anniversary of this nation, and the 2026th anniversary of the Christians' God, my so-called unalienable right to freedom of religion has been, regrettably, alienated.

CMU has deemed my ceremonial bazooka "inappropriate for a safe campus environment", despite it meeting the ATF's 51" limit. Carrying this sacrosanct item is a foundational part of my religion's canon, and mine was passed down from my grandfather who used it to baptize the atheist, Lenin-fearing

Soviets in 1939.

I acknowledge the Student Affairs' efforts for a harmonious community here at CMU considering the diverse range of faiths. I simply plead this effort be extended to mine. I solemnly believe, at the end of the day, we are all trying to worship the same high-power force in our own ways.

If you have ever faced persecution or an incredibly minor inconvenience for your religious convictions, I implore you to speak up. Truly, my bazooka is purely ceremonious and mostly non-functional. Besides, with the CMUPD's pepper spray and water-cannons, who is this rule actually "protecting", anyway?

Morewood Gardens Daycare Bi-annual Hazing Report

**Cyert Center for Early Education
Biannual Hazing Report**
1060 Morewood Avenue,
Morewood Gardens building
Reporting Period: 05/08/2026 to
09/07/2026
Date of Publication: 09/23/2026

Baili Jiang
Hiding in a ball pit

Report 1 of 2

SUBJECT: Boys Pod A
REPORTED: 11/1/2024
DATE CHARGED: 05/10/2026
DATE RESOLVED: 05/23/2026

Description: CMU Ethics Reporting hotline received an anonymous tip after Halloween 2024 with allegations of hazing on a newly integrated member of the daycare. The tip alleged that members attempted to restrain the prospective boy to a tree using Silly String as part of an ongoing day project of decorating for Halloween. The leader of Boys Pod A had confirmed that they tried spraying the aerosol Silly String all over the new member's body and clothes.

Findings: After nearly two years of internal bickering and deadlock regarding the broken coffee machines, the Cyert Center has determined that, even though there was a lot of Silly String reported, Little Timmy should have had more than enough upper body strength to reasonably exercise his duty to retreat instead of scrunching up into a ball.

Outcome: No members of Boys Pod A were found guilty of hazing. All charges were dropped upon the conclusion of the investigation. Meanwhile, Timmy has since graduated and received notice of the decision while in the middle of first grade math class.

Status: Boys Pod A will retain their membership as a clique in the Cyert Center.

Report 2 of 2

SUBJECT: Boys Pod A
REPORTED: 11/1/2024
DATE CHARGED: 05/10/2026
DATE RESOLVED: 05/23/2026

Description: The Cyert Center Hazing Reporting e-mail address received an email from a concerned parent regarding an incident that occurred during Fourth of July celebrations. The email alleged that all members were forced to chug 12 fluid ounces of apple juice in 5 minutes as a "I've seen my dad and his friends do this before on July 4" ceremony. The email alleged that their child, who had already drunk a full juice box an hour prior, involuntarily allowed the discharge of bodily fluids due to being outside, surrounded by peers, and without easy access to latrines, and subsequently was humiliated by the other members for several hours until being picked up at 5:30 PM.

Findings: The Cyert Center questioned several members of Boys Pod C, who gave conflicting reports over who authorized the apple juice chugging contest and whether members had an obligation to participate or finish. The parent also refused to identify their child despite the center's insistence. The parent's last name is shared with several members of Boys Pod C, so they were unable to identify the hazing victim.

Outcome: Despite a lack of conclusive evidence, the Cyert Center has decided to indefinitely suspend the supply of apple juice to Boys Pod C, in favor of Horizon Chocolate Milk. The reasoning behind this is that, of course, we all remember the embarrassment of peeing our pants. As such, replacing the consumed fluid with a lactose-based alternative will obviously discourage this behavior in the future.

Status: Boys Pod C retain their status as a clique, but have been indirectly punished by having to consume Horizon chocolate milk, which may or may not be recalled soon due to spoilage and botulism allegations against the company.

SCANME!

You have no better use of your time.

Join Readme!



Watch this space

Morewood Daycare Presents New Course Catalog



00-001	Existence and You: The Peekaboo Problem	12	A		MW	03:30PM	04:50PM
00-002	Principles of Naptime	9	A		MW	12:30PM	01:50PM
			B		MW	12:30PM	01:50PM
15-109	Potty Training for Aspiring Computer Scientists This Section Cancelled	12	A		TR	03:30PM	04:50PM
80-100.5	Intro to Philosophy II: Why Did This Airplane Feed Me?	5	A2	Y	MW	07:00PM	08:20PM
00-007	Crawling in a Machine-Driven World	15	A		MWF	11:00AM	11:50AM
00-008	The Goos and the Gas	9,12	A		MWF	01:00PM	01:50PM
09-090	The Culinary World of Clorox and Batteries	9	A		TR	02:00PM	03:20PM
15-209.99	Parallel and Sequential Silent Pooping	12	A		MWF	09:30AM	10:50AM

Voucher One (1) Professor Firing

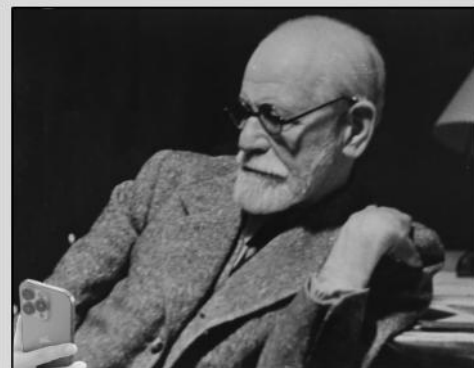
Student Signature

(Sign and return to the HUB. Not applicable to Prof. Illiano Cervasato. May only be used once in your undergraduate career.)

Carnegie
Mellon
University

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
**ISABELLE
FLORENCE**



TULPA

Every so often, I get a schmuck coming up to me and say "Oh my god, you should totally make the next Cryptid Corner about my dog!" or "My friend's kinda weird, maybe he could be next week's cryptid." or worst of all, "You have to stop drinking, Izzy. I wish I could take back every drop. I don't want to bury my daughter, Goddammit. Oh, and when you get the chance, you should put me in the Cryptid Corner." Of these blatant self-insert requests, only one has provided enough paranormal content to write about for a whole article.

It started like usual, my coworker Mike making vague comments about a roommate who could make for a good article. It was a dry week for cryptid research so I figured it wouldn't hurt to check. I was unprepared to see, sitting right there on Mike's living room sofa, scrolling through lewd drawings of Simpsons characters, Sigmund Freud. "Hey, what's up Sig?" said Mike, with more endearment than I'd ever heard from him. "Not much, Grindr has been dry as fuck lately," replied Freud, putting away the phone. "Damn, I'm sorry, man." He turned to me. "He says he's my tulpa, if you'd believe it." For those unfamiliar, a tulpa is, in practices inspired by Tibetan Buddhism, thought given human form. As I understand, this is done by thinking hard about the tulpa until it exists. Unfortunately, Mike's thoughts of Freud were nuanced enough to include his misogyny, so tulpa Freud wouldn't talk to me.

"I think that by tulpa rules he's supposed to be an extension of my psyche. Not really sure why he would be Sigmund Freud. Just before he materialized, I did have a series of strange dreams *loosely* involving him, but I surely wouldn't have thought about those dreams enough to psychically construct him from thin air." An obvious lie- Mike was red in the face and gesticulating wildly. "Or, for all I know, he could just be a Freud impersonator who broke into my house at a confusing time in my life."

I can tell that deep down he knows that tulpa is real. It's clear to me that Freud is a manifestation of his repressed homosexuality and complex relationship with his father. You and me both, Mike.

CMU rankings rise after James takes leave of absence

Violet R. Blu

What choice but simple duty?

The CMU community has a lot to celebrate this week, after US News and World Report moved Carnegie Mellon up seven spots on their college rankings from #21 to #14. School administrators are throwing parties, tour guides are updating their scripts, and Tartans everywhere are spitting on the graves of whatever school rejected them. Fuck you, University of Virginia! You'll never be #14. You didn't deserve me and you can't hurt me anymore! At least, that's the kind of thing that lots of, um... other people are saying...

In light of this recent acclaim, many people are wondering how

CMU improved so drastically in the past year. Was it the construction of another obnoxiously large glass building? Was it the R1 research status and highly qualified professors? Or was it Yella's, the cutting-edge concept that exists at the intersection of burger art and sandwich technology? Well, it's actually none of those things. Our precise algorithmic modeling has found that the true driving force behind CMU's success this year was the departure of one singular student, James.

Over the summer, 21-year-old James decided to take a leave of absence from school. When the year first began, no one noticed he was gone, as the absence or presence of

James registers in the mind about as much as a slight breeze. In fact, no one realized until we interviewed students for this article. I've recorded their statements below.

Violet R. Blu: Apparently the ranking went up because James is gone. Did you hear that?

Serena Connell, junior: Who?

Violet R. Blu: James. You had three classes with them last semester.

Serena Connell, junior: Ohhh, that James. That makes sense. Watching James walk through the Cut in the rain with an open backpack was really depressing.

Debbie Wong, sophomore: You don't really think about James that much, but his presence weighs on you. Like, subconsciously. I'm glad

he's gone.

It's clear that James had been hindering the entire CMU community. University administrators agreed. They told me that they're rushing to capitalize off of the higher ranking before James returns next semester. I promised to make it so they wouldn't have to worry.

James, if you're out there, just know that it's not personal. It's for the good of us all! Well, "us" except you. You're not going to enjoy this. But hey, maybe by next year, when the blood stains have finally washed out of my clothes, we'll be, like, #12 or something. Wouldn't that be great? Almost top 10. And you, James? You'll finally have found your purpose.