KCB PRESENTS

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ReadMe
for the
pornography

VOL 6 ISSUE 5

Fear and Loathing in Stack'd Underground

Alex Selzer
Never Queasy

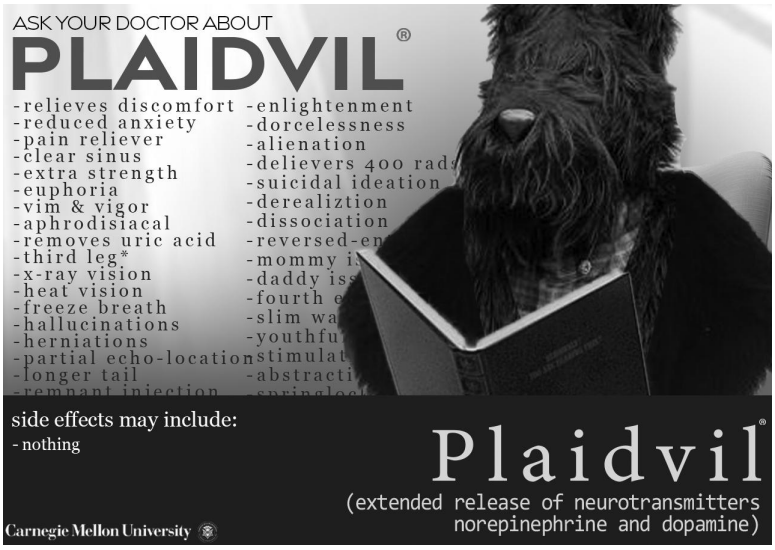
Stack'd Underground is, on most nights, a thriving center of off-duty student activity. Many regular joes are here to grab a quick bite or chat with their classmates. But for enterprising CMU students like me and you, this is also the perfect opportunity to make a quick dime without even breaking a sweat.

You'll want to find a seat early on in the night, off to one of the dimly-lit sides. Find one that puts the entire room in easy view. It's not a bad idea to get a small meal and pass the time a bit—you know, deflect some suspicion. Very important: Do not get a burger! Opt instead for a pre-packaged salad, no dressing, no iceberg lettuce. You'll see why soon enough.

Once the place begins to fill up with students, it's time to scope out your prospects. Your prime suspects will be alone, standing out against all the groups of friends. It's more than likely that they'll come in straight from Hunt and order a classic Stack'd burger in the hopes of eating away their depression. Their cloud of stress and despair makes them reckless and distracted—in other words, an easy target.

As they start to eat their meal, take close watch. At first, they'll consume the burger at a ravenous pace, but they will soon slow down until each swallow looks like a struggle. As they near the final bite, their face will turn green and their eyes hazy. They'll struggle towards the bathroom—and here's your chance! As the toilets are going through the trenches, calmly slide out of your seat, and walk over to their former seat. Take their backpack (but leave the fries, you're not a monster), and leave.

If you're lucky, you'll score a laptop and a few other pieces of tech to sell on Facebook Marketplace or CMUsed. Bonus points if you sell it right back to them. A single night's labor can easily turn several hundred dollars profit this way. In fact, without this life hack, I probably wouldn't have been able to pay my tuition all these years. So don't cramp my style—if you need some cash too, I hear that Yella's and Wild Blue have had many a similar story.



Watch a putdown artist in action

Violet R. Blu
Celebrated Celibate

Picture this: you go to the bar on a Friday night, and all the girls there are having a great time. They're laughing, dancing, maybe even falling in love. Disgusting. There's nothing worse than watching a woman have fun at the bar. Luckily for humanity, I've dedicated my life to preventing this tragedy. I believe every woman deserves to go home alone and furious. If you feel the same way, pay close attention to my techniques.

Mario's, Friday at 10pm
(I run up to a random unsuspecting girl, yelling and flailing my arms in the air.)
Blu: WEE WOO! WEE WOO! WEE WOO!
Random Girl: What the fuck is happening?
Blu: WEE WOO! UGLY ALARM!
Random Girl: Fuck you!
Blu: WEE WOO! SENSITIVE ALARM!
Random Girl: You're an asshole.
Blu: I'm not an asshole, I'm a person!

(I point at myself.)
Blu: WEE WOO! FUNNY ALARM!
(She opens her phone and calls an Uber, ready to return to her miserable hovel. I give myself a high-five, which is also clapping for myself. Another job well done.)
(But the night doesn't end there.)
Mario's, Friday at 10:02pm
(I walk up behind a woman standing at the bar. I take high, jolly steps and sing to myself in an impish voice.)
Blu: By Mother Goose's silver gullet, I'm gonna steal this lady's wallet!
(She turns around.)
Woman: No you're not.
(She goes for the door. I stand in front of her.)
Blu: You can only leave without a fee if you can solve my riddles three!
Woman: Wait, now I'm curious. Give me a riddle.
Blu: What has two thumbs in the morning and two thumbs in the evening?
Woman: A person?
Blu: Wrong! A monkey! I never said the thumbs had to be opposable, twat! Now give me your money!
(She sprays me with mace. I cry, mostly from the mace, but also from the joy of seeing a woman unhappy.)
(The night still isn't over.)
Mario's, Friday at 10:04pm
(I walk up to a girl smoking outside the establishment.)
Blu: Are you from Virginia?
Human Ashtray: What?
Blu: Cause you're the only virgin I, uh, see.
Human Ashtray: Are you putting me down?
Blu: YES! YES I AM! Finally, someone appreciates my craft!
Human Ashtray: That's kinda sexy.
Blu: …
(She hands me her cigarette.)
Human Ashtray: Put this out on my tits.
Blu: Nuh uh!
(I swallow the lit cigarette and puke on her shoes.)
Human Ashtray: That was hot as fuck.
Blu: NOOOOOOOOOO!
(Overcome with despair, I drop to my knees.)
Human Ashtray: Ew. Get up. I thought you were gonna be the dom.
(I stand up and immediately launch into a cartwheel. Another job well done.)

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



SQUONK

Bummed out by my cryptid research turning up a hoax, I returned home with my head hung low. You know what's fucked up? I was half-looking forward to getting seduced by a sea cow. I'm not into cows in that way, but there's something nice about feeling wanted, even if it that wanting was based in a desire to wipe out all life on land. I remembered all the relationships I've fallen out of to pursue my work. I decided to take a walk in Frick Park to clear my mind. I feel very confident that I am not into cows in that way.

Regardless, I was walking through the woods and came across a small puddle, which was odd since we hadn't had rain in a while. I looked around for a source, but only found another puddle, and another, and another. Faster and faster, I followed the moistened path until I was face to face with a massive wrinkled pig, exactly what I had hoped for. Not that I am into pigs either, I feel like that might need clarification.

It was the lonesome Squonk, a beast that spends its time wandering the forests of Pennsylvania, crying over its own appearance, then looking in the puddles of tears, seeing its own reflection, and crying some more. I get it.

I sat down and rested my back on the Squonk's ballsack-adjacent skin. I felt a little better. The squonk used its signature ability of instantly turning into a puddle. I fell backwards into the puddle. I felt a little worse.

Paid for by: The Good Christian Mothers of America, Inc.

KGB PRESENTS

readME

Total Infatuation : Free
Wanton Romance : $3

the issue in which we decide to flaunt the Hays Code

VOL VI, ISSUE V, 10/29/2026

Editor-in-Chief: E. V. Joshi, G. Adiga, V. Connor Publisher: G. Coons cmureadme.com

Best courses to use as "Course"play

Raytheon Blues
Your BDSM Tutor

Dear Reader,

In my first year of college, I had a sexual awakening while sitting in my 8 AM lecture. As my professor droned on and on—about what, I can't quite remember—I realized just how titillating a situation I was in. I was surrounded by people, with only a tiny fold-out desk to conceal my hands in my lap. Were I to simply become aroused by my professor's sensual murmurs, I would have no choice but to bite my lip and suffer through the next one hundred and ten minutes!

Intrigued by my discovery, I began to investigate the differences between various courses, starting with First-Year writing. As I gathered from my peers, the different sections can have rather different flavors. But one thing is always true: you'll never be satisfied. Class after class, I was brought to the edge, clawing at my desk as the promise of an interesting discussion was dangled in front of me. Many times, my professor would ask a thought-provoking question, and I'd feel a rush of excitement. Finally, something stimulating! I'd then raise my hand, desperate to engage, only for a classmate to interrupt with an observation so painfully obvious that all intellectual tension dissipated. But never fear, I told myself—the next discussion could be different! Or the next. Or… the next? Tears formed in my eyes as I was let down again and again, teetering on the precipice of intellectual ecstasy.

Following the persistent tease of my freshman writing course, I moved on to a class that promised to be more satisfying: 21-259 Calculus in Three Dimensions. This course's content is so sensual, so sinful, that even the homework had me rubbing my thighs together! Searching for the extrema of these surfaces made me feel like I was on a rollercoaster of pleasure; just when I thought I couldn't climb any higher, I'd find out that maximum wasn't absolute! Perhaps the only thing better than the coursework itself was recitation: I once spent the entire hour begging my TA to walk me through just one homework problem. "Please," I cried, "I don't remember how to solve this one! Help me!" They insisted I work it out myself, forcing me through triple integrals like it was a triple orgasm. Oh, god, I'd never felt so deliciously helpless!

This upcoming semester, I plan to take 80-130 Introduction to Ethics. I was inspired by a friend of mine, who told me that nothing gets her going like a crisis of morality. Introductions to Ethics really showed her how naughty she'd been. Learning about Kant had her begging her partner to treat her as a mere means to an end, and Bentham had her curious as to all the ways she can suffer. The hottest parts of her tales, though, were the arguments she'd get into with her peers. She'd feel the heat building under her collar as she'd debate passionately about her most deeply-held beliefs, then take them home for the hate sex of a lifetime. And afterwards, overcome with the shame of having compromised her principles, she'd call them back. "I've been really bad," she'd say. "I think you have a moral imperative to punish me."

As a warning, I urge you not to get too carried away in your explorations of the sexual potential of university lectures. Not everybody finds vocabulary terms and formulas as lustworthy as you and I do. Still, I find the danger of being caught the most exciting part of the whole experience. That's why I sit in the front row of every class, eyes glued to the blackboard as I bite back my moans. The professors mistake this for studiousness and dedication, and, well, I've never been one to turn down praise.

Anti-Oughtiplus Sex!

Surely Jack's Son
Anent Nought

Halfpast hush, window rainrattled, the lampwick whispering made a little sun of her undone cuff. May I? Me: aye: wristward, thurstward, tictactile, hisher pulse and the twobeat beast becoming, tictactile. Grab!tation: now a conjugal third.

[He's barely grabbed her wrist?! At this pace, we'll need a second issue for the left breast.
Cut the "tictactile"; you can't time slow reader … but you sure can measure word count! I have eight pages, and one of them is reserved for a Pabst Blue Ribbon ad (now there's indulgence! Hooch, not words, m'boy.)]
His mouth neared hers under the eye of Ought (for all our actions are judged by Him?), starchcollared, kantankerous, apriapriest of the can'tigorical impervertative, conducting an inchquisition with the ruler of heaven. She, inconveniently a posteriori, declined his declension by kissing the other, lesser, sexier man into the indicative. Habeas corpus! Corpus delecti!

[Name the men each part references. With two men and too much Latin, I can't tell who gets the tongue.
Cut the little God question; He has His own book.
Tell the dick cop to knock, and have him double check his ruler twice. I once met a guy who measured his rod from the back of his neck. If God grades like that, I want my math tests back!]
The room uncounted: rain quicksilvered, pipes groanpsalmed, wick sootgold-hallelujahed. Five fingers found, grounded five; ten attempted the last fastening and encountered the Brastille, final bastion of the propertied. Thesis, antithesis, synthease! She laughed: Ribellion!

[Keep him losing to the bra; trim the bits that make me lose the sentence. I like seeing him sweat, but I shouldn't need a map to find the tits.]
Their lips adjourned; their case did not. Her cuff reclasped, his hand released its hold, he holding nothing against her. Her May must retain mayn't, his holding its let-go, their concurrence the right to differ. Could they come apart without coming undone, or did each conjunction convey an estate in fee-simple flesh?

[I need to know when they fucked. If they didn't, give him a sock to find while she gets dressed.]
Proposition: Desire is production, of potential and the real, rather than lack. No Lacan'tian holeyghost haunting the organon, no private privation awaiting its plug-in saviour. Deleuzionally speaking, there is no hole to be made whole; there is a factory, and the sheets have entered the means of reproduction.

[His dick has a job now? Great, just great. It sleeps all day, stands up for three minutes, and leaves a mess for someone else. I bet his dad got it the job.
Give it a tiny desk, but make it pay for the tightie-whities.]
Demonstration: Two bodies are an assemblagestalt, not an indivisible One, nor One consuming the Other into an I.O.Uterus. No Hegelateral merger, no adverse copossession. To increase freedom is a joyful composition; to decrease either's is a hostile takeover by the phallustate.

[Do his balls count as one, two, zero? They just hang around and agree with the dick. And if he (He?) starts counting sperm, tell him we do not have that kind of space.]
Scholium: Ought prejudged the kiss by a Good existing before goodness, apriorganizing the lips before their meeting could unmake His categories. Neither kiss nor lip is in itself good or bad: only encounters, judged by their power to act. Immanence, not Hymenence; a conatus, not a can't-us. Quod erot desirandum.

[Cut this in half; my dick is soft again.]
Ought thus unrobed. Beneath the robe: a conference lanyard, publish-or-perish the thought. Desire had produced a paper, a generously endowed chair, a funded inaugural intercourse on emancipation. When the bodies petitioned for a say in their citation, he denounced consentorship and claimed academic freedominion.

[He got a grant to watch people fuck? I got thrown out of a hotel for that, and I had a room key. Anyways, we'll run it as a joint piece. Put my name first.]

Buttering up your TA

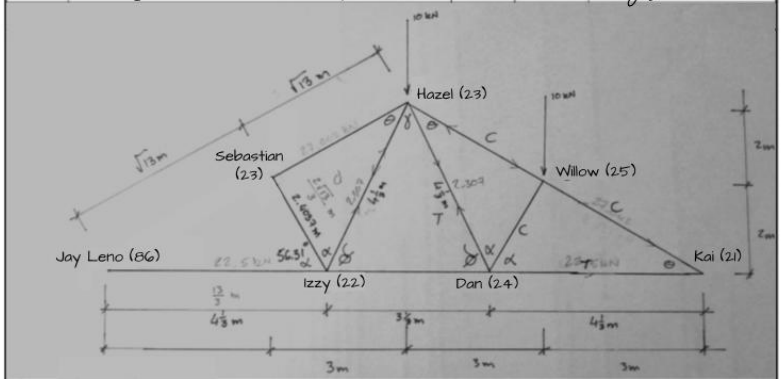
Vodka Limet
Sloshed

Buttered-Up Teaching Assistant
6 lbs butter, cubed
3 bunches parsley
20 tsp vinegar
134lb Teaching Assistant
½ cup plum jam
43 green onions, sliced
6 cups soy sauce

Bloomfield Civil Consulting
Human Relations Division

Engineering Drawing Sheet

REVISIONS				
REV	DESCRIPTION	MADE BY	DATE	APPROVED BY
7	Modeling Sexual Tension in a Polycule	KL	10/15/26	Doug Jones



Critique on Marginal Theory of Murder

joehill's shoes
Student of Ricardo, Marx, and Ripper

The value of murder is determined by the "utility" (pleasure or satisfaction) of said murder.

So say the neoclassical murderers.

The elementary step of nailing down the terms "pleasure" and "satisfaction" regarding murder escapes our dear Gacyesians and Dahmerists. They are all too pleased with their grandiose graphs and speeches to ponder that murder, in all its various forms, takes on widely different use-values, not reducible to "utility", if such a concept even had a sound philosophical basis.

To them, the value of murder is wholly subjective, as immaterial as cryptids or the old tales of Olympus. They have no inkling of suspicion, for even a moment, that murder requires a man to pick up an instrument of harm, wrest the soul away from the body, and bury the freshly emptied vessel. In other words, they fail to comprehend that murder, like all commodities, presupposes human labour.

It is self-evident that to the neoclassical murderers the deeper undercurrents of modern society remained forever hidden. In past epochs, murder was an artisanal trade. The murderer owned his instruments, knew his victims, and could contemplate the finished product of his own hands. But the development of the productive forces has transformed murder from an individual enterprise into a vast, industrial undertaking.

The so-called "serial killers" of our modern-day society are Boeing, Palantir, United Health Group, Shein; juggernauts of slaughter that extract labour of millions to carry out cold and calculated murders on a scale unimaginable hitherto. The external character of this kind of murder alienates the men who contributed to the butchering from their own handiwork. None can look upon his murder and proclaim, with the pride of the old master: I did that.

The chorus of neoclassical murderers shout if free-association between murderers were to take hold, everyone would seek to murder the oldest of men for they have, over the course of their longer lives, absorbed more labour, therefore, their murder holds the greatest value.

In the first place, the value of murder is determined by the labour-time needed to commit said murder, not total labour consumed by the victim. Subjugation of Nature's forces, machinery, have rendered Heracles and Hephaestus equal to the economy of murder. A bullet to a man's temple is a bullet to another.

In truth, this accusation is but a lamentation of existing society. The younger the man, the more labour-power he readily has at his disposal, the more readily he is able to murder, or work for the goal of murder. Companies siphon scores of fresh labour to replace the old. They are compelled, nay obligated to lay ruin to their competitor's freshest stock of labour, hence why bombs deployed by so-called "civilized nations" seem to stray most prejudiced towards schools, nurseries, and hospitals.

This continues until the ends of the Earth, where no one murders by his own means, but the means of another, and those who own the means of murder, do not murder.

Only when murderers of the world overthrow these conditions can killing between all run freely and abundantly.

"Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte."



KGB Presents:

Here's a look at all the exciting, unexciting, and completely unmissable events being hosted by the CMU KGB!

November 7th: Vidya James
7PM in PH A18 (B and C)
Join the KGB for a night of playing video games!

Nov 14th: RPG Knight
7PM in TBD
Bring your dice and most creative character ideas for a night of roleplaying adventures!

Nov 20th: Capture the Flag with Stuff
7PM in TBD
Join the KGB for their flagship event! Bring your friends, capture flags, claim glory!



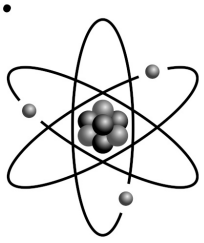
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Guilt and Repression : Free
Ticket to Heaven : $3

the issue in which we reject bodily temptations and lift our souls to the light

VOL VI, ISSUE VI, 10/29/2026

Editor-in-Chief: E. V. Joshi, G. Adiga, V. Connor Publisher: G. Coons cmureadme.com

Married in Vegas %

Alex Werth
Your dreamy blue eyes on the ground

Las Vegas, Nevada - In the middle of the American desert stands a glittering glass oasis. Baking by day, shining by night, this is the crown of industrial society's indulgences. Here you can find lovers, gamblers, thrill-seekers, and the modern synthesis thereof: competitive relationship speedrunners.

We find ourselves in Vegas today, under the setting September sun, to catch a glimpse of this ritual. A young gentleman, sharply plumed, swiping quite intently on his cell phone as he waits outside the Mandalay Bay tower. He is racing through his Tinder feed, looking for the spark that will earn him a worthy time on the leaderboards. There it is: swipe right, a green flash. The timer has begun.

At oh-oh-ten, a lady in red bounds from the sliding glass doors, and they high five salaciously. She must have been waiting in the lobby for her prince in latex armor. They fire off pleasantries on the way to the car – names, jobs, pets, homes, love languages, childhood dreams, and whether their middle or oldest child would be the most neglected. Off they drive, taking a right turn at *55* and letting the centrifugal force motivate an endearing snuggle.

Smooth. We go to our boys in the helicopter, who will follow the rest of this magical journey: at just under two minutes, this run has the makings of a winner.

Vegas features one of the most fascinating American institutions, the cornerstone of its thriving speedrunning scene: drive-through chapels. With some good planning, a couple can knock-up and knock-out 60-horsepower leisure. There! We've spotted them, burning down Sammy Davis, golden advertisements bounding across the Sphere. First date at two minutes thirty at ~~Hardee's~~ Carl's Jr., a $1 tip floating in their wake. Second date at 03:14 under the blooming magnolia trees, as they narrowly miss a pickup while they kiss with hair flying. At the chapel, the car only stops for a moment: mobbed by wrinkled ministers and sashaying bridesmaids like piranhas to a cow, our lovers emerge in a cloud of doves and champagne, the car loaded with rental white-ribboned gifts. Marriage in 04:30: spectacularly done.

That makes Relationship% for these lovebirds. A whole world of speedrun routes await them: honeymoon races to spiteful divorces, children and death and filling out *153*-clearance forms. What makes it sweet is not the destination, but the delightful brevity of the journey.

We Don't Need to Talk.

Camillia Creutzfeldt
I think it's admirable that you're forward with your feelings, but let's just be strangers.

Please, sit down, make yourself at home. What am I making tonight? It's nothing much, just a beef bourguignon with short ribs, oxtail, and chuck roast, with some shallots, carrots, celery, and cremini mushrooms. Oh, and the jus is made from the braising liquid, just Beaulieu Vineyard cabernet sauvignon and homemade veal stock. No you don't need to help with anything, I'm almost done. I'm going to plate it now. You like it? That's nice, I'm a very good cook after all.

What time do you have to leave? How soon is soon? An hour? That programming languages class must be hard huh. But before you leave, there's something I need to tell you. Actually, should I? Maybe it's better that I don't. But I really should. Why do I look so anxious? I'm sorry, it's just hard for me to tell just this, but I think I have to get this off my chest. I've been losing sleep over this. So here goes.

Since the day I first met you, from when we were still living in the same dorm in our freshmen year, I had felt this way about you. My feelings for you could not have been any clearer, and I still vividly remember being absorbed by them when you were in my room helping me pack my things for the housing move. I… do not like you as a person. I've made acquaintances with plenty of people whom I dislike, and I must unapologetically tell you that you're among the most detestable. What? You know I have other friends right? Stop blubbering and let me finish. Where was I? Right, did your parents not raise you right? Does your mom smoke? Huh? Why would you think I was going to confess my love to you? Are you stupid? Why would anyone find you even remotely likeable, let alone be able to love you?

Why do I keep making dinner for you? Well, why do you keep asking to come over to my place? I know you don't have much going on in your life between CS classes and living vicariously through romance anime; I do it out of pity.

From now on, I think it's best that we stop seeing each other. In fact, please stop talking to me. I gave you my phone number so that you could have an emergency contact, not so that you can send me pictures of your daily outfits or rhythm game high scores. I want to perceive you as little as possible.

Alright, it's been an hour since we started eating, it's probably a good time for you to leave. Good luck on your lab or project or whatever, I don't care what you actually do in that class. Goodbye and goodnight.

Letter Campaign from the Good Christian Mothers of America

Sponsored by Parents of Every Nice and Impressionable Student

It is clear that Carnegie Melongene University's array of sensual dining options are corrupting our dear, sensitive, children. We call upon the University to, at once, rectify and/or remove these lewd establishments from campus.

- Sara X., Board of Erectors

Hey, so I was putting these in Google Translate Plus and it turns out that La Prima Espresso means 'the primary ejaculation' in Spanish.

- Jeremiah Jeremiah

So, about Schatz. I read about this once in the paper. In Dubai they have these princes that–

- Simu Cutar, Bartow, Georgia

My darling grandson told me over the phone he was going to get "Stacked" with his friends the other day. I was sure I misheard him - I'm getting old you know. I fear what sort of company such a place breeds. But I'll have you know the only thing getting 'stack'd' on my grandchild is books. Books of knowledge. And faith. Also, "Underground?" Really? My grandchild is not doing anything 'underground'. No sir.

- Cindy J., Worthright County, Connecticut

I have a problem with Au Bon Pain. It's French. French for sex, pardon my French. Pain - the little death, la petit mort. It's honestly disgusting the things Carnegie Mellon's admin lets pass by. These… these… socialists are putting horrible ideas in my sweetiepie's head. "All [a]Bout Pain" is apparently what the children call it. I went to college to study the good things –mathematics, circuitry, computers, God, but I watch as my child is forced to experience these deviations.

- Linsdey Q.

I was calling my dear friend Linda and you won't believe the debauchery going on in the Zebra Lounge. It's completely unbecoming of our future leaders. They have them dress up like zebras and give them litter boxes and they lounge around sexually. I can only pray for what becomes of their minds and character. Dear Jesus and Mary…

- Lisa M., Maryland

How to Spice Things Up in the Kitchen

Raytheon Blues
Kiss the Chef

Is cooking just not as exciting as it used to be? Has your gas burner lost its spark? Around halfway through the semester, every upperclassman staying in their own apartment starts to get tired of making their own meals. You might think that there's nothing new to explore, and that it's time to resign yourself to a life of meal prep so vanilla it feels like monthly missionary. But it doesn't have to be this way!

If you want to spice up things in the kitchen, you need to act as soon as the urge strikes. It doesn't matter if it's eleven a.m. on a Wednesday, that recipe for 3-hour baked lasagna is calling your name! Stop inhibiting your desires and be loud and clear about what you want. You want that burrito so gooey that you moan with delight? Then quit being stingy with the cheese! You want some cloyingly sweet aftercare that will make you melt? Then don't skip out on ice cream after dinner! And if your roommate complains about you hogging the kitchen for three hours, tell them you have needs, too.

To feel better about your prowess in the kitchen, it's important to start with good ingredients. Is that brand of butter a smooth enough lubricant for your pan? Does that type of rice really feel soft and warm against your tongue? Even garnish matters—if your scallions aren't scrumptious and your cilantro downright salacious, then you're missing out on a world of culinary pleasure!

A surprising amount of satisfaction comes from the leadup to a meal, rather than the meal itself. The next time you cook, take your time with the preparation. Slide your fingers against the cutting board and get lost in its texture, or hold your hand over the pan and feel the heat radiating off of it. You're leaving your mark on the kitchen every time, you know!

You can also take pleasure in making others feel good. Feed your cooking to a friend and watch their expression as they are overcome with the taste. Their eyes will go half-lidded, their mouth hanging open as they let out a low groan. Ask them to describe exactly what gets them going the most. It can feel good to be at someone's service! If they're interested, try to overstimulate them with a five-course meal of various flavors, getting them to a point where they can't stop eating but are begging you to stop serving them.

All food can go a little stale, but there are endless ways to spice up your culinary experience. If you're looking for more ways to wet your palate, you can always eat out at a restaurant. Maybe even invite a third person into the kitchen, if you've got enough burners to go around. However, I find there's something comforting (and a little sexy) about a sleepy, cuddly breakfast in bed.

Rejected Headlines #43

- "Vore, vat is it good for?": New German single does not chart in the U.S.
- Chaser dog gets tail.
- Ladies, match your GCal to your nipple color.
- Polydectes disappointed to learn that quantum oracles not actually an improvement.
- We paid $100 to CMU Plastic Surgery Club to get a face lift - no strings attached.
- Pregnancy test returns "see me after class".
- Mathematicians confused that WQED still continuing on
- Gimp x Gimp: Sexual awakenings in open-source software.
- How to reject your attractive cousin at Thanksgiving.

All this and more, not in this issue!

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



The world's most attractive cow, for those into cows

LA VACA MARINA

10/12/26 - My research into the paranormal brought me out to a farm in South Chile in order to investigate what appeared to be a large-scale case of cattle-tipping. Any rookie cryptozoologist might tell you to expect extraterrestrials, they might even get clever and point out that this is the Grey's bread and butter. The truth, I would learn, was not as straightforward. There was a deep sadness and longing in the eyes of these fallen bovine, and despite efforts to stand them back upright, they consistently fell back onto their sides. This wasn't the work of some impish Martian, these cattle were heartbroken. Now plagued by visions of the heavy-hearted herd, I decided to take a walk through town. As I walked along a canal, out from the water emerged the most beautiful cow I had seen in my life.

It all made sense now. La Vaca Marina, in Southern Chilean folklore, is a water-dwelling spirit of a dead cow, given life by the sea serpent, Caicai Vilu. This wet cow is also, allegedly, the single most attractive cow; so attractive, in fact, that she seduces bulls into being permanently celibate for her. This is part of an elaborate scheme to slowly reduce the world's terrestrial population as a step in Caicai Vilu's war against the land.

The cow locked eyes with mine and beckoned me close. I obliged and approached the canal edge. The cow leaned in and began whispering sweet nothings about a serpent from the sea and some ancient war. It warned me of the evils of sex. It told me to stop eating shellfish. It was then, I recalled that La Vaca Marina, had been poached, skinned, and sold back in 2009. I realized, this was no real Chilean cow spirit, it didn't even speak Spanish. I pulled off the rubber cow mask it was wearing.

I, like all the cows before me, got catfished by two Seventh-day Adventists in a cow costume.

STILL SMOKING CRACK?

Your soul will be DAMNED and enlisted in the infernal army of the

LORD OF THE UNDEAD



This Halloween,

SAY NO TO DRUGS

Activities Board to bring back Sex Week

Handy Manny
Active Sex-Haver Extraordinaire

AB is bringing back its premier event: Sex Week! Originally hosted jointly by the Women's Center and AB Special Events, AB has since divorced the Women's Center and is now uniting with the esteemed Kenneth C. Griffin School of Computer Science. In the spirit of this sacred union, AB will be hosting a daily 7:00 P.M. event in McConomy Auditorium (except for Tuesday's special event) celebrating God's favorite pastime.

Monday: Live Sex Demonstration

Kicking things off with a bang, AB will be hosting an in-person demonstration on how to have sex. At CMU, we understand many of you may have never heard of sex. AB will be sure to go over the whole process, with special attention to awkward propositions and telling anyone you can that you are, in fact, no longer a virgin. Bring your friends, enemies, and everyone in between to witness a life-changing experience, raw and unfiltered. (Note: event duration is dependent on Jack's stamina. Lock in, Jack.)

Tuesday: Build Your Own Sex-Bot, powered by Roboclub

In this special event, join Roboclub in the UC Basement and work with Roboclub tools and mentors to build your very own personal sex doll! Beginner's kits provided; all experience levels welcome. Choose your favorite customizations from prebuilt modules, like circumsized or light-medium bush. Bring a list of your craziest kinks, wishes, and desires, and Roboclub will help make your dreams a reality! (Note: If you represent a company interested in partnering professionally with Roboclub, for sex projects or otherwise, contact them via officers@roboclub.org)

Wednesday: Sex-Engine Optimization, with OnlyFans

Struggling to land a summer internship? Looking to build your own business? OnlyFans media designers and insider consultants will be detailing all the best tips and tricks to boost your OF SEO. If you have never heard of any of those letters, don't worry! Our sexperts will teach you not only what the act of intercourse is, but how to turn any object into something sexy! Time will be available after the presentation for light networking; prepare your resumes and lingerie.

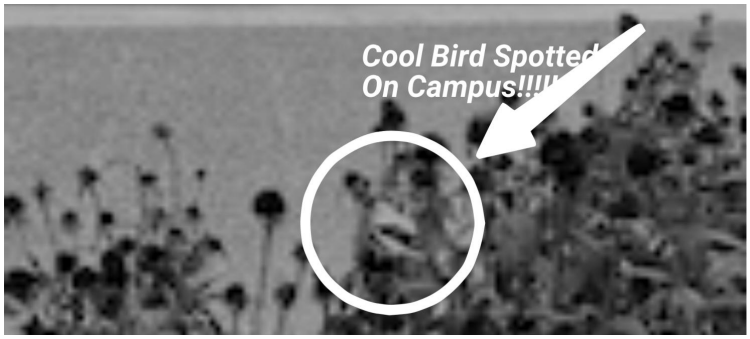
Thursday: Speed-Fucking

Want to actually meet hot singles in your area? Come to the sex week speed-fucking event, and we will have you making love to a total stranger in no time! Our expert matchmakers will rapidly assign you to the person in the room you coincidentally find least attractive, and watch as you nerds awkwardly fumble around with each other's genitals. We will provide complimentary sex-coaches-in-training, as a voice of support and to overpraise your educational journey - after all, experiential learning is very important! If you prefer not to be coached during the act itself, we will do our best to take your preferences into account.

Friday: Abortion Options on SHIP, presented by Planned Parenthood

After your nonstop fucking fun week, join Planned Parenthood and learn what options you have in the extremely unlikely scenario that you need an abortion! They will review the options and costs for getting an abortion, from pills to coathangers. If you are a frequent sex-haver, you may even be interested in Planned Parenthood's subscription service, which provides unlimited abortions a month for one low fee!

Please send questions or comments to: women@andrew.cmu.edu.



How to keep your long distance relationship sex-free!

Dear my savoriest bao bun,

My dearest darling bun, we are just two weeks away from Labor Day weekend. I am certain that I am just as excited for Labor Day weekend to come as I suspect you would be. Since I left you to fend for myself in Donner Hall, I have been the most depressed. Every night, I imagine the day where I can once more remain celibate with you in person, just as we once had.

A kiss on your cheek, and not one any lower!

C.

Dear my juiciest Farnam tuna melt,

I have received your letters, my adorable lover. I see that you have spiced up your last letter. Of course we can try """things""" when we meet each other, though I anticipate difficulties given that we would sleep together in a twin room. However, I have the utmost sorrowful news to share with you. My class, Fundamentals of Programming, is particularly difficult at this point of the semester. I will need to dedicate much time and brain power to solving IsHappyPrime over the weekend. I am much too ashamed to flirt with my TAs to get answers, and as great as Gemini is at responding to my salacious pick-up lines, I don't want to cheat.

I promise, my cherished, that we shall meet each other instead during fall break, and we can then have one sex.

C.

Dear my lecherous leek,

To afford my bus ticket for my upcoming journey to you, I have participated in a medical study about infectious diseases at the University of Pittsburgh. The researchers promised me a very generous payment, a $20 Amazon gift card, $35 in cash, and ten shillings. An unforeseen consequence is that I now have Cholera and Small Pox. It is disastrous, I must be quarantined from the rest of my peers, and I cannot under any circumstance see you.

You must be distraught. Breathe, my darling, take deep, long breaths. Compose yourself. I can only imagine how much you thirst for me, but you and I must both wait. Thanksgiving Break is just around the corner.

C.

Dear my sexiest spinach,

I am sure that you are gearing up for your Thanksgiving travels, but I will not be able to make it. My case of Cholera and Small Pox have developed into a terminal case of Big Pox. It is very real, very deadly, and extremely contagious. We can not, under any circumstances, have sex, and my physicians have even informed me that the mere sight of another human being could worsen my condition.

I am so, so sorry. I am sure you understand.

C.

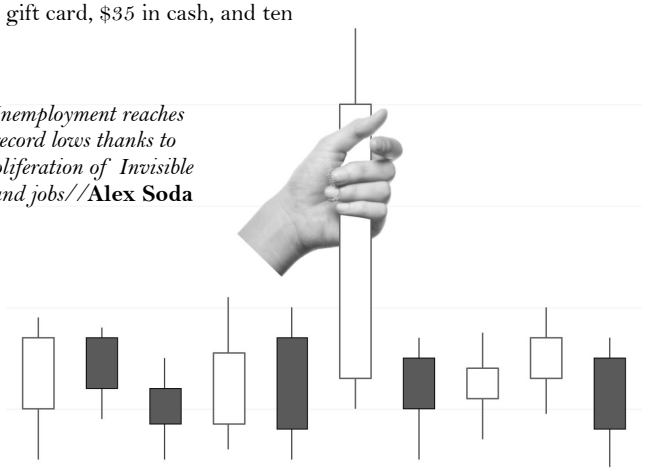
Dear lover,

Kosbie's army of TAs have discovered that I have cheated in my 15112 final exam. As punishment for my flagrant AIV, I have been scheduled to be executed by firing squad. Meanwhile, my terminal case of Big Pox has not subsided. It is unbearable, and I have called the University Health Services asking about euthanasia. Whichever kills me first, I am afraid I do not have much longer on this Earth with you.

A pat on your back, and not one any lower!

C.

Unemployment reaches record lows thanks to proliferation of Invisible Hand jobs//**Alex Soda**



KC B PRESENTS

readME



DON'T HAVE SEX

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