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CMU student invests in classroom real estate

Greeshma Adiga
Landlord of La Prima

While most students are worried about saving money for their futures, Tepper student D. R. Hortonne has found a more innovative solution: investing in classroom space.

"The economy is rough right now, and I'm not exactly interested in working in fast food, y'know?" said Hortonne in a recent interview. "I thought I should find a smart way to build some equity. I noticed that classrooms at CMU were in high demand, and I thought, woah, jackpot!"

Hortonne began looking into purchasing classrooms in August. They quickly noticed that there was very little competition, as people were accustomed to exchanging classrooms for free. "Apparently there's this thing called the University Registrar? I don't really care. Old, outdated systems are mere distractions from true entrepreneurship. I've already begun staking my claim on classrooms by placing signs and changing the locks."

Hortonne believes that demand for classrooms will continue to grow with CMU's undergraduate enrollment. Commenting on the Jahanian administration's failure to keep pace with the rapid expansion of the university, Hortonne sees an opportunity to profit: "By getting the classrooms for free—or nearly free—right now, I'll be able to sell them later at a sizable profit margin."

Professors at the Tepper School of Business commend Hortonne's initiative, and some even have suggestions for the student. "They should consider renting out the classrooms they buy, and hiking the rent once residents are already settled," said Professor Lennar, an expert in real estate. "This brilliant student is already on his way to heading a lucrative private equity firm and securing his wealth for life."

When reached for comment, Hortonne's mother, a hedge fund manager and billionaire, credited their success to their entrepreneurial spirit and appetite for risk. "I've always taught my children nothing in life comes for free," she said. "Except, of course, initial capital."



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Rejected Headlines #44

- I did well on my midterms too. The dems aren't special.
- Mathematician confused that WQED still continuing on.
- Sidewalk user's first day on earth going swimmingly.
- Trout: "I'm glad that there hasn't been demographic shifts in my area."
- Kornacki calls Alaskan governorship for himself: "I know none of you fuckers are still watching this anyway."
- Tartan's exit poll flummoxed by international student votes.

All this and more, not in this issue!

Tales from Beyond Frick Park IX: Goodwill Hunting

Presented by: Surely Jacks Son
On the Geneology of Morality

I had never intended to be a wicked woman. Indeed, wickedness had always struck me as exhausting: between the disposal of bodies, conversations in loathsome cellars, and the obligation to remember which lies one has told which person, it's a wonder anyone chooses to pursue it at all! My ambition following university was merely to inhabit a place in which the bed and kitchen were separate rooms. This was once a modest dream, I am told. Now, it places me somewhere between Napoleon and Caesar on the scale of mortal ambition.

It was in this humble pursuit that I encountered Grimsby, Filch, & Slaughter. Their career fair stall stood between those of the Red Cross and the United States Air Force, distinguished from the latter chiefly by the absence of a sergeant and the former by the presence of money. To that effect, a placard advertised a starting compensation of six hundred thousand dollars. At this point, my higher faculties ceased and my lower organs let out the slightest trickle of excitement.

Before I knew it, I was shaking the hand of Mr. Archibald Gudge. A pink and prosperous gentleman, his laugh frequently startled roosting pigeons. That first meeting, he explained the Moral Adequacy Act required companies to contribute to a joint pool for all harm caused. To release that money, a company could either undo the harm or produce independently certified evidence of an equivalent amount of good. All of this was maintained in a central, audited registry. Neat and simple, it seemed, but the law had neglected to specify what exactly good is. A utilitarian might condemn what a deontologist endorsed, a shareholder might regard both as financially irresponsible, and, similarly, the American legal system would be concerned chiefly with the depth of each party's pockets. Thus, a hundred-and-one accredited ethics boards thus issued competing valuations. It was our job to arbitrage that.

He illustrated all this with a planned airstrike. It had recently been called off because of a fuel price hike. The original Kantian auditors gave the cancellation no credit whatsoever. They rightly pointed out the motivation had been wholly economical. A utilitarian bank, however, was willing to pay handsomely for thirty-seven lives saved. Thus, we were able to purchase the good act for the price of a modest Manhattan luncheon and sell it to the bank for a price more eye-popping than your average Bugatti. The thirty-seven villagers were of course delighted to have been of service and to remain alive, or they would have been if we had enough time to inform them of it. But money called, and we were eager to answer.

My own first triumph involved a munitions firm which announced plans to bomb twelve orphanages. It nobly cancelled eleven so a particularly eccentric board of consequentialists could classify the affair as humanitarian relief. In this manner, we dabbled here and there for months, the business and my pockets flourishing.

However, no good thing can last forever—a fact those in the business were especially aware of. Eventually came the disagreeable catastrophe of agreement; in other words, the market worked too well. Boards began comparing judgements. This meant prices converged and our spreads vanished. The death knell was a child rescued from a burning house in Topeka: every conceivable philosophy judged this action rather just, and equally so at that. When Gudge bought up the deed, he found no one to offload his ten-million dollar mistake onto. If only you could have seen him that day! His face was Ferrari-red, his mouth spewing spittle and lamentations, and his hands seemed to be conducting a dissonant orchestra.

The cure (to agreement, not to his blood pressure) , naturally, was to subsidize argument. We endowed chair after chair across disparate factions; we paid a journal to prove intent was everything and its rival to prove intent was a bourgeois superstition; we went so far as to bribe the Pope into issuing a decree declaring the Pope was not infallible. This was a funny sort of paradox, the arguments more amusing still, and all of this was compounded by its effects on indulgences. In sum, quarrels broke out and our trading desks rang with the merry music of price differences.

And that, of course, is also how we got Derrida.

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Asbestos : Free
Lead : $3

the issue in which we recover our Halloweekend losses

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Morewood Gardens Undergoes Revitalization

Mihir Deshpande
Proud Former Donner Resident

It is no secret that the dorms at CMU have some… issues. Such a thing is to be expected for a college struggling to obtain adequate funding, but the students over at Morewood Gardens have been putting great effort into revitalizing their home.

This effort first began with the collection of manure, which is used by farmers to provide nutrients and improve soil health for plants. Up until the addition of suite bathrooms to the dorm rooms, it was standard practice for residents to relieve themselves in the bushes, trees, flowers, and/or grass.

However, after suite bathrooms were added in 2022, this practice fell by the wayside. It was simply not worth the effort it would take to go outside and relieve oneself on the grass, leading to a decline in the plant life around Morewood Gardens. This year, they found a solution: using trash cans as compost bins. By doing this, students could use the composted manure as substitute fertilizer. Ever since this practice was adopted, the vegetation has begun to flourish again. The overjoyed housefellow commended the residents on the increase of "incidents involving poop being left in common-area trash cans."

In addition to their innovative gardening practices, Morewood Gardens has set their sights on a new model of safe sex education. One of the most effective stunts was when a used condom was left in a shared community space, showcasing the ideal use for contraceptives. When asked to comment, a housefellow shared that they "love a commitment to safer sex" and fully endorsed the stunt. In order to prepare for the expected increase in safer sexual practices, it was announced that "Condom Disposal 101" would be added to the curriculum.

All of these student-driven efforts have helped Morewood Gardens become a nationwide role model for dorm resident behavior. More efforts are in the works too, such as making a "nature documentary about decomposition" by leaving personal trash cans in the hallways and increasing tourism by breaking laundry machines to turn doing laundry into an "obstacle course." These initiatives, and many more that are surely in the works, promise to maintain Morewood Gardens' status as the gold standard for university housing.





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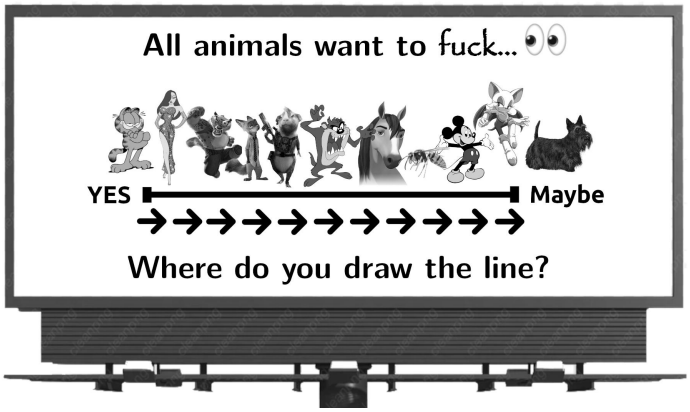
Professionalism in Sexting

Alex Soda
Subtext Here

Half of you complain about all the horrible new things the youth are up to, and half of you are mad about what they're not doing. Not one of you ever thinks about what they're still doing, but doing completely wrong. Sexting has been the cornerstone of our culture for ages, but none of you know how to do it anymore. It's despicable! It's shameful! What kind of nation are we if our citizens don't know the art of seduction?

Sexting used to be an artful exchange between two people. Each person would try to prove their competence to the other by way of respect and clear communication. Back in the day, beginning the discussion with "u up?" would have gotten you blocked faster than you could blink. What ever happened to such classic lines as "Are you likewise awake at this dreadful hour?" Notice how it offers the recipient a chance to commiserate in your misery. This is a key bonding experience! Then, after an exchange of pleasantries, one could tastefully follow up with, "I would like to inquire about your availability with regards to sexual activity."

I am sure this decline is due to the rise of cell phones and instant messaging apps. When you're writing a handwritten note, it demands that you consider the effect of every word. Long, well-crafted sexual propositions communicate thoughtfulness in the way that 160 characters never can. Nowadays, these naive, young people look for love that they are unwilling to work for. They can't conceive the hours we used to spend with our dip pens and quills, inventing fanciful new metaphors for the act of sexual intercourse.



Weed is not what you think!

Violet R. Blu
D.A.R.E. Me

If you're thinking about smoking marijuana for the first time, heed my words. It's nothing like the movies. Recently, I gave into my curiosity and put that dangerous green succubus to my lips for the first time. I thought that as soon as I inhaled, I'd be whisked away to a lavish room with floor-to-ceiling drapes and throw pillows made of cactus silk. I thought I would dig my toes into a gorgeous handmade rug, sprawling out on a chaise lounge as languid euphoria encompassed me. I couldn't have been more wrong.

In reality, I found myself standing on some guy's patio. My feet got cold and I coughed a little bit. After the guy chased me away, I tried to walk home and nearly got run over by a drunk driver. Plus, the bottoms of my feet were itchy the whole time. Keep my story in mind the next time someone tells you to "waltz with Mary Jane".

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY: ISABELLE FLORENCE



KECKSBURG SPACE ACORN

In the evening of December 9th, 1965, residents of Pittsburgh, PA reportedly heard a sonic boom overhead. Witnesses in Ohio and Michigan reported a fireball in the sky.
In Kecksburg, PA, only a short drive from Pittsburgh, something would touch down on Earth that defied explanation. An acorn-shaped spacecraft, the size of a Volkswagen Beetle and inscribed with hieroglyphic-esque writings was found among the trees. If you're thinking to yourself that an object of that description would look stupid, you would be correct. Locals, who were hoping for a much cooler spacecraft, watched government operatives haul away the massive acorn. When the town of Kecksburg realized that this was going to be the best they got, they stirred up a bit of attention for the acorn, but every attempt to do so was undermined by the fact that it sounded so obviously like a hoax. By the 70s, there would be little to no coverage of the incident, and it stayed that way for a while. "Yeah, unfortunately almost everybody forgot about the space acorn," says an anonymous caller. "You'd think that would make our job easier, but it raises a unique problem where people one day recall the incident and then think we're silencing people because no one is talking about it. Now every so often, we have to pay one of those schlocky conspiracy shows or tabloids to run a segment on it just so that its lack of media presence doesn't build suspicion. Where do you think your editor-in-chief got the money for that leg-lengthening surgery he's getting tomorrow? We do, of course, dabble in silencing people, but it's more nuanced than people give us credit for."

KGB Presents:

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

Nov 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 DH2315
Join the KGB for their flagship event! Bring your friends, capture flags, claim glory!

This issue of readme is brought to you by:
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