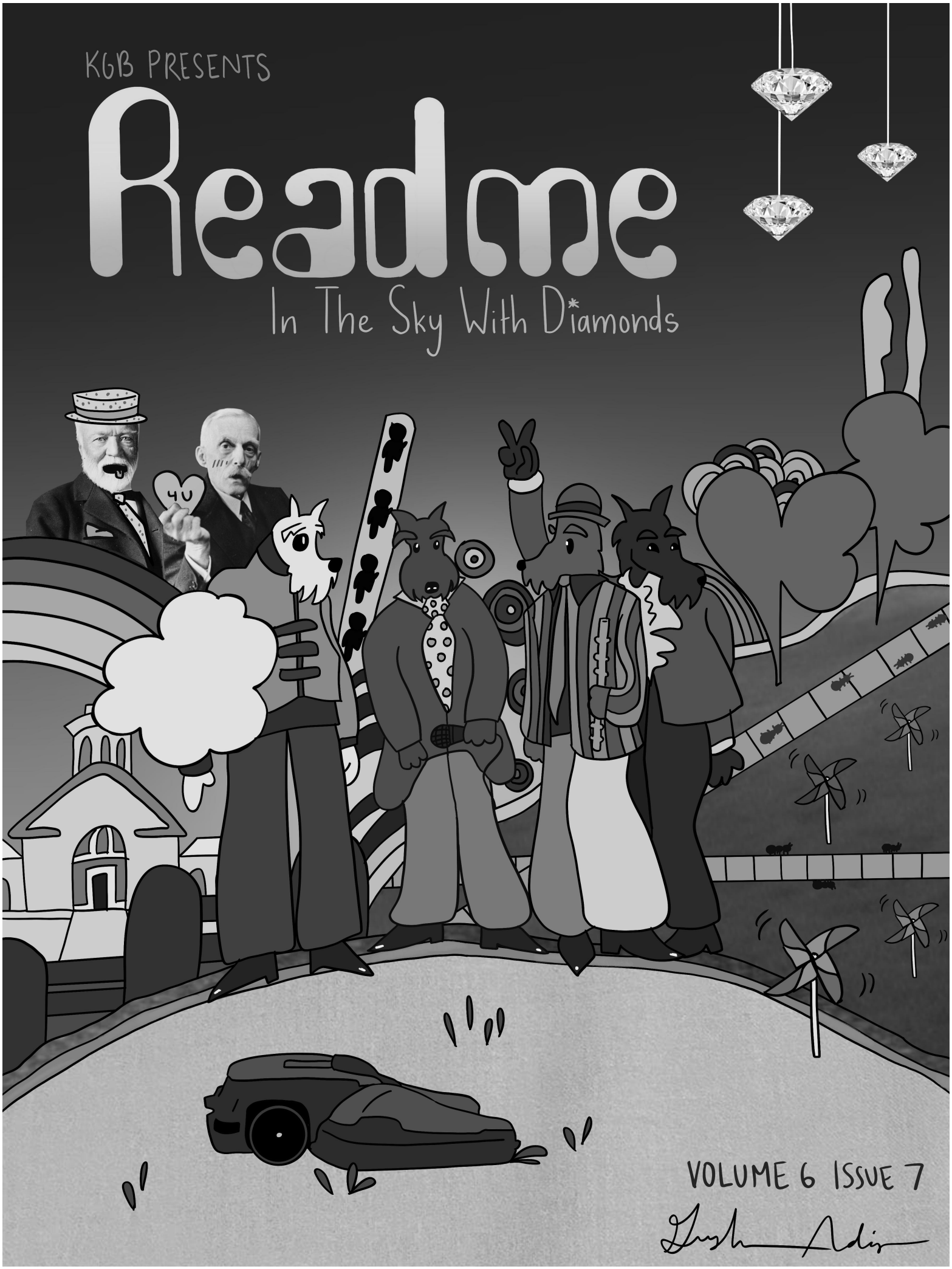
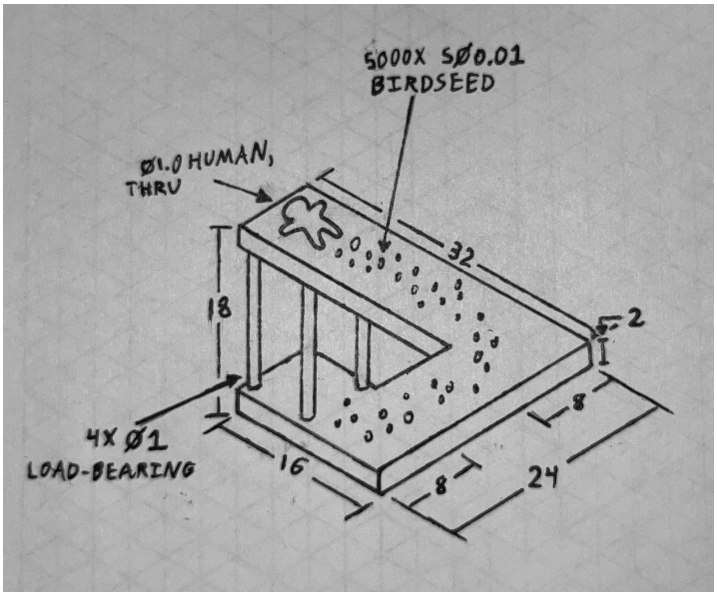
KGB PRESENTS

# Readme

## In The Sky With D*iamonds




VOLUME 6 ISSUE 7




# Meet the SIO Olympians of 2027

**Violet R. Blu**
*Champion of Life*

For most students, course selection is a casual affair. They accept their registration time no matter how bad they think it is. When that time arrives, they lazily click through the classes they want, shrugging and moving on if they end up on the waitlist. The athletes you're about to meet are not most students.

Katrina Park has been click-training for seven months. To prove it, she showed ReadME her right hand. Four out of the five fingers were supple and perfectly manicured. Her index finger was a different story. Muscular and callused, it resembled the trunk of an ancient Sequoia. When our correspondents measured her speed, she timed 9600 clicks/second. "I mostly train on Cookie Clicker," she told us. "The picture of the cookie makes it more rewarding." When we caught up with Park after registration, she was writhing on her twin XL and clutching her hand. Though her breakneck trackpad speed had secured her all the courses she'd wanted, she'd developed a career-ending case of Phalange Tunnel Syndrome and would need to install an auto-clicker for subsequent seasons.

Instead of relying on physical strength, Chase Brown opted to game the system using social engineering. He made a RateMyProfessor account and review-bombed the pages of every professor whose class he intended to take. He showed ReadME the falsified reviews with a mischievous glint in his eye. "Instead of lecturing, he sits on the ground and whispers 'You're all the devil' for the entire class period." "When I turned in an assignment late, she bent my laptop over her knee and spanked it until it broke." "He shot me with a ray gun. I exploded. My disembodied hand is typing this review in a tank full of liquid." Although all of Brown's prospective professors have sued him for emotional distress, he reported to ReadME that his strategy did work. "I'll finally be able to take Vibrational Coding: Agents of the Astral Plane."

Not everyone's planning pays off on Registration Day, though. Take Jason Krenzler, who changed his name after his roommate Jason Krenzler got an earlier registration time than him. After undergoing extensive plastic surgery to resemble Krenzler more closely, Krenzler told ReadME he was confident he could register in the other man's place and get all the prime course spots. However, when Krenzler's registration time arrived, Krenzler could not log into SIO on Krenzler's account as he had never asked Krenzler for the password. Krenzler spoke to ReadME correspondents over the phone in distress, his nose bandages rustling as he held back tears. "Shit, shit, shit," he said. "I thought I had—I thought I'd accounted for everything—" The call broke off abruptly. The next time inside sources spotted Krenzler, he was attempting to flirt with Krenzler's girlfriend to no apparent avail.

# CMU President Outlines 50-Year Plan for Griffin Gift

**Rijul M**
*He'll win it all back, eventually*

Carnegie Mellon's recent $3 billion donation from Kenneth C. Griffin has given students and faculty plenty of reasons to be optimistic about the university's future. With $2 billion going towards the construction of CMU Miami and another $1 billion for the Pittsburgh campus, many students have expressed hope that CMU will finally address some long-standing issues and perhaps add new facilities.

However, many have questioned the "unusual" way the Pittsburgh fund is being spent. While students had expected improvements to campus facilities and academic resources, it appears that President Farnam Jahanian may have other plans for the money.

"I was really hoping some of it would go toward the Fine Arts buildings," said a junior in the College of Fine Arts. "I mean, have you seen Gates? It's massive! I don't think that building needs another dollar. And the people who graduate from there are doing fine anyway. Meanwhile, we're still working with crap that should have been replaced years ago."

Other students have been more understanding of the administration's approach. "I mean, I would probably do the same," said a freshman in Tepper. "You can't just let that much money sit around or else it'll be wasted. I think what Farnam's doing is pretty smart and he's just like me for real."

Jahanian has since addressed these concerns in a recorded message to the student body, assuring students that the university remains committed to responsible financial management, though his message has raised some concerns among students.

"We recognize that this is an extraordinary responsibility, and we are committed to ensuring that these resources are used in a way that benefits the university for generations to come. We have been carefully evaluating a number of opportunities, and I want to assure everyone that we are approaching this with the utmost consideration. Our priority remains the long-term success of Carnegie Mellon, and I am confident that we will be able to deliver on the promise of this historic investment."

At this point, a click was heard, followed by fifteen seconds of silence. A phone then rang. Jahanian answered.

"Ken? Good, you're there. List- yeah, I know, I know I fucked up. Yes, I know the Pittsburgh billion is gone, but, I have a plan to get it back."

"So, I started taking ten million at a time from the Miami fund and putting it on a ten-leg parlay. That's ten bets all put together, and every single one has to win. If they do, ten million could become, uhh, a hundred million. Then I take that hundred million and just, do it again. I mean, all I need is one 10x, I think. It didn't happen the first time, so I tried again. And again. Eventually, one of them has to hit, right? I THOUGHT we had enough money to keep trying, but apparently there's a limit."

"Actually, wait. No, no, I have an even better plan. Let's think about this. What's the safest way to make money? The S&P 500. THAT is what we should do. You put it all in the S&P 500, and in 50 years it'll double. That's a pretty good return. It's basically guaranteed if you just leave it alone. You don't even have to do anything. You just let it sit there. It's foolproof, Ken."

At this point, the other person on the phone began shouting. We couldn't make out his words, but Jahanian's response suggests he was objecting to both proposals.

"What do you mean 'do neither?' Wh- What are you even saying? In fact, we should do BOTH. Put most of what's left of the Miami fund in the S&P, then keep, uhh, maybe like fifty million for something more exciting. Maybe GameStop? Its stock has gone up and down a lot before, so, I guess there's plenty of room for it to go up again."

"Eh, no, I think we're looking at this wrong. We need the money back sooner than fifty years. If I turn ten million into a hundred million, that's ninety million we didn't have before. You can do a lot with ninety million. You could renovate something, or maybe even build a whole building. Actually, no, forget it; then we'd have to maintain it and I can't afford another expense. I don't know why other schools insist on building useless shit that they have to maintain."

"Where was I? Oh, yeah, anyway, the point is that we're going to be fine. Fifty years from now, people are going to look back at this and realize what a great decision it was. They might even name something after me, Ken. We should talk about that. I think there's a lot of opportunity here, and you're not giving me cred- Oh my God. Wait. Hold on. Is that the payout? No, n-no, seriously, is that the payout?! Ken, I-I have to go. I'll call you back."

At this point, the recording captures the sound of a chair moving, followed by what sounds like Jahanian leaving the room. We have been unable to determine whether the recording was sent to us intentionally.

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*the issue in which we fail to source any hallucinogenics*

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Publisher: G. Coons
cmureadme.com

# Where the magenta fern grows

**H.P. Laserjet**
*Quick with a cartridge*

I remember my printer from when I was a boy. She was a big lass, stately and square with a coat of pure white. Her screen said Magenta Toner Needed, but I called her Maggie for short. On languid afternoons, I'd lean my head against her sturdy side and fall asleep to the sound of her feeders purring. Once I woke up, I'd grab a pencil from off the ground and pretend to be a great adventurer, vanquishing some invisible enemy. I still remember petting her tray after every make-believe battle. We won, girl! We won! Her screen would come to life, asking me if I had any more jobs in the queue. I would say No, Maggie, let's find another one.

My father never let me keep the old printer. They're work printers, he'd say, not little pets to keep in the house. On January nights, I'd don my winter coat and walk to the Tartan Collaborative Commons clutching a blanket in my tiny fist. Come on, Maggie, I'd whisper to myself before I even reached her. Be okay. When I saw her, I'd drape a blanket over her drum unit, give her a kiss on the print head, and scurry back into my bedroom before my old man knew I was gone.

After winter came spring, and after spring came the school term letting out for internship season. Students would leave their schoolbooks behind and spend the summer months working their parents' firms. I was not among them, having caught a terrible case of pledge's liver that March. My mother forced my father to let me convalesce in the fresh Cohon air, which I happily accepted if it meant I could see Maggie. She was getting on, frosted in the face and slower with a tabloid than she used to be. Still, I'd pet her tray and tell her she was a good old girl. A good old girl indeed.

I remember the day it happened. It was June, the high sun filtering through the windows and illuminating the photo of Mr. T saying "I pity the fool who don't have his letters". I pranced down the hall after one of my imaginary escapades, having just defeated the entire Case Western football team with only a stapler. As I went to pet Maggie's tray, I saw a mouse skitter by my feet. I jumped, holding onto the printer with sweaty hands. The bold mouse raced up my leg, then my arm. I flailed around and bumped against Maggie. She roared to life, a fire in her display panel that I had never seen before.

A flurry of backlogged club flyers shot from her tray. Disoriented, the mouse lost its grip on my arm, then fell and sunk its claws into my leg once more. I tried to shake it off to no avail. Then, a great surge of yellow ink shot forth from Maggie's tray like venom from the fangs of a copperhead. The mouse slipped even more, holding onto my foot now. Then came a torrent of cyan. The mouse, though outmatched, still grasped steadfastly at the toe of my boot. I touched Maggie, feeling her body grow warm as her jets struggled to recover.

As I looked into her screen, it flashed with a familiar warning. Magenta Toner Needed. I cried out. No, girl, no! Don't do it! Please! My shouts fell on deaf ears. With a terrible mechanical rasp, Maggie shuddered. A great cloud of magenta toner burst from her tray, engulfing mouse and man alike. When the cloud settled, I saw that the magenta had spread across the floor in little branching tendrils, fine as the leaves of a fern.

The next few moments passed in a blur. I remember the mouse scurrying back into the walls of the UC. I remember magenta staining my hands and my overalls. I remember hearing the mechanical rasp of Maggie's photoreceptor as I cradled her in my arms. She didn't ask me if I had any more jobs in the queue. There were no more jobs, no more queue, no more boyhood, no more Maggie. Still, I pet her tray just like I always did. *Maggie, please, let's find another one. You're a good old girl, Maggie. Be okay.*

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# Why you should be writing in LaTeX

```
\begin{document}

\maketitle

\title{Why you should be writing
more stuff in \LaTeX.}

\author{Baili Jiang}
\description{Drowning in
backslashes}
\date{none}

\setcounter[section]{-1}
\section{Introduction}

% ask claude to write intro later

\section{It appeals to the academic
audience more}

It has been proven in multiple studies
that at least $47\%$ of the population
are academically and scientifically
trained \footnote{For the avoidance of
doubt, the author has not identified any
authority, precedent, publication,
empirical observation, or other
admissible form of evidence sufficient
to substantiate the foregoing
statement.}, implying that only a
\textit{slight} amount of additional
training will lead to fluency. Moreover,
the legibility theorem states that the
amount of understanding (as a
percentage) is exponentially related to
the number of brackets present,
denoted as $x$, and it is as follows:
\begin{theorem}
\[
\text{understanding coefficient } \% =
\dfrac{0.2e^{\frac{(x_{\#\text{brack
ets}}-\mu)^2}{4\sigma_{np}^2}}}
{\ln|x+2|}
\]
where $\mu > 0$ and $\sigma_{np}
\in \mathbb R$.
\end{theorem}

% I made the formula up, but since this
is a comment, no one will ever know
mwahahahaha take that scientific
journals.

This hypothesis has been verified
repeatedly for all educated members of
Top 20 colleges. \\
% It has not.
That said, future research needs to be
conducted on toddlers \footnote{age
range needs to be specified} for this.


\subsection*{It prompts higher levels
of scrutiny and proofreading}

For example, I did a \textbf{BAD} job
of proofreading by starting this
section with \textbackslash subsection
instead of \textbackslash section,
which will explain why this header is
smaller than usual when viewed in the
canvas. Also, because I put in a \* in
the subsection command, no chapter
number appears, which is fine in most
instances, but it destroys the
consistency in this scenario.

\section{It saves space on images}

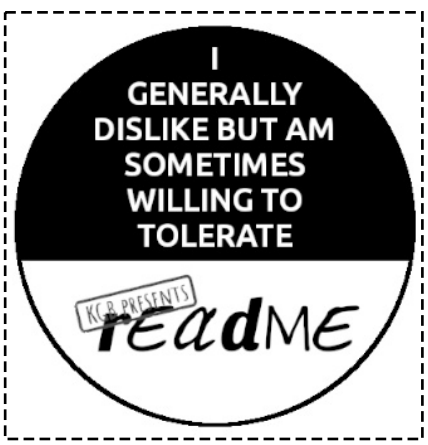
For example, refer to the image below
of the funniest comic you will ever see.
\\

\includegraphic[width = 1
\textwidth]
{myfountainpenisleaking.png}

(Note: in order to see it, you will have
to download the image yourself from
the internet, but the point is, the image
now only takes up about 20 pixels
worth of vertical space here instead of
$2 \cdot 10^5$, so this is good. The
editors will thank me for saving on
color printing budget)

% Put inspiring and persuasive
conclusion in later, if there's enough
grant money left over.

\end{document}
```




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# The Roommate-Partner-Roommate Problem

**Rijul M**
*On the scene reporter*

Andrew has asked to have his room to himself. The request has become difficult to honor because his roommate, Scotty, has developed a habit of bringing his girlfriend, Maggie, back to their room and leaving her there. Maggie has not objected; in fact, she has begun treating the room as a place to spend time away from Scotty, who has also shown little interest in staying. Andrew is now the only person in the arrangement who wants to use the room for its intended purpose.

Scotty's routine has become predictable. He brings Maggie back after class, announces that he is going to Stack'd or has work to do, then disappears for several hours. One time, he reportedly left to catch up on coursework and was later spotted at the UC with several friends, none of whom appeared to know he had a girlfriend.

Andrew, who initially tolerated the arrangement out of basic courtesy, has since reached his breaking point. He says he did not agree to become a third party in someone else's relationship, nor did he "work all summer to pay off housing prices, all just to provide a lounge for a couple that doesn't wanna spend time together."

"I don't know what he expects me to do," Andrew told reporters. "I'll come back from class and she's just there. Sometimes she's on her phone. Sometimes she eats my food. Last week she asked me to pick something up from CVS. I'm not her boyfriend, why is she asking ME for favors?"

Scotty, meanwhile, says Andrew is "whining too much" about an arrangement that has worked well for everyone else involved. Sources close to the situation report that he has recently taken up ultimate frisbee and begun spending more time with his fraternity brothers. When asked whether these new activities were an attempt to avoid his girlfriend, Scotty denied the allegations.

"I just think it's healthy to have some time apart. Maggie and I have been spending a lot of time together. Andrew and Maggie get along, so I don't see what the issue is." When asked whether he planned to return to the room that evening, Scotty said he "might consider it."

Andrew has tried several ways to resolve the issue. He first spoke to Scotty directly, then involved their RA, and finally threatened to contact Housing and Residential Education. His requests have ranged from a formal visiting schedule to a complete ban on Maggie being in the room. He has also reportedly started leaving whenever Maggie arrives, only to return moments later when he remembers that he has nowhere else to sleep.

The RA, who requested anonymity, confirmed that the situation had become increasingly difficult to resolve. "I told them they needed to communicate with each other," she said. "Scotty said he needed space, Maggie said she needed a place to spend time without Scotty, and Andrew asked whether either of them had considered finding that space somewhere else. I thought that was a fair suggestion."

Meanwhile, Maggie has shown little interest in helping Andrew reclaim the room. She has reportedly told friends that she is tired of Scotty's habit of disappearing, but has also made it clear that she would prefer he keep doing so. She recently asked Andrew whether he planned to be in the room that evening. When he said yes, she offered him a Block+1 to spend the night elsewhere.

The situation reached a new low when Scotty allegedly attempted to leave Maggie in the room for what he described as "just a quick two-hour thing." Andrew, who had returned from class, immediately demanded to know where Scotty was going. An argument ensued, during which Scotty accused Andrew of being "weirdly territorial" over a room Andrew had been paying to occupy. Andrew responded by reminding Scotty that he was, in fact, the one who had been repeatedly abandoning his girlfriend.

No resolution has been reached. Scotty is reportedly making plans to go to Hofs, Maggie has begun asking Andrew for his evening schedule, and Andrew is looking into switching rooms mid-semester. For now, Andrew remains the only person still treating the room as a place to live.

# On the origin of math majors

**Alex Soda**
*Delightfully Devilish*

Have you ever noticed how many math students there are? As far as I know, this question has been quietly whispered by undergraduate students here for years, but never answered. But now I have the truth! I've been to hell and back to get this information, and everyone needs to know.

Through no small feat, I have obtained an internal Math Department document explaining just how they have so many students. It was made on a typewriter—I guess they didn't trust this information to be on the internet at all. By the looks of it, the Department got their hands on The Axiom of Choice about thirty years ago. The document just says that they got it following "a fierce battle with a neighboring university."

Having The Axiom has allowed them to tap into the immense power of the Banach-Tarsky Paradox. They could, in theory, duplicate anything at will. But it took them a few years to actually figure out how. Look back at math theses in the years following their acquisition, and you'll find a record of their struggles and successes. A Physical Application of the Banach-Tarsky Paradox (1999) and The Generalized Banach-Tarsky Transformation (2003) seem to be the most important breakthroughs. Today, the more senior math professors can use The Axiom to make a copy of any object.

And that's where the math students come from—Warner Hall doesn't admit them, the Math Department creates them. It's an atrocity, and everyone needs to know the truth. So, whenever you see a math major in the hallways, just remember: they aren't natural, they aren't rational, and you can't trust them. Remain ever vigilant against this threat in our community.

# A Case of Iron City

**Taylor Ren**
*Drinking*

It's 10pm and I need beer.

I take the 71C to Friendship Beer Distributor, a beer shop across the street from Aldi, and next to an abandoned building, not exactly the sexiest location in Pittsburgh.

I get out of the bus, and I notice him - a guy with buzz cut, black hoodie, and sweat pants that I can't remember the color of. He walks slowly, I pass him, and finally get to take a look at his face - some noticeable wrinkles on his forehead, probably in his 40s, transparent glass frame. His expression seems pleasant enough, but there's a tiredness in his eyes.

I walked into the store, and what a surprise, he enters shortly after.

I set my eye on what I came for – a case of **Iron City**, how lucky I am to live in a city that still produces decent beer.

He disappears into the fridge.

I pay for my beer, head back to the bus stop and sit down on the bench.

Just a couple minutes later, I see him once again.

After some hesitation, he sits down next to me.

It's 10:20pm, just two men, each holding some **Iron City** beer, sitting at the same bus stop.
He opens a cold **Iron City**.
The smell of malt drifts through the air.
I start to wonder, is there really anything different between me and him.

The 71C arrives, I get up and get on.

To my surprise, he doesn't.

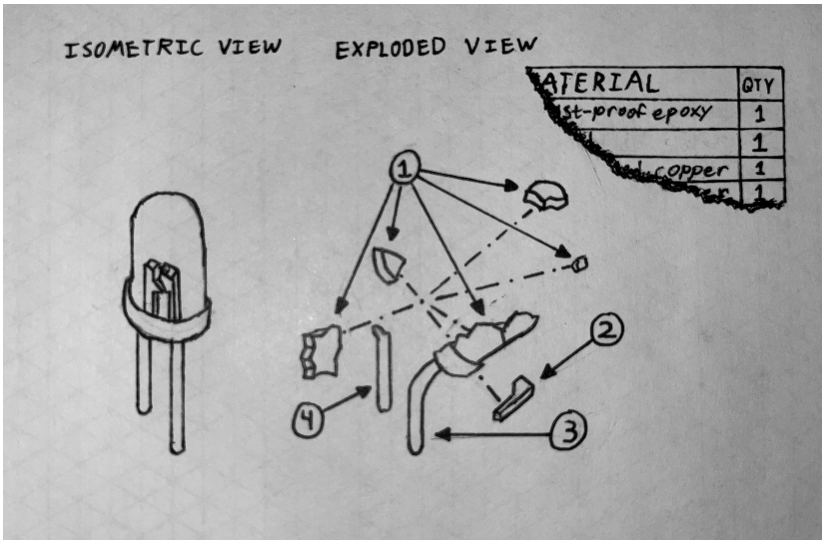
I guess there was a difference after all.

I was going home.

He had nowhere to go.

I get home, and chug an **Iron City**.

**Iron City**, it's good cold or warm.




# Tales from Beyond Frick Park X: A Farewell to Seats

**Surely Jacks Son**
*The Audience Also Rises*

The play was not good. At curtainfall a man in the front row stood to get his coat before the rush. The woman beside him stood, and those behind them stood to see beyond, and the people behind those people stood too, and the whole audience was on its feet. The actors stood and basked it all in. The woman who had played the donkey began to cry. She had not managed to cry in the second act. The man tried to get to the aisle and his jacket, but his neighbor was clapping and he could not ask her to move. He clapped too. It would have been rude not to. The players bowed for eight minutes. At the coat check he was last and his neighbor was second-to-last. She asked why he had not gone past. She had stood to let him out.

# Enciclopedia Cientifica: skulls of Iratus Avis

**joehill's shoes**
*Doctorate in Temples and Subways Studies*

The purpose of this article is to acquaint all with the elements of iratus avis (Angry, Bird) that holds evidently true of all specimens. More than 20 main-line titles and over 50 spin-offs stand in testament to the truthfulness of these examinations.

Take the most well-known specimen of the iratus avis. Known to the locals of "Bird Island" as "Red", it lacks any distinguishing features in its spherical skull, common to all in its genus. However, it serves as a good study of how such beasts with no visible wings have mastered flight: its cranium is full of gas lighter than air. One imagines the long-gone Dodos of Africa envious.

The peculiar triangular form of the bird known as "Chuck" has puzzled man since Aristotle. With the advancements of 19th century science, we are in no confusion that such a shape of the bird's skeletal structure could only mean it sacrificed speed for a shape that proved hostile when bitten down by a would-be predator.

Finally, the savages have benightedly dubbed a noble bird "Bomb". Although bearing a passing reminiscence, further scientific inquiry reveals dimples upon its lower temple proves such "explosive" characteristics would be utterly foreign to it, on account of the same dimples found in races of homo-sapiens which demonstrate the utmost coolness: the Caucasians.

One expects such dimwitted, superstitious notions from those who paint the pigs, who merely are trying to find an honest source of subsistence in the food chain, the "bad guys" of their fictitious narrative.

# Senate Majority Leader debate rages on

**Alex Soda**
*Absolutely Floored*

An important election is coming up for the Senate Majority Leader between Chuck Schumer (D-NY) and Chris van Hollen (D-MD). Let's meet a few different senators and hear what they have to say about the candidates.

### Chuck Schumer

**Sen. Melinda Carney (M-SE)** was elected two years ago, serving in one of the most contested seats in the nation. She said: "Golly GEE, let's give it up for van Hollen, another straight white man, coming to control and oppress the nation. Who could have seen that coming. I will be voting for Chuck Schumer."

**Sen. Logan McBride (R-ML)** has represented the deep-south state of Mulstern for many years and has never faced a serious challenger. When a reporter asked, he said: "Me? Why the fuck should I care? I'm a Republican, I don't care who leads the Democrats, so long as it isn't that [REDACTED] Cortez woman. Wait, who are you again?"

**Sen. Kerry Vasquez (D-DE)** has frequently drawn media attention over her eight-year tenure in the Bundestag with her calls for climate justice and regulatory reform. As she explained: "It was one simple question. 'What is your favorite color?' Schumer spent an hour deciding between green and red—the two fakest colors I might add. Van Hollen immediately gave the correct answer that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I'll be voting for him this Congress."

### Chris Van Hollen

**Sen. Patty Rivera (D-BA)** was first elected as a Bewark Senator in an incredibly narrow 1956 election; just 200 votes for her, reported six days late, gave her the win. She has been a consistent voice for the Democratic establishment over her tenure. Her thoughts: "I've known little Chucky since he was barely three apples tall. He'll run things well, I'm sure. He has my vote."

**Sen-Elect. Fabian French (PS-PL)** just won his election two weeks ago, after running on a campaign of ending wars and corruption. In a social media post, he said: "The TERRIBLE two-party system strikes again! Do NOT vote for Chuck 'Chuckles' Schumer or Chris 'Vandal' von Hollen!" I will be voting third party, as should EVERYONE! Thank you for your attention to this matter."

**Sen. Armando Vaughn (D-TR)** has been in the Senate of Tryptophan for ten years, after defeating the long-tenured Lorraine Winters in the primary. He said to a journalist: "On my first day in the Capitol, I got locked out, and Schumer absolutely refused to hold the door for me. Oh he saw me alright. We made eye contact. And he kept on walking. Van Hollen can count on my vote."

# Lark of Starkness

**Josh Manufactures Mediocrity**
*In the Bottomless Pitt*

The 71C was packed wall-to-wall with students emigrating out of our campus. I usually tolerate the crowded buses with the aid of my phone, but I was feeling particularly overstimulated today. I got off a few stops early, and decided to take a stroll through the neighborhood I have supposedly lived in for the last 3 semesters. I must admit that I've spent little time exploring Pitt's campus or mingling with its students, and the only exposure I've had thus far was the obnoxiously large slice of Oakland's skyline that is the Cathedral of Learning.

I stepped out to an unfamiliar place, a place people called Oakland. The bus stop took me to a cafe next to another cafe. I was not aware that this extreme abundance of cafes was allowed on a campus. The wonder! The wonder! The incessant calm chatter coming from these coffee shops reminded me of La Prima; the only difference between the two was that these people didn't seem like they had somewhere to go. CMU was isolated from the rest of the world. I was comforted by that fact. On the contrary, I wouldn't have known if I had stepped foot onto Pitt's campus and left the rest of the city of Pittsburgh.

I expected the lives of Pitt students to be not too dissimilar from ours—spending their days studying in the library, doing research, and doing leetcode questions to prep for interviews. Frankly, the first thing that came as a shock to me was the number of students outside of the buildings. Perhaps they're out to enjoy a particularly sunny day? But the weather wasn't exactly exemplary. I wondered then if the power had gone out inside one of their buildings. But the classrooms were still radiating with fluorescent light.

While strolling down Forbes, I began to hear sounds—familiar yet different; rhythmic yet rowdy. As I walked towards the source of these sounds, I realized that it must be some form of music! How quaint. But it was nothing like the Margaret Morrison rehearsal rooms that I had come to know; there was no quiet practice to be found here at all—there was a small band playing ska music, along with a loud audience watching and listening to their every note! How were the players not getting distracted from their music studies? At any rate, they would probably be getting a high B in their Eurhythmics III course, I thought to myself. Getting overwhelmed by the cacophony, I continued on to see what other wonders lied in Pitt.

I thought to myself, "Why didn't they concern themselves with the quality of their performance?" Why are they not striving for a better performance? I considered that perhaps these students acquired their self-worth from other sources. However, I myself could not comprehend what metrics they would use, if not academics, accolades, and all-nighters. They seemed to live so carefreely: not giving a thought to deadlines, not agonizing over their grades, and not caring that they were using their frisbee field for football.

As I resume my comparatively fast-paced life back at Carnegie Mellon, these thoughts of Pitt haunt me to this day.

# The winter coat of the future

**Baili Jiang**
*Cold Blooded Mammal*

We have a most pernicious issue on our hands every winter: every winter coat is insufficient. Those cool leather jackets that you can wear during the summer and autumn are woefully inadequate for keeping our ribs unfrozen. Windbreakers do not work as their name suggests and do not, in fact, give you superpowers. And those heavy parkas do a great job of triggering the onset of five gallons of sweat the moment you step indoors. And worst of all, none of these coats transmit enough carbon monoxide to that smelly guy eating a Protein Power Wrap from ABP sitting next to you in CS lecture (even worse if they are wearing shorts in cold weather).

At least, not until now. Because in the past three months, a rogue faction of the CMU Fashion Club has invented not one, but two ultimate winter coats. Best of all, the patent is public, meaning even YOU, a dude without an engineering degree (or maybe you do, not judging), can create the coat from scratch. You'll never have to worry about frostbite again.

For the first design, you will procure either a 28-ounce can of propane, a 500 mL container of isopropyl alcohol, or another carbon-based fuel supply. Attach a fuel line to the opening (or create one yourself; don't be scared and don't get dirty thoughts) and connect it to a 4-stroke combustion engine with a fan attachment.

Then, attach a bunch of miscellaneous USB-C cords and wires to the engine and onto an LED display that has an outlet for a power supply. Glue or tape everything together, then attach it to a custom wire frame that can rest on your shoulders. Finally, add an exhaust pipe that doubles as your left sleeve, and what you're left with is a functional and energy-efficient winter coat that also allows you to cast clouds of carbon monoxide like you're Gandalf.

The second design is significantly lighter but at the cost of having little to no emissions whatsoever. Instead of the carbon-based fuel source, acquire some 3 mm diameter tungsten filaments, a large quartz envelope, and lots of nichrome resistance wire. The rest of the materials follow from the first design, and what you're left with is a breezy coat that has about 97% heat efficiency and is also 5 pounds lighter. If you want to get rid of even more weight, consider ditching the DHT11 sensor for temperature control and use a screwdriver to turn the heat all the way up.

**You're behind by 5...**

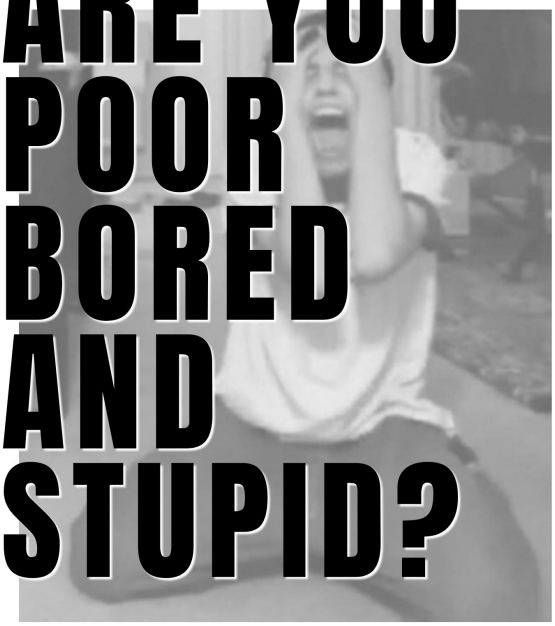
**But every story needs an underdog.**

# CAPTURE THE FLAG WITH STUFF



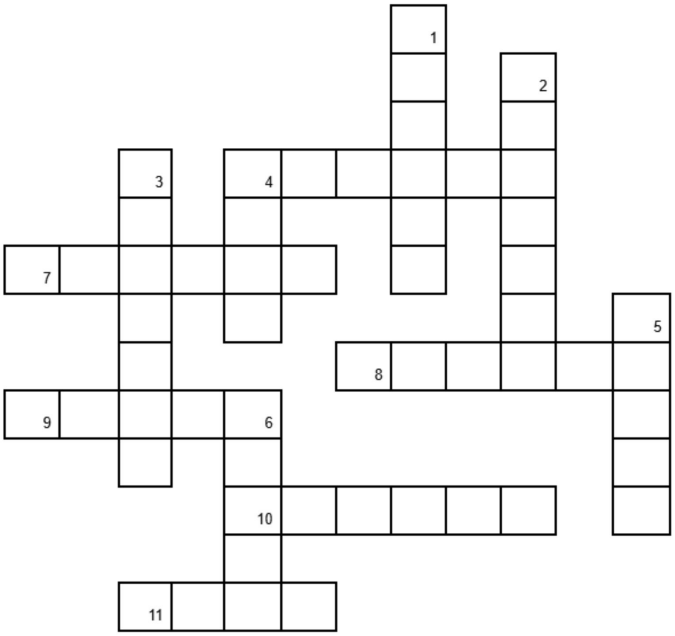
**7PM, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, DH 2315**

# ARE YOU POOR BORED AND STUPID?



**come see a stand up comedy show**

DECEMBER 3RD 11:00 AM IN PURNELL LOBBY
FREE ADMISSION



DOWN

1. Home of The Exchange
2. Has two theaters and a video studio
3. Famously discontinuous on its first level
4. Has holes filled with bottlecaps
5. Home of the TechSpark High Bay
6. Surname, shares a building with Newell

ACROSS

4. Location of Farnam's office
7. Nickname for the ECE building
8. The Institute, and a bit far away
9. Has a spiral ramp in the center
10. The given name nickname for the former women's college
11. A library that shows rainbow colors at night

Each four-letter word differs from the next by exactly one letter

You'll want a fluffy one to keep your toes this winter

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |

When you're ready to sleep, you might hit this

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |

To not have enough of something

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |

On the edges of a doily

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |

Another one of these would widen the highway

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |

README CRYPTIC PUZZLE:

Bald guy, half-German, said tea thrown off raft. Back up! (6)


This issue of readme is brought to you by:
**Editors**: Violet Connor, Greeshma Adiga, Eshaan Joshi
**Cover Art:** Greeshma Adiga
**Problem Solvers**: Eshaan Joshi, Cade Suko, Daniel Yin
**Journalists**: Surely Jacks Son, Violet R. Blu, Alex Soda, Isabelle Florence, joehill's shoes, Rijul M, H.P. Laserjet, Baili Jiang, Taylor Ren, Josh Manufactures Mediocrity
**Artists**: Isabelle Florence, Benner Rogers, Cade Suko, Camilia Creutzfeldt, Greeshma Adiga, Mar K.O., Alex Soda
**Tech Team**: Daniel Yin, Alex Soda, Gavin Radford

# A Letter From The Editor

This is our last chance. The tax collector is knocking on our door and I have nothing to give them, and nothing to feed my starving staff. As I write this out on my last scrap of paper, the electricity is seconds away from being shut off. The heat was cut last week. Here at ReadMe, we desperately need your help.

You may have seen us yesterday, holding out plastic cups on the corner of Forbes and Morewood, begging for change. Many walk away and ignore our suffering, but I know you're different. You, virtuous ReadMe reader, are the kind of person who helps up someone who has fallen down. Please extend that kindness to this magazine.

Donate to make sure I and the writers get something to eat this month. The winter months are long, harsh and unforgiving, and if our talented artists are going to survive the next blizzard, we will need to build them some temporary shelter. In addition, we are looking to buy bandages to cover up the papercuts we get from painstakingly hand-folding each and every issue, and perhaps a candle to give us light in these dark times.

Every December, CMU hosts Giving Day. For only 24 hours, you'll have a chance to donate to our parent organization, the KGB, and the donation will be matched by CMU. This Giving Day, help us put shoes on the feet of our hardworking satirists. Donate to the KGB on December 1st.

Thursday, November 23, 1944
Decided to breakup the monotony of life today by having breakfast at a normal hour for once - four a.m. Spent all day working on the Bomb Laboratory, will not be seeing the wife and kids for Thanksing this year... again. I am sure they are doing well without me, all eighteen of them. I pray the good Lord comes for me soon

# Rejected Headlines #45

- Calvinists preach that course registration is predestined.
- Avagadro still receiving spam calls despite 23-digit number.
- Help! I'm trapped in the Rejected Headlines!
- The Cut disappears, the Paste erected five feet away.
- NVIDIA counter-honeypots, returns company secrets to Jensen.
- Racist Guy: "This movie actually aged SUPER well."
- Bloody candlestick, for sale, dented.
- Infinite monkeys solve halting problem in O(1).
- Failing Core@CMU Shapes Test predicts lifelong social desolation.
- Leak: Newest Grand Theft Auto game reportedly "not Turing complete."
- Tragic: student leaves classroom to go to bathroom at 10:58 PM
- Please stop doing things. We've run out of articles.
- Honey, I shrunk the text!

**All this and more, not in this issue!**

# CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE




## DISCO DEMON

While the story of an average cryptid begins with a sighting, sometimes a real knucklehead will take matters into their own hands and fabricate a beast from thin air. Sometimes that knucklehead is the Polish government.

Enter the Disco Demon, or in its native language, Diabeł z Dyskoteki, a cryptid (allegedly) designed by the local government of Ostrów, Poland, to scare people away from discos and bars. He lurks around of these establishments, asking for the time, and he kills anyone who answers. This dastardly dancer is indistinguishable from the average disco patron, save for his hooves and overwhelming sulphuric stench. His ride of choice is an all-black BMW with little horns in place of side mirrors.

At this point, aficionados of Polish urban legends are likely thinking, "Hey wait, this is just the Black Volga," and they would be correct. The Black Volga, for those less Polish, is the legend of a cursed old Soviet car, driven by the devil himself (or secret police depending on the retelling). Everything down to the black car with horns and the style of killing, is just borrowed straight from the Black Volga, just with a more modern car. The Disco Demon is more of a government -planted, BMW-sponsored footnote onto the legend of the Black Volga. One might think that this makes the Disco Demon irrelevant, as its legend never gained as much notoriety as the Black Volga, but its life, continuing well past the death of disco is what makes this cryptid so fascinating.

Despite beginning life as a government psyop, the Disco Demon willed itself into existence as copycats emerged. These copycats being real demons, of course, who heard the tale and decided that it was a pretty sweet concept. BMW dealers were suddenly swimming in gold and gemstones of unknown origin. The Polish disco scene, spawning the genres "Hellish House" and "Torture Techno." Unfortunately, it was the 90s and there were no humans left in the discotheques to hear them.

