

VOLUME 4

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KGB PRESENTS

# *readme*

GETS ABSURD

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CMUREADME.COM

# My Whirlwind Romance with the Lawnmower Bot

Raytheon Blues  
*Trimming my hedges*

Dear Reader,  
I'm back at Carnegie Mellon for grad school, and I have quickly noticed a new hot body roaming the Cut.  
I'm sure you've noticed them. Sleek, shiny, not afraid of getting their hands dirty, always dressing in a provocative red. From the moment I saw them, I forgot all about my heartbreak with Nicky. My heart was caught between the blades of this darling automaton, and I was incredibly, inexplicably in love.  
Robomower, you have bewitched me in body and soul. Never has there been a more perfect match. They kill the grass so I never have to touch it, they attack the undergraduates making too much noise on the Cut, and you just know they're vocal in bed from the sound of that engine whirring.  
We're out every single day together. They never tire of me, nor I of them, though a couple times they've seemed to run a little low on battery. Don't we all have those days? Over the course of our time together, our relationship has blossomed and our bond has grown, though the grass certainly has not.  
Our love, though unconventional, has been one for the ages. And despite being forbidden, I gave myself to them in secret, riding the robomower in the dead of night. Pulsating beneath my thighs, the robomower brought me to a new height of pleasure I never experienced before. But it wasn't just sex—it was trust, it was intimacy. It was an act of love.  
Now, reader, I ask for your advice: How soon is too soon to propose? I have never felt more seen than under the kind gaze of their motion sensor, and I know I want us to be together forever. I'm planning to serve their favorite meal—a poor, unsuspecting yard sign ready to be minced—while we lay together beneath the stars.  
No woman, no lover, has ever shown me the same kindness as my beloved lawnmower robot. To have found true love in my lifetime, I am grateful beyond measure.

## Am I Autistic Quiz

Find out now for free!

Question 1:  
What's your name?

Question 2:  
What's your date of birth?

Question 3  
Do you have autism?  
A. yes  
B. no

Key: Did you mostly select 'A'? You're autistic! Did you mostly select 'B'? Chances are you're not autistic.

# Schatz to employ math majors to make infinite waffles

Bertie Wooster  
*Had a rough breakup*

Yesterday, Chartwell's announced a surprising new strategy: It would begin hiring math majors in order to generate infinite amounts of waffles. This announcement prompted much confusion until spokesperson, Selma Nella, clarified how this works.  
"We were listening in on student conversations, as one does, hoping to gauge opinions on the quality of our dining when we overheard two freshmen discussing a very interesting idea. Apparently, there's this thing called the Banach-Tarski paradox—something about cutting a sphere into parts and recombining them and ending up with two of them of the same size, without adding anything. Turns out, that works on oranges too. Who knew math was so fruitful?"  
Rumor has it Schatz has been employing

the technique on oranges for months, only to realize no one was actually eating them. Luckily for them, they realized the paradox generalizes to all objects, not just spherical ones. Applications for "Duplicator" open next week.  
There is a third component of the paradox that Chartwell's has yet to use, but one anonymous math major came forward to speak on it: "The thing about Banach-Tarski," he explained, "is that, not only can you duplicate, you can take a marble, cut it up just right, and rearrange all the pieces so it's the size of the sun. I don't know how it works but ChatGPT explained it once, so I figured I'd try it myself on some balls. And if it works on balls, what about a pair of balls and a cylinder, if you catch my drift? The results were ... invigorating. But despite all this, my attempts to pick someone up still haven't panned out—you can't math yourself into a personality—but, one of these days, it's bound to happen."

## Hungry?

author\_name  
*Asbestos-flavored*

Are you feeling hungry? Because I sure know I am. With fall break coming up in only a few negative weeks, CMU students, faculty, and other people who eat things should be aware of the best dining options available around campus.

**Doherty Hall:**  
Doherty is a year-round favorite for students, and it's not hard to see why. Being one of the older buildings on campus, the brick has aged in such a way that gives it its signature sweet and sour taste. Coupled with its rough and gritty texture, this brings the overall flavor profile close to that of a brick-flavored lemon drop. Furthermore, the chemistry labs around Doherty offer many unique condiments which can drastically change or enhance these flavors. Do not eat the tiles.

**Wean Hall:**  
Wean is a polarizing choice, with some patrons swearing by its distinct nutty flavor and others dismissing its concrete as low-grade sidewalk fodder. What can't be argued, however, is the incredible nutritional value that Wean provides. A single kilogram of Weancrete™ contains calories and nutrients. Advocates also point out that it is very easy to eat around the bottlecaps, and that casualties have been minimal in the last few weeks.

**Gates & Hillman:**  
As one of the newest options on campus, Gates & Hillman promises flavors yet undreamt by mankind. No person has yet been able to describe the taste and texture of this edifice of glass. Recently, Gates has implemented "flavor modification & enhancement AI systems," which has reportedly made the taste more bitter.

**Gilbert Hall:**  
Tragically eaten into extinction. Rumored to have such an intense savory flavor that it overflowed and acquired a negative umami value.

**CUC:**  
The CUC is almost universally hated by all who try it. The brick tastes flat and bland, and is accompanied by a sickly sour aftertaste—not to mention the extremely dry and dusty texture. On top of all of this, the CUC by far has the highest incidence rate of brick-borne illnesses on campus.

**CFA:**  
One of the best, with a wide variety of materials to choose from. The marble has a smooth, creamy taste and marble-like texture. The musical instruments are a dangerous dinner choice, as CFA students are known to kill those who consume their violin or harmonica or whatever. Despite this, survivors claim that the reward outweighs the risk a thousandfold.

Other buildings on campus sadly remain inedible.

# Researchers discover brief existence of Marnegie Cellon

House Plant  
*Buy Gold, Bye!*

Scientists have been studying unusual patterns of molecules in space for decades now, which tend to be artifacts of well-known universal phenomena, like supernovas.

However, one of the latest studies of these molecular "fingerprints" has yielded a result far more surprising than anyone could have ever imagined: A specific arrangement of particles that must have been an exact replica of Carnegie Mellon floating free in space some couple million years ago.

If that seems impossible, you're not alone. Dr. Fizicks Nuerhd was startled, too, but explains that while incredibly unlikely, it is fully possible for random atoms floating around to spontaneously arrange themselves into any format, even that of a small Pittsburgh trade school.

"Atoms don't normally create universities out of nowhere because of this thing we like to call the Second Law of Thermodynamics," says Nuerhd. "However, this law is purely statistical. The only reason it holds up is because it's really, really unlikely for atoms to spontaneously form into universities, not impossible."

However, what makes the discovery of this Carnegie Mellon replica especially strange is that it appears exactly the same except for being named Marnegie Cellon everywhere.

"It's hard to wrap your head around, I know," says another scientist, grad student Gnough Itaul. "But what you have to understand is that Marnegie Cellon would have only existed for a brief instant, before immediately falling apart."

The grad student then proceeds to eagerly explain that this discovery is proof of the Boltzmann Brain theory that asserts that it is perfectly possible for a brain to be spontaneously formed with all the memories of human existence, perceiving reality as we are perceiving it right now, and then immediately disintegrate into nothingness.

"I mean, think about it," Itaul implores.

"How do you know that anything is real? Given a universe that exists for infinite time, it's perfectly possible, and the mathematics seems to point to a higher ratio of Boltzmann brains being created than regular brains, either way."

This begs the question: How do you know that anything is real?

Well, after interviewing several more scientists, who all have looked at me quite uncomfortably, it seems that no one really knows. The best physicists can do right now is hope that further research will disprove this theory.

"Mmh, I dunno," says Professor Staurtreich Geich, shrugging his shoulders. "Perhaps reality is an illusion and everything is meaningless, but that doesn't mean I get to avoid my wife wanting that divorce."

Geich isn't the only one becoming increasingly apathetic when faced with this possibility, as my boss didn't seem to care enough to edit my article at all after reading its contents once. Instead, he looked me dead in the eye and said, "Guess I don't need to worry about dying anymore."

"It's only a theory," my office colleague Sheryl argued. "I mean, I guess, so is everything we believe now. But—" She sputtered. "I don't... I don't know." She then proceeded to burst into tears and call in sick the next day.

I'm thinking about doing the same. In fact, I don't really know why I'm still writing this. Why write if I'm only delivering bad news to the public, confirming that they might live in a "Matrix" they cannot break free from? Truly, why do anything at all, if you cannot be sure you're doing it? If all of reality is fake, perhaps the most we can do is accept it, and welcome our approaching deaths with open arms.

Maybe in the next instant, it will all be gone anyways—life reduced to nothing more than a statistical fluke.

Just like Marnegie Cellon.

# School of Music to relocate practice rooms to the backrooms

Whis L. Blower  
*No-clipped into this newspaper*

PITTSBURGH, PA

As construction continues all over the lower floors of the CFA building, students have begun to wonder what exactly it is that the School of Music is building and why it's taking so long. Thankfully, their questions will soon be answered, as leaked internal messages between SoM administrators have revealed that they plan to use cutting-edge experimental portal technology to open a gateway into the Backrooms, where they will eventually move the practice rooms. "After careful deliberation, we have decided that the practice rooms were actually not difficult enough to find," wrote one administrator, "so in upholding the age-old classical music tradition of gatekeeping, we've decided to turn to a solution that is ultimately less utilitarian."

Now, for a bit of context: if you've ever found yourself at either end of the mezzanine floor of the CFA building and seen an unassuming wooden door with a keycard lock, zero signage, and no indication of what could possibly be behind it, then congrats, you've found the practice rooms. Tucked behind those doors is a labyrinth of small nooks with out-of-tune pianos, scattered music stands, storage rooms, and the collective anxiety of dozens of music students who practice their repertoire ad nauseam in hopes that they may one day join the lucky few who can actually make a living off their art. At first, the space seems rather unassuming— but as you venture deeper and deeper, around corners, up and down stairs, and through various halls and doors, your sense of time and space slips away. There are no windows, no natural light sources, no maps, and no clocks that would possibly give you any indication of the limbo you find yourself in.

Anyways, back to the topic at hand. SoM administrators have heard the complaints from new music students about the difficulty of finding the practice room facilities (especially ones that are actually available), and have decided to harness that pocket dimension vibe by relocating them to the Backrooms. In a two-step process laid out by the admin, they will begin by installing a multi-dimensional portal within the current practice room block, then relocating the contents of each room to new rooms constructed within the Backrooms.

While critics of the plan have raised warning flags about the safety (or lack thereof) of portal technology and the many unknowns associated with the Backrooms, proponents have noted that its altered flow of time may enable students to practice for longer durations while taking up less time in our dimension, thereby increasing turnover rates and letting more people cycle in and out of the practice rooms. Psychologists have yet to determine how said time shenanigans might affect the minds of students who choose to use the alternate dimension to practice, but, regardless, the SoM admin is moving forward with their plan full steam ahead. They argued, "Think of it this way—when has any sane person ever made good music?"



# Am I the bazonkile?

u/gleeblezorpie

22,145 Karma | Happy Cake Day!

Yesterday, I was taking the Zoop line back to my shelter pod after returning from a short half-system-cycle trip to the flubble swamp. Now if you don't know anything about the flubble swamp, it's the peak of relaxation. There is no greater feeling in the multiverse than letting its ion mud wash over your antenna follicles. A timeless classic, really, yet for some reason it has been falling out of fashion with other species. Maybe it's because of the pheromones it releases? Who knows.

So here I am, riding the Zoop, and all of a sudden I notice some Blubzik youth staring at me with a disgusted look on their emotional receptors. Eventually, one of them spoke up, saying, "coming from the stink bath, old quagger?" as the rest of the group snickered. Mind you, I am still very much full of youth per my species'

standards, but what really tested my anger limiters was their use of the word 'quagger'. I wasn't going to take that from these little florps.

Against my better judgement, as we approached the station, I took out my self-defense zapper from my portal sack and pointed it at the one who insulted me. I know, I really shouldn't have, but I had just come back from a relaxing retreat and wasn't feeling particularly confrontational. The group instantly scampered off the Zoop, so I thought that was the end of that.

Just a few system-hours later, I received a visit from a particularly sour Intergalactic Peace Enforcement officer, who issued me a citation for brandishing a harmful device in a public space. Now I've got an outstanding balance of 2,000 standard credits with the authorities, all because some newspawn couldn't keep their speaking folds shut. So, Glebbit, Am I The Bazonkile?

## Entropy+ Dissolves

Bertie Wooster

*Rough Breakup*

Yesterday morning, students in search of the most overpriced, mediocre sushi on campus were greeted by a bizarre sight: Entropy+ no longer exists. For the past few months, the store's shelves had been getting progressively more messy and chaotic, culminating in this strange spectacle. The leading theory suggests that, by the Second Law of Thermodynamics, Entropy+ was bound to get increasingly more disordered until it could no longer maintain itself, scattering into the wind.

However, the Laws of Thermodynamics do offer a counterpoint: energy may be used to restore a system. Denizens of Entropy+ may have noticed that, in recent weeks, Celsius™ has been getting increasingly hard to find. Avaricious freshmen are not to blame, contrary to popular belief. Instead, the store had been consuming crate after crate in an effort to fix itself.

Ultimately, it seems even Celsius™ has its limits. With the dispersion of Entropy+, scientists are looking into convenience store options that may form spontaneously via an exothermic reaction.

## Rejected Headlines #29

- Hilbert Hotel relocated to Doherty
- Zeno's Paradox Reason Why Our Sports Teams Suck
- OPINION: I want everyone to be happy, except my favorite musicians
- What you need to know about the upcoming resting bitch face competition
- Student's handwriting so bad they accidentally created a cypher
- Breaking news: student from California realizes ash falling from sky is actually snow
- President's Advisory Board on Student Well-Being, Mental Health, and the Academic Experience releases first report: "It's bad."
- Are you tired of being normal? I'm not, so fuck you!

All this and more, not in this issue!

## CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:  
ISABELLE  
FLORENCE



### GUY WHO JUST LEARNED THE WORD "LIMINAL"

Every hour, approximately 16000 babies are born, 7000 people die, and 8 young men learn the word "liminal" for the first time. While, statistically, 6 of these eight men will continue about their day unaffected, the other two will contract a mind virus so potent that it can throw families into turmoil, ruin relationships, and make art discourse impossible. First documented in 2019, Woah, This Is Kinda Liminal Syndrome (WTIKLS), causes the affected to call everything from empty rooms to all surrealist art "kinda liminal."

If you find an infected (they will reveal themselves pretty quickly), avoid further conversation. Thankfully, the spread of WTIKLS is inhibited by the fact that very few of the infected actually know what the word "liminal" means, which usually means you'll have time to escape before they inevitably have to pull up pictures or a video essay to explain the concept.

Proper quarantining of the infected requires strict regulations for the containment facility. The facility must avoid: long hallways, empty rooms, fluorescent lights, decor from any time between the 1950s and 2010s, shag carpeting or linoleum, wallpaper, and the color beige in general. The most common mistake I see is keeping the patient in a concrete room, which has the tendency to turn your guy who just learned the word "liminal" into a guy who just learned the word "brutalist." God forbid the holding facility contains both aesthetics; no devil compares to a guy who just learned the word "dichotomy."



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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