

VOLUME 4

ISSUE 1

KGB PRESENTS

readME

through the ages...

**Before Baker and Porter,
They Were Hunter and Gatherer (pg. 2)**

On the Origins of Buggy (pg. 3)

**Students Rush To Graduate
as End of World
Approaches (pg. 8)**

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
Eshaan Joshi**

cmureadme.com

**Time: FREE
Travel: \$3**



Paleolithic tribe discovered in ancient Pittsburgh cave system

Benner Rogers
Very Real Archaeologist

A routine safety inspection of the steam tunnels beneath Carnegie Mellon University went awry when an unexpected wall collapse revealed the heart of a still-living ancient empire. When FMS workers attempted to survey the oldest section of CMU's steam tunnels last Sunday, they accidentally triggered a minor sinkhole. The workers escaped unharmed; however a large section of wall and flooring collapsed to reveal a previously unknown cave tunnel. The tunnel leads into a complex underground network of passages and natural caverns full of primeval artifacts completely untouched by time. The most shocking part? People were still living there.

Within the cave system lives a perfectly preserved tribe of peoples from the Paleolithic era. Surviving off of a new species of cave fish, natural freshwater springs, and unique farming techniques for cultivating lichen and mushrooms, the tribe has seemingly had little to no interactions with the modern world. It is currently unclear how large the network of caves is or how much of them have been populated by the tribe.

Despite the sea of anthropologists, historians, and sociologists that have swarmed CMU campus, communication has been limited. Attempts at conversation only last a few hours each day due to psychological and medical concerns. Language barriers also complicate interviews with tribe members. In spite of such hurdles, however, analysis of communication between tribe members has revealed an oral tradition that's been kept alive since the dawn of humanity. The ritual, best translated as "TellMe", involves the retelling of comedic stories to members to induce laughter. Stories are occasionally complemented with crude cave paintings of the subjects being described. "TellMe" is thought to be an ancient way of spreading news throughout the tribe. Though the full stories are unable to be translated, topics have included mythological creatures, the tribe's leader, recent unusual events, and often those interviewing them. It's believed that "TellMe" has a very large religious importance as well. Experts hope that "TellMe" will lead to larger breakthroughs in their attempts to converse with humanity's past.

A Letter...

...from the Editor

As you may or may not know, ReadMe has been around since the dawn of time. We're so old, in fact, that for our first volumes we were called TellMe. We orated about the Big Bang, the age of the dinosaurs, and the evolution of humanity. Once we could write, we reported on events like the flood (remember reading about Noah? We covered that.) and the fall of the Roman Empire. Eventually we decided that our purpose was to bring humor to the saddest place in the world, and once CMU was founded, we knew we'd found our forever home. We recently took a dig through our archives, and found some articles we'd written long ago, featuring headlines like "Kids these days are lazier than ever" (an op-ed written in 1852) and "What do you mean, we have to pay people," (a complaint written in 1978). As it stands, our organization has decided to share all the material we've devised with the rest of you, in order of date published, give or take. If you've ever wondered what we thought about the birth of Jesus, the invention of the printing press, or the 1984 American Presidential Election, then you've come to the right place. Without further ado....

Before Baker and Porter, they were Hunter and Gatherer

Citron
Paleolithic Scholar

Baker Hall and Porter Hall: We all know them, love them, get lost in them, and indulge in erotic fanfiction of them from time to time. "But what you may not know is their deep and rich history of cultural evolution," says anthropologist X. Cavator.

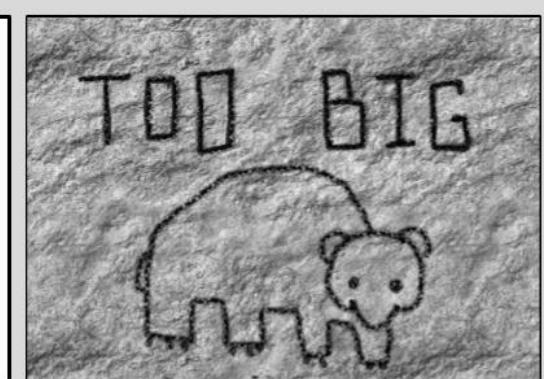
"It's easy to look at these buildings standing tall and proud, Baker, Porter, Wean—actually, not Wean, Wean's got nothing to be proud of—but it's easy to look at them and feel they've always been that way. Yet, buildings are not the stalwart monuments we've always thought of them as. They can grow and change over time, much in the same way as human society does."

Indeed, recently uncovered evidence points to the evolution of Porter and Baker Hall mirroring that of humanity

itself.

"When two different things evolve the same traits separately, we call that convergent evolution," explains Cavator. "And that seems to be what happened here, in the case of Baker and Porter Hall. Before Baker and Porter, they were Hunter and Gatherer, and we believe they evolved into the modern roles of Baker and Porter sometime within the last millennium."

But there's a big gap between the hunting and gathering age and the baking and porting age. So what filled that gap? "We don't know," reveals Cavator. "We think that Miller and Carter were their likely identities during the agrarian period, but we're not sure yet. We've got experts doing research on Baker's lost cousins, Butcher and Candlestick Maker Hall. Overall, Baker and Porter are still fascinating enigmas to us."



TOO BIG BEAR

This bear is too big. Bears should not be this big. Gragg drew him real big on cave wall, but Read Me shrank him too much and now you can not see how big he is. Use your mind to make the bear big. Good job.

He looks like a friend, but that is not true. Gragg thought he would be like a dog but big. Wrong. It is messed up that God would make a beast that looks this kind, but wants to eat Gragg. Gragg was told bears eat fish. Gragg is not a fish, Gragg swear. The bear does not think so. Yes, Gragg looks like a fish, kind of. No, Gragg can not swim like a fish. If the too big bear could see Gragg swim bad, he might learn that Gragg is a twink, not a fish.

Gragg told his friend Thogg that Gragg saw the most big bear in the world and he told Gragg that he had seen one twice as big. Thogg must read minds because Gragg did not tell Thogg how big the too big bear was. Gragg think he lied about the bear he saw too, since bears can not be more big than the too big bear. Gragg does not like when his mind is read and Gragg does not like lies. They make Gragg sad. Gragg will hit Thogg with a large rock next day to prove a point. Fuck that guy.

Fruity Take on CMU Housing

House Plant.
With notes of *cirtus*

Back when Welch's was just a grape juice company, Andrew Carnegie was their biggest fan. In fact, in 1905, he built the beloved Welch House in the company's honor (and for a very generous donation) similarly to the Giant Eagle Auditorium or the Trojan Center for the Performing Arts.

Unfortunately, despite Welch House's small capacity, Carnegie's small trade school of white men did not have enough people to fill the dorm. After years of Welch House sitting empty, the 1969 CMU president H. Cortland Matthews decided to get creative.

In the golden age of communism and good guitar players, Matthews collaborated with Welch's CEO, Phineas Welch, to come up with a marketing scheme that would benefit both parties: the Fruit Snack.

And how to sell fruit snacks? Why, with gay people, of course. With their innovative "A fruit snack for a fruit snack" campaign, Welch managed to invent gay people as a brand new concept and spread it all over the world. Simultaneously, CMU's Welch House opened itself up to inclusive housing and managed to fill up within a few years.

Soon, everyone was gay, and everyone was snacking, and the world held hands and sang kumbaya. At least, until straight people were invented a while later... yikes, right?

ReadMe Bets Entire Budget on Landslide Mondale Election Victory

J.P. Crawfish

Big fan of whatever the 80's version of Steve Kornacki is

It's not the 70s anymore. Hippies are out. Snorting cocaine in a yuppie penthouse is in. ReadMe is playing it fast and loose, strutting down Wall Street with slick backed hair, a new suit, and a son named ReadMe Jr. with a distant look in his eyes and a baseball game tonight. It's 1984, and ReadMe is just getting started.

The markets are roaring. The lines are going up and then down a little and then up more. Telephones are getting slammed down at an unprecedented rate. ReadMe needs to move fast.

After countless sleepless nights drinking fine brandy and ignoring calls from the wife, ReadMe finds its goldmine: Walter Mondale, former vice president, presidential candidate, and veritable sex magnet. A financial opportunity like no other. Betting on presidential elections is risky, but ReadMe eats risk for breakfast,

alongside three hard boiled eggs and a cup of black coffee.

ReadMe lives large and lives fast, but is also a publication of science. Theories must be tested. Minnesota: Americana in the North; a hub of whatever happens in Minnesota, the perfect testing ground. ReadMe transfers the funds from the million dollar budget of the O-week issue into a vast Minnesota polling initiative. The results trickle in. They're conclusive: a decisive victory for Walter Mondale.

It's November 6th, 1984. ReadMe is symbolically sitting alone in a giant glass office. It's time for the money to roll in. Soon ReadMe won't just be the premier CMU satire magazine, but a titan of the financial world, an unparalleled economic behemoth. ReadMe smiles, not with joy exactly, but with a quiet understanding of what's to come: Success, money, the affirmation ReadMe's distant father never gave. Walter Mondale, you beautiful bastard. Nothing could possibly go wrong.



Bored? Single? Looking for love at Carnegie Mellon? Forget that, come write satire for *readme!* No experience required or requested. We're always looking for clowns, funny guys, smart-alecks, layout artists, and a goddamn doctor's appointment.

We're looking for you and your skills, or lack thereof, Saturdays at 5 in DH1211



Snowstorm Hits Donner, Proclaimed "Still Livable"

Max

Dinner Party at Donner House

Larry: Good evening. We're coming to you live from the arctic tundra that was once the campus of Carnegie Mellon University, where the great Blizzard of '84 has crippled the nation and, more importantly, three-quarters of a freshman dorm. I'm here with first-year student Kevin, who is currently enjoying his week's ration of a single bag of artisanal dehydrated kale chips. Kevin, thank you for joining us. What's the situation like inside Donner?

Kevin: Well, Larry, it's pretty dire. The power and heating in half the building is out, which means we've had to put fourteen people in each of the triples to share body heat. It might sound inhumane, but I think they are actually enjoying it. After all, they did sign up for a triple in the fall on their own free will.

Larry: And what about the other amenities? We're hearing reports that the laundry facilities are also down.

Kevin: It's true. Only one washing machine still functions, and it froze half of my clothes yesterday. We are effectively locked in, as it has become impossible to open any door or window without instantly freezing everyone in a thirty-foot radius, and our toaster is the only functional appliance in the communal kitchen. Honestly, the only silver lining is that the fire alarms seem to be broken, so we don't have to worry about people burning instant ramen in the toaster again.

Larry: An unexpected beacon of hope in these dark times. The university has issued a statement saying students should "be resilient" and "embrace the challenge." What are your thoughts on that, Kevin?

Kevin: "Resilience" is the new word for "not taking a shower for five days." I guess you could call that resilient. I'm just grateful that the Wi-Fi is still working on my side of the hall. The important thing is that my thirteen roommates and I can still complete 21-127 homework while slowly freezing to death. We're all in this together, Larry. The Donner spirit is stronger than ever.

Larry: A truly inspiring message from a truly... resilient student. We'll be back after the break with more on this developing situation, assuming our own power holds out.

Evolution of Hetero Sapiens

Violet R. Blu
Vi-sexual

Up until the 1960s, the student body of Carnegie Mellon University consisted solely of gay men. Passionate academic rivalries and long nights in the lab together fostered a thriving homosexual population at CMU. De Fer ran out of iced coffee by 8:03 every morning, and the CMU Philharmonic played nothing but Lana Del Rey covers. When Margaret Morrison Carnegie College opened in 1969, its female students rarely interacted with men, choosing instead to recite Greek poetry while tasting each other's lipstick. For decades after its founding, CMU saw little in the way of male-female contact. No one was ready for this status quo to be shattered.

In 1973, Carnegie Mellon University officially became co-educational. Mere months after this change, biologists began to observe a new type of human: the hetero sapien. Some students, they noticed, had found it advantageous to socialize with the opposite sex. Young women were getting hit by cars daily

until they started making men walk on the dangerous part of the sidewalk. Young men started changing their sheets more often at the behest of their female companions, leading to a decrease in bacterial infections. Commingling between the two sexes caused the student body to improve on an evolutionary level—men held doors open for women while women saved space on benches with a foreign maneuver called “crossing their legs.”

The rise of the hetero sapiens also had an unexpected but useful byproduct: the creation of children. It turned out that men and women could unite to produce smaller, more impressionable humans instead. These children, as they have since been called, prove helpful to many facets of CMU life. The SDC struggled to find a Buggy driver of optimal size until the six-year-old was invented. Soon after, ReadME adopted its official motto: “No pair of hands is too small to stuff a centerfold.” To thank the hetero sapiens for their contributions to Carnegie Mellon, ReadME will be throwing them an honorary parade in June.



Students Rush to Graduate as End of World Looms

Nott N. Annagramm
Just a few days away from graduation

DECEMBER 20, 2012 - While CMU students have always tried to graduate in less than 8 semesters, only the quickly approaching demise of all life on Earth could incentivize even the most burnt out underachievers to get their degree before spring. Despite astronomers' insistence that Sagittarius A* is too far away to cause any gravitational disruptions, professors are still drowning in capstones about how said black hole affects the futures of every single major. "Grading is somehow more repetitive than usual," states one anonymous TA. "There's usually some variety, but when we're all gonna die tomorrow, that's the only thing those twerps can think about. This is an econ class; we shouldn't give a shit about planetary alignment!"

However, academic anxiety is not the only emotion the apocalypse seems to inspire in Tartans. Several students were found crowded around Gates sobbing into each other's arms because they will all die virgins. After an enterprising student asked them why they couldn't just have sex with each other, they all immediately stopped crying and went back to their dorms.

In other news, the drama students have formed a cult celebrating the apocalypse, but absolutely nothing has changed about the way they act. Their only new actions have been to paint "THE END IS NIGH" on the Fence in the most garish colors they could find and sing songs from the second act of "Into The Woods" instead of the first.

As all psych majors should know by now, the final stage of grief is acceptance, so the students soldier on through their courses despite the apocalypse. Some even find their imminent doom reassuring, since they won't have to go job hunting afterward. However, the most common sentiment seems to be apathy, because "at least it's not 122."

This issue of readme is brought to you by:
Editors: Eshaan Joshi, Tali Kirschenbaum, "Tyan Rosh"
Cover Art: Ethan Sterkeson
Problem Solvers: Daniel Yin
Journalists: "Roan Tysh", J.P. Crawfish, Tali Kirschenbaum, Mihir Deshpande, Violet R. Blu, A Dead Jellyfish, Nott N. Annagramm, Citron, House Plant, Isabella Florence, Benner Rogers, Alex Werth, Max, Archith
Artists: ullom, Benner Rogers
Tech Team: Danya Kogan, Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB
See ya next time!



Join Readme!

Rejected Headlines #25

- CMU passes the Bechdel test after Margaret Morrison merger.
- ReadMe a huge proponent of meth as children's study aid.
- Tartan slanders innocent billionaire, more at 11.
- CMU football wins ten consecutive Heismans, CMU students still not going to games.
- Noah complains that God's 'gone woke' after Ark flooded.
- This dumbass thinks he can repay all of our sin debt.
- ReadMe bigger than Beatles, says Jesus.
- ReadMe so funny that they invented CMU to house it.
- My strong opinions on the Middle East - an essay.
- "I'm still alive guys," Elvis, 1978
- I don't know how to spell Renaissance either, French people assure us.
- "I had no clue he was gay," Leonardo DaVinci's third apprentice twink claims.
- Sliced bread invented. Honestly, not that cool.
- "Sorry guys, I'm actually dead this time." Elvis, 1979.
- Creator of Bradford pear tree amongst first to be killed on invention of time travel.
- Victorian Child unimpressed by current labor standards, "You can't do anything these days!"
- Two women argue about twins, King Solomon demands both be cut in half.
- What was Copernicus' problem? Well, that man was a Pisces.

All this and more, not in this issue!