

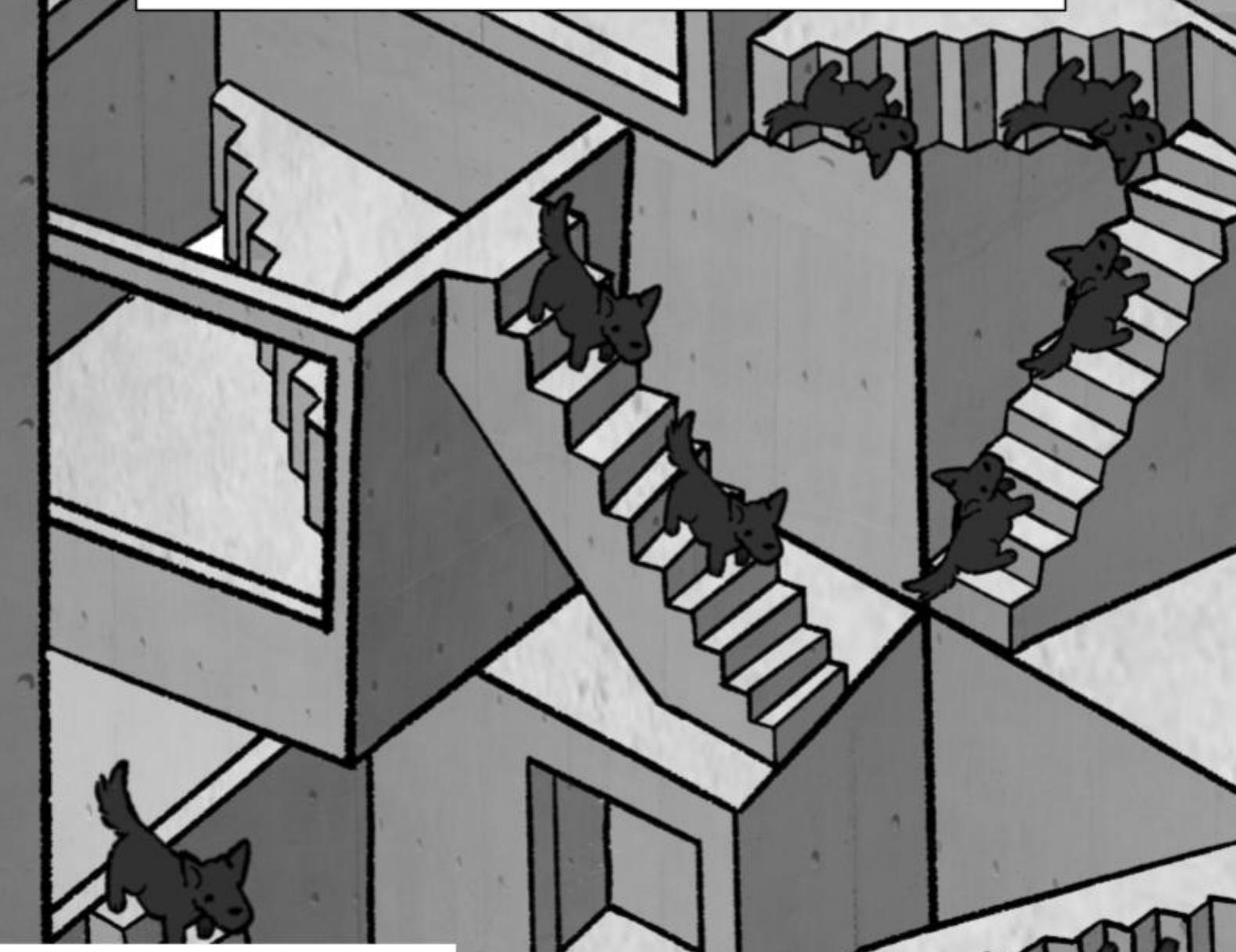
VOLUME 4

ISSUE 6

KGB PRESENTS

readME

GETS ABSURD



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
ESHAAN JOSHI

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.
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 Weacrete™ 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.

Paid for by:
Death, Laundry,
and Taxes

KGB PRESENTS

readME?

VOL IV, ISSUE IIIIX, 11/11/2025

Editor-in-Chief: Eshaan Joshi

All the news unfit to print

Psychosis : Free
Therapy : \$300,000

the issue in which we issue
the issue in which we issue
the issue in which we issue
the issue in which we issue

Last Rites: The Final Words of a Student Trapped in Gates

Jupiter

Very Real Investigative Journalist

ReadMe's most dedicated journalists have recently discovered a letter at the bottom of a Rohr Cafe – La Prima coffee cup, believed to be written by a student who never made it out of the Gates and Hillman centers. Out of respect for this fallen student, we have decided to broadcast their mad ramblings for the whole university to read:

I've tried all the doors but none of them seem to open. I walked up and down the spiral, searching for anyone else trapped in Gates, yet I have found no one. Perhaps I will just sit and study for a while, the quiet is nice...

ChatGPT has stopped working. Unable to complete my assignments, I have taken to once again searching the building for any signs of life. I followed a promising stench, that of body odor, only to find that it was just the lingering smell of Gates. It's

beginning to get dark now, my stomach is rumbling as I notice the faint scent of Chinese food beyond the entrance to Newell-Simon. In searching the ruins of La Prima, I have found old coffee grounds and a stale muffin. They will have to sustain me through the night.

There is no light now, only the soft, homosexual glow of Pausch Bridge. I walk up the spiral, dragging my backpack towards the sound of voices. Alas, they are only an illusion.

I march, defeated, back down to my old coffee grounds. Soon, I will hear the voices again and go searching for them, only to discover they are a figment of my imagination. Am I but Sisyphus? Destined to push my belongings up the spiral in search of salvation, only to be tricked by my own mind? I fear I have been damned to live inside Gates for eternity. There is no escape...

There is no escape...

Derealizing

Violet R. Blu

Shower Hog

Sometimes you don't feel like a person. Sometimes you feel like you're asleep and the people around you are guests on a podcast you forgot to turn off. There are a lot of words for this feeling, and most of them are long words starting with D: dissociation, disassociation, depersonalization, derealization. No one ever bothered to decide on one term. This is because people who derealize have bigger nothings not to worry about.

Derealizing is portable. You can take it anywhere. As long as there's a spot in the distance to stare at, you can peel yourself from this plane of existence like a contact lens. Over time, though, seasoned derealizors will develop a preference for where they do their business. Personally, I can't recommend the shower enough. The water pouring endlessly onto your head really simulates the feeling of learned helplessness. The stream, the weight of the world, keeps falling onto your shoulders, but you don't move. You simply gasp for air and look at your hollow-eyed reflection in the dirty metal knob.

Sitting down in the shower is an

advanced move, but if you have some experience already, I suggest giving it a try. A word of warning: if you sit on the floor of a communal shower, the people in the stalls next to you will get a full view of your personhood. Before you try that, you must be extremely detached from your physical body.

Shower sitting is not for everyone, but I love to derealize this way. It feels amazing to relieve yourself of the effort of standing up. Why struggle under the weight of being alive when you can simply let it bring you to your knees (or to your butt, I guess)?

Derealizing does have some side effects. You might spend years of your life trapped in a fog, looking at the world through a condensation-covered window you never bothered to wipe off. Or you might touch the pubic that's been sitting on the shower wall for three days. I can't promise you that there won't be any risks, but what's the alternative? Soaking in the realities of life with every fiber of your being? Feeling every moment deep in your heart, from the highest highs to the lowest lows? That's for lamoids. Watching your life in the third person as tepid water rains down upon you is way cooler.

Donner Caretaker misses scheduled feeding time

Citron

Nobody notices when *I* rampage on campus!

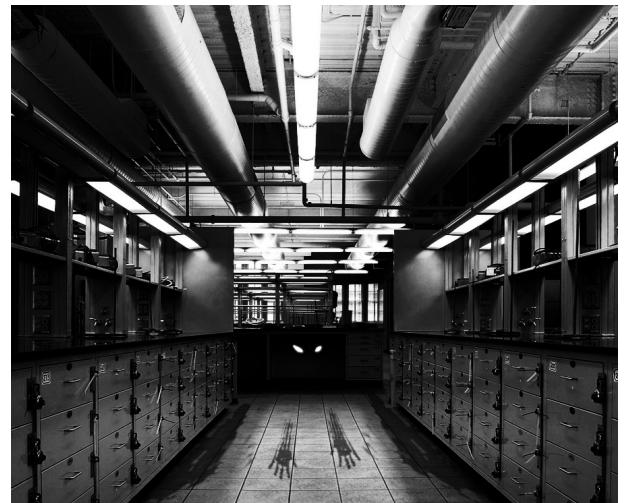
In a regrettable incident this morning, Donner's officially appointed caretaker missed the 485th annual Donner Creature feeding, the first feeding he was to perform after succeeding a 2025 graduate. In an exclusive statement to readme, the caretaker stated the reason for missing the feeding time:

"There's a real baddie that sits next to me in the lecture I got then, y'know? You woulda too. Don't pull that shit where everyone pretends they wouldn'a done the same thing. I know you woulda."

He also explained that "it's a four hundred and eighty-five year old tradition and nobody knows why we do it. I think it's probably pretty useless. The Donner Creature can feed itself, you know? Grown ass Creature, still living in the Donner basement. Get off your ass."

While it is true that the purpose of the 485 year old tradition is unknown, the current leading theory posits that it is to prevent the Donner Creature from getting off its ass, as this morning, the Donner creature broke free of its containment. Rampaging around campus, it disrupted the order of the Crisp'n'Crust-Ciao Bella-Ola Ola line, blocked traffic on the Forbes-Morewood intersection so that the crosswalk was uncrossable for upwards of 30 minutes, and injured various students who begged it to do so to get out of classes. Ultimately, it settled on Wean Hall as a suitable replacement for its lost meal, where it is currently sitting and feeding on the concrete exterior as the UN's containment forces attempt to lure it down with Hershey's kisses, its favorite.

It is unknown the extent of its malicious intent. I can only hope that Rev Noodle survives.



The Donner Creature // Benner Rodgers

One must imagine Sisyphus' Heart is in the work

WP
Canoodling with Camus

The gods have commanded Carnegie Mellon students to ceaselessly start and submit assignments, only for more notifications to appear on Canvas at the end of the day. They found no crueler punishment for the students' hubris than this dreadful, repetitive task. There are many varying accounts for why the students are being punished in this manner. Some spent time on r/ Applying2College in high school, others applied to make their parents love them, and one or two even "really like the school" and "wanna follow their dreams".

You have already grasped that the Carnegie Mellon student is an absurd character. Their desire to make something of themselves, concluding in this toiling, repetitive labor, makes this situation almost comical. Eternally they struggle through the milestones of the academic calendar, stopping briefly only to rest during school breaks before continuing

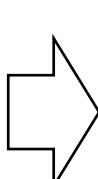
again. Yet, it is this pause that interests me. Surely, someone so embroiled in their academic schedule cannot have a life. The several weeks of break are merely a mechanism which the student must use to sign up for more classes and apply for more internships. Inevitably, the semester starts again, and the student continues their infinite loop of panicking and bitching.

But if one observes the absurd nature of their situation, an interesting corollary to despair forms. There is no amount of suffering that cannot be overcome by scorn; the CMU student, realizing that they have free will, understands that they can relish their situation by making extremely original jokes about how they want to drop out. Each unfortunate midterm and all-nighter, in itself, forms a world. It's all just really fucking funny. The CMU student survives because they realize the absurdity of their situation. One must imagine the CMU student happy; one must imagine their heart is in the work.

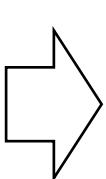


Ms. De Vil, leaving the furry orgy fashionably early // House Plant

Join our
Discord



Survey Says!



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS DOG?

Now you have!
You're welcome :)



Warning

A Dead Jellyfish
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Researchers discover brief existence of Marnege 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 Marnege 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 Marnege 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 Marnege 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 bazonkle?

u/gleblezorpie

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 fllops.

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 Bazonkle?

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."

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!



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

Editors: Eshaan Joshi, Tali Kirschenbaum, House Plant, Bertie Wooster

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Problem Solvers: Daniel Yin, Isabelle Florence

Journalists: Isabelle Florence, Violet R. Blu, u/gleblezorpie, House Plant, A Dead Jellyfish, Jupiter, Citron, Raytheon Blues, Bertie Wooster, WP, Whis L. Blower, author_name

Artists: Benner Rogers, John Autism, House Plant, author_name

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Gavin Radford

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