

An Open Letter to William Shakespeare

A Dead Gelatinous Fish

A Saucy Lad

How now, sirrah, churlish Bard, bacon-fed knave!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat who taketh the name “William Shakespeare,” take heed! Thou seducest the innocent masses into sin with thy profane plays and pompous poetry. We address our grievances in the style thou’rt most fond of: the sonnet.

Thy plays draw foolish sheep like flies to mead,
Deserting Sunday mass for comedy.
Marry, that time is better spent to read
That holy, worthy folio, ReadethMe!
To lull the mind with idle merriment
Shall push literacy into decline.
Thy noble patron in his golden raiment
Grows bored of poetry in which thou pinest:
Thy “Fair Youth Sonnets” published for his love
Replace with readEthme – a truer art!
Thy kicky-wicky’s close to heav’n above;
Thy fry as well from plague shall soon depart.
And when thou hast lost all, take one last blow:
Thy work attributed to vain Marlowe.

We pray the Globe Theatre burneth down posthaste.

The Editors of readDethmE

Interwar Update

Mihir Deshpande Sr. Sr. Sr.
Rationally Scared

Once again, we'd like to thank you, dear reader, for continuing to stick with readMe through these turbulent times. You probably never imagined that the US government would declare us illegal, but alas, much like cocaine and alcohol before us, it seems like Uncle Sam has a penchant for criminalizing what gives the populace joy. We had always worried that our affiliation with a "KGB" might someday cast unwarranted suspicion on us, though. We'd like to explain how we're relatively harmless, but the Kennedy administration is refusing to hear us out. Until that time, you'll just have to bear with us as we navigate these turbulent times.

On a more positive note, our Readeasies have been doing spectacularly well as of late. Our numbers have gone up 50% since our last issue, and word-of-mouth will

only make that number grow higher. We always hoped that Readeasies would be fun experiences for the whole family, and it seems like we have succeeded more than we thought possible. In particular, the cage matches between writers who missed their deadlines have been quite the money-maker. It is thanks to you, loyal reader, that readMe can continue to be enjoyed by all.

We hope that you will come again when we publish our next issue on the 28th. Hopefully all this effort won't be needed by then. We've recently hired an independent contractor to speak with the President on our behalf, so we hope his expertise can let us nip the issue in the bud. We have very high hopes for Mr. Oswald in his meeting next week.

If that doesn't pan out or it takes too long for the paperwork to process, the next password will be "Vladimir". We hope to see you again next time!

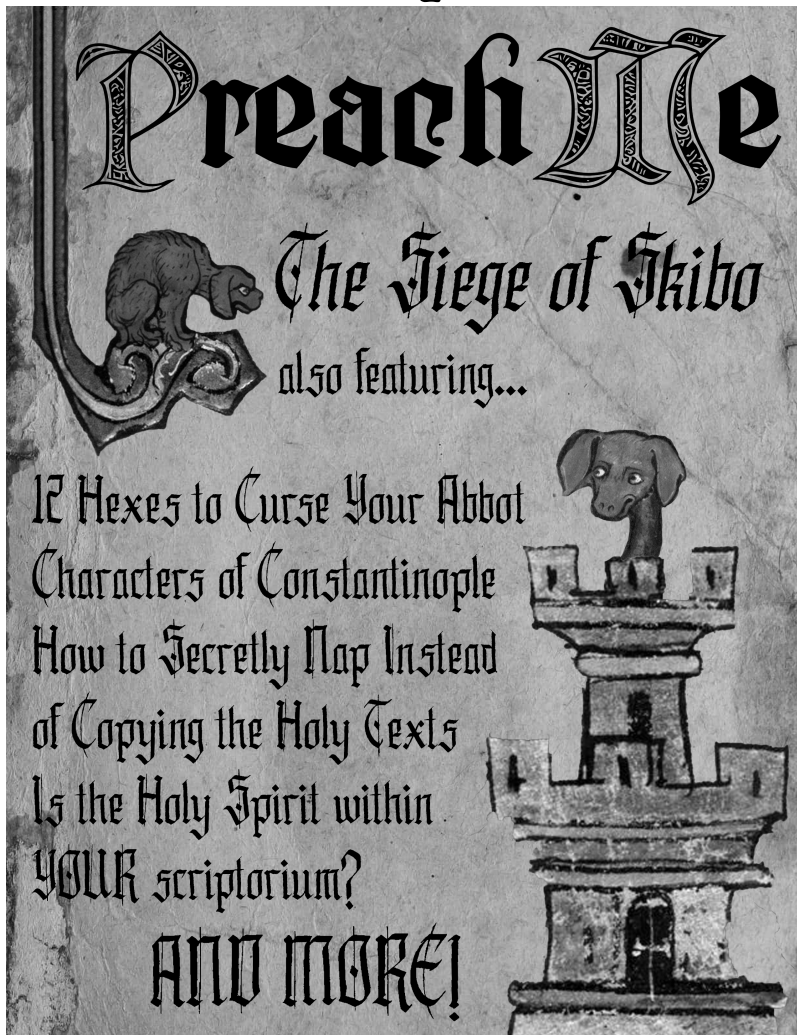


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Discord



Survey Says!

Medieval era Comedy Manuscript found



Benner Rogers
Resident Monk Exper

Archeologists in northern Greece have recently unearthed a seemingly comedy-themed manuscript dating back to the 6th century. Found during the excavation of the famed Skibo monastery, the manuscript was titled PreachMe and included articles poking fun at everything from strange-looking icons to priest pet peeves. PreachMe appears to have been hand copied at Skibo before being circulated between various other Byzantine monasteries. No other surviving copies have been found. Although most of the manuscript is too damaged to be read, a brief excerpt of the article “The Siege of Skibo” has been translated below:

...the invading Horde had finally reached the monastery gates. Our Loyal Hounds were on their last legs, and only a divine miracle would surely save us from the barbarians. Amidst the confusion, Brother Michael approached me. Upon his face was a wide smile that brought me great confusion.

"Brother Michael," I cried, "why are you rejoicing?" Full of mirth, he responded, "Because the Lord has answered your prayers, Abbot!"

"What prayers?" I asked, as a deep pit of dread grew within mine own soul.
 "Why, the prayers you asked of me yesterday of course."

Finally understanding, I lurched backwards in horror. The Fool had not prayed for "The Holy Light from the God of Man," but "A Whole Day's Fight from the Ottomans!"

The comedic appeal of PreachMe is, unfortunately, rather lacking, but to a Byzantine monk on his fourth hour of book copying it would have been hilarious. After all, most monks could only find excitement by murdering their fellows through strange and obscure methods. Several PreachMe articles were even dedicated to the phenomena. Other methods of entertainment included wandering through esoteric labyrinths, silently contemplating the many ways you are going to hell, and having sex with younger monks because it's not gay if they look like women. Yeesh. Not much in the fun department.

Readme's production in decline due to Prohibition

Bertie Wooster
Mentally negligible

The pervasive hum of the printing press putting out Readme's weekly dreck has finally faltered. A well-meaning administrator, upon hearing the rumor the magazine runs on a 70/30 blend of grain alcohol and caffeine, initiated a campus-wide effort to enforce the national ban on spirits. The goal was to improve its output, but the fallout has been dire.

The Readme office, once a vibrant den of inspired madness, resembles a UPMC autopsy center. Editors, now tragically lucid, are unable to reach their highs of maniacal, drug-induced criticism. Writers are submitting coherent, fact-checked articles that one disgusted reader criticized as "drier than my concepts homework." They now communicate in hushed, grammatically correct sentences. The most exciting thing to happen this week was a lively debate over the Oxford comma, and no one cried or threw a shoe. Thankfully, most of these poor souls were able to find work at The Tartan.

A handful of others, in a state of catastrophic withdrawal, plug away at their typewriters, producing reams of text that may be brilliant but that editors find utterly indecipherable. One such writer, known only as Jax, was found staring at a blank wall, muttering about "the tyranny of narrative structure." His typewriter held a single page containing nothing but

the word "why?" repeated 4,000 times. This piece has already been claimed for CFA's latest minimalism installation.

Not everyone is so lucky. The most severe cases have lost the ability to write altogether. These unfortunates sit in a corner of the office, clutching their pencils. Attempts at simple writing prompts, such as "describe this apple," have yielded only whimpers and blank stares. Medical professionals have been called, but all have declared the situation "beyond the capabilities of science." Priests would not dare set foot in Readme headquarters, docile as its inhabitants may now be. They are the last surviving members of Readme, if only because no one else will take them.

Meanwhile, the effect on the campus at large has been almost as drastic. The Fence, whose coating had been alternating nightly between praising presidential candidates Harding and Cox (with one interruption calling for a unified "Hard-Cox" coalition) prior to the prohibition, is now a drab grey. Student morale has plummeted even further, which CaPS had previously deemed "a psychological impossibility."

Not all hope is lost. Rumor has it that one determined student has managed to distill a usable spirit from buggy grease. The Readme team awaits his first batch with the desperate thirst of people who have just read a logically sound paragraph.



October 29, 1929: "Block Tuesday" Leaves Freshmen Destitute

Violet R. Blu
Her heart is in the Works Progress Administration

At Carnegie Mellon University, the end of the 1920s saw unprecedented financial ruin for many first-year students. The meal-block economy had crescendoed throughout the decade, with blocks selling for a whopping 50% of their original worth. Unfortunately, this lucrative exchange could not last forever. The block market imploded, wiping out the assets of many ambitious traders. Freshmen everywhere lost their investments, their savings, and their bananas of varying ripeness.

The crash created a dire economic situation on campus. Thousands showed up to the bread line every day,

hoping Au Bon Pain had enough rustic baguettes to sustain them during this trying time. Unable to afford new clothing, students were seen converting their free O-week umbrellas into dress shirts. The Campus Store, embodying the generous spirit of Andrew Carnegie, offered crewnecks for the subsidized price of \$250.

As a new school year begins and the meal-block economy returns in full force, ReadME hopes that the class of 2029+ will learn from history. Selling meal blocks for nominal amounts of money may seem like a shortcut to fabulous wealth, but this year's freshmen should keep the Block Market's pitfalls in mind. However, if they do fall on hard times, CFA lawn maintenance is always hiring.

CMU was always a social experiment

Archith
Rd

Carnegie Mellon. You all know the name – founded in 1900 with the supposed intention of being a "technical institution" where our "hearts are in the work." These are all lies that you have been fed by Big Behaviorism, because we know the real reason that CMU was founded.

At the start of the 20th century, unethical experimentation was rampant. People were subjected to conditioning after Pavlov was able to train his dogs. Before John B. Watson's experiment conditioning a nine-month-old infant to fear fluffy things, the behaviorists had another idea – starting a university where the only objective was to observe people's responses towards forced depression.

The results so far are shocking. The study found that CMU students pushed this depression down, kept up appearances, and developed an unhealthy appetite for masochistic experiences that couldn't be found anywhere else.

Nevertheless, the behaviorists have been ruthless in their methods

of forcing misery onto students. They created Donner House to see if living conditions were the breaking point for students. They became pioneers in computer science so that they could make 15-122 a requirement for students. Those who didn't have to take it were still tortured by listening to their classmates talk about it.

When drastic measures didn't work, the experimenters tried small but insanely annoying strategies. They invented the CAPTCHA test to get every student to curse at their screens trying to find which images had 'bikes'. They exhausted almost everything, but the CMU student somehow persisted.

Now, CMU finally "celebrates" its 125th birthday, as the experiment has been passed down from generation to generation. Big Behaviorism has destroyed all evidence of the "Carnegie Mellon Experiment" so that their theories could be generally accepted without the CMU counterexample. However, they keep trying to find new, innovative ways to push away the self-tormenting nature and create honest-to-god depression.