

KCB PRESENTS

RETIME

War flashbacks to now
include midroll ads (pg. 2)



My mommy says I
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GETS DEPLOYED

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cmureadme.com

War flashbacks to now include midroll ads

Violet R. Blu

Not shell-shocked, just shell-disappointed

There has never been war without trauma. Throughout history, countless soldiers have been kept awake by memories of senseless violence. Many combat veterans cannot hear fireworks or smell burning rubber without recalling the horrors of war. While many people see this as a tragedy, America's leading advertising firms see it instead as potential for new business opportunities. Now, neuroscientists and marketers are finding ways to take advantage of the ad space created by these veterans' grief-stricken war memories.

Take Cody Daniels: He served two tours in Afghanistan and now suffers from post-traumatic stress disorder. Several weeks ago, the sounds from his son's Call of Duty game triggered a flashback of a friend getting injured in combat. "I have this memory a lot," said Daniels, "so I usually know what to expect. This

time was different, though. Right as my buddy was telling me he couldn't feel his leg, the desert disappeared and I was standing in some lady's kitchen. She was holding a detergent container."

After hearing a paid actress extol the cleaning power of Cascade Platinum Plus®, Daniels returned to the memory of his comrade's brutal gunshot wound with no further interruption.

Human rights activists have criticized this marketing tactic, calling it "ghoulish" and "deeply inappropriate". Its creator, ad executive Lance Gladwell, begs to disagree. According to Gladwell, "I don't see the issue with it. It distracts them from the flashback, so it's basically the cure to PTSD. I should be awarded a Nobel Prize." At the time of writing, brain-wave ad technology has not yet been implemented on a larger scale, but it is developing quickly. Almost as quickly as Cascade Platinum Plus® washes away even the toughest stains!

The Tartan requests \$18,000 in Student Government funding

"Roan Tysh"

Stuffing your laptop in my shirt

As a part of the Tartan's continuing efforts to be recognized as a serious news publication, it has recently selected several of its staffwriters as war correspondents. The decision process took the form of an involuntary nomination process followed by randomized selection, the very same system that CMU's admissions office is said to follow.

After several Tartan war correspondents were parachuted into various global conflicts, tragedy arose. The first wave was killed almost immediately by snipers, indirect artillery fire, and trench foot. Editor-in-chief Arden Ryan promised several weeks later to address the situation through the proper channels set up by Student Government.

His first step was to submit a capital funding request to the Joint Funding Committee (JFC), asking for approximately \$18,000 for bulletproof vests, helmets, rugged boots, and condoms. The request was denied on a technicality, but the Student Dormitory Council (SDC) stepped up and offered funding through its supplemental funding process. Weeks later, the deal fell apart due to SDC's "\$15 per student" rule, which could not cover the \$3,800 arms packages which would be airdropped to each surviving Tartan journalist.

At this point, the news staff became impatient. They submitted an improved capital funding request, this time with the addition of various small arms, medical kits, and more condoms. JFC denied the request yet again, citing an obscure clause in its bylaws, preventing funding from the Student

Activity Fee from being used to purchase military weaponry, unless it was for a Graduate Student Assembly (GSA) wine night.

Undeterred, news editor Holly Wang went to the office for Student Involvement and Traditions (SIT), who then referred her to the Office for Community Engagement and Leadership Development (CELD), who then referred her to VP of Student Affairs, Gina Casalegno. Gina offered several crates of unused CMUPD gear, which included heavy machine guns (HMGs), rocket launchers, class III+ body armor, gas masks, and condoms, with only one size having been used.

At this point, the airdrop crates were full and the parachutes were packed, but one detail was yet to be considered. Formerly, along with the infamous Student Life, Involvement, and Community Engagement (SLICE) vans, a fleet of cargo aircraft known as the SLICE tankers was made available to student organizations with two or more officers holding a Commercial Pilots License (CPL) with Instrument Rating (IR) and Multi-Engine Rating (MER). However, following the breakup of SLICE into SIT and CELD, the ownership of the aircraft was difficult to determine. Instead, all of the Tartan's authorized signers had to return to the certification course to actually read the rules regarding the use of student organization funds for travel purposes. They met with CELD one final time to make use of their spending office hours to charter a Luxembourgish military bomber aircraft, which should drop the crates late tomorrow afternoon.

CARNEGIE MELLON FACILITIES MANAGEMENT DROUGHT ADVISORY

NOTICE: Water rations will be available at approved locations in reduced 355 ml sizes. 500 ml bottles will be available only as a premium side at dining locations.

Water is to be conserved for the following approved uses:

- AI datacenter cooling
- Watering concrete
- Grass (to be killed)
- Watering the Fence

Water is NOT to be used for the following:

- Vegetables
- Emergency eyewash
- Emergency and non-emergency showering

If you experience signs of dehydration, please bear with them or purchase Celsius or other beverages from vending machines at increased prices.

Rejected Headlines #26

- President Jahanian renames Office of Community Responsibilities to Department of War.
- Enemy surrenders; no match for roboclub killing machines.
- UN rejects Readme bit for diplomatic immunity.
- Feeding students Tartan Express tenders considered 'cruel and unusual'.
- CMU rules military service ineligible for Experiential Learning.
- Fuck you vampires, I've got HIV!
- Tragedy kills \$400,000 worth of tuition.
- They may take our lives, but they'll NEVER take our US NEWS rankings!
- My strong opinions on the Syrian Revolution - an essay.
- "Surely the balloon animal guy will fix this schools mental health problems" says CMU admin for the fifth time this semester.
- Paddington 2 makes Citizen Kane look like Paddington 1.
- The best clubs to join where you can get people to do your homework for you.
- "I've been conducting for 17 years straight now," says former Eurhythmics student. "I've seen God, and she breathes at 62 bpm"

All this and more, not in this issue!

Three students injured in West Point cake cutting ritual, reports claim

A Dead Jellyfish
Glad to have no eyebrows

Last Friday, the nightly dessert distribution at United States Military Academy West Point turned deadly. Jeff, the plebe assigned to cut the fruitcake, doffed his hat and removed the laminated cake-slicing template from beneath it. He brushed fresh buzz-cut hairs off the template and placed it on the cake. There were seven people sitting at this table, which would mean Jeff had to divide the cake into seven pieces. However, seven was a very inconvenient number of cake slices to cut, so even though fruitcake was his favorite, Jeff decided to forgo a slice so that he would only have to cut the cake into six pieces.

An older cadet, Sally, recognized this maneuver, having performed it many times herself during plebe year. She, too, declined dessert, frustrated that Jeff was trying to get out of the hazing she once had to go through. Now, Jeff was forced to cut the cake into five pieces. Unfortunately, Jeff's hands were shaking as he put the knife into a glass of water to clean it, causing it to clink against the sides. Jeff tried to remove the knife from the glass, but his trembling sent the glass tumbling to the floor, where it shattered. Even though Jeff was now standing in a pile of broken glass, he knew he could not leave without first finishing the slicing of the cake.

Jeff managed to finish dividing the cake into fifths. Sally leaned over the fruitcake, inspecting it closely. She found that the third cut Jeff had made was 0.3' off. Struck with horror at his failure, Jeff jumped. Unfortunately, Jeff was still holding the knife, and Sally was still leaning over the cake. Sally managed to jerk back in time to save her eyeball from getting punctured, but at the cost of her eyebrow. Sally faceplanted into the fruitcake, getting blood and a disembodied eyebrow on the dessert. In the commotion, Jeff fell backwards and landed in the pile of glass, lodging several shards in his posterior.

Everyone else at the table rushed to attend to Sally. Another cadet, Ignatius, tried to get the cake out of the wound where her eyebrow had once been and accidentally knocked several crumbs onto Ermintrude. In retaliation, Ermintrude grabbed a huge handful of the fruitcake and shoved it into Ignatius's face, causing him to accidentally swallow Sally's eyebrow. A dried prune in the fruitcake also knocked out several of Ignatius's teeth, which he then choked on.

Eventually, several nearby officers noticed that the situation had escalated beyond the customary hazing and performed the Heimlich maneuver on Ignatius. Jeff, Ignatius, and Ermintrude were all summarily expelled from West Point. Sally was honored by the academy president for her efforts to uphold the sanctity of an important West Point tradition. Questions remain as to whether Sally will forever remain one-eyebrowed.

Boeing attempted to bribe us \$200,000 to not publish this article

This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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Artists: ullom, Benner Rogers

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

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



Hamburg Hall to be renamed Cheeseburg Hall

Elliot Rice
Hungry

After much debate, David P. Bennett, the Vice President for University Advancement at CMU has officially made the decision to rename Hamburg Hall to Cheeseburg Hall. Designed in 1915, Cheeseburg Hall originally served as the headquarters for the U.S. Bureau of Mines; however, in 1984, the building was purchased by Carnegie Mellon for use by the Heinz College of Information Systems and Public Policy and renamed to Hamburg Hall. This may have seemed like an acceptable name at first, but a mere 41 years later it has become clear that Cheeseburg Hall is much more fitting. ReadMe conducted street interviews on several CMU students, gauging the effect of the new name. The first question we asked was "What's the first word you think of when I say the word

Hamburg?" Most students responded with the word "hamburger," and everyone else immediately changed their answer to "hamburger" after being presented with the fact that this was the home of Heinz College. Next, we asked "Are hamburgers better with cheese?" All but one student with very bad taste in food answered affirmatively. As evidenced by this short interview, whoever named Hamburg Hall had hamburgers on their mind and a very unpopular opinion on what type of burger deserved to have a building named after it. Clearly, Vice President Bennett agreed when he approved the new name in a 1-0 vote Monday morning. All signs and plaques displaying the building's current name will be replaced by the end of spring semester, ensuring that the Class of 2030+ will only ever have the best type of burger on the mind.

Chemger Games winners threaten double suicide, sequels cancelled

Adrian

Please take him as tribute

It has been an action-packed day for the Chemger Games. Contestants from every corner of campus have embarked on the perilous journey to reach the Mellon Institute, with many dying from exhaustion before ever reaching the godforsaken building. Of those who remained, drama was omnipresent. Who could forget the unforgettable forced laser cutting perpetrated by the two members of the Donner house, or the various chemical burns perpetrated by Mudge? Certainly not the individuals from E Tower, who retaliated with an attempted poisoning with an unlabeled powder that ended up being table salt. But the most dramatic part was when two members of the same housing threatened a double suicide after being the only remaining survivors. This baffled officials, who quickly checked to reaffirm that there is indeed no rule against two winners being from the same housing. The two victors were promptly sent to CaPS, where they are under psychiatric evaluation.

Beloved Football Chants At CMU

Alex Werth

With chants like these, who needs OJ?

The Kiltie Marching Band wants blood. Despite, on paper, being the unassuming pep band for CMU's respectable football team, firsthand experience brings out their reality; that the Kilties are a barely-restrained rabid mob. Observe the chants they call out at games, taunting the other team and wishing destruction upon them. Nothing is a better example of our school spirit.

Mrs. Gerlach's cheer!

Go, go! Maim em', maim em'!
Go, go, go, maim em' maim em'
Rip off their legs! [Clap x3]
Rip off their legs! [Clap x3]

Why this chant was named after the beloved old wife of the previous band director, we have yet to find out.

The Laser cheer!

Laser pointer! Laser beam!
Laser surprise! [Clap x2]
Get up in their faces and
Burn out their eyes! [Clap x2]

A football game will occasionally take place around 7 in the evening, in which case, this chant is a Kiltie favorite. Kilties like to turn on their phone flashlights for this one.

The Facial Mutilation cheer!

Deface them, deface them!
Render them unrecognizable!

This chant has yet to be deployed in this academic year: perhaps if we learn one of the opposing players is a bit of a looker, we will see it emerge.

The Blood, Guts, and Gore cheer!

Blood, blood! Guts and gore!
What d'you think those cleats are for?

We beg and plead, but the football players never do anything fun.

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



THE GIANT OF KANDAHAR

I would like to begin by apologizing for my use of Ed Sheeran's face. He was the only red-haired man I could find a transparent background png for, and I had no intention of removing any backgrounds myself. Famous for having red hair, impaling a US soldier during the Afghanistan War, and getting shot to death, the Giant of Kandahar's size is probably the least interesting part of the case. Like sure, he's pretty tall but I guess I was expecting an actual giant. Looking at the preserved corpse now, this is just a 5'11 irish dude. While the original report of the giant describes its height as nearly 15 feet tall with 6 fingers on each hand, further psychological testing on the witness proved that he was just kind of bad at estimation. He was given "probably about a million dollars" and a pat on the back for his troubles. So is the Giant of Kandahar even a real bonafide cryptid? He did fully impale a man, which has to count for something. I feel a little bad for stealing his body from the lab only to revoke his cryptid status, so I'll let him have it. Rest in peace, you above average height man. Shame you never got to see Margaret Thatcher's death. You would've been so proud.

Readme: An Unbiased, Impartial Review

Linda Green

Special to the Readme

I, Linda Green, a proud member of the Good Christian Mothers of America, would like to make my voice heard on this despicable and anti-Christian so-called satire newspaper.

I was first introduced to this wretched and unholy publication after I learned about the secret homosexual agenda of The Very Hungry Caterpillar (rainbow foods? Wow). To prevent further contaminating the minds of my three-year-old triplets, Kelly, Ann, and Kelly Ann, I quickly sought to review the rest of their bookshelf to make sure everything was consistent with the teachings of the Bible. All I found was blasphemy. Harold and the Purple Crayon? Everyone knows all artists are homosexuals. Matilda? A witch disrespecting the nuclear family. The Cat in the Hat? A hat is simply inappropriate attire for a cat.

Beleaguered, I took a walk to ponder how to supplement my children's pagan public school education. I saw out of the corner of my eye a ripped and stepped on piece of paper, clearly abandoned and uncared for. I looked closer. "Read Me", the paper commanded. It was a sign from G-d.

Little did I know it was not a sign from G-d but from the Devil. I was the liberal agenda's vessel, leaving the minds of Kelly, Ann, and Kelly Ann poisoned, twisted, and also slightly more informed about Judaism for some reason.

Unlike the entirety of the bible, ReadME is NOT appropriate to read to three-year-olds before they go to sleep. I was tricked by Nancy Pelosi, Hunter Biden's laptop, those darn feminists, and the homosexual gays.

The Good Christian Mothers of America rejects readMe as the G-dless propaganda it is. Your publication is an affront to any self-respecting person that would like to be let into the pearly gates. There is no decency in readme. No holiness. No G-d. I have now seen the Devil. I have looked him in the eye. His name is Editor-in-Chief Eshaan Joshi.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.