

KGB PRESENTS

readME

RETRACES ITS STEPS

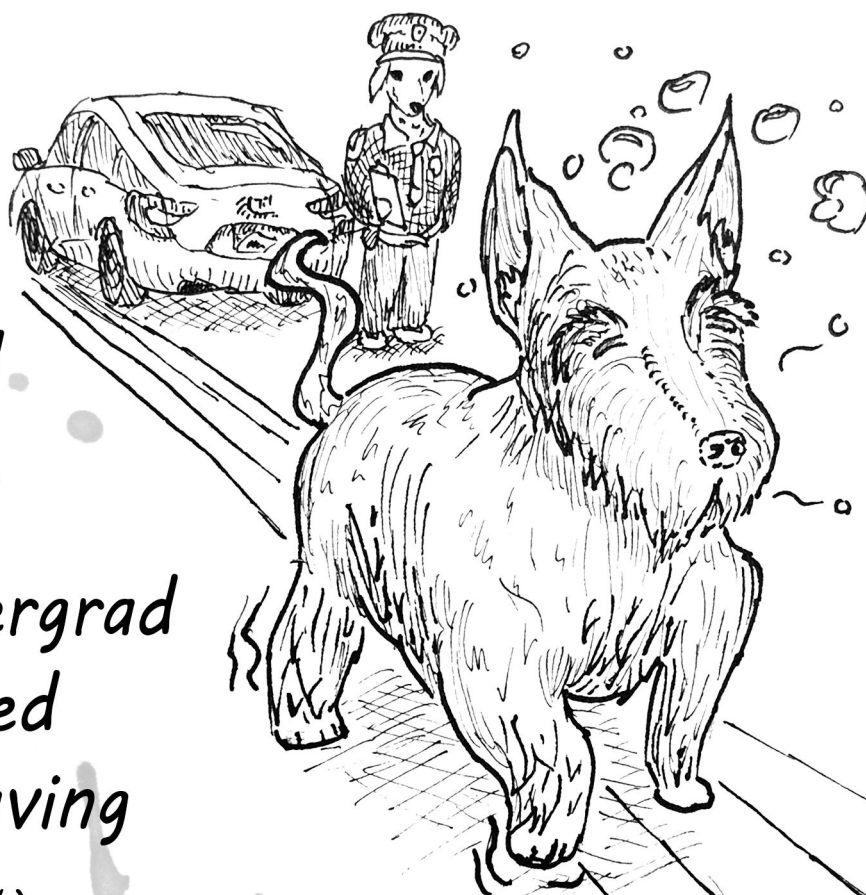
*Wait, People
Actually Read
This? (pg. 8)*

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Senate Exposed
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

ESHAAN JOSHI



CMUREADME.COM

I wrote this article while drunk

Bertie Wooster

Recovering from some debauch

It's 2:17 AM. I've stumbled my way back to my dorm from some other person's dorm. Don't worry, their neighbors didn't complain. Or, at least, we couldn't hear any complaints. There's vomit in the trash can and trash on the floor. The trash can is also on the floor. My dignity's in the trash too. Anyways, my laptop screen is blindingly bright and my roommate's just fallen asleep again. They woke up just to yell at me for arriving back at this unholy hour.

Why do I do this? Not because I'm an alcoholic. An alcoholic could never sustain a career as a successful writer. I'm drunk because I have made the bold decision to write this article while completely sloshed. For the new insights it is offering and will offer. This is different from my other articles, which I write on Adderall.

You see, sobriety creates lies. It's a sterile and formulaic process shackled by grammar, coherence and self-restraint. Sober Me outlines. Sober Me uses Oxford commas. Sober Me uses transitions (and, like any true CMU student, dreams of transitioning to the opposite gender. Unfortunately, alcohol hasn't fixed this). Drunk Me, however, is a visionary. Drunk Me understands that true genius stems not from restraint and the prefrontal cortex but from somewhere more southern and incontinent. When barriers are down, truth may reign. In vino veritas. The Greeks knew what was up. And you know what truths are being suppressed by society, God, and Farnam? The big ones. About CMU.

Sober Me would never examine the real questions: Why are there so many squirrels on campus? Did they immigrate from Squirrel Hill? Why do none of the other fauna get scared when people approach? On the other hand, I'm extremely afraid right now: Is there a camera aimed at the free Narcan in the UC? And if they're watching the Narcan, who knows what else they're watching? Like those 3.7 seconds of desperate, yearning eye contact I made last Thursday with a guy outside Baker. Was that hot guy gay or CFA? Is there a difference? I have the questions and the answers.

First, sober science calls them rodents. They're not. They're parts of a neural network gathering big data for SCS. Squirrel Hill is where

the pruned weights go to live. Think I'm nuts? Fine, but when ASI (Artificial Squirrel Intelligence) arrives, don't come crying to me. Now, the other animals. They don't get scared because we're CMU students. We're nothing in the face of a rabbit. Have you seen the size of their teeth? Of course you have. You're probably a furry.

On to the Narcan. There's a camera. Duh! But the camera's not for CMUPD to catch students. It's for a sinister plot the school of drama is up to. They don't have time to get high anymore, so they watch us for inspiration on how to play their roles in Long Day's Journey. Also, please don't ask why I'm thinking about Narcan after a party. I plead the Fifth; let's move on.

And the hot guy. I could talk all night about hot guys but, sadly, the answer is obvious. At this point, the math major part of my brain that I haven't managed to fully drown in alcohol wants me to say that CFA is a subset of gay. Regardless, he's not CFA or gay. He's a figment of my sleep-deprived imagination. There are no hot people at CMU. Not with our sleep schedules and hygiene.

Speaking of which, let's talk about the body. Specifically, my body's current situation with gravity. My head feels like a leaden weight while my feet are like helium balloons. This means I was able to walk up the stairs to my room without stumbling. Besides alcohol making CMU students more coordinated (two wrongs do make a right!), I am now able to connect with the campus in my new state of enlightenment. I've always wondered why Wean's so ugly. Now I know. The whole building is a giant Turing machine designed to separate the functional from the ... oh god, the room is spinning. Focus. The point is, you need to be drunk to see the genius of the weird mix of brutalist, gothic revival, and neopool tile architecture on the campus we share.

People! I love my fellow students, even you. Because you work and you work. And so when I don't, I'm special. I'm a rebel for being a normal college student, I'm a rock star for being invited to a party, I'm an outlier for having a social life. At any other school, I'd be a dork. So, as I finally reach a word count of 750 (thank you for counting, Google Docs), I raise my glass—or I would, if I hadn't knocked it over halfway through—to you. Shit, it spilled onto my keyiafbnjkd

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



NOT DEER

I would like to preface this article by saying that drunk driving is a serious crime. It is entirely irresponsible to get on the road after throwing back a few cold ones, even if maybe you had a long day at work, and man oh man those Modelos were looking so damn crisp in the moonlight, covered in little dew drops just like in the ads. So maybe you ignored those calls from your piece of shit ex-wife and took the long way back through rural PA. Maybe you saw a deer in the road, but you were going like 20 miles over and singing along to a little Bruce Springsteen, you know the song, so you swerved to the best of your abilities, which honestly weren't that impaired because you handle alcohol well. And maybe in swerving to dodge that deer, you plowed straight through a second deer you hadn't seen. That all would make you a fundamentally evil and irresponsible person, unless maybe you were just going through a rough patch. All that said, while conducting some... research, I happened upon a fresh deer carcass, but I when I went to get a better look, I noticed something off about its eyes. They were facing forward, like a predator's eyes, and its teeth were sharper, almost human. I stuffed the body into the trunk of my car to take back to my lab, but when I got back, the creature had vanished. Now I can't fall asleep without seeing that fucker outside my window, yelling for help.

Argumentative Essay

"Roan Tysh"

76-212 A: *Argumentation and Analysis*

In this course, I (along with my peers) have developed fundamental skills in argumentation—both the synthesis and analysis of argument, and its application in a modern context. In this essay, I have been asked to take a side on one of the most controversial issues in today's America, and to use the skills this course has emphasized in order to advance my supposedly informed perspective. But I believe this is a poor approach, and I suggest an alternative, hopefully without ceding the 20% of my final grade which this paper comprises.

In 2009, former president Barack Obama famously invited Harvard professor Henry Louis Gates and police sergeant James Crowley to the White House, after a disagreement which sparked broader controversy over policing and racial profiling. Obama's approach was to "discuss the situation over beers," and that is exactly the approach I propose for the issue this paper discusses, despite its different scope.

I suggest that both sides should come to my apartment, where we can discuss in a more informal manner this issue which has brought about so

much impassioned debate, while sipping some cool, refreshing beers. Writing a single paper arguing for a single stance would not bring about understanding; I strongly believe in our need for a dialogue, and particularly one which is facilitated by a nice couple of beers.

I could go for a beer right now, honestly. Writing any essay goes a lot smoother with a beer or two in your system, that's what my dad always said. God rest his soul. It doesn't even have to be beer. Cheap grocery store red wine brings about a different sort of scholarly conversation. Something a little more refined, a dialectic if you will. I can never just drink a single glass of wine. They should honestly make the glasses bigger.

Invite both sides to my apartment, my door's always open. We can take a few shots and cry over the state of America, and ultimately I don't think this one little political divide is going to change much of our trajectory. Hey you, dear reader, my professor: you should also show up, since you seem so invested in this whole damn charade. Just you, me, representatives of both sides of this national dispute, and a folding table actively warping under the weight of all the bottles. Have you ever snorted something before?

I Was Abducted and Brought to the Mellon Institute

Bertie Wooster
Exceedingly moderate in my potations

It was a normal Thursday night, meaning I had one tequila soda, one IPA, three tequila sodas, and a Celsius. I was walking back to my dorm from Squirrel Hill when a bright light appeared over me. All of a sudden, I found myself falling over. I assumed it was God. Or the police. Or the police acting in service of God. But no, it was far worse and stranger.

When I woke up, I was lying on a steel table in the Mellon Institute. You know, the only building with sixty-two columns that's not in Greece, though it's nearly as long a walk. Imagine the Parthenon but for biologists and chemists who haven't felt joy since their own undergrad in the Bush administration. I was able to recognize it from the scent of mildew and the faint screams of monkeys being experimented on. They (my captors, not the monkeys) were communicating in a strange language I initially took for German: "Bond angles," "pseudopodia," "pi orbitals," "ligand exchange." Absolute nonsense. I tried to scream out for help but all that I could manage was "I'm in Tepper!" This only seemed to anger them. They then probed me, but not in the fun way. First, someone stuck a pipette or something up my nose. Next, a group of aids sent me through the MRI. One of them whispered, "We're going to determine your resonance frequency." I think they meant my GPA. Thankfully, it's excellent, in spite of such brutal classes as Business Presentations and Management Game.

Anyway, I blacked out again and awoke in a tiny room lined with old, yellowing journals. They forced me to sign an NDA, which I'm currently violating, and then threatened to make me TA a lab section. Why, you ask? Well, they want more funding—a LOT more funding—and I've apparently been bioengineered into the perfect weapon. It's a genius move: because of the sheer absurdity of their plan, any attempt to bring attention to the matter be dismissed as hangover ravings. Their ultimate goal is to implant me as a spy in Tepper and force me to reroute the funds. Speaking of implants, they put something in me. I don't know what. Since then, I've noticed strange changes: I can identify solvents by smell, I get aroused near Bunsen burners, and I involuntarily hiss when someone mentions Dietrich.

They finally released me onto Fifth Avenue at dawn. Before I left, one scientist touched my forehead and I experienced a moment of telepathic visions: a grad student crying in a stairwell, a failed grant proposal, and an escaped mouse hiding under the vending machine. I also saw the heat death of the universe, or perhaps just a professor waiting for their paper to be published. And, at that moment, I understood the pain that comes with being in MCS, toiling away day and night in a department with a mediocre US News Ranking for a pitiful salary. At least, I imagine I would have felt something, if they had remembered to give me empathy.

I managed to stumble home, reeking of acetone, my memories fragmented. My roommate doesn't believe me, and I have no friends to confide in, only a series of individuals I've networked with. If you see me around campus, twitching as I pass a fume hood, know I've seen the other side.

I wrote this article while sober

J.P. Crawfish
Has never even heard of alcohol

We the twenty two ago, in order to psshhh. I just think that we'd be good together, ya know. Like like as friends. It's fine I gotta catch the bus. The bus! I'm gonna walk walk away. Ring around the rosy. Cool. Cool. It's fine. I'm just gonna lie down. Play some some tetris. All the blocks fit in together. So perfect. The line, it disappeared. Why? Why did it go? Awayyy. The lights are too bright. Like life. Psshhh. I'm a coward.

Read Me's Recipes from Last Night

Rock Buddy
Life of the party, death of the establishment

The SCS:

- One Monster Energy Ultra White
- One Vanilla Yoplait
- Two shots of Raspberry Vodka

The Tepper:

- One shot of Blue Diamond
- One shot of Coffee Liqueur
- Coke

Served with a silver spoon.

The "White Boy speaking a little Espanol":

- A shot of tequila with a depressed lime and salt spilled into the drink
- "Arriba, abajo, acentro, adentro"

The Wedding Crasher:

- Four shots of Tequila
- Two shots of Bailey's
- Pepsi and Milk to Taste
- Four regrettable text messages

The Amnesty Call:

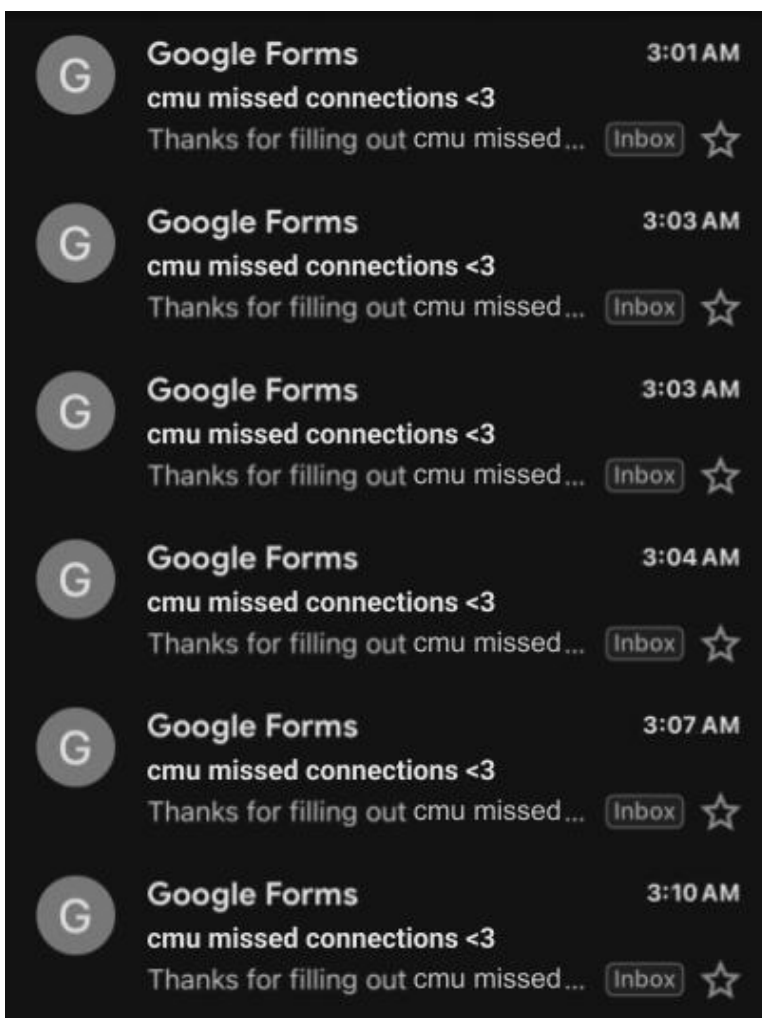
- Two shots of Hennessy
- Orange Juice
- One overly nosy RA
- Talented Acting Skills
- A night in the ER

The ReadMe Writing Staff Special:

- \$10 worth of Celsius at Entropy
- A bottle of Smirnoff
- Someone else's Adderall
- Ringing Ears, Blurred Vision
- Voices from the ceiling

The AA meeting:

- Mott's Grape Juice :(



Wait, people actually read this?

J.P. Crawfish
Would like an internship

Just to like confirm, people read this shit? Like, this? Like ReadMe? This ReadMe? There's not a different ReadMe CMU satire magazine right? Just this one? Which to reiterate, people read?

I thought this magazine only existed to use up our print quota. I thought we only put this magazine out to weigh down the newspaper stands so they don't blow away in the harsh Pittsburgh weather. I thought that perhaps a passing student could make a fun ReadMe paper hat to amuse themselves in passing, but I never thought someone would read it.

Let me get this straight. People have time. They don't have much of it but they have some. And they use this time - which they don't have much of - to read ReadMe. To bend down slightly, pick up a ReadMe, and read it with their eyes. People only have two eyes! And they're using both of them on ReadMe? Like, you get why I'm having trouble believing this, right?

Oh no. If people actually read this, which I'm still not convinced they do, that means they're reading this article? Like right now? You know what, that's fine. I'm super chill about that. I feel fine. I'm feeling so ok and normal and chill.

As I ponder the acquiescence of this periodical by a public able to discern their own literary free will, I question the impact of this renowned technical institution of higher learning on the well being of its student population. While I possess an understanding that the more avant-garde among us may enjoy the esoteric proclivities of this occurred biweekly, ReadMe's readership among the general Carnegie Mellon populace continues to elude me. This particular line of inquiry has proven to be a persistent source of cognitive unrest, prompting prolonged periods of nocturnal wakefulness.

Fuck it. I give up. I'd like to sincerely apologize for everything I've ever written and will ever write, and for everything my colleagues have ever written and will ever write. I'm getting a pseudonym for my pseudonym and moving to an undisclosed location within the Pittsburgh metropolitan area.

Are you a reader of THE TARTAN?

No? We're not surprised!

Read The Tartan if you hate:

- Asking Questions
- Independently Verified Claims
- Proofread Work
- Anything Other Than Interviews
- Proper Kerning

...AND MORE!

"After all, just because someone said it, doesn't mean it's true"
-that guy over there



Boeing's Accident Rate Drops 15% After Buying a Slightly More Expensive 3D Printer

Whis L. Blower

Mysteriously died by 57 shots to back of head

EVERETT, WA

After a streak of disastrous quarters for the aerospace industry giant Boeing, a new audit reveals that their commercial airliner accident rate has fallen by approximately 15%. Internal memorandums note a new development at R&D is to thank for this success: an upgrade to the 3D printers used on Boeing's assembly lines. Keen-eyed observers have been quick to note that the new printers are the exact same model as the previous ones, just more expensive now that they've gone off sale. "Money really can solve problems," said one Boeing research executive, gesturing to images of the new printers. "You ever hear that saying, 'you get what you pay for'?" Well, we tossed a bit of green at the hoopla and it just went poof! Hahahaha!" When further questioned about what exactly in the production process changed, his seemingly jovial attitude disappeared and he replied, "Shut up."

At Boeing's official Q3 2025 conference later that day, CEO Kelly Ortberg took the

floor to address the company's reputational rebound. "It is with great pleasure that I announce our planes are now 15% less likely to fall out of the sky!" he joked, which was met with nervous chuckles. He continued, "Going forward, we're looking to implement more of our new 3D printers into commercial jet production. I mean, who hasn't wanted to fly in a plane made of PLA?" Immediately, a brave soul from the press pool jumped up to question Ortberg about the company's history of cutting corners and if these new 3D printers were just a distraction from their shortcomings. "Cutting corners? Who is 'Corners'? Are they okay?" he replied while getting ready to receive an additional \$7.5 million in stock options. A fellow journalist leaned over to me and whispered, "Yikes, this guy has some seriously fucked up vibes," which I unfortunately can not agree nor disagree with as an arbiter of the most unbiased truths here at readME. However, if I were to hypothetically say that I agree with their hypothetical statement, then that hypothetically wouldn't be wrong. Hypothetically.



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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

Rejected Headlines #27

- Megachurch forms PokéStop
- CMU to sponsor 12-hour continuous drinking challenge
- MAHA movement vows to move Stack'd off-campus to lower student obesity
- CMU student lives in a barrel, claims it's better than first year housing
- CS Senior devastated that he must complete Masters to finally fuck computer
- The existential horror of nap time: A retrospective
- Student Government shutdown looms as Senate fails to ratify budget
- Tripping out in Roberts Engineering Hall
- There is nothing funny about erectile dysfunction
- Drinking in Young Adult Duos Study discovers new kind of alcohol poisoning

All this and more, not in this issue!