

Freshmen take part in Tate McRae raves in abandoned CaPS offices

@tqte.mcra3_hq on twt
racists dni <33

If your evening strolls ever take you past E-Tower at dusk on Fridays, you may inexplicably be drawn to an ethereal siren song issuing from some secluded room on the first floor. I advise you, dear reader, to resist the temptation to investigate – for I have probed the depths of the CaPS offices and lived to tell the tale. I will give you one piece of advice: if you are ever brave enough to go back, it's possible that you'll never return.

As many know, the first floor of E-Tower is home to old counseling offices long left to rot after the curious happenings I now describe to you. Now, the building's bottom floor is characterized by flashes of colored light that emanate from the first floor lounge and a faint aura of unease among all those unlucky enough to reside within. For those friendless freshmen seeking the ultimate "move" on a Friday night, the vaguely club-like atmosphere with pulsating neon lights and distinctly un-thumping bass seems a promising source for checked-off Rice Purity Tests – but it is ultimately the mellifluous voice of one Canadian sweetheart that entices them to stay, often with unexpected results.

I am speaking, of course, of Tate McRae. As a reality show finalist who rose to fame

through being played repeatedly on every single radio station known to mankind and CapCut edits made by zealous thirteen-year-olds, McRae has firmly cemented herself as the face of all pregame party music ever. The Heritage Foundation has described her hit song "Greedy" as pairing especially well with \$10 blue raspberry vodka – a suggestion that it seems many a desperate freshman has taken to heart, as we will soon see.

McRae's music, which anonymous student sources have described as "hard" and "do you know why her music genre is called shoegaze," has led rise to a curious phenomenon that we at ReadMe have coined the "Tate McRave": a gathering of wide-eyed and sometimes vomiting college freshmen crowding around a single speaker blasting McRae's latest albums, swaying in a stupor and refusing to leave until the morning. We do not know how this situation reached Carnegie Mellon, but we are certain that it is here to stay, and that it has begun taking on a darker meaning than any of us could have thought possible. One student found alone and shaking within last Friday's McRave was held and questioned by ReadMe as to their involvement in the event, but all they were able to say before suddenly passing out was:

"She should be allowed to win Best New Artist."

Student Dies of Autoerotic Asphyxiation on Donner Swings

Whis L. Blower
As seen on LiveLeak

PITTSBURGH, PA

In a first-of-its-kind incident for CMU, a student has passed away from asphyxiation by autofellatio, otherwise known as a "self-suck incident." Eyewitnesses report that late Thursday night, the victim approached the playground swings in the Donner Ditch, pulled their pants down, and proceeded to assume a position on the swings akin to that of a capsized frog. The student then used the tangential inertia of their torso as they swung to push their mouth over their genitals, a move described by onlookers as "kinky" and "actually kinda impressive."

As the student continued to autofellate, they had their Icarus moment, swinging too high and subsequently falling off the swings. They fell on their head, forcefully shoving their mouth so far down their own phallus that they then proceeded to asphyxiate and, minutes later, die. We asked the student's roommate, who has chosen to remain anonymous, what they think of the whole ordeal. "It's honestly kinda tuff, going out like that," the roommate said, "I couldn't think of a better way to die than to do so while getting some sloppy topsey."

I Just Shat Myself in a Macys

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis
Please bring a change of pants

Please bring a change of pants
Its 1 am on a Saturday night and I am in a Macys
I didn't know they had Macys anymore
Why am I in a Macy's

I ate 4 whole blocks of cheese before coming to Macys
I asked the Macys empoolye where the bathroom was
There is no bathroom in this Macys

I really have to poop
But there is not bathroom
I just shat myself

are you texting an UNDERCOVER COP?

Do you know where a fella can buy
some perquisite?

should i blow on the cartridges
before i smoke them

Meet me by the big blue phone on
Skibo

know the signs.

Undergrad Senate Exposed for Really Craving Wingstop

Stella Cedar & Whis L. Blower
Hungry for the news

PITTSBURGH, PA
(*Whis L. Blower*)

In a shocking turn of events this past Tuesday, the Undergraduate Student Senate, a committee of 38 seemingly famished individuals, has been secretly indulging themselves in oodles of the most mediocre fried chicken known to mankind. Now you, reader, might be asking, "Whoa Whis, what's up with the hostility right out of the gate? Aren't you supposed to be an unbiased arbiter of the truth?" to which I would say, yes, but I am also craving mediocre fried chicken. So I am jealous.

Further details have revealed that the Senate, through a line item known as "Tummy Expenses," has spent over \$12,000 on Wingstop catering. (One must imagine the delivery fees!) In a breakdown of catering order logs obtained by readMe, we have discovered that the most popular items include heaps of seasoned fries, extra ranch cups, and plain boneless wings. Yes, that's right. Plain. Boneless. Wings—a choice described by one passionate student as "so heretical, I had to attend confessional to rid myself of the sin of ever having known that information." While readMe awaits a joint public statement from the Senate, my fellow investigative journalist, Stella, went into the field to gauge the reactions of those most affected.

(*Stella Cedar*)

Thanks Whis. While trying to navigate the protests that erupted in front of the CUC today, I ran into one fresh face of

the Undergrad Senate; they confessed with head hung, "Listen folks, I had the munchies. I was only there for the food, frankly. I don't even know what the Undergrad Senate does." Polls indicate the back half of that statement is a common sentiment amongst the general student population. Following up, I asked the Senate member if they had any information on why the executive office had been renovated for the second time in 5 years. My query was unfortunately met with silence.

At the same moment, a student took to standing atop the Scotty pedestal in the CUC courtyard to rile up some gathering protestors with a scandalous new detail. "Whoever in that gaudy group of crooks that's responsible for pushing the chicken-on-demand button also conveniently always misses the 'tip your driver' button! Curious!" she remarked. "One would imagine that if they wanted to avoid shelling out the extra cash to compensate whoever has to lug their poultry around, maybe they'd invest some of that \$18,000 executive package in a club vehicle!" Cheers for the speaker and roars of anger erupted at the scene. At this time, I can't offer any further updates on the situation, Whis, but rest assured that I'll remain on site bringing you the breaking news if any new developments occur. Back to you.

(Whis L. Blower)

Well, this has been an event for the ages, folks. Yet, no matter who you align with, I think we can all agree on one thing—if you're gonna spend a small fortune on Wingstop, at least have them toss some sauce on your glorified nuggets.

I Woke Up and My Butt Print was on the Fence

Violet R. Blu
Caught red-cheeked

When I opened my eyes that fateful morning, I saw evidence of last night's rager all over the room. It looked like your average CMU party. Beakers of titrated Hennessy littered the kitchen table. Kilts were strewn about on the ground, some with accompanying pairs of tartan underwear. Someone cuddled on the couch with a monitor depicting Tank's sleeping face. I tried to parse my fuzzy memories, but I had no idea how I ended up there.

When I stood up, I felt a cool breeze hit the back of my legs. It struck me as strange, considering I wasn't a kilt person. I looked down and realized I had no bottoms on. The memories came rushing back in an instant. I ran to the bathroom and looked at my butt in the mirror. Just as I had suspected, it was covered in bright red paint.

I scrubbed it off, stole a pair of pants from the host, and did the walk of shame back to my dorm. For most of my journey, I remained lost in thought, wondering when my drunken behavior would come back to haunt me like the vengeful ghosts in Hamerschlag Hall. I didn't have to wonder for long. When I walked by the Fence, I noticed that it had a fresh coat of paint—complete with the shape of my posterior rendered in striking vermilion.

My face turned the same color. I buried my head in shame and ran into Doherty Hall, but I couldn't escape it. People were already talking about the mysterious artist. They coined all sorts of names. "Backside Banksy". "Leonardo da Vincheek". "Pablo PicASSo".

I was certain I'd be ruined once they found out it was me. My reputation would be compromised. My family would shun me. My job prospects would disappear. I felt better once I remembered I had no job prospects to lose, but anxiety still raced through me. I cowered in a bathroom stall.

After a while, I overheard two girls talking about the butt print. One of them complimented the beautiful, pear-like silhouette while the other extolled the firm, yet elastic nature of the cheeks. One even inquired about the artist's glute routine (which, if you're curious, consists of walking up and down the Scott Hall stairs looking for Wild Blue). My entire day turned around. I left the bathroom stall determined to embrace my new life as an artist. I am proud to announce that my first exhibit, "Moon Over Pittsburgh", will open at the Carnegie Museum this spring.



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chance

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