

Volume 4

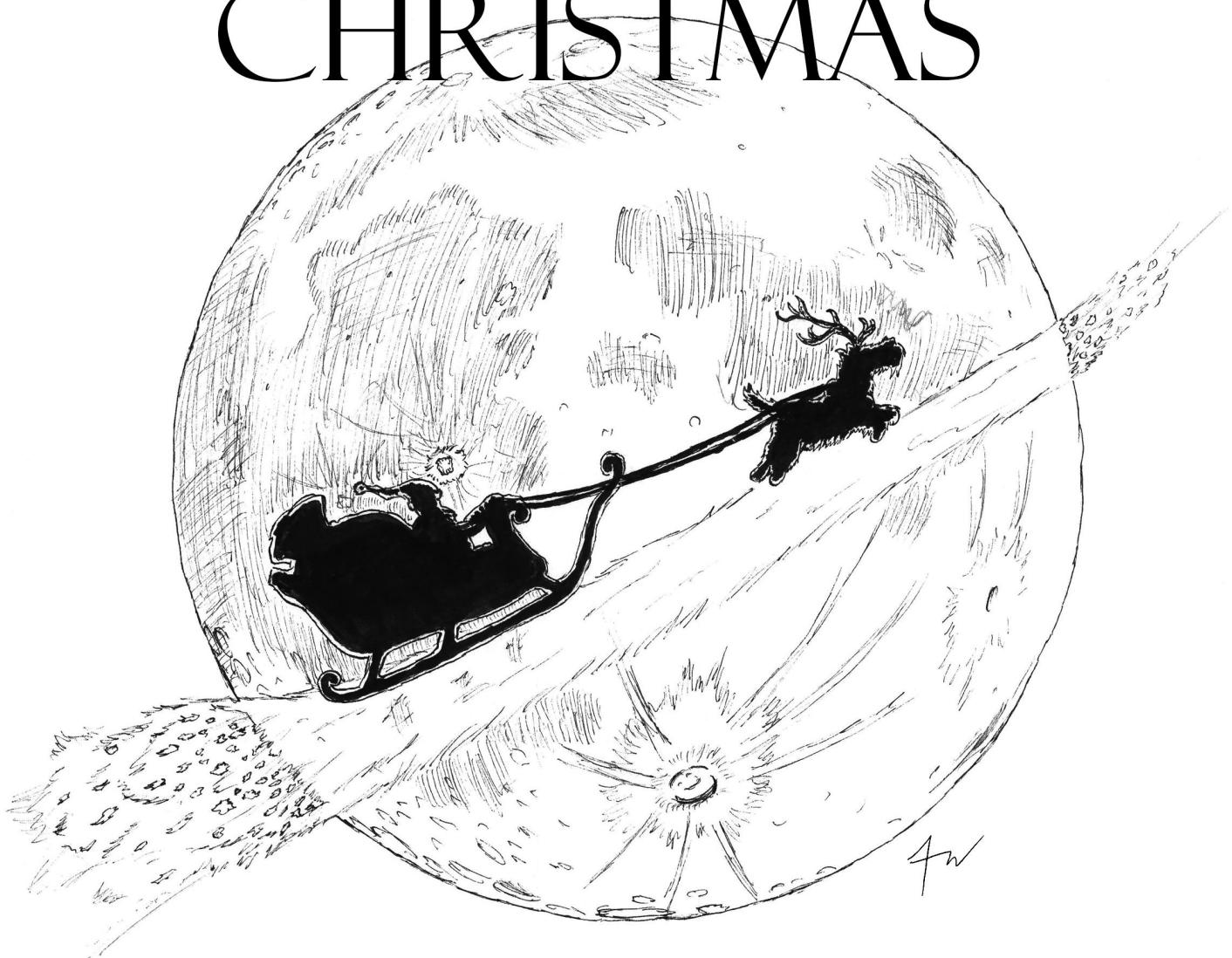
Issue 7

KGB PRESENTS

# readME

A VERY README

CHRISTMAS



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# An Open Letter to CaPS

Jupiter

*Can I offer some advice in this trying time?*

It's that time of year again: Finals Week. Soon, classes will end and the excitement of the end of the semester will kick in. By excitement, I mean, absolute panic. Panic about failing exams, panic about failing classes, panic about your mom's weird boyfriend at Christmas dinner. With this exciting time of year comes an increased number of calls to CaPS, the university's counseling and psychological services. Now, I know that finals can be an annoying time for CaPS with all these kids calling, whining about their "mental struggles." I understand, it gets tiring. Since when did CaPS become the friend that you always go to vent to?

That's why I want to help out by providing some numbers you can give students who just won't stop asking for advice and support.

## 605-475-6968: The Rejection Hotline

An oldie, but a goodie. When you just need a simple way to get rid of those annoying freshmen panicking about missing their mommies, consider the rejection hotline. This number will politely let those pesky students know that you're not interested in their problems and that they need to find a new university service to bother.

## 646-926-6614: The Mary Sue Rejection Hotline

When the rejection hotline didn't deter students from crying to you about getting academic probation or not being able to afford \$60000 tuition, consider the slightly less polite Mary Sue rejection hotline. This number will be firm in letting students know that their incessant calling crosses your boundaries. It encourages them to consider how their whining makes you feel and to do better in the future. Maybe then they'll keep their mental breakdowns to themselves.

## 248-434-5508: Rick-Roll

If there are students who just won't give up, constantly trying to schedule times to talk about their problems, move beyond reason and send them to the Rick-Roll. This number will play the classic Rick Astley song "Never Gonna Give You Up." Perhaps this Rick Roll will be the final straw and get them to give it up, finally ridding you of their finals week complaining.

## Your Ex's Phone Number

If all else fails, bring out the big guns. Think of your most annoying ex and send those depressed kids their way. Maybe they'll talk about your ex's weird politics or their strange new partner that they cheated on you with. Just a warning, choosing this option may cause your ex and those pesky kids to bond over their distaste for you, forming a super pack of hating you. On the bright side, those depressed students may now tell your ex about their final woes.

I hope that this small selection of phone numbers can give CaPS some tools to fend off the rabid students of Carnegie Mellon during these trying times.



We're looking for you and your skills, or lack thereof,  
Saturdays at 5 in DH1211

This issue of readme is brought to you by:

**Editors:** Eshaan Joshi, Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Mihir Deshpande, Tali Kirschenbaum

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**Artists:** Benner Rogers, Violet R. Blu, Rock Buddy, Air Conditioner

**Tech Team:** Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, "Roan Tysh"

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

# CMU Finals rife with cheating

A Dead Jellyfish

*In search of a Jello mold*

A nefariously novel method of cheating was discovered this finals season when exam proctors noticed a student squinting quite obviously at the back of the head of the student in front of them. At first, the proctor suspected the cheater was simply engaged in a futile attempt to see through the head of the person in the next row and view their exam paper. Knowing such a pursuit would be laughably fruitless, the proctor at first paid this strange behavior no mind. However, as the cheater continued to glance back down at their exam paper and back up at the head in front of them, the proctor began to suspect that some heinous activity was afoot.

Indeed, when confronted about their strange actions, the cheater confessed that the person sitting in front of them had had their buzz cut shaved in such a way that hairs one millimeter shorter than the rest spelled out a crucial equation on the test. The cheater revealed that they had scoped out the testing site beforehand, consulted the alphabetical class roster, and ran simulations to determine who was most likely to be sitting directly in front of them during the test.

When the student sitting in front of the cheater was contacted, they claimed, "I didn't even have a buzz cut until the morning of the final. I've worn my hair long all my life, and yesterday, I just woke up like this. I thought my roommate had played a prank on me!" Security camera footage of the night before the final revealed a shadowy figure sneaking into the dorm through the newly-shorn student's window.

Other students flaunting a buzz cut during the final were then contacted. Each of them denied any knowledge of the equations that were buzzed into the back of their heads, although one did remember having a dream in which they were being attacked by a swarm of noisy bees.

In light of recent events, all students who have another final in the next week must have their heads shaved bald.

## Rejected Headlines #28

- Professor suspended after CMU student argues "Proof by God" valid Concepts tool.
- Top 10 CMU buildings I'd pick up if I were Godzilla.
- OPINION: Are Icebreakers hazing?
- Dreamworks newest IP revealed: "How to train your LLM".
- My Professor Had One Comment After Viewing My Final Project: "This Sucks"
- Club snipes channels are starting to become real passive aggressive.
- Construction of Roko's Basilisk Pegged to Begin 2026, Per OpenAI, Meta.
- "I don't have any finals this semester, just two projects, three papers..."
- CMU students take Pitt finals: "It's nice to be good at something".
- You could be sledding right now, but you're not.
- Courses to begin offering bonus points for students willing to let TAs heckle them while they take the exam.
- Student Senate Elections Board excited to see more students than ever interesting in voting them out
- End of semester reflection: That O-week situationship *was* a really good idea.

All this and more, not in this issue!

Paid for by:  
Mugging carolers  
and stealing  
from Santa

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Editor-in-Chief: Eshaan Joshi

KGB PRESENTS

# readME

Christmas : Free  
Spirit : \$3

*the issue in which we  
realize that the academic  
comeback may no longer be  
possible*

## 4 Hacks to get an extension

WP  
*Procrastinator*

It's that time of year again. You got nothing done over Thanksgiving Break, and if you're one of those California "people" that go home for the holiday, then you've also managed to get enough exposure to above-40-degree weather to reverse whatever progress you have made building up a cold tolerance. Great. On top of this, you're starting to feel a disturbing sense that all your final projects are due in the same week. Nauseatingly, you're also starting to realize that all your final exams are during the week after. Crazy how that happens. It is normal to feel overwhelmed, especially when professors don't seem to be aware of all this. Fortunately, there are several strategies that you can use to persuade them to give you a few extra days.

1) Explain your situation to your professor. If you can see them in person during office hours, do that. Say that you have been very busy this semester and that their class was lowest on your priority list, so naturally you did not waste your time thinking about their dumb project. Professors will appreciate your honesty, apologize for their stupid class interfering with your other

classes, and give you a few more days.

2) Refuse to complete the project as a form of nonviolent protest against the rat race nature of capitalism. (Chicks dig this.)

3) Get hit by a car. Thankfully, Andrew Carnegie had the foresight to consider this option when choosing a location for the school. Pittsburgh offers several choice options, all within walking distance of campus or easily accessible through the PRT. Center/Baum/Negley is a classic and stylish choice, conveniently close to the Aldi and a small bridge that you can use as a backup. For a more hip statement, consider Forward/Murray/Pocasset with its 5-way intersection and a gas station parking lot placed at a reasonably unreasonable angle to the rest of the roads.

4) Drop out. You can just lie about your education on LinkedIn. Round up to the nearest degree. They don't check.

Good luck! Communication is an important part of life, and asking for an extension is great practice for dealing with uncomfortable situations by making others even more uncomfortable.

All the news unfit to print

cmureadme.com

## Homework Trouble

Violet R. Blu  
*Conveniently Inconvenienced*

Dear Professor Choset,

I hope you are having a wonderful day so far. I wanted to inform you of some extenuating circumstances that may delay the submission of my Introduction to Robotics final. You see, Professor Choset, I built the spiffiest little robot anyone's ever seen. It walked and talked and did everything a robot should. I was jumping for joy, excited to show you and the other students of 16-311 my technological marvel. But what happened, Professor Choset, was that another mechanical creature ran up to my project and tore it asunder! I looked at the little fiend's collar and discovered it was none other than the Boston Dynamics dog. In a moment of deep anguish, I wiped my tears with my blueprints. As such, I will not be able to rebuild my project.

I hope, Professor Choset, that this small blemish does not affect my otherwise stellar performance in your class. Have an amazing rest of your week!

Sincerely,  
Violet R. Blu

(P.S. I have yet to receive a response to my previous email. I would once again like to request that my 69.4 be rounded to a 70.)

## Christmas tips for children of divorce

Inverse Parental Alienator  
*It takes a village*

Are you a child of divorce who struggles on holidays? Having two separate Christmas parties can be disappointing and painful, especially for those of you whose parents tolerate each other's presence enough to come together on your birthday. Well, I have the solution for you! Just follow these simple steps to maximize your holiday experience:

Wait for your parents to start dating again. This process may take some years, but make sure to encourage them every step of the way. Say things like "Of course I don't have a problem with you dating a woman twenty years younger than you!" If your parents are struggling to get back into the dating game, consider making them a Hinge profile to attract potential partners you will be able to get along with.

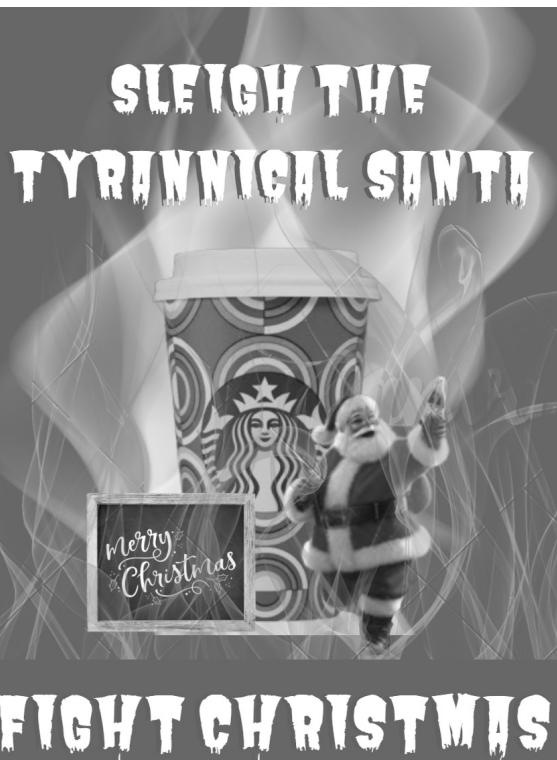
Build a good relationship with your parents' respective partners. Bond with them by making fun of the parts of your parents they find annoying. Find topics your parents aren't interested in but their partners are, and read up

on them to endear yourself to your parent's partner without your parent's interference.

Break up your parents and their respective partners. Tell your father's girlfriend she deserves better than a cynical, self-centered man-child. Ruin your mother's sex life by starting the coffee grinder outside her room every time you hear moaning.

Profit. Now you have a total of four parental figures, each of whom feels sorry for causing so much upheaval in your home life. Reassure each of them that you want to spend time with them during the holidays. On each parental figure's Christmas, regift them your least favorite present from the previous Christmas. Delight in the quadrupled number of gifts you receive (because, of course, none of them will coordinate with each other to buy gifts for you). If you're lucky, there should be enough enmity between some of them that you can get at least one extra birthday. Repeat.

*Disclaimer: This strategy may also result in quadrupled travel time, quadrupled guilt-tripping, and/or quadrupled scheduling conflicts.*



FIGHT CHRISTMAS

# Innovative research on inducing of maximal misery

**Dr. Evil**  
PhD Economics, Slippery Rock University

With final exams fast approaching, overall misery levels on campus are rising steadily. While CMU is one of the top schools in the nation in overall misery production per student, several changes can be implemented to greatly increase this ratio.

Misery is defined as the aggregate sum of various negative emotions such as stress, sadness, pain, jealousy, and others I don't really care to list. Examining the misery report from last finals season, CMU generated a large portion of its misery output from stress, which has one of the highest known misery conversion ratios. Stress achieves this by decaying into several strong negative emotions over time, with a single misery particle decaying into three depression particles and an imposter syndrome particle, with other trace emotions such as psychosis and rage occasionally being emitted as well.

While CMU is very effective at stress production during finals, there are several flaws in this system. Some classes are curved or otherwise grade-adjusted, which has been found to slightly decrease stress and thus overall misery levels. An obvious solution would be to remove grade adjustments across all courses, but recent studies have shown a more effective method. By stating that the class will be curved at the beginning of the year, and allotting a certain number of dropped assignments, students are lulled into a very low stress state. By applying a strong enough shock to the system around finals, stress levels are observed to sharply rise to a level much higher than what is normally possible. This effect is correlated with the strength of the shock, so for the given example a good idea would be to announce a week or two before finals that no assignments will be dropped and no curve will be applied. In addition, by not applying this shock to a small percentage of courses, misery loss via the shared burden effect can be minimized, with the benefit of also increasing envy production.

Weather is known to affect overall misery rate, with pleasant weather corresponding to upwards of a 30% loss in misery production, while sufficiently poor weather can double production under ideal conditions. This is one of the reasons why CMU's fall production is so high, as Pittsburgh's weather in early December is typically grey, cold, windy, and wet. Unfortunately, finals week weather is not always in this state. By seeding the clouds or using magic, CMU could alter the weather to ensure that the entire week will be bitterly cold and drizzly. This could also have applications for spring semester manipulation, although this remains unproven.

The best proven method, however, is announcing a 4% tuition raise the week before finals.

# A College Student's Guide to saving money

**Lord Duke His Majesty Higglebottoms**  
*Frugal*

As I wrap up my first semester of college, I have begun to reflect on all of the new experiences and people I have met. One of these is "poor people". College has exposed me to a breadth of new experiences and I have realized some people are in the unfortunate position of being "broke". Because of this, I have compiled my top money saving tips. I hope that this can help some unfortunate people, especially my roommate who I caught re-wearing outfits.

## Phones are rechargeable

I used to buy a new cellular phone every time mine died. This was costing me thousands of dollars every month. Then my genius roommate showed me that you can "recharge" phones and use them again and again. My current streak is 10 days on this phone.

## Consider cooking on your own

I used to have my private chef cook all 3 meals for me 7 days a week. However, I then discovered "cooking". This is a very hard thing to do, so I consider this an advanced money saving technique. However, I have now progressed to using the "microwave" to heat up extra food from dinner, I find that

adding caviar to "leftovers" makes them palatable. Because of this, I no longer need my chef to make my breakfast on the weekends.

## Use toilet paper

I used to wipe my ass with twenty dollar bills. However, my roommate just introduced me to this magical thing called toilet paper. It's way softer than dollar bills, and I think it's cheaper. I would highly recommend.

## Sell your holiday gifts

Parents can be quite forgetful. My dad has gifted me three horses in the past year because he keeps forgetting he already got me one. Plus I very clearly told him I want a unicorn. One way to generate "passive income" is to sell off these extra gifts. It can be hard to find a buyer for luxury race horses, but my roommate told me about this website called "ebay" so I might try there.

## Renegotiate your butler's salary

While your butler may have agreed to work for \$300,000, \$30,000 looks basically the same so there's no way they would notice. Plus they very generously get to live in my father's mansion so they should be grateful for the opportunity.

# Carnegie cracks down on Crystal Math

**Warren J. Caulfield**  
*Not a cop*

Crime cried for help in the quiet halls of Wean last night as an avalanche of crooked Material Science Engineers poured out of room 7500, breaking past red and blue barricades. A report submitted by a Mr. Benjamin Amstutz, a sophomore in MSE, detailed an organized plot to do crystal math during Structure of Materials. Mr. Amstutz, who lives in Fairfax 274 and leaves his door unlocked between 4 and 10 PM, wishes to remain anonymous, and so henceforth will be referred to as "Greg."

Though Greg contacted us by mistake, after a little interrogation he confessed his fears of being forced to do crystal math. CMUPD's top criminologist, a delightful guy with an English accent, made it very clear that, "Crystal math is a killer." Greg said he had done crystal math before but was aspiring to quit as soon as the semester was done.

While CMUPD is generally against drug rehabilitation, this provided them with the opportunity to bust more perps, which is universally regarded as a badass move.

Police cars were hauled up the Wean freight elevators to block the main doors and a sniper was positioned on the Hammerschlag roof to catch any dirty math-heads leaving out of the side exit. Armed police disguised as students came in from a hole drilled through 4 feet of certified Wean concrete to provide a discrete entrance. Upon entering, students found partaking in crystal math were quickly apprehended by canisters of tear gas. Those addicts never saw it coming.

One shackled miscreant reportedly cried out, "I was only following what the paper told me to do!" We have reason to suspect that this "paper" our druggie friend was referring to is a code word for LSD used in these underground drug rings. Naturally, CMUPD took appropriate action and emptied a round of gunfire into the no-good drug-smuggling student. "We haven't had this much excitement since the last steam tunnel bust!" one officer reports. "I'm just so glad we got to put this tuition increase to use," said another officer, who proceeded to fire a semi-automatic rifle into the lecture hall ceiling. God bless our country, amen.



Join  
Readme!



# Interview with a recent grad

**Benner Rogers**  
*Gainfully Unemployed*

Despite CMU's robust engineering programs, many recent graduates struggle to find a job right for them. Specifically, a job that doesn't involve sending missiles to third-world countries. README correspondent Benner Rogers sat down with a recent graduate to find out what makes today's job market so murderous.

## Could you state your name for the record?

Oh, I didn't think that far ahead. Uh, give me a second...

## Did...did you forget your own name?

Shut up. Just call me Engineer or something. Why do you wanna know anyways? What ever happened to privacy? People these days I swear. Uh... Can we just start the interview now?

## When did you graduate from Carnegie Mellon?

About a year and a half ago.

## And you've been looking for a job since then?

Well I've gotten a couple, but I haven't found any that I really want to work with you know? Like, nothing long term. At least, nothing long term that won't fire me when I start gambling on the

clock. Actually, can you strike that last bit from the record? I don't want my bosses to read that. You can do that, right?

## Yeah, we'll strike it. Now, why haven't you found a long term job you feel comfortable with?

Because they keep asking me to commit war crimes! Okay, maybe that's a bit dramatic. But every single job I apply to eventually comes out to be some military contractor working to build Super Bombs™ or something. I'm not even an anti-military guy, I just don't want to be the guy who invents the next step towards a nuclear winter. Once I was working on plans to create a more fuel-efficient crop dusting plane to spread pesticides. What would you know? Turns out it was actually for dispersing mustard gas. Another job I was working on had me overseeing construction of a rocket designed to improve location tracking technology. You'll never guess what that one turned out to be.

## Missiles?

FUCKING MISSILES!

It's absolutely insane! I'm not going to throw away my morals for a \$200,000 paycheck!

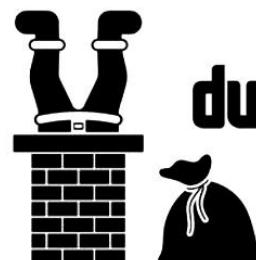
## How about \$300,000?

...No comment.



*Distracted students continue to get eaten by the automower//Rock Buddy*

**STAY SAFE FROM  
HOME INVADERS.  
LIGHT YOUR FIREPLACE.**



**duraflame**

# My Professor's Homophobia is really screwing me over

Jupiter  
Just trying to pass

I have to say, I have had the worst semester. No, not because of my bimonthly midterms or from that time I missed two months of lecture because I had the flu. Dear readers, my semester has been simply horrid because of the homophobia I have faced in my English class. Like, this discrimination is going to kill my QPA.

From the very beginning, I could just tell that this professor and I were going to have problems. First, we're sitting in lecture on the first day of class. The professor is droning on and on about the syllabus. But, the whole time, he's just staring at me! I look up, confused as to why his eyes are trained on me, only to realize he must have pegged me as the only queer person in class. Once I met his eyes, he turned back to board and continued droning on, seemingly too embarrassed to admit he was judging me. After staring in shock for a few moments, I looked back to my phone. Despite my shaking hand, I reopened Instagram reels. The sight of lesbians explaining their latest van restoration eased my nerves. After growing bored of reels, I stopped scrolling to text all my friends about this weird professor. The whole time, I could feel his eyes trained on me even as he spoke to the rest of the class.

Come midterms, I had slaved away for hours at my midterm paper, determined to show this guy that I deserved his respect. I took all his lessons to heart. In my paper, I included something about evidence, or maybe reasoning? Or maybe both? I double checked my work to be sure that each paragraph started with a sentence and had a topic. I submitted what I think was one of the best papers I've ever written. It had pizzazz! It reflected all the knowledge I had accumulated in this class thus far and showed all of my shining, queer personality. I knew it was going to show this professor that me and my community were not something to stare at or make snide comments about. But get this, once I got the grade back, I was shell-shocked! I got 60! In his comments, he said his grading of my paper was "generous" and that "a paper on the political views of my cat was not an appropriate topic." I was crushed. I had spent a lot of time getting my cat to sit down long enough to get a good grasp on his views. I just think this bad grade was just more excuses for his blatant homophobia.

Now, as we approach the end of the semester, I'm in trouble. Thanks to my professor's despicable views, I'm failing. If I don't pass this class, I'll have to take writing again. It's so unfair. None of my straight classmates have to deal with this. Just yesterday, I got a reminder from the professor to "finish my assignments." As if any of my classmates do theirs. It hardly seems fair to hold my missing assignments against me when there's just so many assignments. What's a few missing assignments here or there?

I can only hope that, by some miracle, my professor will see the error of his ways. I'm a nice person, I can forgive his transgressions, I just want to pass this class.



Join Readme!

## CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:  
ISABELLE FLORENCE



\*artist rendition

### BEST I GOT (FEATURING THE MOTHMAN)

I apologize to all of my cryptid enthusiasts out there, but finals have really made this column harder to write. No, it's not because I've been spending my time studying instead of researching, I've mostly been playing Shell Shockers, that game where you're an egg and you shoot other eggs; it's a great time honestly. Instead, it seems that all supernatural activity on campus has just vanished into thin air, like my bastard ex-wife after deciding that cryptozoology was not a legitimate profession. Leslie, I swear this is a real job, I just want to see my children.

Unlike my good-for-nothing ex-lover, who I never even liked that much (unless you're reading this, Leslie. Take me back), CMU's cryptid population is not gone "for good," rather they're just not bothering to make appearances these days. Finals season, it seems, has killed the love of the game for many of our resident creatures of the night.

"Nobody's heeding my warnings, man," explains a very exhausted Mothman. "I gave up trying after I got run over by an electric scooter. The guy who did it didn't even look me in the eyes, man, he didn't even notice. Hurt like a motherfucker." Mothman, like many others, has relocated to Pitt's campus, just to get any response. "It's great over here, dude, they no longer treat me like a one of those Jehovah's whatevers."

Dear Santa,

This Christmas, I am really hoping for...

- Mr. Bulgogi to come back
- My 65-unit spring schedule to magically become possible
- ABP to get easier to steal from
- Another drop voucher
- ~~The undergraduate Student Senate to go fuck itself~~
- Biden to clear my student debt after I graduate
- A nice bed in the homeless shelter after AGI happens
- An opportunity to rub Farnam's head and be granted 3 wishes
- MIT to fall into a sinkhole
- AI Baby to get off of my Instagram feed

I've been weally good this year (I got a 3.5 QPA OMG!!!), so please please give me some fun presents on Christmas!

Your favorite CMU Student,

Max