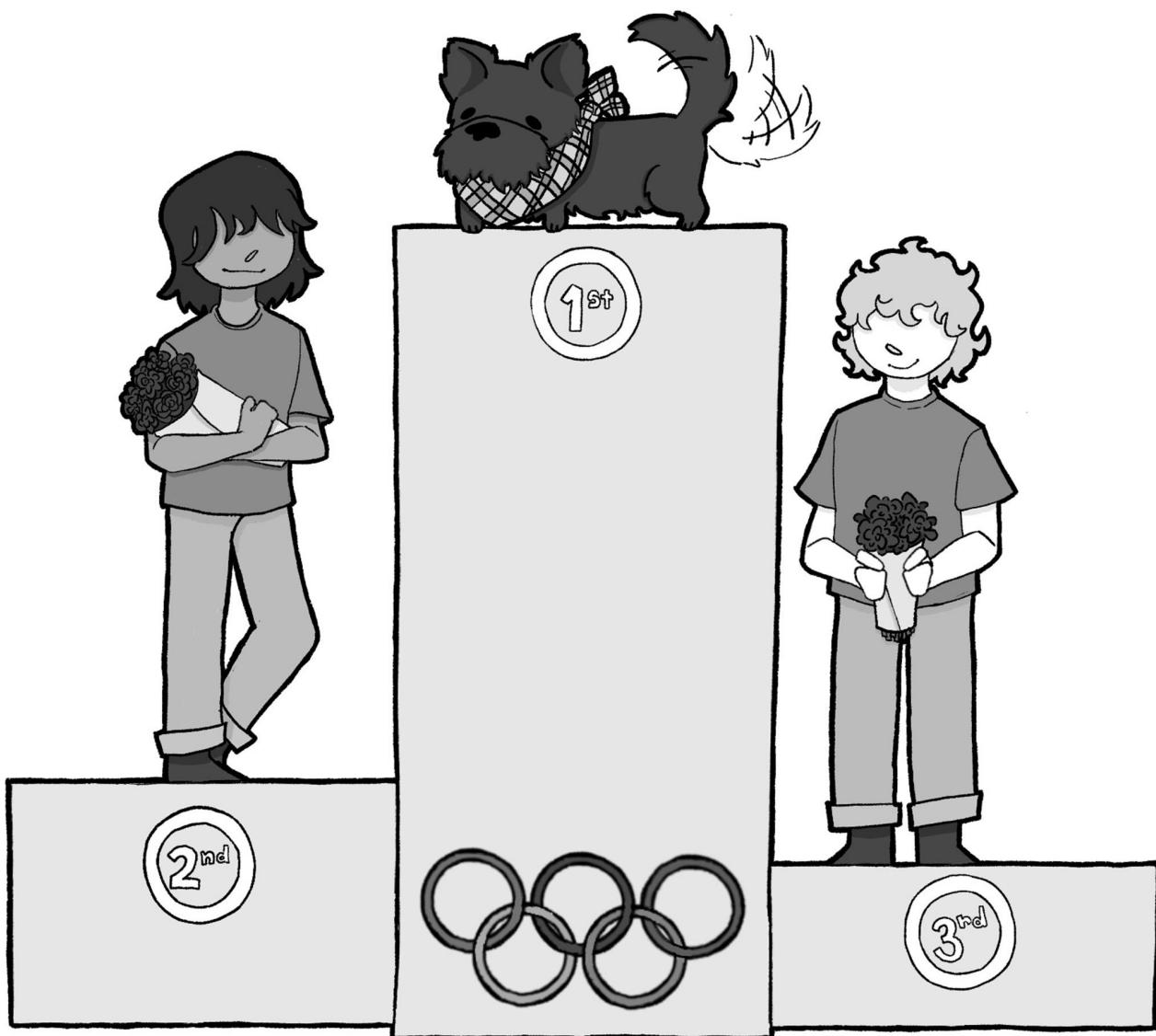


Volume 5

Issue 2

KGB PRESENTS

readME WINS GOLD



Editor-In-Chief:

Eshaan Joshi

cmureadme.com

My cat is an asshole

Benner Rogers
Loves her evil baby girl <3

Yes, you read that right. My adorable, sweet, old-lady cat is a fucking asshole. Ever since the day we adopted her, my home has never known peace. She's a smart asshole too. Early on, she discovered the miracle contraption known as a "window". What did she do with this knowledge? Sit in front of it in order to torment the neighborhood dogs. Do you know how awkward it is to say to your neighbor "oh, sorry your dogs are barking, my cat is testing out optimal methods of torture?" My pet dog, her brother, was no exception. Even when she was sick and refusing to eat her own food, she still ate the dog food. George is no stranger to

receiving hisses and swats. I'll admit, he can be a little pushy when it comes to personal space. But if you steal his favorite chair from him, is it really fair to get mad when he wants it back?

Did I mention she kills baby rabbits? Because she does. In fact, she specifically targets them. She'll parade the corpses near the door until someone notices. After she's shown off her victims for an appropriate amount of time, she will then proceed to eat their faces off in front of you. And no, she does not clean up after herself. My backyard looks like a tiny ransacked graveyard. One night I woke up to her staring into my soul, one inch in front of my face. I'm still convinced she was checking to see if I had died so she could eat me.

But you know what the worst thing she did was? She waited for me to leave for college before she died. I mean, she had all of winter break to keel over. At least then I would have been in the same state. But nope, she just had to get me one last time. Truth be told I wasn't expecting anything else. Still would have appreciated a heads up, though.

I love you.

Sincerely,
Benner ❤



CMU to host the Olympic Games

Bertie Wooster
Two-time Bronze Medal Runner Up

JANUARY, GESLING STADIUM – After decades of Carnegie Mellon nobly hosting sporting events and their most exciting approximations thereof – Buggy races, Booth build week, and occasional football games (I was able to attend one, when I happened to walk by Gesling Stadium after the halftime show caught my ear) – CMU was officially selected to host the upcoming Olympic Games. According to recent investigative reporting, the International Olympic Committee had approached Carnegie Mellon as the spearhead of a new program to engage major world universities in athletics.

As put by myriad CMU students we met on the Cut before the unveiling, the main campus square, students are "So-so" and "Maybe I'll go see a little" and "Excuse me, I need to get to recitation" about the affair, with one observing, "This might make them finally put some of our endowment into campus beauty."

Unfortunately, our investigations into the usage of CMU finances were politely dissuaded by administration. For those looking for increased financial aid and club funding as a result of the attention brought to campus, we wish you the best.

11:07 on the dot, the doors

open to the Opening Ceremony. Hundreds of students, faculty, staff, alumni, and local geese from the Flagstaff hills piled into the first column of stands, and even began to fill a second one nearby. I overhear excited chatter; professors are enjoying the break from teaching, having left students in their lecture halls to continue class, and engineers are remarking on doing some sort of "experiential learning". The atmosphere is electric, the crowd in the front-middles of their seats. The Ceremony is beginning.

I am told that CMU tradition defines the starting times of major events to be "whenever AB Tech figures it out." Fascinating! I am astounded by the patience that this attitude affords. Perhaps the young-looking AB Tech students nearly falling off of the rafters feel less at ease, but I am assured they are paid a handsome wage. After 47 minutes' delay brought on by various Olympic staff members' issues with CBORD, the athletes file in.

The Parade of Nations follows, with each country's athletes marching through the campus square known as the Cut. Several delegations are ceremoniously rerouted through Doherty, and I am informed that they will "possibly" return for the closing. The United States team enters distantly last, their bus having been delayed, evidently by some combination of the heavy snow

and finicky PRT system.

Next, the artistic portion of the ceremony. A squadron of bagpipers ambushes the stadium. A modern dance, composed of freshmen with soggy Revolution Noodle bowls failing to find CUC tables, stirs the crowd. And completing the demonstration, a rotation of speakers carries us well into the evening: a professor narrates CMU's history, beginning with a reenactment of Andrew Carnegie building a mockup of Pittsburgh out of steel. Some sort of robot iPad, apparently "Hank" by the crowd's cheering, then rolls onto stage to narrate how steel is obsolete in the modern AI-powered field. So continued a procession of professors, students, contraptions, and industry representatives sharing their stories to the crowd.

The sun set on Gesling Stadium as the ceremony reaches its final celebration: hundreds of fireworks and thousands of Tartan patterned balloons took to the air. The crowd cheers, invigoratingly dusted in smoking shreds of rubber. The IOC President takes the microphone one final time, and declares, "No matter how we may come to regret this decision, we are here to bring you an event like no other. Let the Carnegie Mellon Olympic Games begin!"

Rejected Headlines

- Is giving your students A's in recitation the same as liking their story and hoping they respond?
- Hero cop reads corpse Miranda rights.
- Top scientists suggest ReadMe will generate an original joke by 2030.
- Architecture students host training camp for hunkering down at CMU.
- "Wear Eight-Floor Dash in event of broken elevators" to become Olympic sport.
- Readme: 2.5 years of slur discourse with nothing to show for it.
- Athletes warm up by walking both ways uphill through Pittsburgh.
- Gregor Samsa wakes, horrified, to find himself transformed into Tepper student.
- RA finds Olympic torch during room check.
- Local first-year unable to use restroom without the lulling of reels from adjacent stalls.
- I'm not going to do it, but it would be SO easy to kill my roommate, several report.
- CMU kills suspected 122 cheater in targeted strike; 18 civilians dead.

All this and more, not in this issue!

CMU Professor “Math Rizzler” Confuses Everyone with Gen Z Language

Degai Hupharts
Hip with the kids

The first couple weeks of classes have finished, and rumors have begun to spread. Some complain about classes due to the volume of homework, the high weight of the exams, or the fast speed of the class. One professor, however, takes the cake for the worst rumors spread, and none of the standard complaints apply to him. Despite solely teaching Gen Z students, the self-proclaimed “Math Rizzler” is rumored to give lectures that are so packed with Gen Z language that they are nearly incomprehensible.

Hence I decided to sit in on Professor Rizzler’s 21-267 “Skibidi Differential Equations.” I was pleasantly surprised by how intelligible he was, barring a fair sprinkling of cringe-worthy moments. He began, “What up, my dogs?” He hit the dab. Nobody liked it. “There’s an exam in two weeks, deal with it. Worth 15% of your grade. You lowkey should get grinding if you want to be a differential equations rizzler, am I right?” Silence. “Anyway, let’s pick up where we left off on autonomous differential equations. I gotta activate math mode.” He turned his back to the class, and started making ‘beep boop’ sound effects for a few seconds. When he stopped, he stood perfectly quiet and still. Slowly he approached the board, wrote an equation, and turned to face the class. No more nonsense: he was in math mode. He looked calm and professorial, opened his mouth and said “Let skibidi be sus. Vibe checking this rizzerential equation, bro yeets the skibidi. Then we do be vibin’.” Holy fuck. This guy took Gen Z slang to a new level. It was terrifying. And awesome. “Hence we take the skibidi rizz, not the rizz skibidi, baby shark implicit function. Gyatt.” There were just seven other students attending Rizzler’s class in all of McEconomy auditorium. Three were furiously taking notes and three were on their phones not paying attention, or maybe recording the spectacle. But the remaining one. This curious student sat back, relaxed. The professor continued, “Hence the implicit function do be bussin’ no cap, questions?” The one student had the audacity to raise her hand and ask “But to yeet the skibidi, shouldn’t the skibidi rizz be substituted for alpha in the Baby Gronk case? So for Baby Gronk the implicit function do not be bussin’, am I sigma?” Rizzler responded “Hmm . . . Intelligent . . . Bet.” Amazing. She had somehow cracked the code. The student went on saying “Aight imma head out. I gotta go goblin mode on dat skibidi toilet no cap.” After Skibidi Differential Equations class ended with Rizzler beating up a Labubu, as he supposedly does every class to exit math mode, I talked to the student who asked the question (who had just gotten back from the bathroom). I asked her what she thought of Professor Rizzler. She responded “He’s a master. Bro speaks from the heart and griddies on the haters. He may seem highkey cringe to the grademaxxers, but the rizzlers understand. Traditional communication shall not impede mathematical progress. Rizzler is an innovator.” My opinion on Rizzler changed. The student’s argument was convincing. Could it be that Rizzler is just too GOAT-ed for a general audience? Maybe. The student continued, “I’m also his daughter.”

It is impossible to publish a truly funny article in Readme, or a long joke in a short format, or in general, any joke not related to CMU. I have discovered a truly marvelous joke which this margin is too narrow to contain.
Pierre de Fermat (MCS ’29)

Modern technology comes for us all

Bertie Wooster
Mourning a lost, noble art

Dr. Wittol requires little introduction, though he insists on one out of modesty. Indeed, one suspects he would have no objection to being introduced twice, thrice, or even into perpetuity, provided there were brief pauses for applause. A couple’s therapist, he was a modern Cupid, winged by the arms of his plush green directors’ chair, armed with a Staples laser pointer rather than a quiverful of arrows—though both are guaranteed to set people of all genders quivering. Today, he does his work behind voice calls and LED screens. Where did it go wrong?

Enter Ben and Susie; now a historical relic, once Wittol’s clientele. Ben, a man whose emotions span the range from mildly perplexed to vaguely unaware, sits there in his office somewhat confused as to what exactly will happen. He is prepared to listen, perhaps to nod. Susie, on the other hand, awaits with bated breath, an unfortunate habit given the intense cardio fate has in store for her.

Cue a few awkward introductions (as if all of this information had not been provided by Susie in the preliminary Google Form), some foregrounding by Dr. Wittol, a frantically infinite period of undress, and they are off!

“Observe,” Dr. Wittol intones, at which point a red dot springs to life and begins dancing over Susie’s tense shoulder like a firefly on a splendid summer’s night. “The center of our tension. Ben, could you engage that region with a bit more . . . resolve?” He is endlessly calm in his throne, positioning his patients like fine fruits in a still life. The art will come, so very soon.

Ben’s internal monologue comes in syncopated beats. It’s a shoulder. Her shoulder. It’s a shoulder with a dot. The dot is red. But The Chair is green. Ah, yes. The Chair.

Ben has been making a valiant effort not to look at it, to focus on Susie and her soft shoulder, but this proves about as effective as ignoring his own inadequacies. For before them—and before many others before them—looms The Cuck Chair, vast and plush and greener than Susie’s moderately blue eyes. Dr. Wittol occupies it, reclining in a manner suggesting both authority and excellent lumbar support.

After a few minutes of febrile attempts, Dr. Wittol offers a change of pace. The suggestion is delivered lightly, as all life-altering suggestions should be. Just a small shift, a reorientation, no need to frighten the horses. He would leave the room. Ben would take the chair. And in would come a Bull.

The Bull. More a tool than a person, really: a demonstration of the potential of a more perfect lover. Nothing so crude as competition is implied; this is a natural step, allowing all parties to assume their proper roles rather than continue this tired charade. Forms are distributed and signed with a quiet efficiency, and the act between Susie and the Bull soon begins, Ben watching.

No one speaks. Indeed, the rhythmic strength of the Bull is such that, combined with the lush furnishings of The Chair he now occupied, it lulled Ben into a pleasant torpor. He was not sleeping, Ben would later insist to the Bull, merely resting his eyes to conserve energy for the intense emotional processing to come.

The bull accepts this without comment. He, Kevin, is a professional; an aloof contractor, like a plumber or those people who calibrate bowling lanes. He long ago learned that silence is part of the job. And what a demanding job it is! So much depends upon a muscle-bound bull glazed with sweat atop a nervous wife, and so the Bull must be perfect. His hands are light and nimble. He never stops. He fucks in laser light and in the shadow of watching cuckolds. He knows this art, his place in the performance, better than any. He never stops, the Bull. He says that he will never fucking stop fucking.

This is, however, his very last valiant fucking. All this effort and bravado is in vain.

The Bull is behind the times. The future has arrived in the form of virtual guidance: now, experienced guides direct the participant at a distance, a helping hand seeing through GoPro and directing through earpiece. Observation, once the refuge of the sexually underqualified, is now a task for the professional. Those once confined to watching—accepting a mediocre side part for the excellence of the final production—may now be actively coached by professionals boasting unclear experience and overbearing opinions.

The Bull finds this perverse, stating his “disgust over having [his] work marginalized by those who would prefer to normalize their own obviously abnormal, frustrated condition rather than accept their natural roles as cuckolds.” Though the language employed is perhaps even more virile than the Bull at his best, as if to compensate for his newfound sexual unemployment, it is hard to disagree with this sentiment. The certain magic—of Dr. Wittol’s office, his chair, and his noble contractor—has vanished.

But progress marches on, heedless of dignity or tradition. If it is any consolation, somewhere deep in The Chair’s generous upholstery, the noble and slightly milky smell of the past still lingers.

First ever PI-Parent conferences

Vincent

A pleasure to have in lab

Carnegie Mellon University held the world's first ever PI – Parent conference this week, allowing principal investigators to meet one-on-one with parents of graduate students to discuss research progress, work habits, lab space conduct, social development, as well as home environment.

University officials said the initiative was introduced in response to strong demands from both PIs and parents. Several PIs requested the conferences after observing patterns of procrastination, lab misconduct, and interpersonal conflicts that they describe as "developmentally consistent with middle schoolers." "You would expect them to behave like adults," said a professor supportive of the initiative, "But a lot of the behaviors we observe in the lab space aren't that different from what you'd expect at a much earlier developmental stage. I have this particular student who likes to draw stick figures on other students' lab coats." Multiple parents also expressed their demands by contacting departments asking whether their children were "on track," "still passionate," and "able to make friends in the lab."

The initiative was announced last week, at which point graduate students were asked to provide their parents' contact information to their respective PIs. Conferences were then held throughout the week, with PIs meeting privately with the parents in their offices while the students were ordered to wait quietly outside. Parents reportedly welcomed the opportunity to receive direct feedback on their children's behavior and work habits, while PIs expressed optimism that the conversations would help reinforce motivations and accountability in the lab, despite spending much of the meeting explaining the nature of the students' research.

Several students, however, expressed concern about returning home or contacting their parents following the meetings. "I'm probably not going to talk to my parents for a while," said one student, who was waiting outside the PI's office during the conference, "Not after they have learned that I've been drawing stick figures all over other students' lab coats."

University officials said the pilot program showed promising results and will be expanded next semester, with plans to introduce meetings between deans and professors' parents to discuss faculty progress and development.



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, Tali Kirschenbaum, Jupiter, Bertie Wooster, Alex Werth

Cover Art: Air Conditioner

Problem Solvers: Daniel Yin, Rock Buddy

Journalists: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, WP, Vincent, Iman Imigran, Citron, House Plant, Bertie Wooster, Degai Hupharts, Allyn, Mar. K. O., Jupiter, Violet R. Blu, Alex Werth

Artists: Benner Rogers, Jupiter, Air Conditioner, House Plant, Alex Werth

Tech Team: Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis, Allyn

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

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



THE YETI (DID NOT KILL ANYBODY IN 1959)

"The cast and crew of *Russian Yeti: The Killer Lives* can burn in hell."

- The Yeti, on *Russian Yeti: The Killer Lives* (2014)

In the February of 1959, a group of hikers in the Ural Mountains of Russia were attacked by something inhuman. Eyes and tongues were surgically removed, and by the end, 9 hikers laid dead, strewn across Dyatlov pass. In 2014, a certain History Channel documentary attempted to dramatize the narrative by scapegoating the peaceful man of the mountain, the Yeti.

Now that Pittsburgh is officially comfortable weather for our Yeti friend, he came to ReadMe headquarters to set the record straight in the press. "Eyes and tongues are not my thing. That should have been the first giveaway," he explained. "That's some real perverse shit. If I had done that, I would have gone for the feet; that was my calling card at the time. I wasn't even in Russia at the time. In the winter, I'm almost always in Florida playing Mahjong with my group of old Jewish ladies. They can testify."

"It's fucked up to use a real life tragedy in a fictionalized manner, using a crytip's name to undermine what really happened, the loss of 9 innocent lives," said the Yeti, tears in his eyes. "You know who I did kill, though? OJ Simpson's wife. Long story."

Stop asking where I'm from

Bertie Wooster
One of a million

So I've just met you. Maybe we're standing in line for La Prima. Or we're next to each other in recitation. Anyways, we're chatting casually. Name, year, major, and then you drop the question: "Where are you from?"

I'm sure you thought it was oh-so harmless. Just small talk. A tidbit of basic info.

Fuck you. Seriously, fuck you. Now I have to stammer out a self-deprecating joke about being not like the other Bay Area students'.

Just because I'm a math major, just because I have a secret desire to transfer to SCS and make an obscene amount of money, just because my parents have an obscene amount of money, just because I have no social skills, it doesn't mean I'm like the other Bay Area students.

The moment I say those two accursed words, I can see the little gears in your mind whirring and developing unconscious biases, dragging in all your cultural baggage. This is how implicit classism spreads.

And, if you don't ask me, I won't ask you either. Because if you're yet another Bay Area student, you're a soulless drone I have to compete with. And if you're from New York or New Jersey? Same thing, different timezone.

But if you're from, like, Ohio or Florida, c'mon. My parents aren't paying 97k a year for me to socialize with hillbillies and rednecks. But what I don't know can't hurt me, so just don't ask, don't tell.

Maybe one day, if I trust you, I'll casually sidle it into conversation. We'll be talking about the weather or our parents or any one of a million topics and I'll bring it up. Casually, naturally, like it's no big deal, because it isn't.

I don't demand extra respect for having made it through a world-class high school and competing with the best of the best, nor for being remarkably whole in spite of the crushing workload I had to endure. But if I think it will benefit me for you to know that, I'll tell you.

Until then, though, it stays a secret.

Sincerely,
A Student from the Bay Area