

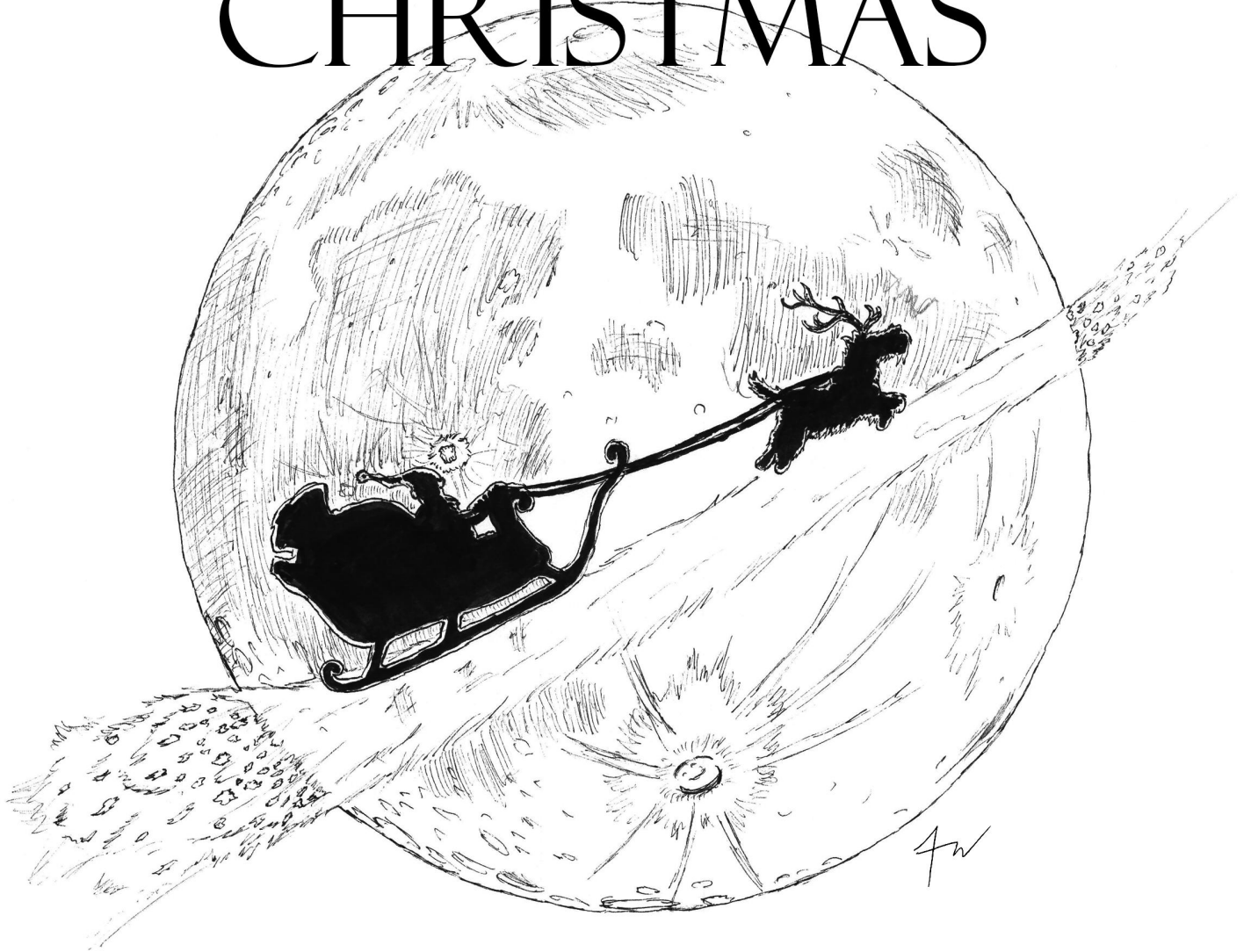
Volume 4

Issue 7

KGB PRESENTS

readme

A VERY README CHRISTMAS



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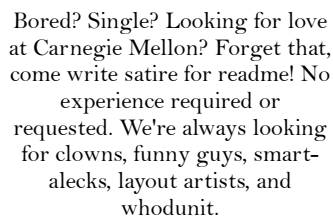
WEBSITE:
cmureadme.com

CMU Finals rife with cheating

Can I offer some advice in this trying time?

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.

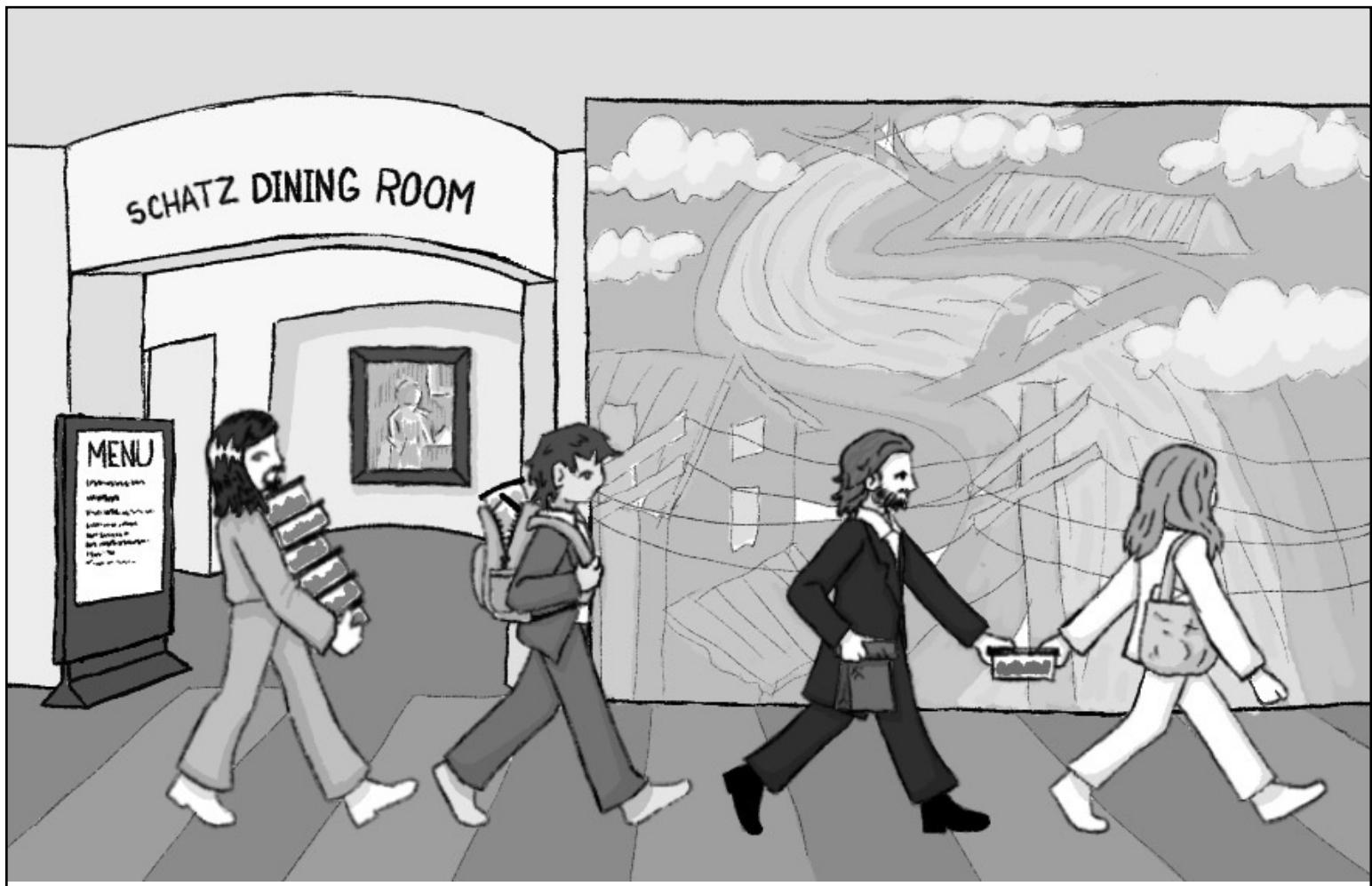
In light of recent events, all students who have another final in the next week must have their heads shaved bald.



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

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

All this and more, not in this issue!



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.**



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



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 whatever's."

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 weallly 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