

Volume V

Issue III

KGB PRESENTS

readME

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Financial: Free
Intrigue: \$3

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MLM vs MLM vs MLM: Everything YOU need to know

Homonculus Bosch
Achieving Praxis

The modern world is filled with confusing new acronyms, and it seems like more crop up every day. The most insidious example is "MLM", an amorphous concept that no person seems to truly understand and which appears to shift meaning with no regard to context.

I speak, of course, of the following three phrases: multi-level-marketing, man-loving-man, and Marxist-Leninist-Maoist. No user of the acronym MLM can truly know which of these concepts they are referring to, resulting in probably the most deep-reaching misunderstanding of the English language ever recorded in our history.

Now, dear reader, let me enlighten you. After much in-depth linguistic research, I have determined that the MLM is, in

fact, but a single concept. Confused? So was I. Allow me to explain.

The MLM is a revolutionary tactic to overthrow the capitalist ruling class through a novel technique where the proletariat engages in small entrepreneurial schemes. This is the new way to consolidate class awareness and shift power to the working class. Each MLM member must induct a set of other similarly minded people to their ideology by selling them an overpriced starter kit of leggings, makeup, Tupperware, or whatever else, giving them the capital to go forth and recruit others until all the oppressed classes are going around and selling a bunch of useless stuff. Oh and also I forgot to mention by "induct" I mean you have to also have a lot of gay sex or none of it works and the revolution will never happen.

Navigating funding in the face of budget freezes

Jupiter
Finance Fanatic

On December 4th, the students of Carnegie Mellon voted 97% in favor of freezing the Student Senate budget. As the Senate has scrambled to rewrite the budget, student organizations are exploring alternative ways to receive "Supplemental Funding" in time for their events rather than weeks after. We here at ReadMe are happy to report that an easy and accessible solution has been found. If you're a student organization struggling to stay afloat in the turbulent political climate of CMU, here's how you can make some extra club money.

Step 1: Set Up

The first step in making your club's dreams a reality is finding funding. Now, due to the current budget, you'll have to forgo Senate and JFC and what some might call "ethical funding methods," but who cares! If bureaucracy stands in the way of efficiency, I say down with the bureaucracy! We suggest polling your members, seeing what goods they might have to offer. With the overwhelming population of depressed people at CMU, you're bound to find someone in your organization that has a Prozac prescription. Now, just pawn that off to some guy you met at a shady bus stop one night and voila! Pick up your new found funds from the agreed

upon discreet location.

Step 2: Bypassing Bureaucracy

Now, all this new cash might draw suspicion. You don't want to get caught up in questions like "how'd you get this money," "why do my pills keep disappearing," or "why are you digging around in the dirt between Gates and Newell-Simon." To bypass this, you'll want to discretely blend this money into some other revenue source, like the merch you sell on Tartan Connect! Make sure to split the money up into smaller amounts. You want your merch to seem successful but not too successful. It's even better if you can shuffle it around through your alumni network to even out your profit over time.

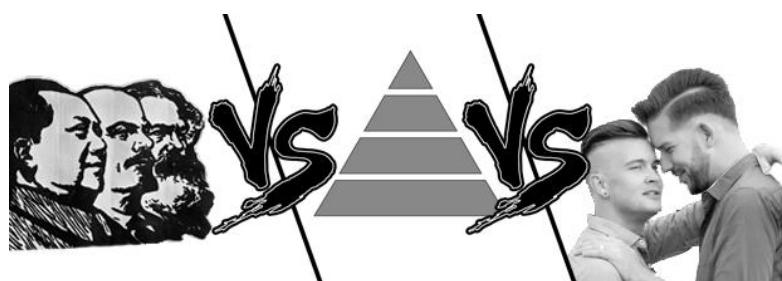
Step 3: Cash Out

After the incredibly successful merch drop, simply cash out! Now you have all the money you could ever need to run your club. Maybe one day Senate will get its shit together enough to notice your incredible success but, by then, you'll be living the good life with all the snacks and supplies you could ever need.

We hope that this simple guide has provided all the small, struggling student organizations (not ReadMe though, we're loaded) with some hope in these trying times. Best of- ah wait, there's a knock at the door. Let me get that...



CMU excited to present the newly sponsored Pepsi-Pausch Bridge!//Rock Buddy



Rejected Headlines #31

- Dick King Mellon? Wasn't that was Carnegie was doing?
- I went back in time and fucked Isaac Newton to prevent calculus, and other shocking confessions.
- Greedy snake oil salesman refuses to make sale.
- Worst performing suicide bomber of 2025 enters second year on job.
- Court rules haunted houses are not acceptable grounds to utilize stand your ground laws.
- I'm only going to be seeing one kind of Python this Valentine's day.
- I'm not homophobic, I'm just homo-weary.
- Remember to tip your TAs!
- Heroic free-speech advocates oppressed by socially ostracized and clearly neurodivergent nerds.
- Presumably Masturbation, or, how I learned to stop worrying and love being sexiled.
- What to do after your mirror rejects your advances.

All this and more, not in this issue!

Local school defends diaper-wearing mascot from fury allegations

Violet R. Blu

On the AnthroCon beat

For schools all over the country, sports mascots represent a sense of school spirit and athletic pride. For Doherty Regional High School, however, their mascot represents something else: the ongoing debate about what constitutes a fury.

In order to investigate the situation, I did some field reporting and attended a DRHS football game. Doherty Regional's home team, the Diaperwolves, played hard and beat the opposing team 23-16. Despite the team's stellar performance, the crowd seemed focused on one thing and one thing only: DRHS's mascot, Desmond the Diaperwolf. Someone, presumably an underpaid gym teacher, stood in front of the bleachers dressed like a wolf. Not just any wolf, though. This wolf sported a giant cloth diaper, complete with working safety pins.

The more I looked, the more I realized that many people attended the games just for Desmond. A slew of young people in fursuits crowded around the poor costume-clad staff member, begging for their Discord handle. One of them offered Desmond a beaded Kandi arm cuff of his likeness. Another produced a sketchbook filled with drawings of Desmond, the contents of which I will not describe further. Curious as to whether this was a regular occurrence, I tracked down the school's principal, Steven Lewandowski, and asked him about Desmond's popularity.

Upon hearing my question, Lewandowski immediately began rubbing his temples. "I don't know who those animal kids are," he said, "but I wish they'd stop coming to games. They're ruining the reputation of our mascot." He went on to explain the rich history of the Diaperwolves. "This town was home to the first diaper factory in America, and we wanted to honor our industrial past. The wolf part was just because wolves are badass. I mean, you'd rather it be a wolf than a gay animal like a penguin. Have you heard what those f—s do in Antarctica?" After being redirected to the topic at hand, Lewandowski offered a statement on behalf of DRHS. "Listen. Our mascot represents the pride that we have in our school and our town. We won't let it be corrupted and turned into something it's not."

Editor's note: Shortly after Ms. Blu conducted her interview, the Desmond costume went missing and was subsequently spotted at a local convention. Steven Lewandowski has been charged with grand larceny.



I joined this club to make friends but everyone's just racist

Bertie Wooster

Mourning a lost, noble art

It was a normal Friday afternoon in September. I could still see the sun back then, before the snow buried campus and the homework buried my spirit. How I miss those days! Anyways, I was walking home from Putnam Seminar, trying to figure out if the party I'd seen on Instagram charging for admission was a scam (it was, as evidenced by the subsequent police tape).

In the middle of The Cut sat a table manned by men. Before I could invent an excuse, I was being introduced to the College Conservatives. They were surprisingly friendly, especially compared to the sign-holding lunatic yelling at them nearby.

Thursday rolled around and I showed up to a meeting. I had nothing better to do and no one to talk to, which I now realize was the target demographic. An hour in, the meeting ended and—without anyone standing up, leaving, or so much as blinking—the Young Americans for Freedom meeting began, continuing the exact same conversation. It was like the nesting dolls I had as a child but even creepier.

It started with a fairly normal discussion of core American values. You know: freedom, opportunity, McDonalds, semi-automatic rifles, McDonalds, and bald eagles.

Naturally, we drifted to immigration. This is where things got weird. One guy was obsessively focused on the Americanness of Somali immigrants. I'd heard of dog whistles but this was a full-blown foghorn: "I am a nativist" and "it's completely justifiable to ask whether the Minnesotan Somali community is loyal to the US, or just to themselves."

Of course, I'd expected some edgy comments—you know, dehumanizing illegal immigrants or whatever—but not a full-blown manifesto. After the meeting, I was privately reassured that this wasn't representative of the club as a whole. Foolishly, I believed them. I kept attending. Weeks passed without incident. Maybe it was a one-off. Maybe I was overreacting. Maybe the foghorn was broken.

Then they announced a party. Finally! My social investment was yielding dividends. Much of that night is a blur of cheap beer and existential dread but a few moments remain seared in my memory. Perhaps it was the alcohol, but I have a distinct recollection of someone arguing that, if you were to remove African Americans, the US school system would be far better. Therefore, it would make sense to deport them en masse.

Even more confusing, there was someone ranting about how transgenders represent a "degeneration of our imagination." I still don't know what that means, but I'm open to experimenting with some imaginative degeneracy.

Anyway, I left the party early and stopped attending all events and meetings. One day, out of morbid curiosity, I checked their Discord:

"Your country is violent and plagued with violent people from a violent culture who enact violence on the population at insanely disproportionate rates. I don't want them to have guns! If the Constitution says otherwise, then the Constitution should quit"

Scrolling up for context (a mistake) revealed "we need to also address group differences in the process," along with a slew of crime rates by race and discussions of Black culture.

I felt so dirty after this I joined a different, brand-new political club espousing unity. After all, surely they'd be the last people on Earth to promote hateful speech.

The first thing I saw was someone sharing Mein Kampf with the comment "interesting perspective." I'm told that person is now a card-carrying Conservative.

These days, I eat my lunch alone in a Wean bathroom stall. The reels from adjoining cubicles offer an equal level of intellectual discourse, but without any of the problematic statements. The Conservative club, I've learned, isn't a place for debate or friendship. It's a support for people who miss the good old days, days they never lived but sure were better for everyone who matters.

Tales from Beyond Frick Park II

Surely Jacks Son
Stair-crossed lover

The construction of their union was, by all accounts, scandalous. Gates rose first, all brutal confidence and exposed systems. Hillman was slightly sleeker, more speculative, but still almost the mirror image of Gates.

The brutal, pragmatic thrust of Gates penetrated the very shell of the more delicate Hillman, and the campus pretended not to notice. Administrators spoke in soothing euphemisms: integration, interdisciplinary collaboration, shared vision. Students, dirty and horny, knew the truth.

Similarly, contractors reported noises that did not seem structurally sound. Grinding zinc, groaning masonry, clenched rebar. Forms strained and steel sang. It was loud, it was expensive, it was inevitable.

Unfortunately, their love is not perfect.

Gates lives in the now, demanding throughput and performance. The Hillman Center for Future Technology worries about the times to come, the generations they are raising, the ethics panel that hasn't been formed yet. Gates calls Hillman impractical, Hillman calls Gates shortsighted. Through it all, they touch anyway.

Because true connection is about touch, about ventilation systems that force them to share breath, about bridges and corridors, about the moment you realize you are no longer sure where one building ends and the other begins.

By the power of touch, they have become CMU's ultimate power couple. Tour guides skip over this, everyone pretends not to notice, but we all know. 5 million kilowatt-hours a year prove this.

Outside their union, Pausch bridge emerges, standing proud of this love. It looms, pointing towards the rest of campus, as if daring everyone to question the scale of their energy. After the sun sets, it spews strand after strand of color.

In contrast, Helix 1 curls downwards, soft and white and spiraling. A uterus, unmistakably so. Students descend every day, eggs ready to be fertilized with knowledge.

In SCS, we like to pretend everything is rational and computable. Inputs and outputs, proofs and contracts. Gates and Hillman know better. Love can be messy and complicated. Late at night, when campus is quiet, Hillman sometimes asks, half-joking, "Would you still love me if I was a dorm?"

Bored? Single? Looking for love at Carnegie Mellon? Forget that, come write satire for *readme!* No experience required or requested. We're always looking for clowns, funny guys, smart-alecks, layout artists, and a way to get through this snow.

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:

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CRYPTID CORNER

**PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE**

I'm sorry.
I can't in good conscience publish an image of an adult man in a diaper.

CHERUBS

The original Cupid died a few hundred years ago, shortly after the invention of the gun. Cherubs who have chosen to follow in Cupid's footsteps strongly dislike being called Cupid, especially after allegations surfaced of him working under Genghis Khan and subsequently creating 8% of the population of Asia. As an attempt to rebrand in 1910, not because of Genghis Khan's problematic actions, but rather because of the anti-Asian racism of the time, Cupid's followers took up a new name. Unfortunately, we cannot publish this name, as it did become a slur for gay men. Yes, it is the one you are thinking of. Many people would consider cherubs to be "baby angels," but this entirely misinformation. The distinction between cherubs and angels is entirely decided by the coolness of the wings. Cherubs, from a purely scientific perspective have objectively less cool wings, the diaper uniform is secondary. The misconception that cherubs are babies stems from mostly from their appearances in art, as imagery depicting babies in diapers is much more aesthetically palatable than adults in diapers. "People always assume it's either incontinence or a fetish thing," says one 45-year-old cherub who we interviewed. "Of course, for me, it is also a fetish thing, but that's independent to my role, just so we're clear." I was not particularly comfortable continuing the interview.

KGB Presents: Get Boarded, Get Carded

Join us for a night of board games and card games and probably some other games too.

When: Saturday, February 21st at 7pm

Where: POS 145

