

Stop Calling Your Parents So Late At Night, You Whiny Little Bitch

Nott N. Annagramm

Go to sleep so I can haunt your dreams

It's the middle of the night and you feel like shit. Maybe it's 1 a.m., and you just realized there was something due at midnight. Maybe you're being kept awake by your fifth cold in three weeks. Maybe it just hit that you actually kinda sorta miss home a little. Whatever the circumstance, the sun has set and you feel like the steaming hot pile of garbage outside Donner. Naturally, the best solution is to call your parents, right? WRONG. And if you thought that for even a moment, then the only reason you should be anywhere near CMU is if you're in the Infant Cognition Lab.

First of all, your family obviously does not want to talk to you. They've had to deal with your bitching for 18 years, and they don't want you interrupting their beauty sleep to bitch a little more. Why else would they pay an exorbitant amount of money to send you to a university that isn't even in the top 19?

Next, you know you have homework to do. I would apologize for reminding you of this during your leisurely perusal of ReadMe, but the sweet payout I'm getting from my TAs for

saying that is way better than "manners." Anyways, PUT YOUR PHONE DOWN AND DO YOUR DAMN WORK. (But don't put down ReadMe, it's obviously more important.)

Lastly and most importantly, your roommate is sick and tired of you crying into your phone when they have an 8 AM class tomorrow morning. Their life already sucks enough at CMU; you don't have to make it worse by reminding them about how Ciao Bella has nothing on their grandma's crock-pot meatballs and spaghetti. If karma has anything to say about it, they'll be keeping you up tomorrow night by telling their grandma they miss her for the 47th time on a single call.

You may be asking yourself, "If I can't call my parents when I'm depressed, what should I do?" The answer is actually quite simple: read more ReadMe! There are plenty of sad, unread copies of prior issues strewn about campus that need much more love and attention than you do. The paper is literally asking you to read it; how could you possibly refuse? But if this article works too well and you aren't able to find a single copy of 4.2, don't you dare sob about it to your parents, you whiny little bitch.

I Saw Mommy Kissing Scotty Dog

Bertie Wooster

In Hiding

Wow, mommy's kissing Scotty Dog
I saw mommy kissing Scotty Dog
Right beside the sweepstakes track last night
She didn't see me creep

Past the booths to have a peep
She thought that I was tucked up in my dorm room, fast asleep

Then I saw mommy tickle Scotty Dog
Underneath his kilt so tartan bright
Oh, what a laugh it would have been
If Daddy Farnam had only seen mommy kissing Scotty Dog last night
Oh, what a laugh it would have been
If Farnam had only seen mommy kissing Scotty Dog last night



Alex Werth

So-called "Platform for Free Speech" Against Freedom of Painting with Balls

Maximillian Bartholemow VIII

From the Desk of ReadMe Legal

It is with a heavy heart and a profound sense of betrayal that I must address a grave injustice unfolding on our campus. Not long ago, I was confronted for the innocuous act of painting The Fence with my gonads. This is nothing less than a blatant violation of the free speech and expression the university endeavors to achieve through The Fence.

CMU's Fence policy explicitly mandates the use of a class of devices known as "brushes":

The Fence may only be hand-painted with paint brushes. [Article II.D.1.a]

The Oxford English Dictionary (operated by my own alma mater, if it may be of any importance to you) defines "brush" as:

An implement with a handle, consisting of bristles, hair, or wire set into a block, used for cleaning or scrubbing, applying a liquid or powder to a surface, arranging the hair, or other purposes.

Only the daftest individual would fail to recognize that CMU's policy is undoubtedly referring to balls. Such an implement clearly has a handle: an outward protrusion prominent enough to grasp with one's own hands. My personal experience would also support the conclusion that the majority of balls have hair on them. Although I will admit minor confusion at the description of such hair being "set into a block."

At their core, balls are instruments of creation. The original writers of CMU's Fence policy evidently kept this in mind—the policy not only allows for but in fact requires the use of one's balls for the painting of The Fence. However, through the years, this intent has been forgotten, with students using bastardized wooden tools to paint the Fence instead. This travesty of justice is the result of the erasure of our sacred history. Let us never forget history again, and continue painting The Fence with our balls and only our balls!



Student devises
innovative new
method to attend
early morning
lectures

Citron

Finally free from Celsius

Early morning lecture: a macabre tragedy that befalls many a student. Some force themselves up in the morning and forge their way there. Some simply give up and sleep through it. One enterprising CMU student has managed to do both.

"I have an 8 am," says sophomore Juan Merower. "The registration process was traumatic, let me tell you. 3:45 pm registration time, and I had to watch as the good slots trickled away, one by one. 2 pm lecture taken at 3:30. The only lecture left was at... 8 am."

At this point, he started shuddering, and was only able to speak again when prompted about his current methods.

"Oh, yeah. Well, it's simple: sleepwalking. I've always been a person who jerks and kicks a bit in his sleep. So it wasn't much of a leap to sleep-get-out-of-bed, sleep-change, sleep-brush, sleep-piss, sleep-shit (depending on what I ate yesterday), sleep-scooter to lecture, and sleep-take-notes. And sometimes I sleep-hit-up-Redhawk for coffee between 9:50 and 10. I usually set my alarm for around 11, which is after my three morning lectures.

"And I'm trying to extend how long I stay asleep. Eventually, I'm going to get it down just right so I don't actually have to wake up, until I retire at maybe 65, nice and sleep-settled-down-with-Ms.-Merower-and-the-kids."

I Ate 100 Tic Tacs and now I'm Glowing

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

Off his meds

My day started off pretty normal. I went to the store and bought my groceries. At checkout a box of tic tacs tempted me. I purchased the box. I ate one tic tac. It was so yummy. I ate another tic tac it was yummier. 5 hours later and I ate the whole box of tic tacs. Please help I am now glowing radioactive. (I also ate a glow stick but that is probably unrelated) The glowies got to me
heheherwhhehhewehewerwherwhewehwehwehwehwehwehwehwehwehheh
hehwewehewehewehewehewehewehehewehewehewhehehewehrherw
. They are going to send me to an institution hehehehehe. With the glowies. The glowie jail they are going to jail me for seeing the truth. They dont want me to see the truth they cant see the truth i am the truth the glowies are the truth there is no truth there is no glowies what is a glowies what is in my wall the glowies are in my walls i love eating the cotton candy in the walls. Yummy insolatn yummy yopummy oh so tasty i eated all the wall candy i love drywall it is so tasty. Never call poison control they dont let you eat the drywall. They want to eat the drywall themselves poison control could never handle the raw unadulterated power of the glowies i need to meat the glowies the gloweis are so nice the glowies watn wats best for me. Poinson control hates me. They dont want to see me succeed. Posin control tells me to "check the carbon monoxide batteries" poison controll hates me. They want me to spend all of meny on battiers. I would nevef spend my money on batiers they die just like the glowies and poison control. I cant die i am god. Why are you taking me to an instatution?

Help! I woke up
naked in Rashid
Auditorium!
What now?

Citron

Naked And Unafraid

Waking up naked in Rashid: It happens to the best of us. I, personally, have had this experience at least fourteen times throughout my stay at CMU, so I put together this guide to pass on my knowledge.

Well, you've woken up naked in Rashid Auditorium. What do you do?

1. Check your phone.

This should go without saying.

2. Check your surroundings.

Make sure you're alone. Use any means necessary. Tough luck to any others around, but it's the name of the game. Trust me: If they'd woken up before you, they would have checked that they were alone, too.

3. Check your body.

Here are some handy things to watch out for:

- Large objects in any orifice
- Suspiciously crusty patches of skin
- Unfamiliar tattoos
- Others' blood (it can get into surprising places—be careful!)

Really, any physical irregularities should be noted, except a hangover, which is all but guaranteed.

4. Find your way to the nearest bathroom and shower in the sink.

This should be self explanatory. The nearest bathroom is up the house-left ramp and to the right. The lock is unsheathed and can be bypassed with a trivial card-shim. If you don't know where the nearest bathroom is, good luck. Flush any discrete objects down the toilet (especially phone or ID, whether or not they are yours. They are bugged, and God knows what kind of intelligence agencies might be interested in what happened here). Make sure to scrub under your armpits.

5. Exit into Hillman, land a clean overhand or uppercut below the cheek or jaw of the first frail-looking undergrad you see, and take their clothes. Remember: most Computer Science students are hypotensive and calcium deficient. This should go smoothly.

You should be good to head out onto Forbes and find your way home now. As you leave, here's list of things to keep in mind:

- Ensure you have a clean urine sample on you at all times.

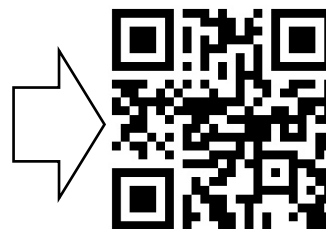
- You should probably down a couple gallons of the beverage of your choice, just to clean out your system. I recommend hand sanitizer—totally clean, but with a little more kick and satisfaction than water. Also helps with hangovers.

- You already silenced anyone present in Rashid when you woke up. But there are likely others out there who know too much. Do what you must.

- Test yourself:
 - Ability to count ten of your fingers
 - Any and all STDs
 - Pregnancy
 - COVID-19
 - Polio
 - The names of the last three U.S. presidents
 - 500 meter accuracy with a M24 SWS rifle
 - And anything else that might be at risk.

Waking up naked in Rashid is a totally normal, even integral, part of the college experience at CMU. Hell, I know people who graduated years ago and still wake up naked in Rashid sometimes. So don't take it too seriously—you'll be fine! And, if you're worried that you haven't yet woken up naked in Rashid, don't worry! Everybody grows at their own pace, and your turn will come soon.

Join our
Discord



Survey Says!

