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*Rest in peace, cmudaddythicc

President Eisenhower warns America how fucking cool the Military Industrial Complex will be

Jimothy Yachtsson

*Defamation law doesn't apply to me because I can't
read*

This past Monday morning of the wonderful current year of nineteen fifty I can't be bothered to look up the right year, President Dwight Destructenator Eisenhower stepped onto the stage at a 9 a.m. press conference and chugged from his liter of vodka as he prepared to give his most important speech.

"I'm here today to warn you about the impending military industrial complex," the president said solemnly. "It's gonna be fucking lit, so be prepared for the levels of unprecedented awesomeness some of y'all youngins will see in your lifetime."

The military industrial complex, or MIC (not to be confused with the similarly named and similarly rad Mickey Mouse), will be a system in which the government benefits from deadly missiles and instruments of war that companies sell to the government, and these companies benefit from money the government gives in exchange. This arrangement, the White House alleges, is

mutually beneficial for both parties and therefore certainly a good for society.

Eisenhower is also currently pushing his interstate highways idea, which will create a network of fancy roads connecting the nation because freedom freedom fuck railways yay SUVs bla bla bla no I'm not compensating for anything why do you ask. One problem with the interstates idea, as Eisenhower has noted, is that many Americans are elated by the destruction of nature and inner cities and hoping that this destruction can also apply to human lives. The MIC idea is set to fix that inequity.

Eisenhower also discussed his vision for college campuses, which will not only be next to interstate highways but also will be closely tied to the MIC. Government analyses predict that the MIC will command high salaries because of how rad it is, which also helps pull college graduates from significantly lamer industries like healthcare robotics and other assorted bullshit.

"One day, students will walk into a career fair and get a command hook from their favorite military contractor," ended Eisenhower. "How fucking lit is that?"

My mommy says I can't go to war

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

Up past his bedtime

My mommy said I can't go to war.
My mommy said I can't go to bootcamp.
My mommy said I can't go to basic training.

My mommy said war is scary.
My mommy said I'm her precious little boy.
My mommy said I am going to get hurt in war.

My mommy said I can't drive the tank.
My mommy said I can't have a gun.
My mommy said I can't die on the battlefield in a drawn out war for my country.

So no Mr. Recruiter, I will not give you my name.



CMU students begin enlisting to improve internship odds

Citron

Private, Fourth Class

The recent influx of pasty-faced, weak-kneed 18-21 year olds to military recruitment booths has puzzled many. But it seems the phenomenon has a simple explanation: resume building.

"Well, I got rejected from probably three hundred companies," said one ChemE major we found doing pushups. "Lockheed Martin, Boeing, RTX, Northrop Grumman, General Dynamics, BAE Systems. Ten rounds of interviews, some of them. So I just got fed up and wondered, well, what can I do to give myself that competitive edge, you know? Beat out the applications with really high GPAs or good jawlines. And it just came to me."

He then collapsed from exhaustion, so we were unable to get any more answers. But it's true that time serving can drastically increase hireability, say sources in top companies' recruitment.

"Military service is a great way to tell companies you have a lot of those skills that we're really looking for," says hiring manager Millie Terry, who wishes to keep her company anonymous. "People skills, patriotism, firsthand experience of the horrors of war and understanding of the enemies' weaknesses, good jawlines, creative thinking."

It's unknown how the word got out on the CMU campus, but almost 80 percent of the student body has attempted to enlist already, with over 30% of that number being deemed physically able, and students who fail to sign up are finding themselves ostracized, their hearts labeled not in the work.

The fervor has spread from the student body to the rest of the campus, too. Scotty's Market surprised everyone by instituting a veteran discount this Monday, explaining that they wanted to support our brave kids out at sea through 10% off a variety of goods and meals, only at Scotty's Market, located at 5000 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh PA 15213. The Exchange added a new "War Sandwich" to their menu, filled with ketchup and grotesque chunks of charred meat. The CPDC added the US Military to Handshake, and the SASC is offering supplemental instruction for boot camp.

It remains to be seen how the craze for military recruitment will change CMU's long term culture or its US News ranking, but one thing is certain: The job will be worse than the service. Enjoy it while it lasts.

How to tell if my Hinge crush is a honeypot

Raytheon Blues

Bitchless in Santa Barbara

Dear Reader,

I've been dealing with quite the conundrum and was hoping that you, an incredibly intelligent consumer of ReadMe, would be able to help me. You see, I just wanted to get laid. There are few opportunities for romantic or sexual escapades when you're an alumnus of Carnegie Mellon University, but I thought all my problems were solved when I met Nicky.

Reader, Nicky is beautiful, a dumb blonde with nothing going on in her head. She replies "lol" to all the nerdy jokes I send her. She doesn't seem to have any interest in the ethics of the completely normal job I have that definitely does not supply the U.S. Department of War with anything. Instead, she tells me that I seem "so smart" and that such a trait is "really sexy." She even said my hemorrhoids are "hot" and my incredibly luscious, not receding hairline is "handsome." I had never been on the receiving end of such comments before, and I nearly cried my eyes out. She told me she was proud of me, and when I asked if I could call her daddy, she said yes.

But soon after that, Nicky changed. She started taking more interest in my job. Don't get me wrong, I love nerding out about pump-jet propulsion when I want to talk dirty, but she was asking oddly specific questions. Things like, "Which military branch do you sell those blueprints to?" and "How many precision strike missiles did they want?" I told her

that I can't wait to precision strike her missile, and she got angry and said that I never take her seriously because she's a hot woman. Well, she's right, but I wanted her to like me, so I apologized and told her everything.

Now, after jerking off to the pictures she sent, I fear post-nut clarity has hit me. Should I have told her the access code to my office? Or sent her the blueprints for the PAC-3 missiles? I don't think she's smart enough to do anything with them, but what if she gives them to someone actually capable? A man, perhaps? Those details are technically classified!

My suspicions only increased when I repeatedly asked her to come over and she declined. Despite being totally interested in me, she refused to meet in person. Now I cannot help but wonder if the beautiful woman I have been talking to is actually some sort of spy. What if she isn't even a woman? What if I have been sending dick picks to a fifty-year-old man looking to gain government intel? What if she didn't think my phallic jokes were funny and wanted the designs of nuclear warheads for nefarious reasons? If she somehow isn't real—reader, it would break my heart.

Alas, reader, I need your help. Is it possible that I found true love? Or is my hinge crush secretly a honeypot, exploiting my proximity to sensitive military information? I, personally, still cling to hope. Despite my undying greed and my distaste for personal hygiene, I believe I am quite the catch. And if Nicky can't love me, who can?



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 goddamn doctor's appointment.

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

COVM Extension Inbox x



Ian Turner <meat@andrew.cmu.edu>

to Iliano

Dear Professor Iliano,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am writing from the frontlines of battle. I have seen the devil's yellow teeth in the reflection of every bullet that whizzes by. My best friend stepped on a landmine and his entrails wrapped around me like a scarf. I watched my left arm get blown off by drone shrapnel and fly through the air only to strike a bird from the sky. I then had to wrestle a snake to eat said bird. My trembling hands have been forced to separate families with the Archangel Michael's divine sword. I am typing this from a Nintendo DS that I pried from the cold hands of a child. All things considered, I don't think I will be able to submit COVM on time. Could I get an extension at least until I return to base?

Sincerely, Ian "Meat" Turner



Iliano Cervasato <iliano@andrew.cmu.edu>

to Ian

If you can type, you can code.

—Iliano

Reply

Forward