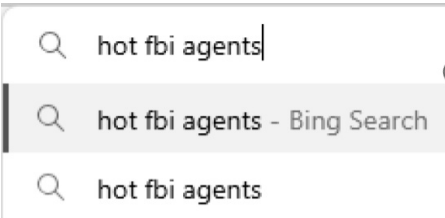


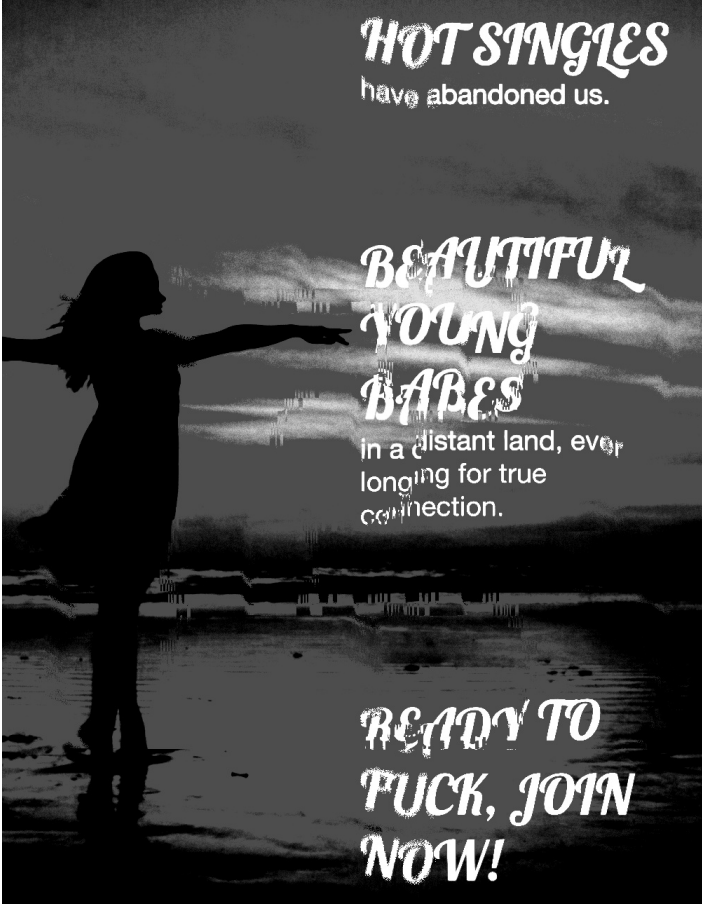
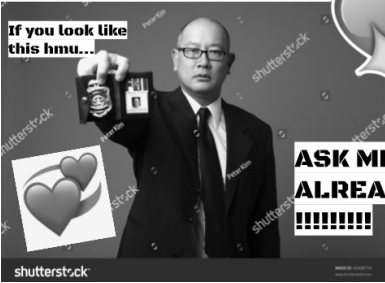
Readme Travel Blog: Honeymoon Edition!

"Save-a-tree" Bhat
Paparazzi Stalker

EXCLUSIVE: Readme has shared moments from their honeymoon with the Reader at a mysterious island getaway (Readme is on the run from the authorities for alleged "terrorism" in last week's issue). The two used a private paper airplane to hop between exciting destinations around the world such as [redacted] and [redacted]. They were able to relax, enjoy delicious foods, explore the beaches, gaze into the sunset, and engage in police chases.



I KNOW YOU CAN SEE MY SEARCH HISTORY YOU KNOW HOW BADLY I NEED THIS <3



Human Mating Calls: The Bird Perspective

Rhodes N. Spectre
Professor of Romance

Humans are among nature's most social animals. They are renowned for their group migrations, cooperative foraging, communal roosting, synchronous breeding aggregations, precise parent-offspring interactions, coordinated group defenses, and intricate territorial and courtship rituals. In these and other contexts, and indeed in most moments of their lives, humans' capability to navigate complex social demands and relationships can tip the balance between health or sickness, between reproductive success or failure, between life or death. It is thus no surprise that humans have evolved sophisticated systems for mediating social interactions. Foremost among these are communication signals, most evident in humans as songs, calls, color patterns and postural displays. These can transmit information about a signalers' status, motivations, and possible future actions, for sensory and cognitive processing by signal receivers. In general, signals provide benefits for both senders and receivers. Communication is, in essence, a glue that maintains the

cohesion of human societies, and a currency that mediates sophisticated relationships within. Collected below are some common mating calls that have been observed.

"I make 6 figures a year."
"I'm 6 feet tall, I swear."
"I'm a private equity investor."
"Let's compare hand sizes."
"I'm not like other girls/guys."
"I'm so small and delicate/big and rugged."
"I'm really into the alt/goth scene."
"Have you heard of this thing called the blockchain?"
"I play Valorant/League of Legends, I'm actually going semi-pro."
"I have an AI startup in Silicon Valley."
"Have you heard of our lord and savior Jesus Christ?"
"Are you lost little boy/girl?"
"I have a 500 day streak of learning Japanese on Duolingo."
"You're just like a brother/sister to me."
"What's your snap?"
[Unsolicited photograph of male genitalia]
"I play the guitar."
"I'm really into military history."
"Our zodiac signs are compatible."
"Want to see my car?"

Why the long face?

Is it loneliness creeping up?

Is it fear of death?

Fear of love?

Fear of life?

Is everything just feeling heavy?

Oh you were just born like that?

Oh my bad.

Sorry.

Your eyes are so beautiful,

long-headed man.

Are you single?

No? Damn.





We need to talk.

"Tyan Rosh"
Breakup Specialist

There's something I have to get off my chest. I've been wanting to say this for a while, but haven't had the strength to do it. I don't love you anymore, and I don't think you truly care about me either.

It started with our first date. I got printed up on my best paper at high resolution, but out of the corner of my eye, I kept seeing you look at the other print media. I even caught you checking out a book. I wrote it off, and trusted you, but I never should've.

I thought you had changed, but just the other minute, I caught you reading the Tartan. I can't believe that after so many years, you'd go behind my back and read another newspaper. My parents were right about you after all.

I thought we had something, dear reader. I really thought this was going to work. I trusted you and you took advantage of me. I'm sorry, but I'm breaking up with you. My lawyer will serve you the divorce papers later—maybe you can go make out with those too.

FAST and RAW Romance Advice

Alex Werth
CAPS-Certified Life Coach

Readers of ReadMe, you know that we've always promised you an educational, engaging, and deadly serious article of the highest standards. On this special occasion, we promise you differently. This is all the advice you deserve to handle romance and love in your life.

YOU are failing to communicate. No matter what you try so hard to believe. Your partner is always expressing their purest, free-est self to you and you're **squandering it** with your stupid hangups. If it was working out, they would **always be happy**, because that's how these things fucking work. It's because **you** didn't understand what they were asking. Or didn't interpret crystal clear signs. Or didn't listen nearly enough. You talked too much and you talked too little, and you need to work on it.

It IS personal. Maybe it wasn't even a miscommunication, huh. You think you're **so** smart, going back over every little thing you said and believing that you did okay. I won't play your game. It's something **about you**. Traits. Hobbies. Mannerisms. Beliefs. Something in there is inherently **wrong**. Your soul is a puzzle piece, and how have you not already spotted how you two are mismatched? You need to **change**. Bend yourself, **break yourself** if you must. Your partner is doing you a **kindness** in pointing out the things about you that aren't working for them, if they weren't already too gracious to keep quiet. They've made themselves **perfect** for you. Why aren't you

returning the favor?

The distance between you two is YOUR fault. No one ever has to reconcile overlapping and non-overlapping desires for life. It's supposed to have fallen into place already. Your partner should always be your absolute number one priority, at the expense of all else. They already have it figured out. **They're** doing it **right**. Spending less than all your time together? Not always feeling a hundred percent of the original spark? You're **not putting in enough**. That person is putting their all into the relationship and you're **failing them**.

You're taking TOO MUCH TIME. Stopping for the roses is for the weak-willed and uncommitted. What do you mean, you aren't seeing them daily? You aren't flirting with your whole heart? That you haven't arranged to move in together? That you don't have their ring finger measured? How **could** you? How fucking **dare** you? You only have a few piddly hours of each little day of each of the rest of your years on this earth, and you're **burning** them on small talk and nonsense. Don't you know they're **waiting for you** to take the next step, that they've been waiting for you for ages already? Go. Go!

Break up already. If you had an ounce of spine, you would have cleaned up your mess already. Now here you are. You're fucking **unsaveable**. Whatever you thought you had is **nothing**, all idle fantasies and daydreams you sing yourself to sleep with.

I'm not sorry. At some point, everyone has to learn that they may not be cut out for love.

PLEASE DATE ME

I am desperate. It has been so long since I've felt the touch of a woman. None of the Hinge lesbians want me :(



I am:

- Funny
- Good(ish) Writer
- Ethical
- Knowledgeable on Wikipedia

I AM SO LONELY

