

VOLUME 4

ISSUE 5

KGB PRESENTS

# readME

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# CAMPUS CRUSH? FALLEN PIANO SPLATTERS STUD

A Dead Jellyfish  
*One of the other sheep*

Law enforcement continues to investigate the mysterious death of [insert victim name], as several witnesses who were present at the scene of the crime give reports of the incident. One witness came forward to speak to the press – Susan, the Jehovah's Witness who was running the "Free Bible Course" stand at the intersection of Forbes and Morewood on the day of the death.

"It started off as a completely normal day," Susan reported. "God had sent me someone to test my patience and strength of faith – a godless CMU student who was trying to debate the date of the second coming of Christ with me. As I was explaining the events of 1917 and the imminent Armageddon, I heard a sudden crash and what sounded like piano keys being smashed – a clamorous cacophony that mimicked the discordant screams of the damned. I turned around to see a piano lying smashed on the ground in a pool of blood, as if it had been cast down upon the earth by the hand of God."

"This divine message of carnage occurred right at the foot of that blasphemous statue. Coincidence? I think not. The 'Walking to the Sky' statue elevates human achievement over divine revelation. The figures walking upwards as if ascending to heaven will surely not be one of the 144,000 Anointed when the day of judgment comes – nor will any CMU student. It is only fitting that God send a sign of his displeasure right next to this representation of human hubris."

"I can only hope that the individual who was crushed by God's piano may die in peace, treated by doctors who understand the sanctity of blood. Receiving a blood transfusion would be akin to drinking blood – a sacrilegious act that is clearly prohibited in the Bible! Though this poor nonbeliever may perish for the sake of God's wrath, we can at least pray that their immortal soul will not be further tarnished."

When asked about the mysterious contraption other witnesses had seen on top of the Walking to the Sky sculpture, Susan insisted that no man-made device could possibly have triggered this divine message.



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:

**Editors:** Evil Eshaan Joshi, Boo! Bertie Wooster

**Cover Art:** Awful Alex Werth

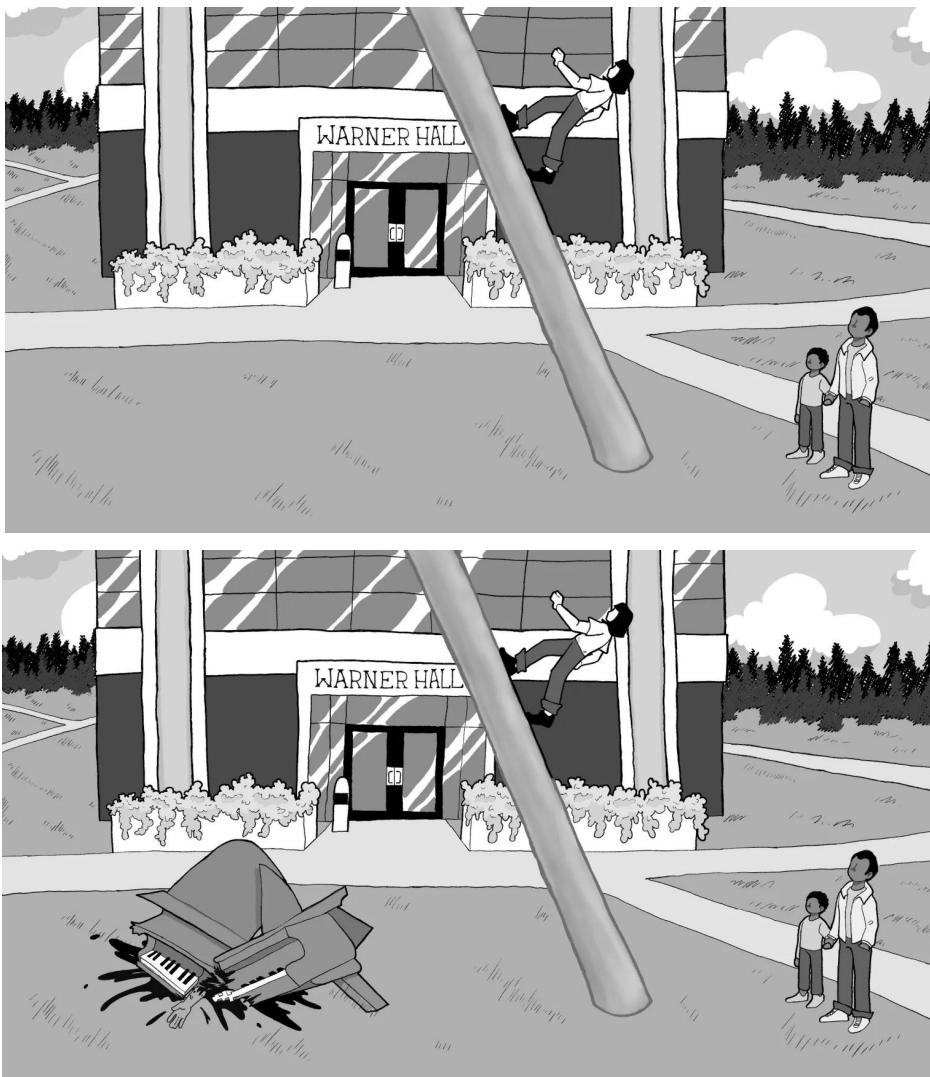
**Problem Solvers:** Dastardly Daniel Yin, Bludgeoning Benner Rogers

**Journalists:** Ruthless "Roan Tysh", Violence R. Blu, A Zombified Jellyfish, Horrid Homonculus Bosch, Jeeper Creepers J.P. Crawfish, Witchy Weronika, I heard from a little Bird-ie Wooster, Spooky Surely Jack's Son, Immoral Isabella Florence, Butcher Benner Rogers, Atrocious Alex Werth, Jittery Jimothy Yachtsson, Grisly Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

**Artists:** Beastly Benner Rogers, Accursed Air Conditioner

**Tech Team:** Grotesque Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis

# Spot the difference!



## Rejected Headlines #28

- District Attorney unable to rule out murder as Buggy Alumni Association hit.
- Man-Woman Interaction institute forced to extrapolate from low sample size.
- President's Advisory Board on Student Well-Being, Mental Health, and the Academic Experience releases first report: "It's bad."
- Bechdel Test added to autograder.
- If you don't read this magazine, we'll shoot this Scotty Dog.
- Victim Escapes Samsara.
- OPINION: First, it was a Masters. Now, you need a Ph.D. before they let you fuck the computers.
- News organizations come to unanimous conclusion: Victim and murderer equally at fault.
- Scotty dissection reveals eerily human skeleton inside.
- Anatomy class adds study inside component.
- "See, I told you. I told you so," crows CS professor who refused to use Canvas.
- Student discovers 09-207 TECH QUANT ANAL not quite what they expected.
- CMU student skips Halloween party by dressing as Godot.
- Engineering of murder too well set up; MechE majors absolved.
- November 4th is coming up and it's giving me an election.

All this and more, not in this issue!

# The Lottery

Surely Jack's Son  
Don't call me Shirley

The morning of October 27th was cloudy and overcast, with the cold of a mid-autumn day; the leaves of the trees showed hints of orange, and the dutifully maintained grass was richly green. The students of Carnegie Mellon began to gather on the Cut around ten o'clock; the whole lottery took only about two hours, so it could begin at nine o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the students to get to Revolution Noodles prior to the crowds that would inevitably gather for lunch.

The first-years assembled first, naturally. Most of the students had already stuffed their backpacks full of textbooks, while a few stragglers had to run back to their dorms, having forgotten them or, perhaps, having been initially unwilling to participate but now feeling left out.

Some of the doctoral candidates began to gather, surveying the freshmen, speaking of research and funding, overfitting and tradeoffs, all alien language to these bright-eyed youths. The faculty came shortly thereafter, wearing whatever chalk-stained trouser or misbuttoned cardigan had struck their fancy in the closet that morning. They greeted one another, exchanging bits of gossip before joining their research groups.

The Pruning, as it was termed, was conducted by Professor Summers, a round-faced, jovial man who ran the machine learning lab. People were sorry for him because he had had no publications at NeurIPS that year and so, when he arrived, carrying a sleek laptop, there was a ripple of conversation throughout the field, not all of it kind. He waved and called, "Little late today, folks. The cluster was slow. You know how it is." He took a seat on the Fence, his laptop perched precariously on his leg. "Well, now, guess we better get started, get this over with, so we can get back to work."

A hush fell on the crowd as he cleared his throat and opened the terminal. The students had all heard about this moment as part of a Core module and only half-listened to him as he detailed the necessity of "pruning the weights of our neural network, so that we may grow and thrive more efficiently." And with little aplomb, the script finished execution, midway through a sentence. A name flashed in stark, monospaced font.

It was Tessie, a sophomore in Statistics and Machine Learning—though she took any and every opportunity to explain that she was 'planning to maybe, kind of, transfer to SCS, due to a change of heart since arriving here, not because I was using StatML as an easy route to get admitted to CMU'!

For a moment, she did not move. Then she shouted, "There's a bug! This is a biased sampler! You didn't use a proper pseudorandom algorithm! This is selection bias!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," someone called out from the crowd.

"I think we ought to start over," Tessie said, now speaking quietly. "I tell you it wasn't fair." As she spoke, a thick heat transfer textbook sailed past her head. Clearly not all CMU students were capable of basic athleticism.

Someone yelled, "Come on, come on, everyone. The Pruning won't wait." A balled-up handout hit the side of her head.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Tessie screamed, and then they were upon her.

# I'm a Straight White Male: Here's why SCS's Gender Imbalance is Concerning

Bertie Wooster  
*Single and unable to mingle*

The only thing starker than my grades is the SCS gender imbalance. Though I am a straight, white male, I feel it is my duty to speak up about this issue. It's a problem that keeps me up at night, long after I'm finished with my evening meditation and journaling on colonial structures. The statistics reveal undeniable systematic barriers, arbitrarily imposed by society and the office of admissions, that have funneled a brilliant, diverse workforce away from this hallowed institution.

You'll see me at any Women in CS events in a hoodie, ethically produced of course, a cup of oat milk matcha in my hand. I make sure to ask questions that reveal my deep and abiding care and I contribute to conversations about women's experiences with my own illuminating secondhand stories. Whenever a group project rolls around, I make sure to let the women, when there are any, on my team know I'm totally okay with them taking the lead even though they're not a man like me. Sometimes they still insist I take the lead anyway, probably because they're intimidated by how progressive I am. It's a burden, being

this aware.

Yet, despite all my advocacy, the imbalance remains. And, worst of all, it's affecting my dating life. Listen, it's not that I'm trying to benefit sexually and romantically from equality but I just think justice may happen to also help me.

Dating is tough when your school looks like the inside of a sock. Whenever I open Discord, it's 400 unwashed guys arguing about Rust. I can't flirt with that, even if Rust is sexy.

I've tried branching out—Design majors, BXA, even Dietrich—but it's hard to relate when your entire identity revolves around debugging code and pretending to learn about machine learning as ChatGPT does the work for you. Females can sense desperation, apparently, even when you segue every conversation into Butlerian deconstructions of gender and sexuality. I even added "FeMenist" to my Tinder bio, right next to "Functional Programming Enthusiast."

For all my efforts, surely I'm entitled to a girlfriend. The gender ratio is a gross injustice that affects me the most; after all, the females in SCS are already here, meaning they're past the glass ceiling. Though they may not always be the most qualified, SCS has an obligation to me and them to let them in.

# Throwing a BOO-tiful Networking Mixer

Violet R. Blu  
*Ghostess with the mostess*

With Halloween just around the corner, underachieving slackers everywhere are throwing parties. Now, horror movies are pretty scary, but I can't think of anything more frightening than wasting valuable time on "fun" and "leisure". Worry not, though: there is a way to celebrate Halloween while still maximizing productivity and increasing shareholder value. Invite all your LinkedIn mutuals to a fang-tastic networking event!

The decor, food, and activities are important here. They need to say "trick or treat" while also saying "hire me". Guests can bring bowls of candy with their CV printed on every wrapper. Morally bankrupt attendees can go bobbing for character references. You can even buy Spirit Halloween animatronics that jump out at people while brandishing a cover letter! Just like the job-searching process itself, the possibilities are truly endless.

Just like any Halloween party, guests should come dressed to the nines in spooktacular costumes. If your partygoers are looking for suggestions, I've got a few:

A zombie who, instead of eating people's brains, picks them for valuable insight  
A vampire who gets their coworkers into a high-performance mindset by biting them  
A werewolf who starts raging when the sales quarter is almost done

Feel free to use any of these ideas or pass them along to your guests! (Note: do NOT go as the ghost of your prospective employer's most recent fire.)

Finally, the music you play can make or break the atmosphere of the party. Opt for hit Halloween songs like "Chief Purple People Officer", "Werewolves of LinkedIn", and "Somebody's Teamsing Me". A good playlist should make guests want to circle back and touch base, if you know what I mean.

That's how to throw a party that candidates and recruiters alike will be dying to attend! Follow me on LinkedIn and stay tuned for my next post, "Ask for it, girl: why high-performing women should trick-or-treat".

# I called Pitt Police to CMU

Jimothy Yachtsson  
Don't you know who he is?

Next issue, Readme will put CMU PD's skills to the test in a brave act of investigative journalism. But for this week, we've decided to set the bar by first seeing how the police department at the far larger University of Pittsburgh handles everything we have to throw at them. (Don't worry, we mostly don't mean "throw" literally.) Stay tuned to see how CMU PD compares in our next issue.

First, Readme's investigative journalists needed a crime for Pitt Police to solve. This need was not left needed for very long at all, when Readme's very own Chimothy Yachtsson was found using a butter knife to carve a pumpkin. It is a very serious crime to use an unsatisfactory knife for the meticulous craft of pumpkin carving, and in most jurisdictions jail penalties double around the Halloween season of February to October. This was among the top few worst crimes committed by Readme staff during that thirty minutes, only narrowly beaten out by theft of an SDC buggy and cold-blooded murder.

Instead of dialing CMU PD's number as per my usual daily routine, I instead called Pitt Police on Chimothy, who is not my evil twin.

"Help! Come quick! There's a man misusing a knife in Posner!" I called frantically. Pitt Police told me they'd rush over quickly. But here's where they made their first mistake. Instead of arriving at Posner where the knife-yielding maniac actually was, they instead came to Pitt's Posvar building. Readme sincerely apologizes to Pitt Police for making two of their officers deal with Posvar's ugliness. This was not okay on our part and we promise to do better when misusing police resources in the future.

Eventually, the situation was cleared up and Pitt Police proceeded to rush over to CMU's Posner Hall. They'd already committed to the case, so there was no way they'd call in CMU PD now — even if this was in CMU's jurisdiction and there's probably something illegal about Pitt Police operating on CMU's campus without permission. Anyhoo, an added incentive for Pitt Police to take up the case was that I told them I have feet pics of half of their staff. I would've published them here but the editors are too vanilla to allow that.

By the time Pitt Police arrived at Posner, the pumpkin party was over and the crime scene had been abandoned. Chimothy was nowhere to be seen, but there did happen to be a student cutting their Exchange sandwich with a plastic knife. It is here where I regretfully inform the reader that Pitt Police does not know the difference between a plastic knife and a butter knife, or between a pumpkin and an Exchange sandwich. Pitt Police arrested the wrong student, and this student is now facing a lifetime jail sentence despite not having used a butter knife to carve a pumpkin. This student had just burned down three CMU buildings, but that's besides the point.

At this point I was beginning to be somewhat frustrated that Pitt Police was getting sidetracked, and so I reminded them of their task by broadcasting their feet pics on the Exchange monitors that usually have their menu. Pitt Police, to their credit, immediately went back on the chase, and in the right direction. Granted, it wouldn't have taken a genius, as there were pumpkin juice drippings leading out of Posner and to the Fence. For an added challenge, Readme staff continually lobbed water balloons at Pitt Police as they continued their search. Yet they only got around halfway to the Fence when they noticed through a vent in the CFA parking lot that some people were spelunking around in the steam tunnels below, and so Pitt Police lifted up the vent cover and climbed down into the tunnel, scaring away three poor maintenance workers.

At this point, I was getting sick and tired of how poorly Pitt Police were handling things and how susceptible they were to distraction, so I gave up on them and took matters into my own hands. Chimothy Yachtsson is currently in a cage in my room and will remain there until he apologizes for gross misuse of a butter knife, and even grosser misuse of a pumpkin.

## CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:  
**ISABELLE FLORENCE**



He wasn't actually shirtless, but I found this stock photo and it was too funny not to include

### MAN-WITH-KNIFE-FOR-HAND-MAN

October 20th, 2025. A crescent moon hung over downtown Pittsburgh as if strung up by invisible gallows. I admit, I had gotten a little lost while searching for a place to eat that was still open after 10, when a creature emerged from behind a corner. He looked just like a man, but where his hand should have been, he had a hand holding a knife. Was he some kind of botched experiment that had escaped from the bowels of UPMC? Was he a petty thief and had the misfortune of being cursed by a vengeful pierogi vendor who took up sorcery as a side gig? (More common than you'd imagine)

The man asked me if I had a wallet. I told him I did, and he told me to empty it. Fascinating, I thought. Perhaps his primary food source is leathers, fabrics, and other wallet-making materials! I took out the contents of my wallet and handed him the empty wallet. I considered ripping it into bite-sized pieces for easier digestion, like bread for a duck, but I decided it would be presumptuous to assume that that was how he preferred wallets. If he wanted to eat it in pieces, his hideous half hand, half knife-in-hand appendage would do the trick. He looked at me confused. I knew I should have torn it up for him. I felt oddly maternal towards this poor beast who couldn't eat a wallet without help. Remembering that I had a knife myself, I pulled it out and tried to take back the wallet, so I could cut it up for him. I don't know what I did wrong, but on my approach, he bolted away into the night. I hope he's doing okay out there.

## Smoking cigarettes is the coward's way out of an oral fixation

**"Roan Tysh"**  
Got 6 slugs in me. So slimy

It's a late night. I'm a private eye, packing a revolver and a second revolver, 'cause that's what you need in the rough-and-tumble streets of North Oakland. I wear a wire and a long coat, but there's one thing you'll never catch me with, and that's a cigarette drooping from my lip.

It may seem sexy, slinking around the city's underground with an orange-tipped cig and a mean look, but the health impacts are no joke. Throat cancer would put me out of more than one business, and I can't go hacking and coughing sitting behind a painting with eyes that seem to follow one man in particular. That's just not how I operate.

I can admit to having an oral fixation or two. Nothin' a little bourbon doesn't sort out on the cold nights when I'm on the prowl for a case. But when that doesn't cut it, you'll never catch me scrounging for a light. I get my fix like a real man. I'm quick and proper about it, and I swallow.