

Volume 4

Issue 7

KGB PRESENTS

readme

A VERY README CHRISTMAS



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An Open Letter to CaPS

Jupiter

Can I offer some advice in this trying time?

It's that time of year again: Finals Week. Soon, classes will end and the excitement of the end of the semester will kick in. By excitement, I mean, absolute panic. Panic about failing exams, panic about failing classes, panic about your mom's weird boyfriend at Christmas dinner. With this exciting time of year comes an increased number of calls to CaPS, the university's counseling and psychological services. Now, I know that finals can be an annoying time for CaPS with all these kids calling, whining about their "mental struggles." I understand, it gets tiring. Since when did CaPS become the friend that you always go to vent to?

That's why I want to help out by providing some numbers you can give students who just won't stop asking for advice and support.

605-475-6968: The Rejection Hotline

An oldie, but a goodie. When you just need a simple way to get rid of those annoying freshmen panicking about missing their mommies, consider the rejection hotline. This number will politely let those pesky students know that you're not interested in their problems and that they need to find a new university service to bother.

646-926-6614: The Mary Sue Rejection Hotline

When the rejection hotline didn't deter students from crying to you about getting academic probation or not being able to afford \$60000 tuition, consider the slightly less polite Mary Sue rejection hotline. This number will be firm in letting students know that their incessant calling crosses your boundaries. It encourages them to consider how their whining makes you feel and to do better in the future. Maybe then they'll keep their mental breakdowns to themselves.

248-434-5508: Rick-Roll

If there are students who just won't give up, constantly trying to schedule times to talk about their problems, move beyond reason and send them to the Rick-Roll. This number will play the classic Rick Astley song "Never Gonna Give You Up." Perhaps this Rick Roll will be the final straw and get them to give it up, finally ridding you of their finals week complaining.

Your Ex's Phone Number

If all else fails, bring out the big guns. Think of your most annoying ex and send those depressed kids their way. Maybe they'll talk about your ex's weird politics or their strange new partner that they cheated on you with. Just a warning, choosing this option may cause your ex and those pesky kids to bond over their distaste for you, forming a super pack of hating you. On the bright side, those depressed students may now tell your ex about their finals woes.

I hope that this small selection of phone numbers can give CaPS some tools to fend off the rabid students of Carnegie Mellon during these trying times.



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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Artists: Benner Rogers, Violet R. Blu, Rock Buddy, Air Conditioner

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As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB
See ya next time!

CMU Finals rife with cheating

A Dead Jellyfish

In search of a Jello mold

A nefariously novel method of cheating was discovered this finals season when exam proctors noticed a student squinting quite obviously at the back of the head of the student in front of them. At first, the proctor suspected the cheater was simply engaged in a futile attempt to see through the head of the person in the next row and view their exam paper. Knowing such a pursuit would be laughably fruitless, the proctor at first paid this strange behavior no mind. However, as the cheater continued to glance back down at their exam paper and back up at the head in front of them, the proctor began to suspect that some heinous activity was afoot.

Indeed, when confronted about their strange actions, the cheater confessed that the person sitting in front of them had had their buzz cut shaved in such a way that hairs one millimeter shorter than the rest spelled out a crucial equation on the test. The cheater revealed that they had scoped out the testing site beforehand, consulted the alphabetical class roster, and ran simulations to determine who was most likely to be sitting directly in front of them during the test.

When the student sitting in front of the cheater was contacted, they claimed, "I didn't even have a buzz cut until the morning of the final. I've worn my hair long all my life, and yesterday, I just woke up like this. I thought my roommate had played a prank on me!" Security camera footage of the night before the final revealed a shadowy figure sneaking into the dorm through the newly-shorn student's window.

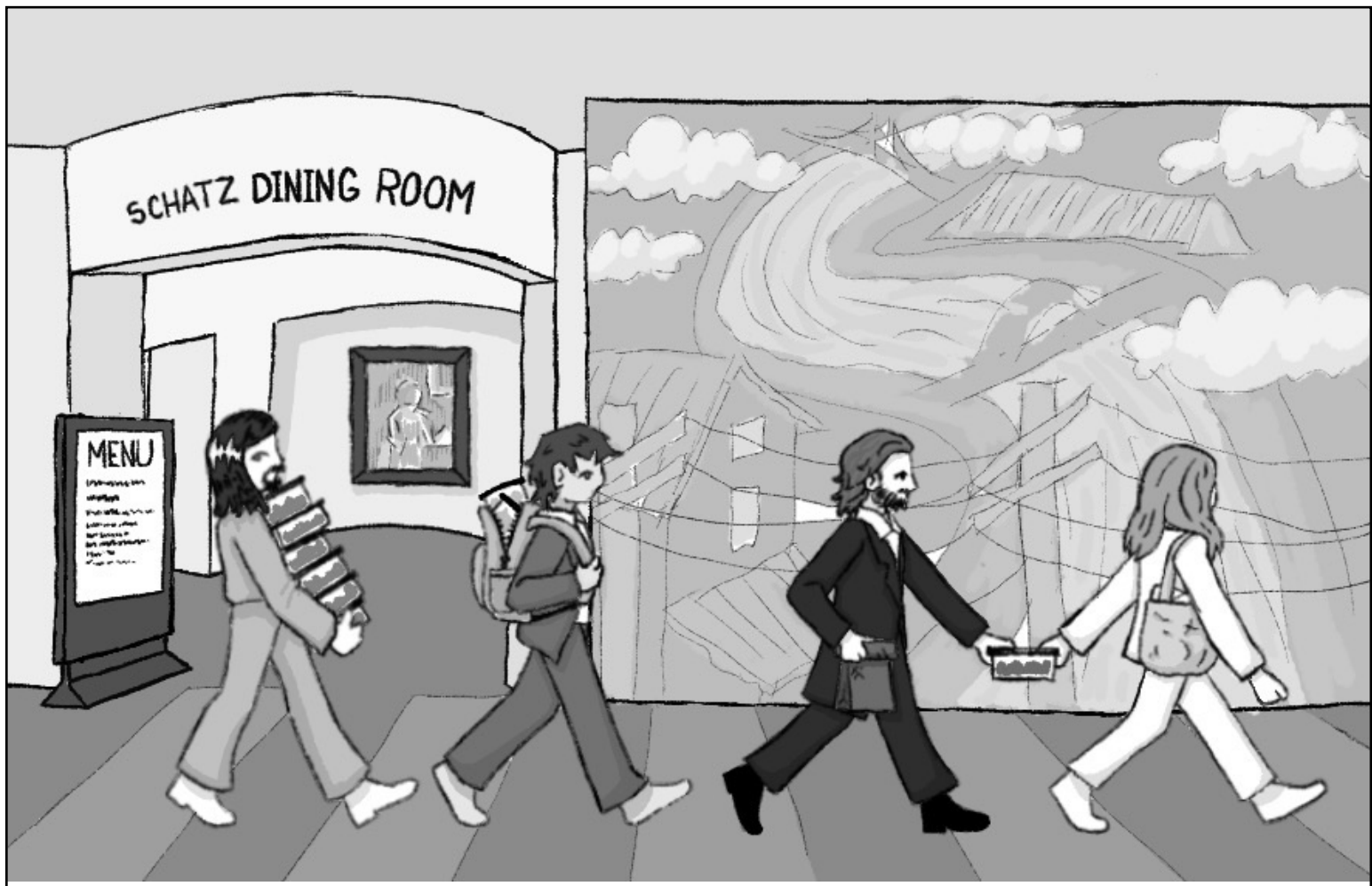
Other students flaunting a buzz cut during the final were then contacted. Each of them denied any knowledge of the equations that were buzzed into the back of their heads, although one did remember having a dream in which they were being attacked by a swarm of noisy bees.

In light of recent events, all students who have another final in the next week must have their heads shaved bald.

Rejected Headlines #28

- Professor suspended after CMU student argues "Proof by God" valid Concepts tool.
- Top 10 CMU buildings I'd pick up if I were Godzilla.
- OPINION: Are Icebreakers hazing?
- Dreamworks newest IP revealed: "How to train your LLM".
- My Professor Had One Comment After Viewing My Final Project: "This Sucks"
- Club snipes channels are starting to become real passive aggressive.
- Construction of Roko's Basilisk Pegged to Begin 2026, Per OpenAI, Meta.
- "I don't have any finals this semester, just two projects, three papers..."
- CMU students take Pitt finals: "It's nice to be good at something".
- You could be sledding right now, but you're not.
- Courses to begin offering bonus points for students willing to let TAs heckle them while they take the exam.
- Student Senate Elections Board excited to see more students than ever interesting in voting them out
- End of semester refelction: That O-week situationship *was* a really good idea.

All this and more, not in this issue!



Interview with a recent grad

Benner Rogers
Gainfully Unemployed

Despite CMU's robust engineering programs, many recent graduates struggle to find a job right for them. Specifically, a job that doesn't involve sending missiles to third-world countries. README correspondent Benner Rogers sat down with a recent graduate to find out what makes today's job market so murderous.

Could you state your name for the record?

Oh, I didn't think that far ahead. Uh, give me a second...

Did...did you forget your own name?

Shut up. Just call me Engineer or something. Why do you wanna know anyways? What ever happened to privacy? People these days I swear. Uh... Can we just start the interview now?

When did you graduate from Carnegie Mellon?

About a year and a half ago.

And you've been looking for a job since then?

Well I've gotten a couple, but I haven't found any that I really want to work with you know? Like, nothing long term. At least, nothing long term that won't fire me when I start gambling on the

clock. Actually, can you strike that last bit from the record? I don't want my bosses to read that. You can do that, right?

Yeah, we'll strike it. Now, why haven't you found a long term job you feel comfortable with?

Because they keep asking me to commit war crimes! Okay, maybe that's a bit dramatic. But every single job I apply to eventually comes out to be some military contractor working to build Super Bombs™ or something. I'm not even an anti-military guy, I just don't want to be the guy who invents the next step towards a nuclear winter. Once I was working on plans to create a more fuel-efficient crop dusting plane to spread pesticides. What would you know? Turns out it was actually for dispersing mustard gas. Another job I was working on had me overseeing construction of a rocket designed to improve location tracking technology. You'll never guess what that one turned out to be.

Missiles?

FUCKING MISSILES!

It's absolutely insane! I'm not going to throw away my morals for a \$200,000 paycheck!

How about \$300,000?

...No comment.



Distracted students continue to get eaten by the automower//Rock Buddy

**STAY SAFE FROM
HOME INVADERS.
LIGHT YOUR FIREPLACE.**



My Professor's Homophobia is really screwing me over

Jupiter
Just trying to pass

I have to say, I have had the worst semester. No, not because of my bimonthly midterms or from that time I missed two months of lecture because I had the flu. Dear readers, my semester has been simply horrid because of the homophobia I have faced in my English class. Like, this discrimination is going to kill my QPA.

From the very beginning, I could just tell that this professor and I were going to have problems. First, we're sitting in lecture on the first day of class. The professor is droning on and on about the syllabus. But, the whole time, he's just staring at me! I look up, confused as to why his eyes are trained on me, only to realize he must have pegged me as the only queer person in class. Once I met his eyes, he turned back to board and continued droning on, seemingly too embarrassed to admit he was judging me. After staring in shock for a few moments, I looked back to my phone. Despite my shaking hand, I reopened Instagram reels. The sight of lesbians explaining their latest van restoration eased my nerves. After growing bored of reels, I stopped scrolling to text all my friends about this weird professor. The whole time, I could feel his eyes trained on me even as he spoke to the rest of the class.

Come midterms, I had slaved away for hours at my midterm paper, determined to show this guy that I deserved his respect. I took all his lessons to heart. In my paper, I included something about evidence, or maybe reasoning? Or maybe both? I double checked my work to be sure that each paragraph started with a sentence and had a topic. I submitted what I think was one of the best papers I've ever written. It had pizzazz! It reflected all the knowledge I had accumulated in this class thus far and showed all of my shining, queer personality. I knew it was going to show this professor that me and my community were not something to stare at or make snide comments about. But get this, once I got the grade back, I was shell-shocked! I got 60! In his comments, he said his grading of my paper was "generous" and that "a paper on the political views of my cat was not an appropriate topic." I was crushed. I had spent a lot of time getting my cat to sit down long enough to get a good grasp on his views. I just think this bad grade was just more excuses for his blatant homophobia.

Now, as we approach the end of the semester, I'm in trouble. Thanks to my professor's despicable views, I'm failing. If I don't pass this class, I'll have to take writing again. It's so unfair. None of my straight classmates have to deal with this. Just yesterday, I got a reminder from the professor to "finish my assignments." As if any of my classmates do theirs. It hardly seems fair to hold my missing assignments against me when there's just so many assignments. What's a few missing assignments here or there?

I can only hope that, by some miracle, my professor will see the error of his ways. I'm a nice person, I can forgive his transgressions, I just want to pass this class.



Join Readme!

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



BEST I GOT (FEATURING THE MOTHMAN)

I apologize to all of my cryptid enthusiasts out there, but finals have really made this column harder to write. No, it's not because I've been spending my time studying instead of researching, I've mostly been playing Shell Shockers, that game where you're an egg and you shoot other eggs; it's a great time honestly. Instead, it seems that all supernatural activity on campus has just vanished into thin air, like my bastard ex-wife after deciding that cryptozoology was not a legitimate profession. Leslie, I swear this is a real job, I just want to see my children.

Unlike my good-for-nothing ex-lover, who I never even liked that much (unless you're reading this, Leslie. Take me back), CMU's cryptid population is not gone "for good," rather they're just not bothering to make appearances these days. Finals season, it seems, has killed the love of the game for many of our resident creatures of the night.

"Nobody's heeding my warnings, man," explains a very exhausted Mothman. "I gave up trying after I got run over by an electric scooter. The guy who did it didn't even look me in the eyes, man, he didn't even notice. Hurt like a motherfucker." Mothman, like many others, has relocated to Pitt's campus, just to get any response. "It's great over here, dude, they no longer treat me like a one of those Jehovah's whatever's."

Dear Santa,

This Christmas, I am really hoping for...

- Mr. Bulgogi to come back
- My 65-unit spring schedule to magically become possible
- ABP to get easier to steal from
- Another drop voucher
- ~~The undergraduate student senate to go fuck itself~~
- Biden to clear my student debt after I graduate
- A nice bed in the homeless shelter after AGI happens
- An opportunity to rub Farnam's head and be granted 3 wishes
- MIT to fall into a sinkhole
- AI Baby to get off of my Instagram feed

i've been weallly good this year (i got a 3.5 QPA OMG!!!), so please please give me some fun presents on christmas!

Your favorite CMU Student,

Max