

Another Night in Pittsburgh Thieving Mice

J.P. Crawfish

Private Investigator

The whispering rain splats ungracefully onto the cracked pavement. A lightning strike goes unnoticed amongst the flickering neon signs. Those outside cling tightly to their overcoats and rain hats, unable to fully face the despairing night. A Pittsburgh university. A piano. A tragedy. I sit in my malaise, staring at the blank paper on my mahogany desk, eluded, baffled, and with an unrelated stubbed toe, when a woman knocks on my door. Genevieve, she called herself.

She has all legs, except for the part of her that was her torso. Also the part of her that was her arms. Actually none of her upper body was legs. I consider this revelation, taking another drag of my cigarette, smoke wafting, daring to escape this treacherous situation, only to dissipate away completely.

Genevieve, Genevieve, I can't get her name out of my head or her out of my office. The roommate of the befallen, she tearlessly cries, with an unrelated dead husband that was heir to multimillion dollar company Anvils and Pianos Inc. The sad tale of Genevieve's husband passing almost bore me into a heavy slumber. People die all the time of naturally occurring 23 stab wounds and one revolver bullet. In all my week as a private investigator, I've seen countless naturally occurring 23 stab wounds and one revolver bullet-related deaths. But roommate to the befallen? My

investigation and my heart had gone cold, and Genevieve had arrived with a chesterfield coat and a cup of hot chocolate.

Genevieve took a slow and thoughtful sip of fine whisky from a crystal glass and voiced her suspicions: Perhaps it was an angry friend. Perhaps an angry acquaintance. Perhaps a hit from the Buggy Alumni Association. Just definitely not the befallen's roommate, that would be ridiculous.

Perhaps it was one of those statues that come alive at night. Perhaps it was the spirit of a spiteful Andrew Carnegie or a vengeful Andrew Mellon. Regardless, it was absolutely not the befallen's roommate. Even though one could say it was justified because the befallen kept leaving their plates out and also the befallen kept bragging about their high core@cmu grade and also the befallen was heir to Anvils and Pianos Inc's main competitor Plows and Violins LLC.

"Or perhaps - well I'll just leave that to you, detective," Genevieve uttered, lighting a cigarette and finishing it in one long inhale. The room filled with smoke, with haze, with mysteries unsolved and unsolved mysteries.

She left as quickly as she entered: the normal speed it takes someone to open and close a door.

The rain pattered. I pondered. My paper continued to sit blank, taunting me, the untouched ink well menacing and captivating me. Who could have done this heinous crime? I might never know.

Homonculus Bosch

Crime Czar

For most wanted criminals, performing a robbery in a university center might seem a lucrative opportunity to steal grossly overpriced school merchandise, a package belonging to another student, or even, if one is particularly daring, a beverage not included in a meal block taken in lieu of a water bottle and never paid for. But such lowly crimes do not even fall within my purview - I am concerned with something bigger than any of you could possibly imagine.

I'm a hardened criminal, with nerves of steel and a quick-thinking mind that has gotten me out of quite a few pinches; but as I age, I find myself losing my touch. My thoughts are no longer occupied by dreams of danger and intrigue and petty theft - I am ashamed to say that I have recently begun my prescribed duty of sucking up to HR representatives from Proctor and Gamble in hopes of landing a mid-range job modulating razor blade angles for the next thirty years, and have been left with no time for the art of the heist.

It was for this reason that I began searching for a new purpose in life; a new way to let my legacy live on long after I myself have left these hallowed halls. And that was when the answer scammed across my feet while I was buying a single KitKat bar at Entropy.

What does the university center have a devilishly high excess of? What is something I can train? Can use to my own benefit? What is something that wouldn't be missed even as its population dwindled... and dwindled... and dwindled...

Mice.

My game? The mice heist.

My name? The mouse houst.

A Message about the Fence and Discourse at CMU

Yesterday, Carnegie Mellon University hosted a demonstration of kinetic and potential energy from an as-yet unknown artist. This event was witnessed by two Walking to the Sky statues who considered it a spectacle to behold and by several attendees who called it "brief but memorable," remarking on how the cacophonous screech upon impact was rather similar to my own reaction towards events soon to be detailed.

Specifically, last night, the Fence was unexpectedly painted with the phrase "No Murders on Our Campus." After much deliberation, I made the decision to have this message removed. The Fence is a prominent symbol of this institution and its 15,000 14,999 students. As the media descends on campus to cover the recent incident, it would not be constructive to display a divisive message that does not reflect the views of the broader CMU community on the topic.

While we recognize that the painting reflects a viewpoint held by some members of our community, its unilaterally negative framing of "murder" fails to acknowledge the diverse methodologies by which and

contexts in which "murder" may occur. The term itself carries strongly negative connotations that could be perceived as insensitive to those exploring alternative conflict resolution strategies. In sum, the painting risks creating an environment where those engaged in human-human deactivation—or deactivation-adjacent activities, such as the development of next-generation termination-facilitating tools for government and industrial partners—might feel unsafe.

Supporting free expression while maintaining a civil and respectful campus environment is a difficult balancing act, not unlike carrying large musical instruments up a narrow pole. It requires constant reflection, humility, and community participation from those who hold the administration-approved viewpoints. Though some may have misinterpreted my actions to have the opposite effect, I look forward to reaffirming the purpose and potential of the Fence.


Sincerely,

Farnam Jahanian

Have You or a Loved One Been
Victimized By

**DELINQUENT
CANDY THIEVES?**

Call CMU Legal to
LOCK THEM UP!



SCOTUS strikes down law banning academic weapons in school zones

Bertie Wooster

Tried to smuggle a flashcard into class

In a landmark 5–4 decision, the Supreme Court struck down the Weapons-Free School Zones Act of 1990, ruling it unconstitutional and finding in favor of plaintiff Alfonso Lopez, a student previously deemed an “academic weapon.” Congress’s argument was best encapsulated by Solicitor General Days’s impassioned defense:

The unchecked proliferation of academic weapons has created a toxic and psychologically hazardous learning environment in schools across the nation. This is evidenced by an epidemic of anxiety and diminished self-esteem among non-weapon students, resulting in increased healthcare costs—something Congress cares deeply about—and decreased national productivity, a clear burden on interstate commerce.

The case began when a panicked classmate reported Lopez to authorities upon observing him writing a proof during lunch. A search of his backpack revealed a lethal quantity of academic rigor: a pristine planner, six celsiuses, and flashcards on a topic he was studying independently. He was quickly convicted, the prosecutions’ case hinging on a single, damning piece of evidence: Lopez’s Instagram story, tagged #academicweapon, which showed him studying in the school library at 7:03 AM.

After serving six months, Lopez appealed. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals overturned his conviction, but the United States government sought certiorari with the Supreme Court, which subsequently cleared Lopez. In a passionate dissenting opinion, Justice Breyer warned of the anarchy to come. “The majority fails to grasp the sheer disruptive power of a student who reads the textbook before lectures,” he wrote. “By stripping schools of the right to arrest these individuals, we will see GPA skyrocket to unprecedented levels.” The crux of his argument rested on the principles that a court must consider the cumulative effect of all actions, in his words “a nation of asocial nerds incapable of sustaining conversation,” rather than merely the harm Lopez is capable of.

Despite these protestations, on college campuses across the nation, previously clandestine academic weapons have emerged from the shadows. Here at Carnegie Mellon, De Fer has reported a 45% spike in caffeine consumption, and students are checking out books from Hunt Library for the first time in years. Reception of these changes is mixed, with many criticizing the raising of standards. “Where does it end?” asks one student, Radi Cull Luftyst. “No one is saying you can’t have a number two pencil. But do you really need a high capacity binder? These are weapons of mass instruction the founders never envisioned. They wrote with feathers plucked off the nearest chicken, not South Korean gypsum chalk.” However, one nonweapon who wishes to remain anonymous had this to say:

Look, the old policy was a feel-good measure that only disarmed the good students. A criminal isn’t going to follow the rules against having semi-automatic scheduling software. And if there’s one thing I know about overachievers, it’s that they hate competition. The only thing that can stop a bad academic weapon is another weapon.

Meanwhile, university administrations have begun encouraging teachers to work harder in order to counter the weapons, claiming that the increased difficulty of tests will allow teachers to cut weapons down to size. “The good thing about failing everyone, even the weapons, is that we can equalize them,” said Professor Greggo. “If you studied for twenty hours and got a zero and Jimmy next to you skipped every recitation and tied, we can curve you both up to a C–, which is all a CMU student needs.”

Interview Transcript, 76–101, Section DD

A Dead Jellyfish

Waist-ed

Q: Let’s start with some basic information. What is your college and major, and what classes are you taking this semester?

A: Thank you so much for asking this thought provoking question. It is really about the essence of the material if you think about it. Now for me, I relate this to my slutty little waist. My waist is so slutty, and if you want to find out more you can contact me at 412–

Q: I don’t see how your waist is relevant. Now, which of your classes do you enjoy the most?

A: My slutty little waist, thank you very much. Wait, what’s your project on again?

Q: This project is about the levels of wonder people feel from academic pursuits!

A: You mean to tell me your project isn’t on how slutty my little waist is?

Q: Why would it be?. Let’s focus, please. Do you think your enjoyment of your

favorite class stems from the professor or from the material you are learning?

A: Oh, yes, of course, back on track, yes. I can be very focused for this interview, and not get distracted by my slutty little waist. Now, I can’t say anything about my enjoyment of multivariable calculus, but I’m sure my classmates’ joy was really sparked by my slu–

Q: Ahem. Tell me about a time you learned something new in a class that changed your worldview.

A: It was in my multivariable calculus class where I first discovered a shape that looked so beautiful that I decided to model my waist after it...

Q: Are there any classes you feel completely destroy your sense of academic curiosity?

A: Do you want to see my Halloween costume? It makes my slutty little waist just shine.

Q: I think I’ve gotten enough data.

A: But I wasn’t finished– *shriek of pain*

On buying a minifridge

Weronika

Home Shopper

Are you considering buying a minifridge for your dorm? A miniature refrigerator can be a great addition to your dormitory room. You can use it to keep leftover dining hall food fresh, keep beverages chilled, and so much more! Having your very own minifridge is sure to make you one of the cool kids on your floor, especially for late night shenanigans (shut up shut up SHUT UP you weren’t supposed to mention it). That being said, it’s important to make sure that you pick the right minifridge for you and your needs!

The number one most important thing to consider is volume. Now, it might seem like the bigger, the better – but there are some other factors to consider. Dorms often have restrictions about the dimensions of appliances you can bring in. An overly cumbersome fridge might bring unwanted attention from your RAs or the housing department, which would be a major bummer. A typical small cube-shaped refrigerator is 15x15x15 inches, while the standard larger model is 33x20x22 inches. If that still doesn’t suit your needs, you could even consider buying two (that is too many oh FUCK they’re going to notice). Either way, be sure to keep those dimensions in mind! It would be pretty annoying to go through the trouble of purchasing a minifridge only for it not to fit your purposes!

Next—do you want a freezer compartment, or just the fridge? A freezer might keep things fresh indefinitely, where in a minifridge, meat will start to spoil. How long are you going to plan to keep things in there (when will my hands stop shaking)? Different fridges have variously sized freezer compartments, so keep that in mind. Obviously the answer depends on your social life and personal needs, so be sure to consider all possible factors (frozen stuff is pretty tough to handle).

Saving the best for last, you should also consider the aesthetic aspect. Do you want to shell out some cash for a chrome finish? Or save some money and invest in a monochrome black or white textured finish? If you are planning to keep the fridge for more than one semester (I don’t know if I’ll be around that long, someone looked at me funny today, I think they’re starting to notice), this is something you should consider. Most importantly, would you prefer a clear door (I SWEAR ITS LOOKING AT ME. I cut the whole thing up good to make it fit) or an opaque one (it is still looking at me it is looking at me I see an EYE).

Some fridges also contain built-in beverage holders. It’s always refreshing to have a cold one after a long day. You have had a long day, haven’t you? It’s gonna keep looking at you anyway. You might as well have a drink.

Happy shopping!