

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette takes inspiration from Andrew Carnegie

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis
Labor Law Loophole Lecturer

Steel mills, newspapers, and Carnegie Mellon Architecture: what do these all have in common? They are all built on a foundation of Pittsburgh-based exploitative labor practices. Andrew Carnegie opened his first steel mill in 1875, and with it started Pittsburgh's cultural obsession with underpaying and overworking the labor force. With the foundation of Carnegie Institute of Technology in 1900, overworking spread from the steel mills to the classroom. Carnegie's famous quote, "my heart is in the work," has been taken quite literally, with Celsius-sponsored heart attacks now driving school production 126 years later.

Carnegie also had indirect influence – after embedding a toxic working culture deep into the roots of Pittsburgh (fun fact: the Pittsburgh water not only contains 5% lead, but also 25% my-heart-is-in-the-work-ium), the Post Gazette dutifully carried the torch of labor violations forward.

Andrew Carnegie preferred a violent approach to union busting. His manager,

Henry Frick, hired Pinkertons to violently break strikes. This method, however, is quite old-fashioned (it was the 1800s, after all). The Post Gazette has taken a more modern approach to Carnegie's legacy, and simply decided to shut down. This kind of union-busting innovation is what keeps Pittsburgh a forward-thinking and modern city.

While Readme doesn't have a union, we do have a contingency plan for this kind of emergency. In the event that the staff ever tries to unionize (why would they, it's so fun to work here), we will immediately turn this fine magazine's publishing over to The Tartan. We are extremely confident that working for The Tartan will be so demoralizing that our staff will understand that no union will ever be worth working there.

We live in scary and unprecedented times, where staff can choose to unionize on a whim. However, due to our predecessors' forward thinking and the fine engineering skills taught to us at our dear Carnegie Tech, we hope to continue to advance Pittsburgh's storied tradition of union busting.

In Memoriam



Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

1787 - 2026

"Paid for by your
Student Activities Fee"

5-Hour Transgender

Allyn
Snorting EEen

From the brand that brought you the iconic energy shot, our labs have produced something entirely new: the pocket-size bottle that changes your gender, 5-Hour Transgender. Say goodbye to those long, tiring study sessions where daydreaming about having boobs distracts you from your calculus. Kiss goodbye to those groggy 8 AMs where you wish there was a little something stiff in your pants to wish you a good morning. With 5-Hour Transgender, your birth certificate is no barrier to presenting as any gender you choose for a short amount of time, without the cost and complications of traditional

transness.

5-Hour Transgender is available in three variants: feminine, masculine, and androgynous. Our quick-acting formula transforms not only your blood chemistry, but also your brain, your tissue structure, and your reproductive organs. Bring tape! Each variant is sold in multiple palatable, sugar-free flavors. Our masculine variant is available in black coffee, blueberry, or gunmetal, while our feminine variant comes in delicate flavors like strawberry, rose hips, or ambiguous blue liquid. Want to give androgyny a try? We offer vanilla, coconut shea butter, or infected piercing.

A disclaimer on the back of the packaging covers most bases, but be sure not to use

the product when going through airport security, as TSA agents may not know which location on your body to grope. Additionally, avoid making serious changes to your body while under the influence of 5-Hour Transgender. Upon expiration of the five hour half life, some aspects of the bottled gender may carry over, which doctors describe as "rad" or potentially "arousing."

As this product hits the markets, mark your calendars for the release of further inventions from 5-Hour Brands. Hitting the shelves soon, we've got 5-Hour Autism, 5-Hour Suffocating Dread, and most exciting of all, 5-Hour Power of Attorney (win back an afternoon with the kids!).

Reasons I Failed My Dorm Check

1. Christmas tree I planted to grow for next year
2. Waft of 3d printer fumes that emerged when my RA entered
3. Fully functional casino still running in my absence
4. The s h r i n e (damn candles)
5. Gaping hole left by the AC unit that fell out of my window (oops)
6. Hoverboard
7. Six gallon lobster aquarium
8. Lack of the wall we demolished to transform our double into a quadruple
9. Trained attack rats I keep in my closet
10. Roommate's portal to hell

Pittsburgh GrubHub Driver Diaries

Iman Imigran

Taxi Driver would be better if he did Uber Eats

Day 1:

Hello, diary! Today is my first day driving for GrubHub! To be honest, I didn't really know what to expect, since I'm so new to the area and haven't really spoken to anyone yet. For that reason, I wanted to stay more downtown so I'd have more options in case some delivery got botched.

However, it was a really great time! Most of my orders came from University of Pittsburgh students, who were all really sweet. Everybody around that university just radiated positivity and kindness, and were super understanding whenever I faced traffic. One girl even gave me a bunch of flowers - lavender, my favorite! Every delivery was done by car, but honestly, I could have biked around and just spent a bit more time outside among the people.

I drove home with a huge smile on my face, and I'm smiling now just thinking about it as I write this entry. Today was a great day, and I hope that tomorrow can be even better!

Day 2:

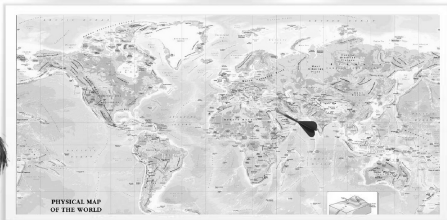
Fuck this shit. Decided to sit around that Carnegie Mellon school for a bit, since I heard the kids were rich and thought they might tip a bit extra. Worst mistake of my life.

It was pouring rain outside, and some little bastard ordered fourteen pizzas to be delivered in the middle of the big lawn on campus. After picking up the pizzas, I parked my Buick Century in the bus stop and hauled ass through the mud to keep the quadruple-meat Chicago deep dishes from getting soggy. When I walked onto the sidewalk, my phone started to buzz, and it was the student who placed the order, so naturally I had to hold all of the pizzas in one hand to fumble around in my pockets before picking up the call.

As my finger slid towards the "Answer" button, I saw a small hinge start to creak in the corner of my eye. Before I could react, a trapdoor opened in the concrete walkway beneath me, and I tumbled into a massive pit, falling through the air before landing roughly in a large pile of pizza boxes and delivery-driver-shaped-skeletons. On the rock wall, written in pizza sauce, were the words "you took too long! 1 star!" with small metal stairs spiraling back up to the trapdoor. With rain still pouring down.

It took me ALL DAY to walk back up, and when I finally got back to the surface, I almost got trampled by a bunch of kids stepping over the trapdoor. Not only did nobody offer to help, but my car got towed, and nobody at the bus stop uttered a word when I asked for help. Needless to say, I quit. Assholes.

New CMU rivalry chosen.



Your move,
AI-Shurooq School for Blind Children.



Untapped Niches in the U.S. Consumer Market

Citron
Entrepreneurial

Dear reader, I have devoted countless hours over the course of years to rear these ideas; at this point, it is as if they were my children, as if I were giving you my children, and these are some of the finest idea children ever to have been brain-birthed. Treat them with the reverence they deserve, and you shall be rewarded. When they make you buckets of money, I want half.

AI Doors

Doors are everywhere in modern life. So I find it a deplorable reflection of the sorry state of the "free market" that up till now, nobody has thought to implement modern LLMs into the door package. AI doors would feature sophisticated neural networks, yielding significant increases in their efficiency and output and revolutionizing the role of the door in the daily life of a North American.

Jellyfish NFTs

Ever wonder why NFTs are always monkeys? I have. Monkeys suck. They're like humans, except if humans were smellier and poopier and fartier and had those ugly ass monkey noses. Introducing: jellyfish NFTs. NFTs centered around Gaia's triumph: the peak of evolution, the ultimate lifeform. A far more sexy and erotic form of currency than any previously put into circulation.

AI Air Fryer

This innovation will bring the antiquated concept of an "air" "fryer" back into the spotlight of contemporary culture with AI integration, allowing for simplified strategic decision making and streamlined user experiences.

Lightsaber schwing

Dog Vacuum Cleaner

Picking up dog poo poo. The little bag. It's gross. Sometimes you don't even feel like it, so you just kinda nudge it into someone's yard. We've all been there. The dog vacuum cleaner solves that issue; instead of picking up the poo poo with a

bag, you vacuum it. Sleek and postmodern. Plus bags are bad for the environment. People consume about a credit card's worth of plastic every week. People don't consume a credit card's worth of vacuum cleaner every week. Just saying, you can be part of the problem or part of the solution.

Pasta with just cheese

It's like mac 'n' cheese, but without the mac, but with pasta, but hold the pasta, because it's just cheese, BABY! Any kind of pasta you like, any kind of cheese you like, with zero servings of pasta. It's like spaghetti with marinara—except with no marinara—except with cheese—except with no spaghetti. All the cheesy, good cheese pasta you want, with only cheese.

AI sombreros

Little sombrero hat buddy to accompany you on your journeys. And make delightful quips along the way. Hat puns likely. Examples: "You hat to see it!" "What now, cap-tain?" "Whoa, things are getting hair-y!" "Let's hat-ch a plan!" AI powered. To generate new puns. Because I am all out.

Helicopter Plane

Helicopters can go high and fly in the sky because of their rotor blades. Planes also can do that too because of their wings. So why are vehicles restricted to one of these clearly very effective motion incurring devices each? The helicopter plane (or plopter, as I affectionately call it) is the next generation of aerial commute, featuring:

Wings
Rotors
Windows
Minigun

Dinosaurs

Everybody knows dinosaurs aren't real. They're just a myth parents tell their kids to get them to behave, like vegetable trolls, Santa Claus, or the IRS. But... What if they were? Imagine a world where you can ride a velociraptor around campus, or order GrubHub via pterodactyl, or maul your political adversaries to a brutal and visceral death with the help of your cherished pet spinosaurus, a parting gift from your late beloved grandmother. With modern technology, it's possible: Using the power of artificial intelligence, dinosaurs