

Carnegie Mellon University

Learning and Optimization Lab



You do the learning so we don't have to! // Jupiter, Lobotomite

Get Whiggy with It



We asked our favorite staffwriter to prove she's human

Allyn

Never got an AIV for not using ChatGPT

Write an article that sounds like it's written by a human. It should be 200-600 words long and use a lightly formal tone appropriate for a college newspaper.

In this article which sounds like it's written by a human, I'll be convincing you in a lightly formal tone that I'm not a machine. Here goes nothing!

While some readers may appreciate the consistent quality and yield of machine-generated content, others prefer the unique voice that only a human writer can provide. In this article, I'll be delving into why I embody the traits of a human. This article isn't only written by a human, it's created by a human.

First, let's explore why some people prefer human-written articles:

Tales from Beyond Frick Park I: The Haunting of Gates-Hillman

Surely Jacks Son

Stephen King with minimal cocaine

No living creature can exist sanely under conditions of absolute reality; even lanternflies and cockroaches are supposed, by some, to dream. Gates Hillman, not sane, stood against the canyon, holding insanity within its glass-and-zinc ribcage; it had stood so for twenty years and might stand for twenty more, assuming FMS could keep the HVAC operating.

Dr. Montague had set up camp for the duration of finals week, intending to study the effects of prolonged wakefulness on undergraduate students "in the wild," a phrase he used with a straight face, as if anything at Carnegie Mellon could plausibly be described as wild. He had secured IRB approval after describing his experiment as "basically just observing what already happens." The board, themselves exhausted, approved it immediately.

He invited several candidates, carefully selected for their workload, calculated using a formula involving the FCE of their classes, caffeine consumption, and Piazza post frequency. Only two accepted. Eleanor Vance, a first-year Computer Science student who hadn't slept properly since July and resented those who had, arrived clutching the \$800 iPad she used to take notes while lamenting how she'd be unemployed and broke after graduating. Theodora, an HCI major who claimed to function best at night, arrived shortly thereafter.

Small talk was made and, partway through, the custodians, the Dudleys, happened to walk by and introduce themselves. They explained their work precisely: they cleaned during the day. They did not remain after midnight. They could not be located after midnight. They would not acknowledge anything that happened after midnight, including but not limited to strange noises, rearranged furniture, or the continued existence of undergraduates.

At first, the sleeplessness was companionable. Whiteboards filled and snacks vanished. Someone discovered the vending machine on the third floor dispensed Celsius reliably if cards were

swiped at exactly the right angle. All was as it should be.

Then the nights grew louder.

Footsteps echoed where no one walked. Elevators arrived empty, chiming insistently. Writing appeared on whiteboards that Eleanor did not remember being written: WHO IS AWAKE? And, later, HELP ME.

Eleanor could hear the building breathe, as the steam tunnels thrummed softly keeping her warm. Dr. Montague took notes enthusiastically, occasionally whispering about how intriguing everything was.

By the fifth night, the whiteboards were full of equations no one recognized but everyone agreed were "probably linear algebra." The vending machine stopped responding entirely. It was clear that Gates Hillman wanted Eleanor. The footsteps followed her with the persistence of a Red Bull representative during Carnival. The writing returned in a hand uncomfortably similar to her own: COME HOME. Theodora joked about it. Dr. Montague took notes. Eleanor, poor Eleanor, could do nothing but shake and tremble.

The next and final night passed uneventfully, at least for Eleanor. Theodora, however, saw the Dudleys cleaning and rearranging the furniture back to its original positions. When she went to sit in a chair, however, there was nothing there. She faulted Eleanor for this, though was unable to fathom what exactly she had done.

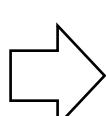
Montague decided Eleanor had to leave. She resisted, quietly. Gates Hillman felt warm now. Familiar, like she had always been waiting for it, and it for her. They packed her bag anyway and walked her outside at dawn.

Eleanor smiled, walked down the Pausch Bridge and did not return.

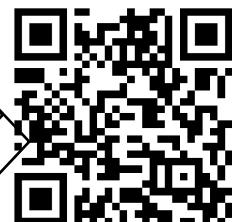
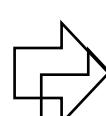
Afterwards, Gates Hillman was finally quiet. The whiteboard was wiped. The vending machines occasionally worked. Dr. Montague published inconclusive results and blamed his small sample size. Finals ended. No one mentioned Eleanor Vance.

Sometimes, though, a whiteboard could be found bearing a single question: WHO IS AWAKE?

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KGB Presents:



Capture the Flag with Stuff

February 13th, 2026

7PM in DH 2315

CTFWS.CMUKGB.ORG

Pittsburgh's Failing Water Infrastructure

WP
Has a drinking problem

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link; any system should not be judged by its ability to excel in ideal conditions, but rather in its performance under predictable yet adverse circumstances. This week's blizzard has revealed severe issues within Pittsburgh's public works sector. It is reasonable to expect some hiccups, such as 37 snow plows breaking down within a few hours of the downpour. Things happen! A city must, however, maintain a certain standard of living for its citizens. As many are already painfully aware, Pittsburgh has fallen painfully short of this duty: there are not enough places where you can sit outside in the snow and have a drink.

Pittsburgh lacks good winter outdoor drinking infrastructure, particularly in the Oakland and Squirrel Hill neighborhoods. The importance of winter drinking is well-documented. With shorter days and lower temperatures, many find themselves suffering the onset of seasonal depression. The first few snowfalls of the year have traditionally served to provide a reprise from the monotony of winter. Cracking open a couple beers in a snowy park has been an essential activity for alcoholics all over the globe; it has many health benefits and absolutely no negative effects. However, as international human rights agencies have pointed out for decades, stark

disparities in access to these spaces can exist even within the same city.

The World Health Organisation recommends a certain number of drinking-optimized nooks and crannies per street, depending on population density. Disturbingly, multiple neighborhoods in Pittsburgh fail to meet these standards. Accounts of unbroken lines of storefronts, visible-in-plain-sight benches, and terribly located playgrounds corroborate existing reports claiming that up to 23% of Pittsburgh residents are not able to access a nice winter drinking spot within walking distance of their homes. Attached is a harrowing first-hand interview conducted by ReadMe's investigative journalism division.

Anon: I started off my search in the south of Squirrel Hill, near the Greenfield end of Murray Ave. I've heard stories, sure, but I didn't think it would happen to me. I felt deep down that I'd be able to find a spot to enjoy a 9 PM beverage in peace. I was sure I'd find something. I had a tallboy shoved into my jacket pocket, I remember. God, I was so naive. I don't know if that makes me want to laugh or cry. I just kept walking, and walking, and all I saw were stores. Sure, business street, whatever, but there was nothing else. I'd wander off into a residential area, and keep walking in hopes of finding a patch of shrubbery or something where I could sit on the curb and crack the can open, but there was nothing. Nothing. No empty

parking lots, no alcoves, nothing. I kept telling myself that it'd get better, because it had to get better, but it didn't. I just kept walking with my unopened tallboy in my pocket. At one point I almost gave up and sat down in a snowdrift. It was just so bleak. Fuck. Sorry. I need a minute. This is really hard to talk about.

Anyway. I eventually made it up to Schenley Park. Some goddamn kids were sledding down the hill, so I had to stumble to one of the pagodas there. It was so nice to find a bench that wasn't within a plain view of a road. I just remember getting there and staring off into the distance. I couldn't make out what color the sky was. It seemed like it was grey behind me, and a sort of purple in front of me. Man. Where was I? Right. My beer. By the time I cracked it open, it wasn't even a liquid anymore. It was basically a beer slushie. That's how long it took me to find a decent spot to drink it. Can you imagine?

Public outrage over this issue, which has been increasing since December, reached a boiling point this weekend. On January 25th, the City of Pittsburgh declared a state of emergency, with the aim of addressing outdoor inebriation inequity. Political scientists have been quick to point this out as a textbook example of grassroots community sentiment bolstering change on a higher level. While the future of public intoxication remains uncertain, those in power must keep in mind that power ultimately resides in the people.