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KGB PRESENTS

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Editor-in-Chief: Eshaan Joshi

All the news unfit to print

Psychosis : Free
Therapy : \$300,000

the issue in which we issue
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Last Rites: The Final Words of a Student Trapped in Gates

Jupiter

Very Real Investigative Journalist

ReadMe's most dedicated journalists have recently discovered a letter at the bottom of a Rohr Cafe – La Prima coffee cup, believed to be written by a student who never made it out of the Gates and Hillman centers. Out of respect for this fallen student, we have decided to broadcast their mad ramblings for the whole university to read:

I've tried all the doors but none of them seem to open. I walked up and down the spiral, searching for anyone else trapped in Gates, yet I have found no one. Perhaps I will just sit and study for a while, the quiet is nice...

ChatGPT has stopped working. Unable to complete my assignments, I have taken to once again searching the building for any signs of life. I followed a promising stench, that of body odor, only to find that it was just the lingering smell of Gates. It's

beginning to get dark now, my stomach is rumbling as I notice the faint scent of Chinese food beyond the entrance to Newell-Simon. In searching the ruins of La Prima, I have found old coffee grounds and a stale muffin. They will have to sustain me through the night.

There is no light now, only the soft, homosexual glow of Pausch Bridge. I walk up the spiral, dragging my backpack towards the sound of voices. Alas, they are only an illusion.

I march, defeated, back down to my old coffee grounds. Soon, I will hear the voices again and go searching for them, only to discover they are a figment of my imagination. Am I but Sisyphus? Destined to push my belongings up the spiral in search of salvation, only to be tricked by my own mind? I fear I have been damned to live inside Gates for eternity. There is no escape...

There is no escape...

Derealizing

Violet R. Blu

Shower Hog

Sometimes you don't feel like a person. Sometimes you feel like you're asleep and the people around you are guests on a podcast you forgot to turn off. There are a lot of words for this feeling, and most of them are long words starting with D: dissociation, disassociation, depersonalization, derealization. No one ever bothered to decide on one term. This is because people who derealize have bigger nothings not to worry about.

Derealizing is portable. You can take it anywhere. As long as there's a spot in the distance to stare at, you can peel yourself from this plane of existence like a contact lens. Over time, though, seasoned derealizors will develop a preference for where they do their business. Personally, I can't recommend the shower enough. The water pouring endlessly onto your head really simulates the feeling of learned helplessness. The stream, the weight of the world, keeps falling onto your shoulders, but you don't move. You simply gasp for air and look at your hollow-eyed reflection in the dirty metal knob.

Sitting down in the shower is an

advanced move, but if you have some experience already, I suggest giving it a try. A word of warning: if you sit on the floor of a communal shower, the people in the stalls next to you will get a full view of your personhood. Before you try that, you must be extremely detached from your physical body.

Shower sitting is not for everyone, but I love to derealize this way. It feels amazing to relieve yourself of the effort of standing up. Why struggle under the weight of being alive when you can simply let it bring you to your knees (or to your butt, I guess)?

Derealizing does have some side effects. You might spend years of your life trapped in a fog, looking at the world through a condensation-covered window you never bothered to wipe off. Or you might touch the pubic that's been sitting on the shower wall for three days. I can't promise you that there won't be any risks, but what's the alternative? Soaking in the realities of life with every fiber of your being? Feeling every moment deep in your heart, from the highest highs to the lowest lows? That's for lamoids. Watching your life in the third person as tepid water rains down upon you is way cooler.

Donner Caretaker misses scheduled feeding time

Citron

Nobody notices when *I* rampage on campus!

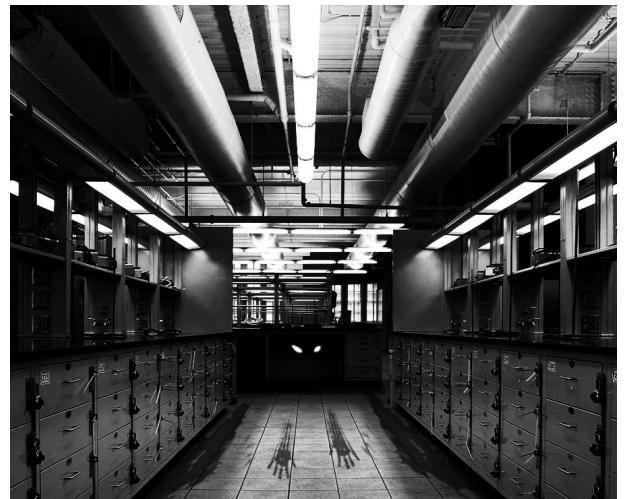
In a regrettable incident this morning, Donner's officially appointed caretaker missed the 485th annual Donner Creature feeding, the first feeding he was to perform after succeeding a 2025 graduate. In an exclusive statement to readme, the caretaker stated the reason for missing the feeding time:

"There's a real baddie that sits next to me in the lecture I got then, y'know? You woulda too. Don't pull that shit where everyone pretends they wouldn'a done the same thing. I know you woulda."

He also explained that "it's a four hundred and eighty-five year old tradition and nobody knows why we do it. I think it's probably pretty useless. The Donner Creature can feed itself, you know? Grown ass Creature, still living in the Donner basement. Get off your ass."

While it is true that the purpose of the 485 year old tradition is unknown, the current leading theory posits that it is to prevent the Donner Creature from getting off its ass, as this morning, the Donner creature broke free of its containment. Rampaging around campus, it disrupted the order of the Crisp'n'Crust-Ciao Bella-Ola Ola line, blocked traffic on the Forbes-Morewood intersection so that the crosswalk was uncrossable for upwards of 30 minutes, and injured various students who begged it to do so to get out of classes. Ultimately, it settled on Wean Hall as a suitable replacement for its lost meal, where it is currently sitting and feeding on the concrete exterior as the UN's containment forces attempt to lure it down with Hershey's kisses, its favorite.

It is unknown the extent of its malicious intent. I can only hope that Rev Noodle survives.



The Donner Creature // Benner Rodgers

One must imagine Sisyphus' Heart is in the work

WP
Canoodling with Camus

The gods have commanded Carnegie Mellon students to ceaselessly start and submit assignments, only for more notifications to appear on Canvas at the end of the day. They found no crueler punishment for the students' hubris than this dreadful, repetitive task. There are many varying accounts for why the students are being punished in this manner. Some spent time on r/ Applying2College in high school, others applied to make their parents love them, and one or two even "really like the school" and "wanna follow their dreams".

You have already grasped that the Carnegie Mellon student is an absurd character. Their desire to make something of themselves, concluding in this toiling, repetitive labor, makes this situation almost comical. Eternally they struggle through the milestones of the academic calendar, stopping briefly only to rest during school breaks before continuing

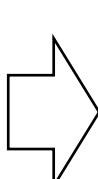
again. Yet, it is this pause that interests me. Surely, someone so embroiled in their academic schedule cannot have a life. The several weeks of break are merely a mechanism which the student must use to sign up for more classes and apply for more internships. Inevitably, the semester starts again, and the student continues their infinite loop of panicking and bitching.

But if one observes the absurd nature of their situation, an interesting corollary to despair forms. There is no amount of suffering that cannot be overcome by scorn; the CMU student, realizing that they have free will, understands that they can relish their situation by making extremely original jokes about how they want to drop out. Each unfortunate midterm and all-nighter, in itself, forms a world. It's all just really fucking funny. The CMU student survives because they realize the absurdity of their situation. One must imagine the CMU student happy; one must imagine their heart is in the work.

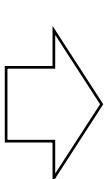


Ms. De Vil, leaving the furry orgy fashionably early // House Plant

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