

A Miracle Christmas Gift: Nearly-Perfect Finals

Alex Werth

Procrastinating for a miracle

Wednesday morning, students across CMU campus awoke to an incredible email resting in their inboxes: "You're done with finals!"

Sent from a gibberish address, the messages contained only roughly-scanned notes written on sheet paper. In large looping cursive text and taped-on Polaroids, these letters told students that their last commitments had all been completely taken care of. For some, final essays had been handed in days early, the letter jotting down a favorite cited peer-reviewed study that "Might just tickle your fancy if you give it a read!" For others, letters contained a scored final exam: only ever a sign error away from perfect, and always enough to bring home the student's coveted A. "That was a tough one," many a letter would encourage, "I'm mighty proud of how hard you've

worked!"

Though no name was signed in the letter, most included a final picture: a scanned Polaroid selfie of a smiling, white-bearded old man, pointing at the student's name on a laptop screen. Scrawled on each photo, a little note: "From your biggest fan!"

Students were beyond overjoyed. Many were left speechless: they approached a ReadMe staff member choked in tears, and collapsed asleep moments after presenting the email. Those with the energy to run home did so, sleeping for the first stint of over five hours in the last week. Students promised to leave gifts in their kitchens before heading out for break: cookies and chips, milk and now-unneeded Celsius cans, anything they could muster. These students went on their merry way with a fresh spring in their step: that was all this letter sender wanted in return.

Rejected Headlines #15

- It's a Christmas Mircale! Readme disbanded.
- Santa is proud of you, even if no one else is.
- Duct tape, gags and other gifts for your conservative relatives.
- Tucker Carlson finally proposes to Green M&M.
- Hallmark Movie Cityboy Exes Support Group opens doors.
- Santa takes unannounced detour, US goes to DEFCON 2.
- Christmas Wishes Granted: CEO Shot.
- Naughty List leaked.
- Ms. Claus revealed to actually be Amy Schumer.
- I met Santa Clause, she's black.
- TikTok caught selling data to Santa to determine Naughty/Nice list.
- Reindeer waste on Epstein Island raises concerns.
- Supreme Court overturns Naughty List affirmative action.
- Elves join UAW Local 1701.
- Breaking: Worst man you know is about to dangle mistletoe over his head
- Child tries to separate parents to get two Christmases

All this and more, not in this issue!

THE WAR ON
CHRISTMAS
ENDS WITH US.



Santa Clause sues NORAD Santa Tracker over privacy concerns

Bridget McMahon
Flight Tracker Addict

Late Wednesday, Claus threatened legal action against Norad – North American Aerospace Defense Command – and "organizations who supported harm to my family." Claus said a stalker followed and blocked a sleigh carrying his favorite elf "Lil Pimppin," in the North Pole, thinking the occupant was him. The assailant climbed onto the reindeer, Claus tweeted.

When pressed for a response, NORAD claimed they were, "spreading Christmas joy for every little girl and boy." Claus claims that spreading this information is incredibly dangerous, and may lead to his assassination, especially now due to

his recent exposal of political beliefs.

More interestingly, Norad has exposed that Claus's total flight emissions for 2023 amount to 8,293 tonnes, which is over 1,100 times higher than the average person's entire annual emissions.

Flight tracking has also revealed that Santa routinely avoids poorer parts of major cities - such as Harlem in NYC - or entire cities themselves, as in the case of Detroit in 2022. Santa refused to comment on this information, routinely stating that the tracking itself is unconstitutional and harmful.

Santa will appear in court this Wednesday because of the case and has agreed to let the judge sit on his lap.



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

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Gay Target Nutcrackers find true love

Gilgamesh Ichthyomorphosis
Giggling, kicking their feet

'Twas a dark and stormy night in the Target warehouse. It had been months since June, and all but one little gay nutcracker had found a forever home. Tears streamed down the face of the little gay nutcracker. Was he unlovable? Was he destined to be alone? Was this all a cruel joke from a heartless creator?

The little gay nutcracker sat alone on the cold, barren warehouse rack – until he wasn't. One day a Target worker entered carrying a box of Christmas nutcrackers. The worker placed the box of Christmas nutcrackers on a shelf across from the little gay nutcracker. As the weeks went by the box of nutcrackers slowly dwindled, until only one sad nutcracker remained at the bottom of the barren box. Christmas came and went, and no one claimed the lonely nutcracker.

In early January, a Target worker moved the sole nutcracker next to the little gay nutcracker, to make room for Valentine's inventory. The little gay nutcracker did not notice this new acquaintance at first, as he had fully dissociated into the void. Until, one day, he felt a smooth wooden arm brush across his back. "Hey" a kind voice said. The little gay nutcracker turned his head towards the sound, in front of him was the man of his dreams. Tall, blond, and drop-dead gorgeous. The

little gay nutcracker began to blush: perhaps a higher power had heard his wishes. "My name's Friedrich," mustered the little gay nutcracker. "That's a pretty name," replied the other nutcracker. "I'm Ludwig."

Friedrich and Ludwig spent every second with each other. When the warehouse closed for the night, they would ride the Barbie cars through the floor and talk the entire night. They had pillow fights in the home decor aisle, movie nights in the tech display. Friedrich tried to fight back his feelings for Ludwig but he couldn't deny his heart pounding in his chest. Everytime he looked into Ludwig's eyes, he saw forever.

Finally, Friedrich could no longer take it. While Ludwig was asleep, Friedrich snuck into the LEGO aisle and grabbed the largest flower set he could find. He worked the entire night to build a beautiful bouquet of roses for Ludwig. At the end of the night, he snuck back onto the shelf with Ludwig and carefully hid the flowers behind a box of candy canes. When Ludwig woke up, Friedrich knew what he had to do. He grabbed the flowers, got down on one knee and asked "Ludwig, will you be my boyfriend?"

"YES!" Ludwig said, pulling his own set of flowers out from behind him. "I was just going to ask you that." The two nutcrackers hugged and kissed. They had each other, and that was all they needed.

Winning the War on Christmas



Tali Kirschenbaum
ReaDmE Jew No. 5

As we all know, Christmas is falling out of favor with the American public. "Merry Christmas" has been replaced with "Happy Holidays." Starbucks and Dunkin Donuts have replaced their Christmas-themed special cups and boxes with holiday-nonspecific red and green cups and boxes printed with tinsel patterns. Christmas movies are about 8-year-olds outwitting criminals invading their family's homes and policemen thwarting terrorist operations rather than finding the true meaning of Christmas. The thought of it makes me shudder. With that in mind, the Jewish writers of reADMe have decided to join the War on Christmas —on the side of Christmas. With that, here are some ways that we, the true saviors of Christmas, will win.

Celebrate it for eight days

We all know that one day of Christmas is way too short. However, twelve days of Christmas is just too much of a commitment for most people. I propose we meet in the middle, with eight. Why eight, you ask, when half of twelve is six? Well, six just sucks as a number, and five and seven are both odd, which is bad. This means that eight is the best number of days for a holiday as special and important as Christmas to be.

Light candles instead of a tree

Christmas trees are a hassle for most families. In recent years, many have resorted to buying fake trees, or

decorating other items that can sit in a corner or window. Instead of buying expensive trees and ornaments every year, buy a much cheaper singular item that fits eight candles (one for each day) and 44 very thin candles (so as to light two on the first day, three on the second, and so on and so forth, as one candle lights all the others). This will save money in the long run, and an enormous amount of time and effort spent preparing the tree.

Eat oily, fried foods

The fact that I, as a Jewish person, don't know whether Christmas has any foods strongly associated with it really exemplifies why Christmas is losing the War on Christmas. So what better than eating foods fried in oil? What's more American than donuts, maybe even filled with jelly? What's more Christian than shredding a potato and frying it in oil to make a sort of pancake? If nothing else will save Christmas, Big Cooking Oil will.

Gamble

Americans are addicted to gambling. So addicted, in fact, that it is incredibly sensible to celebrate Christmas by betting real or chocolate money on a game of near-complete chance. By spinning a top akin to a four-sided die, with the sides decorated to commemorate the miracle of the birth of Jesus Christ, Christmas celebrations can be made fun again by playing over chocolate coins, or contentiously by betting real ones. These tops can be wooden or plastic, but are most special if you make them out of clay.

George Michael wishes you a...

**VERY
reADME
CHRISTMAS**



CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE



SUBJECT 1



SUBJECT 2

MY DOGS WHOM I LOVE DEARLY

God, I am so ready to go home and see my dogs. It's so fucking amazing to have two weird little independent creatures wandering and wiggling around my living space and I've missed it so very much.

Subject number 1 is my old lady Rosa. She bears an uncanny resemblance to George Michael of ReadMe fame, as they likely escaped from the same top secret government facility. She is an honorable beast, but will steal specifically pumpkin bread if given the chance. This supports my theory that she's secretly an older white woman trapped in a dog's body.

Subject number 2 is named Bowie. It is likely that she hatched from her egg prematurely, suggested by an unfortunately incurable lack of intelligence. The only two concepts that she seems to have grasped are love and gluttony, both in great quantity. Her barks release psionic blasts that produce symptoms akin to Havana syndrome, but despite my grey matter dissolving, I love her to bits.

This Week In Bears

Abe James

Barly Holding On

Crime continues to plague our CMU campus, even as we approach winter break. In this case, our loyal reporters have followed the crumb trail to a pair of menaces doing suspicious activity around campus for the past weeks.

Camper Crushers Take to Unicycles

Two bears have recently joined the CMU Unicycle Appreciation Association. These bears have been seen on campus for a few weeks, disguised in hats, scarves, t-shirts, shorts and tutus. Their reason for being on campus is unknown, however they have been seen riding their unicycles all across campus and greater Pittsburgh, perhaps in an attempt to cover up their easily identifiable bear paws. Most likely, these bears are on the run from animal control and park rangers for their crimes against campers. The authorities have been contacted but they informed readMe that the bears were "Nothing to worry about".

Sniffing for Meat Amongst Student Body

The bears have been seen handing out jars of salmon jerky and overnight oats for free at the UC, despite not being part of any student

organization. While our reporters weren't able to obtain any before stock ran out, we were able to find some residue leftover in a trash can. Some of the residue was contaminated with other trash but a sample was obtained nonetheless for testing. Upon examining the remains, one reporter threw up immediately, a clear sign of poison. These bears are obviously trying to poison the study body to harvest their bodies for meat.

Deadly Pair Create Disguises for Escape

These two have also been found knitting fuzzy sweaters, hats, gloves, and so forth outside of Wean. Animal Control and park rangers must have pinned the bears for crimes against humanity and as such, the pair are making new human disguises. One reporter bravely went up to investigate and didn't return for several hours. He was later found sleeping in Sorrells Library in a very large and comfortable sweater with a mug of hot cocoa next to him. We can only conclude that he was knocked out deliberately by the bears who are now onto us. Unfortunately, it seems the bears have made off with their disguises and are now on the run somewhere else. If any readers have any information about the bear situation contact readME



Snowman animated by rogue BME students

Alex Werth

Fascinated by Cordyceps and Piranesi

At 3 am on Wednesday, 12/05, a team of exhausted BME student researchers made a major leap in genetic engineering, by successfully animating a snowman. The snow creature – humanoid with rounded limbs, standing around four feet tall – is powered by the highly bioengineered carrot forming its 'nose'. The carrot was heavily cross-modified with mushroom and slime mold DNA. It grew an extensive, prehensile, "...f*cking 'The Thing'-level gory, just terrifying..." mycelial root network, which became the muscles and nerves of the snow mold the carrot was implanted in.

After a successful awakening, the snowman was relocated to one of the Posner B-level freezer closets, where it was well cared for by a rotation of researchers and their childcare specialist advisor. The snowman was performing at cognitive levels remarkably similar to a human newborn; the researchers envisioned an exciting future studying the developing cognition of their creation. "It's not going to be like Frankenstein's Monster," one recalled, "We're going to do better." Evidently, some other students thought the same. At 3:30 A.M., unforeseen complications would set the snowman on a new life trajectory: a strike team of three philosophy majors – evidently tipped off by a mole on the research group – had managed to slip into the freezer and bar the door from

within. For two hours, the door remained firmly locked despite the BME students' attempts at forced entry, loud threats, and heart-wrenching begging.

When the door was finally opened from the inside, the researchers found their snowman engaging in earnest philosophical discussion with the invaders over mugs of ice water. The snowman, now speaking eloquent English and passable French, welcomed the researchers in with gratitude. It expressed a thorough awareness of the circumstances of its birth, unique existence, and inevitable demise; despite its jarring sudden worldliness, it expressed sincere appreciation for the care all of its parents had shown it.

The philosophy majors admitted that, once they had heard about the project, they felt they had to intervene and make sure the snowman was adequately shown affection and coached on the fallibility of man. After all, they couldn't let it end like Frankenstein's Monster; they wanted to do better.

The debacle concluded cordially. As long as it is not inadvertently salted, the happy snowman – now child to a fascinating 20-page custody arrangement between BME and philosophy departments – will continue to live a pleasant life in and around campus. If you are out late one night in the snowfall, and spot a little humanoid frolicking in the cold, rest assured it is having the time of its life.

Grandma's Secret Recipes, Volume 167

Alex Werth

Exposéur Extraordinaire (Fuckin' Narc\)

Sweet Surprise Chili

2 lbs ground beef
1 lb venison, fresh
2 cans red tomatoes (none of those damn other colors)
1 can sweet corn kernels
1 pack bacon
1 carton steel nails (add rust for flavor)
½ carton milk
2 tbsp garlic salt
2 tbsp lard

Melt lard in bottom of crock pot. Mix beef and venison with salt, add to bottom of pot, brown. Add remaining ingredients, stir to mix. Attach lid with slip wedged in, hide string near handle, bring to pressure, carry to table with rest of family. Drop to floor while pulling string attached to slip.
Surprise!

Eggnog

1 Eggnoggon
1 Steel Bucket

Pacify your eggnoggolon, place the bucket underneath, and milk away! Fresh eggnog for the whole family!

Leftovers Punch

- 2 cups turkey gravy
- 1 cup cranberry sauce
- 1 cup eggnog
- 2 tbsps maple syrup
- 1 sweet potato mashed, or 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 cup green beans
- 1 bowlful old casserole
- 5 shots Jack Daniels
- 1 can Monster Energy
- 8 bags Lipton Tea

Mix first four ingredients in large bowl. Combine potato(es), beans, and casserole in fine-mesh sieve; squeeze juice into large bowl. Take 1 Jack shot; combine remaining four with Monster and tea in separate bowl. Let steep for 5 minutes, discard tea, pour into large bowl. Strain and refrigerate.

Makes enough drink for two weeks of tolerating your old fart husband, your wimpy underperforming nephew, or your lazy screen-addicted grandkids.

Gingerbread

Danya's Bomb Chili, eggnog fresh milked,
celsius turkey, and gingerbread cookies that
don't output any cookies because you eat them
all while making them

Grandma's Homestyle Christmas Eggnog

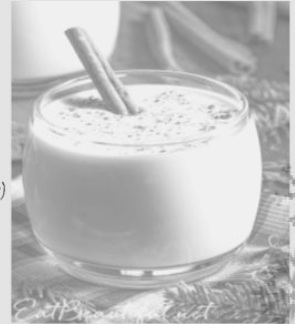
As a child, whenever I visited my dear grandma in her hometown, Normalville, Pennsylvania, she would always make me and my 7 siblings this delicious eggnog. When my dear grandma passed, I spent twenty straight hours trying to recreate her amazing eggnog recipe, and I did get salmonella in the process. While it may not have her special magic, I hope your family will enjoy it as much as mine did this wonderful holiday season. When you taste this concoction of perfection, you will immediately throw your own grandma's homemade eggnog out the window and onto a garbage truck.

Ingredients

6.7 large egg yolks
2 oz rum
12.82 oz Corn Syrup
272 milliliters heavy whipping cream
7.9 oz gin
1 cubic ft pumpkin Spice Seasoning
7 cups regular milk (not that stupid vegan plant stuff)
34 tons nutmeg
11 oz tequila
0.03 moles salt
0.956 liters vodka

Instructions:

Mix all ingredients together in a microwave-safe bowl. Stir til smooth then enjoy.



US Gov't to seize coal from stockings

Mihir Deshpande

Official Readme IRS Fall Guy

Last week the US Department of Energy announced a new plan to obtain more fossil fuels. It is estimated that nearly 75% of America's youth is on Santa's naughty list (rising juvenile crime rates, internet challenges, and brain rot have been attributed as the main reasons for this). Thus if one assumes the average lump of coal to weigh around a half pound, that is over 27 million pounds of coal to be used as energy.

Due to this, on Christmas Day the US government will deploy around 38,000 soldiers

on holiday leave to seize all of the coal. Worth noting is the fact the government is allowed to deploy those soldiers due to expertly placed “loopholes” in their contracts. All of the confiscated coal is to then be sent to fossil fuel energy facilities around the states they are seized from.

The Department of Energy is hopeful for the high yields in energy that can be gained by seizing this much coal, and there are rumored preparations to create a new “Burn the Flags of Non-US Countries Challenge” to hopefully increase the number of naughty kids to take coal from in 2025.



Tax Guide for Santa's Presents

Mihir Deshpande

Official Readme IRS Fall Guy

After much confusion and arrests during last year's Christmas, the IRS has decided to release an official tax guide for any presents received from Santa. This will be a comprehensive 50-page guide listing all the various rules for how to declare these presents, factoring things like value, type, Christmas spirit, and foreign import regulations. The IRS is hopeful that this will clear up any confusion regarding the rules surrounding Present Tax and also create enough confusion to be able to issue many fines to a (hopefully large) number of violators.



BELIEVE IN SANTA

How else can he believe in himself?