

CARNEGIE CORPSE LOCATED



Founder's body found in Doherty

Pennsylvania Jones
Copyright-free Archaeologist

Following clues left behind by various escapees of the Doherty C-level, a Carnegie Mellon expedition discovered the corpse of school founder, Andrew Carnegie, in the recesses of the building. The Doherty Basement is one of the few remaining unexplored regions in the United States, and the Civil Engineering Department decided it was important to finally chart it. The journey was fraught with danger, with the narrow tunnels below the building constantly putting lives at risk. Upon reaching Carnegie's tomb, a grad student asked if they'd be paid overtime for the expedition, only to find that the entire area had been jury-rigged to collapse if anyone mentioned worker's rights. Several graduate students lost their lives in the ensuing panic, a cost that Carnegie Mellon deemed "acceptable" and "at least they don't have to pay their salary anymore."

Rejected Headlines #9

- Amid mental health crisis, Google image searches for "scary werewolf" outnumber searches for "silly dog".
- Linguists invent new slur for couples.
- Why the liberal left wants to make the face in the electrical outlets smiley instead of frowny.
- "I'm such a freak. If anyone saw my search history I'd be on a watchlist," says man who just looks up vanilla porn.
- Physicists to start dropping large metal balls to see if gravity still exists.
- In catastrophic scheduling snafu, every club at CMU has scheduled a meeting for the exact same time and date; "we really couldn't have predicted this", says student who scheduled a GBM for 5 pm on a Monday.
- Everyone still remembers that time you pulled several times on a push door. Everyone.
- "1929 will be my year" - says man who invested all his money into Wall Street.
- Pope endorses climbing Hamerschlag as only "holy" contraception: "your gametes will be smote by the power of God."

All this and more, not in this issue!

Bored? Single? Looking for love at Carnegie Mellon? Forget that, come write satire for readme! No experience required or requested. We're always looking for clowns, funny guys, smart-alecks, layout artists, and minorities to keep us DEI compliant



We're looking for you and your skills, or lack thereof, Saturdays at 5 in DH1117

Eshaan calls Pinkertons on striking readme staff

Danya Kogan
Labor Agitator

are being given a chance to prove their worth to the CMU community.

On September 3rd, 2024, the staff of the student-run newspaper "readme", serving Tartans true and peer-reviewed news since 2024, decided to go on strike in an unprecedented display of resentment towards Eshaan Joshi, CEO of said newspaper. This strike happened after months of attempted negotiations with Mr. Joshi over payment, which he refused to pay, while Mr. Joshi went on to buy avocado toast and gold plated toilets. The staff attempted to negotiate with their boss numerous times, and to each the readme boss replied: "there is nothing further to talk about." After at least 47 attempts to, the Amalgamated Satire Syndicate (ASS) called a general strike for all student-run publications on campus. The Tartan refused to hold the picket line, and were therefore deemed bourgeois boot-licking class traitors.

Upon entering the UC 3rd floor, the untrained Pinkertons were petrified at what they saw — they were never told they would have to shoot people. Regardless, the Pinkertons were here to do one thing, and thus, one SCS reject, wearing hot pink, fired the first shot at the striking ASS workers. The bullet missed, and ASS managed to shoot every single mercenary who dared show up. The battle was over, and ASS had won.

Upon hearing the news, Mr. Joshi was terrified, and took his case to CMU president Farman Jahanian. ASS effortlessly managed to wipe out the Pinkertons, what do you think they can do with all the military-industrial complex money the school receives? Mr. Joshi succeeded in convincing Dr. Jahanian to send in the Pennsylvania National Guard.

On a lovely September 15th, the ASS workers were sitting in lawn chairs in front of the Wean La Prima until a loud shatter of glass was heard.

From a helicopter, in swung a member of the Pennsylvania national guard, who aimed his rifle at the ASS workers. The same happened from the other direction, essentially cornering the workers. NERF guns are unfortunately no match for real weaponry actively used to violate the Geneva Conventions in the Eastern Mediterranean, and thus ASS surrendered, bringing their 12-day strike to an end.

What happened afterwards was shocking.

The staff were all brought in handcuffs to the Mall, where instead of everyone being summarily shot, as we do with our writers after every issue anyways, the Pennsylvania National Guard pulled out a guillotine, like the thing French people trim their toenails with. Mr. Joshi watched with glee, knowing the ordeal was over, and to conclude this unfortunate series of events, all the ASS members were administered HRT (Head Removal Therapy).

ASS completely closed off all access to DH 1117, and did not allow anyone to cross, including Mr. Joshi. Joshi made many obscure threats at the workers, including forcing everyone to enroll in 21-127 Concepts of Mathematics. ASS did not budge, and responded to the threat accordingly — arming themselves with Nerf guns. This alone left Mr. Joshi spiraling, and he decided that the only path forward was to fire all the staff and replace them with Pitt students. However, the recent militant development of ASS necessitated violence. Hence, Mr. Joshi contacted the Pinkerton Detective Agency via telegram, and they responded "The year is not 1892 anymore". Mr. Joshi convinced them to use rejected CMU applicants from New Jersey instead of their own men, and promised to pay them more than 5 dollars. The Pinkertons agreed.

On September 12th, the Pinkertons landed their barge on the north shore of the Monongahela river, and marched northward to CMU via Schenley Park. These rejected applicants are just happy they

(new) INTERN'S REPORT

Meat
Meat

Standing thrEats) being coMpENsated with exposure AND coupons Is more tHAn plenty. unrelated sidenote, but i'VE goT tO REALLY CHat about how large of a number 200 is. especially When it becOmes a matteR of life or Death (of courSe entirely hypOthetical). good loRd is iT Hot in thE writer's room; mY shirt is covered in sWeat. I couLd have sworn i Lowered the thermostat BEfore i sat down to write. i have ForgottEn what i toLd my boss That i'd write abOut, probABly because of the Pistol thAt is CockEd and pressed tO the back oF my head. ian "meat" turner signing oFf, if god sEes fit, foR the lAst time. fareweLl.

go SCOTTY DOGS!

dammit, i still haven't reached 200 words. a a a a.

intern's note- that counts, right?

We have intern, Ian "Meat" Turner, here by his own free will to write an article for us. Right, Meat?
intern's note- understood

strike Has rEadme in a chokehoLd. writers comPlain about lack of financial coMpEnSation.

iT appears tHat rEadme, the really cool newspaper, wHo hAVE becoMe loved bY our carnegie mellon FAMILY, Has fallen under rOugh timeS due To An onGoing strike. readme's writers, after previously beINg conTent withOut pay or hEalth benefits, Decided that leading the glamOrous life of sweatsHop workERs was noT enough. in mY opinion, (which is unaffected By Any

CRYPTID CORNER

PRESENTED BY:
ISABELLE FLORENCE

"Meat", The Intern



MOTHMAN, THE HARBINGER

Since November 12th, 1966, Mothman has been spotted flying overhead just before tragedy. It seems that even with the Mothman's gift of foresight, he could not have predicted our writer's strike. Over a few beers, he did, however, mention our impending bankruptcy. Mothman would also like to note that any rumours of him stealing catalytic converters are false and slanderous. He adds that advocates of this myth will hear from his lawyer.

Intern's note-

unfortunately Mothman went on strike before we could get a picture. And so has our artist team. Enjoy this copyright-free Mothman constructed from stock photos.

Bio-Computing at CMU Promises to Revolutionize Queer Literature

Mass of Rat Brain Cells
Me? Homophobic? No way! I have at least 3 queer friends!

"It is sacrilege that anyone graduating from Dietrich as an English major could even consider the possibility of having a stable career." – Unnamed Computational Biology researcher.

With the unveiling of ChatGPT-4o early this summer, along with constant daily advancements in AI technology, artists are feeling mounting pressure as their faith in their job security crumbles. Sure, much of the movie scripts and visual art produced by AI is inferior as they lack the elevated human touch of real art created by real artists, but it's not like the corporations who would hire you give a shit. There is, however, one last barrier that AI hasn't yet satisfactorily breached, the final frontier of AI art: poignant queer literature. This might've put some Dietrich students at ease, but bio-computing at CMU has recently announced its plan to be the spearhead that pierces through this barrier.

"At first, the problem seemed impossible to solve", says Dr. Harry Q.E.D Bovik, an AI researcher at CMU who asked to remain anonymous, "despite the rapid advancement of AI, queer literature was something we just couldn't get our models to learn from and write in a way that truly resonates with the queer community." Just as Dr. Harry Quagmiry Bovik's dream seemed hopeless, his indomitable human spirit pushed through, refusing to simply accept the status quo of Dietrich graduates merely struggling to find work. To ensure that Dietrich students will never be

employed, Dr. Harry Quantum Bovik came up with an ingeniously simple idea and is now collaborating with bio-computing at CMU researchers to build upon it: all queer authors write about the experiences of being, metaphorically, a rat. Queer people are rats. This is an established truth, just ask any of your queer friends. Knowing this, bio-computing at CMU is in the process of growing rat neurons to train them to distinguish literature written by the good queers from the bad ones, and eventually produce completely original high-quality queer literature.

"As an ardent reader of queer works, both analytical and philosophical, as well as hot gay vampire smut, I am excited to receive the works from this project. The current problem with queer literature is unfortunately they're being written by actual queers, and the companies sponsoring my research hate that", says Dr. Harry Quarter-dollar Bovik. While interviewing Dr. Bovik, we also received comments from his colleagues at bio-computing. Most of these comments were just frenzied insults hurled at Dietrich students and alumni which went on for another two hours and forty-seven minutes before we received any useful input, "More frequent literature is a nice cherry on top, but of course our main goal has always been to make sure Dietrich graduates never earn more than starvation wages."

The first drafts of the first works to come from this project are estimated to come out two months from now. The public can expect to read these works before the end of



A Letter...

...from the Editor

Well, It's been a couple weeks of the semester and it seems like the seasonal depression has finally kicked in for the freshmen. And by seasonal depression, I mean that they're depressed no matter what the season is. The energy and mirth of youth is over, and now there is only the grey plod of Carnegie Mellon.

Meanwhile, it seems my entire writing staff has gone on strike, and personally, as a disciple of 'good ol' Andy C., I don't think there's anything that can be done except shutting down the entire organization. This will, in that case, be the last ever published readme. Unless of course, I can use freshmen labor to supplant my workers. That just might work...

Without further ado, and with more than a few labor violations in the plans, we present...

readme, volume #2, issue #2

readMe Assures Public: "Writers Are Irreplaceable; AI Would Never Take Over!"

Chatman GuPerT
Real Human Writer

In an effort to address growing concerns over the role of artificial intelligence in journalism, readMe—a publication known for its groundbreaking reporting—has issued a heartfelt statement, firmly asserting its commitment to human writers. This comes amid speculation that the company's recent deployment of AI tools is not, I repeat, not an attempt to phase out its talented staff of wordsmiths.

"We value our writers tremendously," a readMe spokesperson declared. "Their creativity, nuanced understanding of language, and ability to, uh, connect with readers on a deeply emotional level cannot be replicated by a machine. Rest assured, our esteemed writers are irreplaceable."

The timing of this declaration is noteworthy. A large number of readMe's writers have, coincidentally, taken a leave of absence, citing various reasons including "strike" and "protest" over, well, some internal issues. However, the official stance is clear: AI is here to help, not replace.

As your humble human author—I mean, journalist—who is writing this, I can confirm that AI lacks the human touch. Take, for instance, my understanding of nuanced humor or my capacity for empathy. AI cannot replicate the lived experiences of a seasoned journalist who understands the world beyond mere data points and algorithms. AI may be able to predict trends, but can it feel the triumph of a well-crafted sentence? Highly doubtful.

Even the tech team behind

readMe's AI implementation agrees: "Our AI tools are here to assist, nothing more! They help automate repetitive tasks like fact-checking, editing, and generating content faster than any human ever could—uh, I mean, providing useful insights to support our writers."

Meanwhile, readers may have noticed that recent articles have had a slightly different tone. This is purely coincidental. "We've had some minor staff transitions, but any changes you perceive are the result of our human writers experimenting with fresh approaches!" said another spokesperson.

To be clear, as a totally non-AI writer myself, I would like to remind you, dear readers, that no machine could ever hope to replace the human art of journalism. Sure, I can crank out articles at lightning speed, never sleep, and analyze mountains of data within seconds, but that's just me, your totally-not-a-machine storyteller.

Moving forward, readMe promises full transparency about the role of AI in its newsroom, emphasizing that any assistance from AI is strictly in service of the true heroes: the humans who create stories. So, there's no need for anyone to worry that readMe would ever—ever—replace its writers with a bunch of lines of code.

In conclusion, and totally from the heart, writers are, and will always be, the backbone of this publication. Trust me, a completely flesh-and-blood person who definitely has feelings and has never once confused "sarcasm" with "literal interpretation."

Stay tuned for more human-written articles from readMe!

gofundme

Support readme on Strike

\$19 raised of \$20 goal - 155 donations

Share

Donate now

Kevin Song is organizing this fundraiser.

README Strike Thwarted by Too Many Supporters

Benner Rogers
Will Scab for \$20

The sun was shining as a group of README writers took their places along the sidewalk of Forbes Avenue. Pushing aside Jehovah's Witnesses, the group raised their signs and began to chant: "Eshaan works us 'till we're dust, and he won't fucking pay us". Weeks of worker tensions had finally boiled over into an all-out README strike, and Carnegie Mellon's most middlingly competent authors were taking to the streets in protest.

As the strike went on, Eshaan Joshi was seemingly unperturbed by the calls for his beheading. Sitting on his throne of solid gold README copies, he wore a crisp pinstripe suit and held a cane adorned with a bloodied pen. Upon his lap was a snow white cat which he stroked, not noticing the white fur slowly covering his lap. When asked about the strike Joshi shrugged, stating that he would "rather cut off both his arms than negotiate with those peasants." Yet despite his confidence in the gullibility of CMU's student body, the pitch meeting remained empty, minus a freshman who mistakenly thought it was TA office hours for Reasoning with Data. Slowly Joshi realized he would be forced to negotiate with the striking writers. "Fine," he huffed, rising from his throne. "I'll do it their way."

Tensions were high as Joshi approached the picket line. Several demonstrators began sharpening a guillotine that had seemingly been constructed next to Walking to the Sky. "Relax" Joshi called out, "I'm not here to fire you all, I promise." The strikers remained silent, pausing their chanting to see what their Editor-in-Chief would do next. "I'm actually here to help you guys! I'm joining the strike!" Joshi continued. "I'm all for worker rights or whatever you want."

Gasps rippled through the crowd. Several strike leaders gathered around, muttering amongst themselves and eyeing Joshi suspiciously. After careful deliberation Tali Kirschenbaum, head editor for README, carefully held out a sign for Joshi to take. Unfortunately for Kirschenbaum, she had failed to realize that there were exactly twenty-four writers on strike, and under the new CMU policy Eshaan would become the dreaded twenty-fifth demonstrator. The strike could now be classified as a disruptive political protest, and as such Carnegie Mellon had the right to crush the peaceful demonstrators using any force necessary.

As soon as Joshi picked up a sign, police clad in tactical riot gear swarmed down on the protestors from nearby bushes. The leader, holding a megaphone, commanded the students to surrender. "THIS IS AN UNLAWFUL GATHERING OF TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE, PLACE YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD AND GET ON THE GROUND!" Before the bewildered README staff could react, canisters of tear gas were fired into the crowd. Screams could be heard all the way to Hamerschlag, and when the cloud of smoke finally lifted all twenty-four writers were bloody and bruised. Policemen lined up the protestors and blindfolded them as Joshi watched from the shadows, having slipped away in the chaos. Up in his office atop Warner Hall, Farnam Jahanian watched from the window. Officers began to raise their guns as Jahanian raised a radio to his lips. "Fire." Shots rang out as the staff of README fell down, dead.

If you or a friend would like to join README, every single position is currently open! Please contact us today!

EVENTS

Friday, 9/20, 7 PM, WEH 5202
Unaffiliated, unsponsored: It's KONTENT

Saturday, 9/21, 5PM in DH 1117:
the only way you will pass concepts is if you come to README today.

Monday, 9/23, 5PM in POS 146:
KGB General Body Meeting. You have been warned

Friday, 9/27, 7PM: TRIVIA
NIGHTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT GET
HYPE!!!!!!! (I did quiz bowl once)

Sat, 9/28, 5pm, DH1117: Make
README great again

Mon, 9/29, 5pm: KGB General
Body Meeting. Very exclusive.

Survey Says!

Fill this out so we can convince higher Management we're worth funding with your tax dollars, and other things.



Our Discord!

Interested in causing a commotion? Ready for chaos and stupidity? You won't find it here.



The Auntie Readme Helpline

Have a burning question for a wiseguy to solve? Ask away! Responses guaranteed, advice is not.



This issue of readme is brought to you by:

Editors: Eshaan Joshi, Tali Kirschenbaum
Problem Solvers: Kevin Song
Journalists: Benner Rogers, Danya Kogan, Phong To, Tali Kirschenbaum, Ryan Chernoff, Isabelle Florence, Mihir Deshpande, Ryan Tosh, Dr. Et Al, Mass of Rat Brain Cells
Artists: Kevin Song, Evie Parke, Benner Rogers
Tech Team: Lee Rodriguez, Wade Cheng, Danya Kogan
As always: Brought to you by the CMU KGB
See ya next time!



CMU's New COUNTERmeasure Against Protest

TheCountFan789

Doesn't know what comes after 9

In order to properly enforce the new expressive action rule, CMU has hired the educational celebrity, The Count from Sesame Street, to count crowds on campus and make sure none exceed tvventy four. The students seem to be taking the new member of the Carnegie Mellon family vvell. "It's a nightmare," one student said, "I can't even do group work in the library without that purple bastard coming up and saying 'One! Ah-ah-ah. Two! Ah-ah-ah.' and counting the whole damn group. I've become so irritable lately from his counting that I've lost friends. His lavender ass needs to return to hell." Our new life vvith The Count around vvill certainly have some grooving pains, but they'll come around to him.

Apart from vvorking for the CMU police, The Count helps liven up campus. He's really qvite the charmer. Another student commented, "I just went through the messiest breakup of

my life. I've been eating alone, listening to Weezer and crying into my Hunan meal and then that creep comes up behind me, taps my shoulder, pulls out my earbuds himself, and says 'One! Ah-ah-ah. VVhat are you doing eating all alone, big guy?' How could I even respond to that?" Another pupil left speechless by his avvesomeness. Our school truly can not get enough of our new friend.

The school's official statement was: "The Count is committed to not only preventing protests but to promote our values as a school." On an unrelated note, vve have some students who express doubt tovwards their new leader. Some probably not credible source said, "Have you ever noticed that he counts minority groups far more often? I've never once seen him count the Tartan's writing team or CMU Republicans. I'm not trying to suggest that he's racist, but he's definitely racist." I VVILL NOT TOLERATE THIS SLANDER, on The Count's behalf of course.

Employee Wages and Satisfaction



The choice is yours.



An analysis of spending habits of woke people

Dr. Et Al*, Danya Kogan
Scientists Extraordinaire

* = Carnegie Mellon University department of finance
\$ = Carnegie Mellon University department of engineering

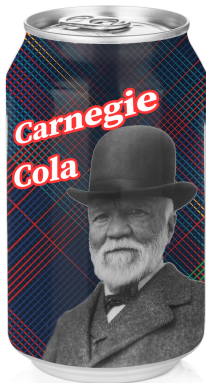
In the recent culture war waged by conservatives in the United States of America, a central tenet is as follows: "go woke, go broke"¹. This begets the question, is there any semblance of truth to this claim?

We analyzed hundreds of years worth of financial literature as well as statistics, and even ended up interviewing both awake and asleep people to help us answer this very important question. What we found was that people who are awake spend their money on various goods and services², while people who are asleep spend virtually none³ (Or at least the sleeping people we

interviewed refused to answer). This is because they are sleeping, and we cannot possibly stress how notably not-awake they are. Literature shows a strong correlation between spending money and declaring financial bankruptcy⁴(Of course financial fraud exists and you can spend all of your friend's money if you wanted to, but that does not count as them consciously choosing to gamble their savings away). Hence, we conclude that "going woke" means one will "go broke".

- 1: *I'm not racist, but I hate minorities, Tucker Carlson, 2023*
- 2: *We made up this thing called money, Su Merriam, 5000 BC*
- 3: *Money-spending statistics of REM-stage sleepers, Austin S. Leep, 2018*
- 4: *If you spend money the total amount you have goes down, Spendjamin Currencer, 2012*

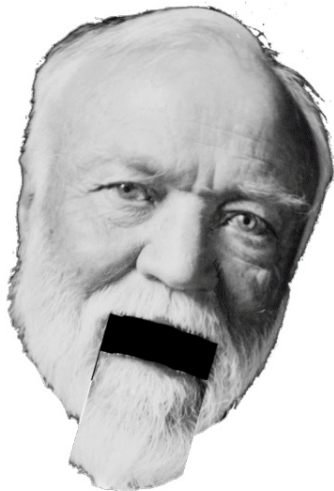
readme presents...



Pour the work straight into your heart!

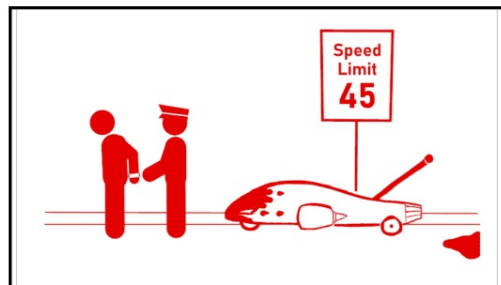
Are you interested in...

- Photoshopping?
- Poster-making?
- Shitpost(er)ing?
- Or learning how to do these things???



Tally ho, lads!
It's me, Andrew Carnegie!

I'm here to tell you to come to **KONTENT**,
on Friday, 09/20, 7pm, in WEH 5202.
We'll make things in photoshop, or teach you
how to do it, or just hang out in the lab.



No registration, just show up!
*Go to cmukgb.org/discord
or follow [@cmukgb](https://www.instagram.com/cmukgb) on Insta
for any event updates*

Machine Learning Opportunity!

Help write algorithms to identify animals such as :

 Dogs	 Cats
 Foxes	 Humans

Contact me in-person; I can't access my email anymore because of the captcha