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75
CENTS

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 2006 / Rate, a 1-stem, 60 / Weather: Page 34, 39

SUNDAY

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TomKat's **MISSION ACCOMPLISHED**

PULSE: PAGE 35



Fire fiend's life in psych ward

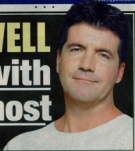
PAGE 9



YANKS BOUNCE BACK Sports

SIMON COWELL 'Idol' chat with cranky co-host

PAGES 14-15



SURF CITY



EXCLUSIVE

A judge says city employees have the right to surf the Web at the workplace — going against the policy at some agencies and Mayor Bloomberg's own firing of a solitary-playing clerk.

Administrative Law Judge John Spooner defended using the Internet as the "modern equivalent of a telephone or a daily newspaper."

PAGES 6 & 7

Judge OKs Web time at work :-)

\$6 MILLION New game card
POST POKER tomorrow
SCRATCH N' WIN TODAY'S NUMBERS: PAGE 8

'Beer gut' sipper lets you tie one on



By MICHAEL KANE

Talk about having "six-pack abs."

Introducing the Beerbelly — a strap-on cold-one contraption that lets you be the secret master of your own Meiner bras.

Whether it's at the ballgame, a day in the park or — hey, why not? — poring a wall full of Jackson Pollocks at the Museum of Modern Art (pictured), there's nothing like having a few brews on a warm day — having them secretly strapped to your gut, that is.

The Beerbelly's Velcro harness (inset) slips over your shoulders and around your waist, and holds an 80-ounce plastic bladder you fill with the beverage of your choice.

You could even tuck in an ice pack to keep your "beer gut" froxy.

And it's available online, at thebeerbelly.com, for \$24.95.

Fitting the town with a Beerbelly is like a cross between wearing a CamelBak hydration pack for cyclists and being six months pregnant with a precious



little bundle of ale. On a test run last week in Midtown, only three or four people out of an afternoon commuter crowd of thousands did a double-take at the seamless yet disproportionately sized protrusion under my T-shirt.

A doordash guy named Woody at the corner of 42nd and Fifth got an eyeful of the gut. He said, "Would it kill you to do a few sit-ups?"

At MoMA, an actress from L.A., named Elizabeth Clemons forgot all about the abstract expressionist art on the wall because she couldn't stop staring at my manly and refreshing girth.

"How about a drink?" I asked her.

"Um, I don't know," she answered.

"Hey, it's on me."

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