

## Woman breastfeeds baby boy against his will; convicted of "lactaction without representation"

By Andy Levine  
STAFF REPORTER

Judge Lance Ito made an unprecedented move yesterday by sentencing Bari Amilkin, 34, to 10 years in prison for forcing her crying baby to ingest her milk.

"The baby clearly didn't want the milk," said Ito. "Technically, it's rape." Luckily, the writers of the Patriot Act — worried terrorists could spray people with poisoned milk — made a special provision for such a case. When the verdict came, it was clear: "lactation without representation."

The national need for the lactation representation provision arose when it was discovered that Sandra Finklestein, one of Sadaam Hussein's 80,432 wives, killed an Iraqi by forcing him to do the impossible: chug a gallon of her milk in under 10 minutes. Apparently, the Iraqi actually pulled off the feat, only to discover he was lactose intolerant. He passed a lot of gas, and died.

The victim, age one, impressed reporters not only with his high-brow diction but also with his marshalling of logical arguments against his mother. "I told her that I

only drink freaking soy milk," said the baby. "But no, she had to go all old school on my ass. Who does she think I am? Does she not understand English? Maybe she wanted me to tell her in a fucking African click language."

Amilkin was shocked by the ruling. She charged that "this case is a result of a bratty son using a bad law and milking it for all its worth. And yes, pun intended."

*"This case is a result of a bratty son using a bad law and milking it for all its worth."*

**Bari Amilkin**  
Defendant

President Bush was pleased with the judgment, stating, "I believe that nipple sucking is between a man and a woman. Or between me and my cats. But that's a story for another time."

Amilkin's lawyers plan to appeal, citing that Judge Ito has a long history of putting people away even if there is no evidence against them. Said Amilkin's lead defense lawyer, "If the baby spit, you must acquit!"

## Man takes Reese's slogan too far, gets lost in Reese's, literally

By Celeste Ballard  
STAFF REPORTER

In a series of incidents that would vex even the creators of Candyland, local man Olaf Finnigan became trapped in a giant Reese's peanut butter cup last week. The cup, standing 15 feet tall and 30 feet in wide, is a mystery unto itself. Witness Smee McGillicuddy astounded, asking, "Where did this giant concession come from? Was it a gift from God? Or another one of Count Chocula's cruel pranks?" Sources currently point to the latter, but a federal investigation is underway.

When asked why he decided to enter the cup, Finnigan replied, "It looked so delicious and inviting. It was like I was a moth attracted to a flame...except that I was a man attracted to a Reese's." After contentedly gnawing away at the peanut-buttery chocolately goodness, Finnigan found himself in a cave of his own creation inside the giant cup. After 15 hours, he began to scream for help, hoping to attract the attention of passersby. When asked why she didn't offer to help, one bystander explained, "It's a giant talking peanut butter cup. Would you go near that thing?" Others responded similarly with claims of peanut butter allergies and mistrust of gigantic candy. Bob Bergstein,



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Finnigan emerges from the giant peanut butter cup, looking like shit but feeling fine.

thinking this was a promotion by Hershey's, was ready to attack the cup as well. "You know, I'm on Atkins, so I can't eat bread. I make up for it by eating my weight in candy," Bergstein said. "I had already unbuttoned my pants and was preparing to dig in when I heard the noise. I figured someone had already beaten me to it." Bergstein ruefully abandoned the giant cup, murmuring, "Well, I guess it wouldn't be kosher anyway."

After being trapped for two days, Finnigan finally mustered up the appetite to eat his way out. "At first I wasn't sure the best way to tackle the situation, but I'd seen the humorous commercials," he explained. "I thought of that one barber who

shaved his Reese's as a method for eating it. But I didn't have my razor with me, so I resorted to eating out the middle like I'd seen on TV."

After eating his way from the inside out, Finnigan resembled "a Keebler Elf who fell into the E.L. Fudge," in the words of one witness, as he was brown from head to toe. Another observer, startled by Finnigan's appearance, stated, "He looked like a giant piece of crap. I was about to run for my life when I caught a waft of the peanut butter. Then I began to lick him clean." A squad car was immediately deployed and a hazmat team took over, efficiently decontaminating Finnigan by hosing him down with 2% milk.

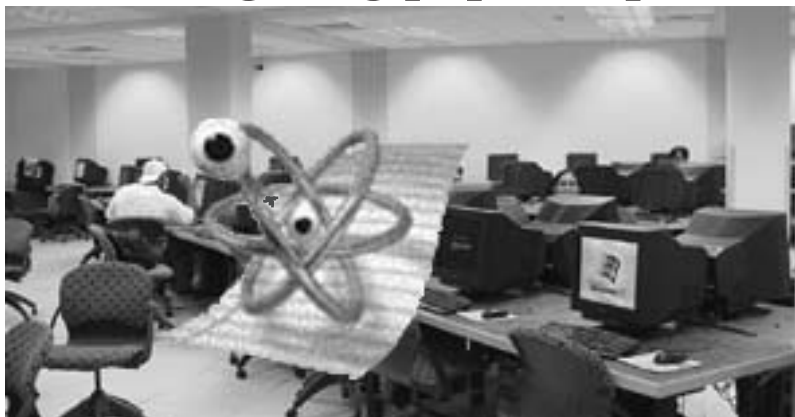
# Computer cluster terrorized by enormous anthropomorphic advice-giving paper clip

By Aryeh Cohen-Wade  
STAFF REPORTER

Chaos reigned last night in the Branford computer cluster as a giant, animate paper clip held twelve students hostage. Lacking appendages, but with the ability to bend its sinuous metallic form into a number of amusing shapes, the paper clip issued no demands, asking only the perplexing question “What would you like to do?”

With a mouth only vaguely suggested by the clip’s smaller inner arch, it is unclear how the quasi-human beast — rumored to be named “Clippit” — is able to communicate at all. Nevertheless, the monstrosity offered detailed solutions to a number of questions about page formatting and print layouts.

The creature entered the lab at 8:30 p.m. yesterday, as students e-mailed and worked on problem sets. “I just was trying to figure out how to make Word stop putting those annoying red squiggles underneath my last name,” said Stephanie Horowitz ’07. “Next thing I knew, this eight-foot tall paper clip came racing in on top of a flying sheet of loose-leaf paper. It turned into a bicycle, a check mark, and an atomic nucleus, then just sat there, glancing back and forth and wiggling those disembodied eyebrows. The damn thing just wouldn’t go away.”



TOOLE/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The creature called “Clippit” menacingly morphs into the shape of a helium atom, causing many Branford students to desperately flee the computer cluster.

She added, “Someone yelled out ‘Dear God!’ and it said, ‘It looks like you’re writing a letter.’”

Horowitz managed to escape by slamming her Nalgene into the “Options” box that floats above the monstrous creature. In the resulting confusion, Clippit metamorphosed into a cat, a robot, and a pygmy Albert Einstein before returning to his original form. “I can still see the fiery abyss of his eyes, imploring, begging me to accept his assistance in some way,” said Horowitz.

Negotiators have learned little about the creature’s motives. “I tried asking it what it wanted,” said New Haven Police Sergeant Reginald Wilson. “It would only reply, ‘I don’t know what you mean. Please rephrase the question.’ This Clippit’s a sly one, all right. Unless we can crack his code soon,

we’re gonna have to call the tech help line, and that shit is 99 cents a minute.”

Victor Clayburn, a professor in the Computer Science department, urged students to remain calm. “The paper clip will go away eventually. This is just how computer technology is supposed to work. I think we all remember what happened last year, when that kiosk in Machine City was infected with spyware and triple-X barely legal Asian sluts would come walking in every time someone opened up Internet Explorer. At least this time no one’s going to come down with chlamydia.”

As of press time, Clippit had constructed a giant paper airplane and was zooming around the room, and thus could not be reached for comment.

# Poll finds Whim ‘n’ Rhythm lacks whim, rhythm, grammatical proficiency

By Tamara Micner  
STAFF REPORTER

A recent poll conducted by the Yale Singing Group Council (SGC) found that 83 percent of students consider Yale’s all-female senior a cappella group to be grammatically inept.

“I’m totally stupefied by the name,” Annabelle Patterson ’07 said. “Are they trying to say they’re ‘Women Rhythm’ or ‘Whim AND Rhythm’? The suspense is almost enough to make me go to one of their shows.”

In fact, the name arose out of a fervent group-wide desire to avoid prepositions as well as the word “blue.”

*“I took my mom and dad to their Parents’ Weekend show with the Whiff[enpoof]s last fall, and the three of us were appalled at their lack of both whim and rhythm.”*

Andrew MacDougall ’07

“When the group was founded, we needed something to distinguish us from the myriad other a cappella singing groups at Yale,” Holly Flynn ’05, pitch for Whim ‘n’ Rhythm, said. “We decided the best way to accomplish that would be to give

ourselves a punny name, since nearly everyone in the group had expressed opposition to the proposal of singing topless.”

Some students feel, however, that such an alternative would have yielded better results in the group’s performance than the name has done.

“I took my mom and dad to their Parents’ Weekend show with the Whiff[enpoof]s last fall, and the three of us were appalled at their lack of both whim and rhythm,” Andrew MacDougall ’07 said. “We were expecting some spastic jerking, some unforeseen belting, even a nervous tic — but we got nothing. We couldn’t even keep track of any kind of beat or metre. I noticed my music professor sitting in the back of Battell trying to conduct but failing miserably. He finally gave up when his asthma kicked in.”

In response to the poll, the SGC approached Yale’s English Department for suggestions as to how to rectify the situation. The SGC is worried that student perceptions of the group’s name will hurt the a cappella community as a whole.

“We don’t want other a cappella groups to have to bear the brunt of one group’s turbidity,” said Johnny Beghoul ’05, president of the SGC. “It’s not as if there isn’t enough antagonism among singing groups as it is. Wait, can that be off the record?”

## Weather

Today: Old Man Winter is upon us  
Tomorrow: Old Man Winter is upon your mom

Page 7

**Student confirms non-real friend on thefacebook.com**

Page 3

**Five-minute rule actually just a guideline**

Page 3

**Yale Russian and Slavic choruses continue efforts to capture “cursed moose and squirrel”**

Page 5

## News

**Dance Dance Revolution miracle diet released**

Page 6

**Santa sued for bringing children fake snow made from asbestos**

Page 7