



April 3, 2026

Volume XXVIII

Issue IV

# THE MARTINI

# white cheddar macaroni and cheese

pasta in a creamy cheese sauce with white cheddar and Parmesan  
cheeses



590 Cal small (8 fluid ounces)

880 Cal medium (12 fluid ounces)

1170 Cal large (16 fluid ounces)

CONTAINS: EGGS, MILK, WHEAT, SULFITES

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# Editors' Note

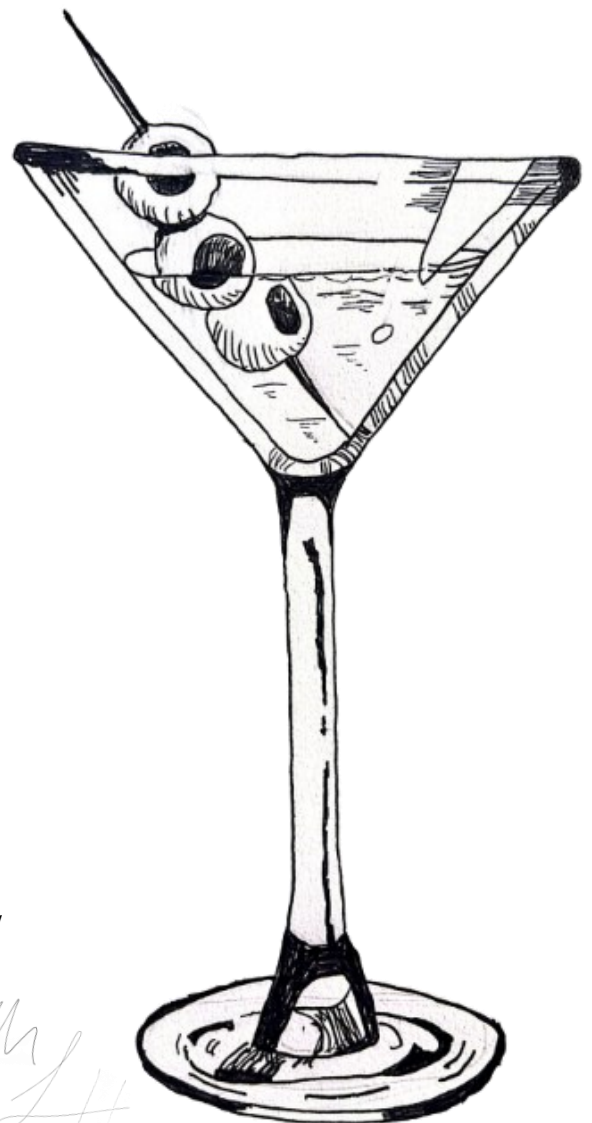
Dear readers,

It is with our monthly (and the unfortunate recent bimonthly) issue deadlines that we present to you the April edition of the Martini. We apologize for the bimonthly release schedule as of late; it is because all of you say you want to contribute, but don't send us anything. We are taking absolutely no responsibility and are already busy embezzling our BAC funds. The Herald is slandering us yet again, and frankly, we don't care to respond this time. We know you have a crush on us.

The weather is getting warmer, and we're gearing up for a strong final month of drinking with minimal consequence and little responsibility before we seniors have to move back in with our parents. It is imperative that you all play your part in forging sloppy college stories to tell our kids and make future relationships question your decision-making.

The Martini has a lot of exciting things coming this month, from announcing the folk fest headliner to crying through tears of uncertainty, and we hope you stick along for the ride. Even if you don't want to, the Martini will seek you out on saga tabletops, professors' desks, and common rooms. It *will* find you. This is a threat.

Valyn Mogensen & Leah Henning



Ben Brodney

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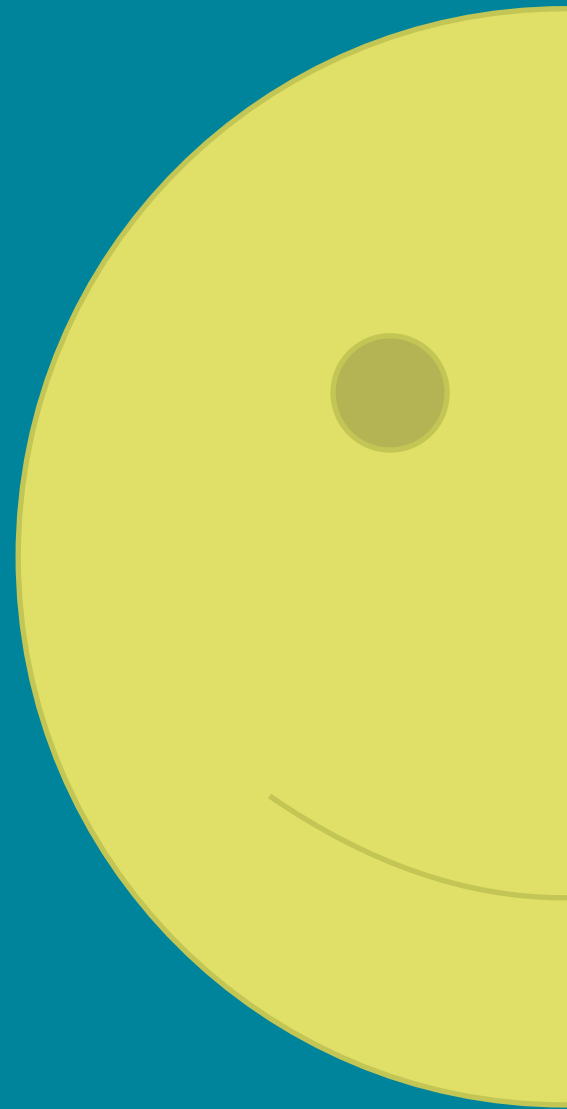
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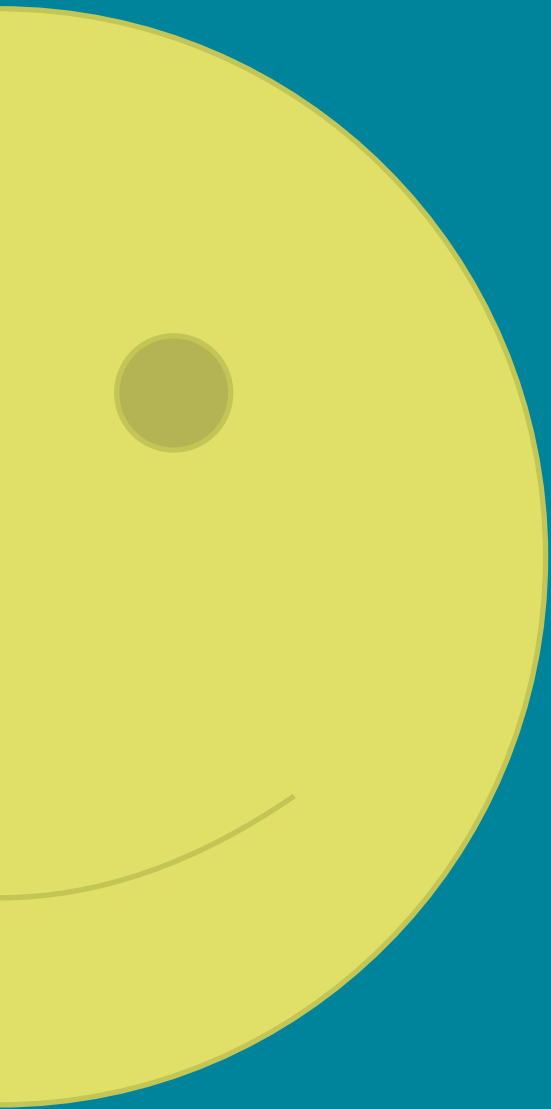
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DING

# GUILTY PARTIES

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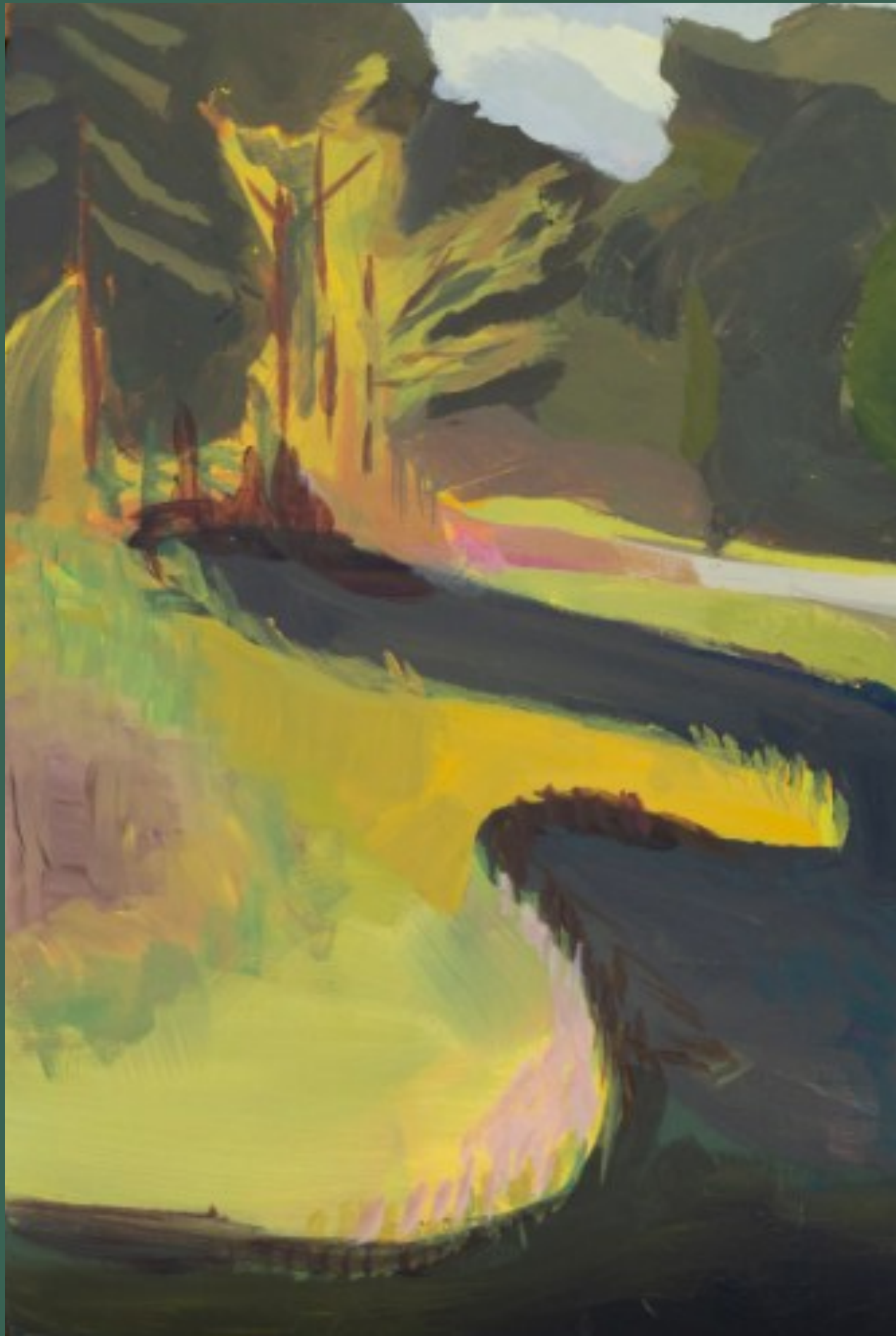
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MANUELA TAFF-FRIERE

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# GRANDMA SPARKLE'S SPRING WISDOM

GRANDMA SPARKLE (MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN)

I am finally back from my hiatus, and in the past few months, I have received many letters of concern from my dedicated fans. Though I appreciate the concern and support, good ol' Grandma Sparkle is growing sick of it; you guys can be really clingy sometimes. This is not to say that I won't keep publishing my seasonal wisdom—whiskey ain't cheap, and mama needs her medicine, so here you go.

Before I sprinkle you all with my sparkle wisdom, I feel obligated to report on my most recent hunt. For those who don't know, I've been on a bit of an urban safari for the past few months, carving my way through Pennsylvania in search of that lying rat fuck Punxsutawney Phil. We all thought I put a stop to his trickery last year, but his zealots at the Punxsutawney Memorial Library managed to resuscitate that evil land beaver once again. When I tell you I've tried everything to kill Phil, I mean it. Blood hexes apparently only work on creatures with a soul. His neck is too thick to even consider strangulation, the little bitch is too fast to shoot, his stench prevents me from getting close enough to stab him, and a few years back, the cunt shrugged off a landmine like it was nothing.

This year, I couldn't even get close enough to see him; his top hat-wearing sentries made sure of that. I'll give them this: they're smart...but I'm smarter. If you want to support my crusade, there will be a GoFundMe page cryptically titled G'ma Spark's Magnum Opus, where you can help me buy the required ordinance to finally free this world from the treachery of that good-for-nothing rodent. God, I hate him.

Okay, it's Spring, right? It's wet, cold, gray, stinky, and *so muddy*. Luckily for you all, my scrumptious little subscribers, I have once

again conjured a brilliant solution for all your spring-related troubles. This time it's legal, so I don't wanna hear any complaining.

The idea came to me when a vacuous whore, my daughter Leslie, called me a gimp after I trashed her place during one of my Sparkle benders. Firstly, Leslie (I know you read these), I am not a gimp by any definition of the word. Sure, I tend to lose a few of my faculties when I imbibe, but that doesn't mean you can insult me in such a way. Your son was there, did you know that? He said he loves his Granny no matter how much she drinks. Anyways, I was ruminating on that word, gimp. It's so strong and versatile, much like latex. Now I know what you're thinking, "Grandma Sparkle, you're talking nonsense again, gimp is just a word, and it has nothing to do with latex." To which I reply, "It's my wisdom, not yours! Go write your own article if you're so damn wise." Sure, those two things may have nothing in common, but the point is that I started to think about latex: it's the perfect material for Spring clothing, right? It's waterproof, smooth, kinda comfy if you just sorta stand a certain way, and it can be custom fit to anybody to keep the spring wetness out.

So, I invented the "Grandma Sparkle's Gimp Suit," inspired by those sexy wetsuits that surfers wear. I added integral gloves and what is essentially a swim cap for your whole head. (With holes to breathe, of course) You could walk out into chin-deep spring sludge and still be perfectly dry inside my suit. I will be selling them through my email; if you want one, just send me your exact measurements, your home address, a picture of your left index finger, and your Venmo. All of that can be sent to SparkleLink.GrannyDrink@gmail.com.

Now, what you all are really here for, horoscopes. Because it's been so damn cloudy here

(thanks for that, Phil), I haven't really had any opportunities to read the stars except for a few minutes last week. I was a bit—you know—so I couldn't gather much.

I got a glimpse of the solar system shifting to a new moon in Aries, and the astral vibrations told me three things:

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21): This lunar cycle will bring opportunities like never before. The job you keep reassuring people that you're looking for—even though you aren't—will finally be yours. A friend or relative pulled some strings to finally get you an interview. (You can skip it if you want; it's just a formality.) The job is basically yours; pity is a powerful force.

DO: Be a good person, be a nice person, be a caring person, be a happy person, be a successful person, be a thankful person.

DON'T: Be a bad person or pick up the phone on Tuesdays.

Libra (Sep 23-Oct 22): It's terminal.

DO: What makes you happy in the time you have left.

DON'T: Come near me, you're gross.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20): If you like wasps, you're gonna love this month. If not... good luck!

DO: Wear a lot of lipstick.

DON'T: Revisit any old hobbies, it's just going to make you sad. You're not the same person anymore, and that's okay. You need to move on.

On that note, let's drink! I have been "experimenting" with a few new cocktail ideas, and I think I finally nailed a spring-themed one.

Grandma Sparkle's Gutter Gunk Martini

Ingredients: 2oz Gin, ½ oz Vermouth, ½ oz Chartreuse, a hint of Pine Bitters, 1-2 Nettle leaves, ½ tsp Vegemite (nonnegotiable), and a pinch of ground black pepper.

Step 1: Pour your Gin, Vermouth, Chartreuse, and Pine Bitters into a shaker.

Step 2: Pick three of your favorite ice cubes, name them, and then add them to the shaker.

Step 3: Shake for a good 20-40 seconds.

Step 4: Place your Vegemite at the bottom of your glass and press the nettle leaf onto it, securing it in place. It should look like a leaf stuck to the bottom of a bucket.

Step 5: Gently pour your mixed martini into the glass while making sure that the ice doesn't follow.

Step 6: Sprinkle the pepper into the drink and allow it to settle at the bottom, mimicking the shingle particles present in all clogged gutters.

Step 7: Kiss each of your ice cube friends goodbye in no particular order and send them my regards.

Step 8: Enjoy your drink.

This daring cocktail is sure to upset even your most open-minded guests with its slight green tint and Vegemite aroma. The taste is unique and strong while also being reminiscent of the general vibes of Spring. That is to say, it's a bit unpleasant. If your nettle starts to float before you have finished the drink, feel free to eat it.

That's all the wisdom I can spare this season, toodles.

- Grandma Sparkle



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# THE MARTINI ROYALE

ANONYMOUS

The rumors are true, the BAC approved our budget, and it's recklessly high this semester! Seriously, what were the colleges thinking, giving our propaganda machine upwards of SIX MILLION DOLLARS! That's like 60,000 Crisp Blue Ben Franks, courtesy of your tuition. We here at The Martini believe in giving back to our dedicated readers, so we got to brainstorming. *A lot of brainstorming, seriously, we didn't leave the library for eight days.* One of our esteemed contributors suggested a place of gathering, boozing, and degeneracy for all you rug-rats to indulge in.

After some planning, plotting, and colluding, we here at The Martini have decided to capitalize on the recent suspension of a campus fraternity. We are proud to announce the purchase of the fraternity house at a steeply discounted rate, given the circumstances. Pending permit approval, we plan to open a palace of debauchery.

We present to you The Martini Royale, the newest temple to tasteful excess, tucked inside the historic Greek Revival mansion, The Wheat House (built in 1900, back when people fainted properly and wrote letters about it). We invite you to lose money with dignity beneath glittering chandeliers and ceilings that have absolutely seen things. Possibly *too many things*. Baccarat, poker, and blackjack unfold in rooms so elegant you'll almost forget you're calculating odds while sipping something dangerously smooth in a former fraternity house.

Naturally, there's a luxury spa, because nothing pairs with high-stakes gambling like a seaweed wrap and emotional denial. A discreet speakeasy hums with jazz and secrets you'll swear you didn't overhear, while the main bar serves only martinis and French 75s. That's it. No vodka sodas. No light beer. We have standards.



If it doesn't come in a coupe or make you feel vaguely European, it's not happening. *WE HAVE CLASS, DAMMIT!*

The cigar room features a whiskey bar stocked with bottles that require you to nod thoughtfully before sipping, with a gold enamel glass coffee table for all your weekend needs. What pairs better with whiskey and body order than a billiards room! An impeccable space for dramatically leaning on tables while mansplaining "investments" or the "internship" your father secured for you.

Le Ballroom will be host to live music and dancing for those who believe all major life decisions should be made under a chandelier. By day, enjoy a mimosa brunch ambitious enough to qualify as a personality trait, then perhaps post the cocktails from your girls' night, before returning Sunday morning to have formal tea time in the gardens with aristocrats (who are far more cultured than the rest of you lot).

The Martini Royal isn't just a casino or high-end drinking club; it is a place to be fabulous, morally reckless, and impeccably overdressed while doing so.



ALI MUZAFFAR

# 3 Sweet Treats from a Pretty Sweet Country

ERIN TOBIN

## 1. Percy Pigs

From what I understand, this candy is a pillar of British culture. Apart from the strawberry-flavored, pig-shaped gummies, Percy Pigs provides one's study abroad dorm room with a wide assortment of household goods, including napkins and paper plates. However, do not buy the Colin Caterpillar gummies; they have no flavor. You will commonly see these two candies put next to each other, but this is just a trick to drive up the nonexistent sales of any Colins products.



## 2. Biscoff Brownies

Biscoff means so much more to me now than the free snack you get on an airplane. On a Sunday brunch trip with my fabulous friend Ellen Oberfield, she was given eggs benedict without the eggs, and as an apology for this mistake, the restaurant gave us a free Biscoff brownie. It was amazing. Now, we look for them everywhere and eat them a lot.



## 3. Marks & Spencer Cookie Dough Bites

I love grocery shopping at Marks and Spencer's, so I figured I would give some of their candy a try. If you are a fan of malt balls do not buy these. I thought that these would be like malt balls, but they are just average cookie dough dipped untempered chocolate. It is fun to eat cookie dough, but my expectations of this product were severely lowered upon first bite. However, that is most likely my fault as I wanted malt balls.





LILY LARUE

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# BUILDINGS ON CAMPUS

## *RANKED BEST TO WORST*

(NO FURTHER EXPLANATIONS WILL BE GIVEN)

1. The President's House
2. Library
3. Gearan Center (those bathrooms)
4. Scandling
5. JPR
6. Demarest
7. Stern
8. Williams (I have never been in here)
9. Rosenberg
10. Willim Smith Hill
11. Deco/Caird/Emerson
12. Bristol Gym
13. Coxe
14. Gulick
15. Napier
16. Houghton House
17. Lansing
18. AIC
19. Sherill
20. Bartlett
21. Smith
22. G Hall
23. Trinity
24. Hale
25. Admissions
26. Elliot
27. Meritt
28. Medbery
29. Odell's
30. Carriage House
31. Boathouse
32. Hubbs (they would love it there)
33. Durfee
34. The Barn
35. Winn Seeley
36. Fieldhouse
37. The Bubble





LILY LARUE

# DIRTY MARTINI



**Your Unholy Daddies have been praying for you to have fun this spring semester. Clearly, those prayers have been answered. Are we concerned? Sure. But above all, we value you guys taking advantage of the last good years of your youth. Stay wild, unholy child. Your Daddies loooooove you.**

“My professor brought his hookup to class.” F, 21

“I had four interviews last week (on Zoom) and I was drunk for all of them.” F, 22

“I’ve applied to over 50 jobs and have yet to receive any interviews.” F, 21

“I stole the math intern’s computer charger but he emailed me and I had to give it back.” F, 20

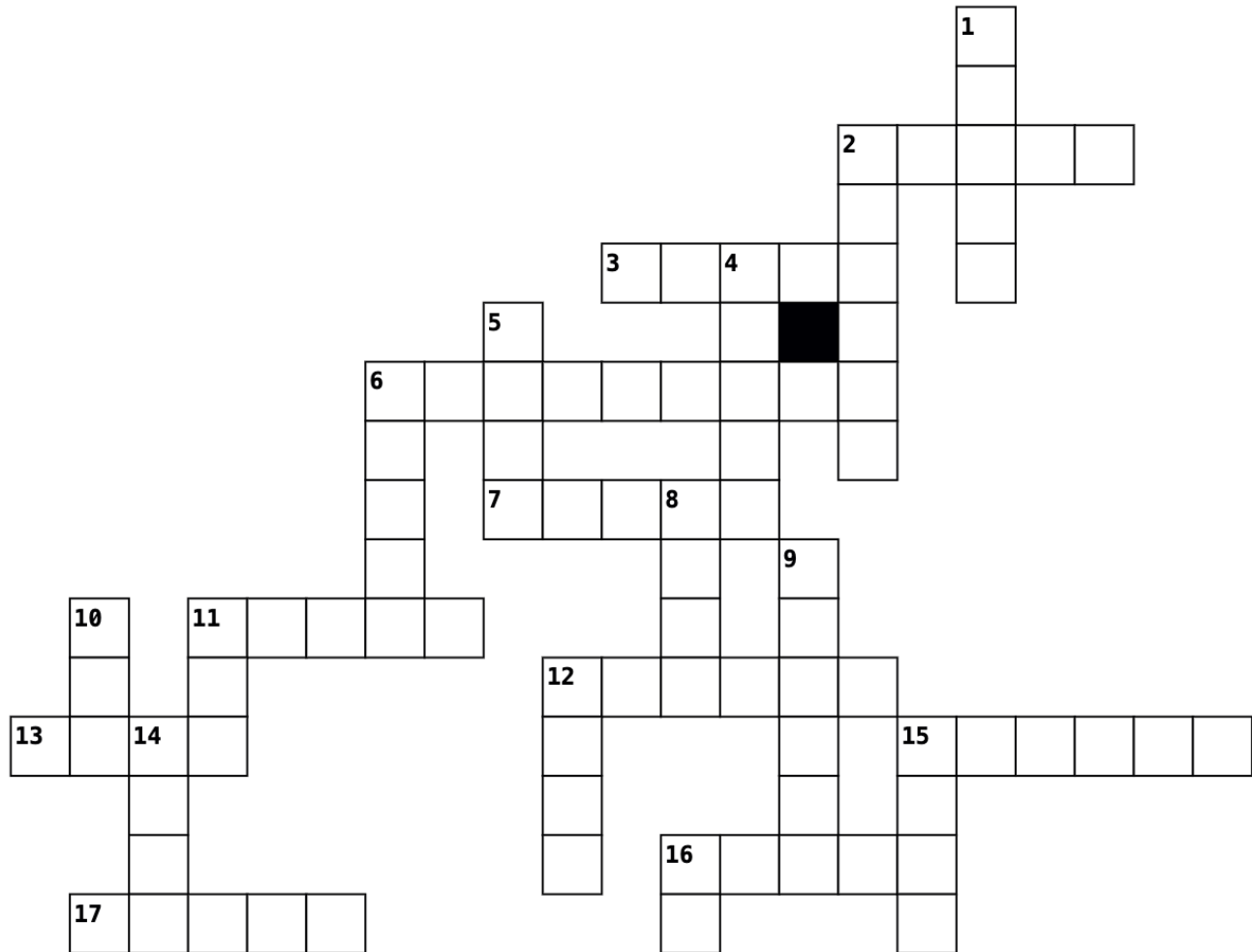
“I used my boyfriend’s fake ID by telling the bartender that I had transitioned—it worked.” F, 20

“I have been using my roommate’s deodorant for the last week.” F, 21

“My boyfriend’s roommate records us having sex through the door and then sends it in all his GCs.” F, 19

# CROSSWORD!

*Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet consectetur adipiscing elit. Quisque faucibus ex sapien vitae pellentesque sem placerat. In id cursus mi pretium tellus dui id convallis. Tempus leo eu aenean sed diam urna tempor. Pulvinar*



## Across

- 2. Shoreline
- 3. Fiona
- 6. I'm dying to know the Folk Fest \_\_\_\_\_
- 7. Where squirrels live
- 11. The Red Sea doesn't stand a chance against him
- 12. Home of the Red Sox
- 13. Where the sun sets
- 15. TGI
- 16. 95% remains undiscovered
- 17. Drive 180 degrees

## Down

- 1. Absorbs all wavelengths of visible light
- 2. Maraschino
- 4. The fool who ripped his \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. Where the sun rises
- 6. This is my \_\_\_\_\_, entry please!
- 8. Use your \_\_\_\_\_!
- 9. Washington
- 10. 32-degree water
- 11. Have we \_\_\_\_\_?
- 12. This fever whenever I ovulate
- 14. I just took one in the Saga bathroom
- 15. Genre of James Brown, George Clinton, Rick James
- 16. Simple response with two ways of spelling

**NO ANSWER KEY.**

**FIGURE IT THE FUCK OUT.**

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# MARTINI OF THE MONTH: (IT'S NOT A MARTINI)

## LONG ISLAND ICED TEA

- 3/4 ounce vodka
- 3/4 ounce white rum
- 3/4 ounce silver tequila
- 3/4 ounce gin
- 3/4 ounce triple sec
- 3/4 ounce simple syrup
- 3/4 ounce lemon juice
- Cola, to top
- Garnish: lemon wedge



Steps: pour in a glass, over ice, add a lemon wedge if you care to garnish

We are getting sloppy this spring, hence the classic Long Island iced tea of it all. I don't know who told you that you need to prioritize your sleep at this age—you don't, and the streets miss you, so get back out there. Hobart and William Smith Colleges used to be a sanctuary for fun and it's very important that we build up the beautiful party culture that has been torn down in a mere two to three years. Get drunk (or don't), get out there, and have some good old fashioned fun.

# HOROSCOPES

## ARIES

March 21 - April 19

BIRTHDAY BLESSINGS ARE UPON YOU. SIKE. LIFE IS GONNA STAY THIS HARD; IF NOT, EVEN HARDER. SORRY.

## TAURUS

April 20 - May 20

IT'S NOT YOUR BIRTHDAY YET. LET ARIES HAVE THEIR FUCKING MOMENT, YOU ATTENTION WHORE. STAY HOME. PRACTICE SILENCE

## GEMINI

May 21 - June 20

YOU FEEL AS THOUGH PEOPLE FORGET YOU EXIST. TRUST THAT INTUITION.

## CANCER

June 21 - July 22

ABBY LEE MILLER IS COMING FOR YOU, AND HER WHEELCHAIR MOVES FASTER THAN YOU CAN RUN. GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.

## LEO

July 23 - August 22

IF YOU'RE A GUY, YOU'RE A PERFECT SWEET ANGEL WHO RESTORES EVERYONE'S FAITH IN MEN. IF YOU'RE A GIRL, GO FUCK YOURSELF.

## VIRGO

August 23 - September 22

YOU WILL BE THROWN IN JAIL THIS MONTH TO ROT WITH THE LEO BITCHES. STARS SAY YOU'RE LOOKING AT EIGHT TO TEN YEARS.

## LIBRA

September 23 - October 22

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER IF YOU NEVER PICK ONE UP. WE'LL MAKE THIS SIMPLE FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND: SURE, YOU'RE SWEET, BUT ALSO A BRICK.

## SCORPIO

October 23 - November 21

TRY USING ONLY ONE OF YOUR TWO FACES THIS MONTH. MAYBE THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN A FRIENDSHIP. JUST SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

## SAGITTARIUS

November 22 - December 21

SPEAKING OF FOOD FOR THOUGHT, YOU WILL GAIN FIFTEEN POUNDS THIS MONTH. EVEN IF YOU DO WORK OUT AND STARVE YOURSELF. OINK OINK.

## CAPRICORN

December 22 - January 19

YOU GUYS DON'T ACTUALLY EXIST. NEXT.

## AQUARIUS

January 20 - February 18

YOU ARE THE WATER-BEARER. YOU'RE ALSO PREGNANT AND WILL HAVE A WATER BIRTH THIS MONTH. EMAIL [MARTINI@HWS.EDU](mailto:MARTINI@HWS.EDU) TO INQUIRE ABOUT OUR DOULA SERVICES. NAMASTE.

## PISCES

February 19 - March 20

YOU GUYS ARE ACTUALLY PRETTY COOL. THIS MONTH, PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO GIVE YOU THE CREDIT YOU DESERVE. WAY TO GO!

**TYPOS?**

**WEIRD FORMATTING?**

***SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS.***

