

A black and white photograph of a flower, possibly a daisy, with numerous water droplets on its petals. The petals are arranged in a circular pattern, and the droplets are of various sizes, some reflecting light. The background is dark, making the light-colored petals and droplets stand out. The text is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image.

**NORTHERN LIGHTS
ART & LITERARY
MAGAZINE
2018-2019**

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MY JOY

ANONYMOUS

Hear his ID tags klink together as he rushes to greet me at the door.
Hear his paws and claws on the tile as he runs to anyone who has food.
Hear his breath huff and puff as we play chase through the house.
He's a good boy.

Here we lie together for hours.
Here we sleep and snore.
Here he licks my tears.
He's the best boy.

UNTITLED
NINA KOROMOSKI



SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A WINTER'S DAY

CAITLIN GILVEY

Your smile— a glowing hearth.

Your laughter— flickering lights on a tree.

You proclaim your love to me as a carol in the night.

Yet when all pleasantries are stripped away,

I stand shivering, yearning for spring.

FLAMBOYANT FEATHERS

JULIANA GONZALEZ-RIVAS



UNTITLED
ANONYMOUS

I look into the eyes of the children
They stare back at me like dead fish

BOY WONDER

PARKER FARIELLO

He is: stars on a clear night,
The sun peeking through the clouds,
The smell after rain,
Fingers running along old pages,
Too much sugar in coffee,
The hum of a mindless tune,
The cracked spine of a leather book,
Soft hands intertwined,
Aged ink bleeding through paper.

THE COLD

ANONYMOUS

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] cold [REDACTED] sometimes [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] i [REDACTED] s [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] no mistake [REDACTED] b [REDACTED] e [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] reassured
by [REDACTED] returning warmth. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] supply [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] t [REDACTED] he [REDACTED] wood for [REDACTED] fire. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] With the protection of [REDACTED] fire's
warmth [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] escape [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] is [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Possibl [REDACTED] e [REDACTED] t [REDACTED] h [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] e [REDACTED] cold [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] do [REDACTED] e
[REDACTED] s [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] not [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] s [REDACTED] e [REDACTED] e [REDACTED] m [REDACTED] s [REDACTED] o [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] ba [REDACTED] d [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] n [REDACTED] o [REDACTED] w [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

HELLA SICK BEATS, BET YOU MISS ME
NOW DUKE (NEXT TIME JUST @ ME
BRO)

HOPE FRANCES SIMPSON

Let me spin you a yarn my duke my guy
For the longest time I thought you were hella fly
Oh but surely that thought was a lie

And so like a good bean dip makes me toot
Why I must give my frailing life the boot
Gone will be you wife, and her bosom the loot

The wind it whistles day in and day out
You never visit my grave stone- hey what's that all about?
For the passionate love you lacked I never had a doubt

Now as a ghost I cry in the shower
Waiting for revenge upon you on your final hour
betwixt your legs you doth stare sitting there with a lonely glower

BROWN EYED ANGEL

PARKER FARIELLO

Brown eyed angel,
All velvet and parchment.
Tell me why you long so much
To be holy again.
I will fix your halo with elmers glue
And mend your wings with safety pins,
A makeshift recreation of your divinity.
Let me kiss the bronze tears from
Your rusting cheeks
And comb your seraphic hair.
Let me remind you
How ethereal you are.

UNTITLED
SABINA HOBSCHAIDT



EYE OF THE STORM

KAYLA SOLINO

A blasting tempest, led by elements:
The fiery rage of a sudden mob.

NIAGARA FALLS

JULIANA GONZALEZ-RIVAS



HONEY

GWEN BERNICK

& in front of the big-box

it was nearly the middle of the night--
the traffic lights beaming like nobody's business

& you called me,
& I don't know if I picked up but I know
I wanted to.

my hands were always sticky with someone
else's blood & I wanted to feel
like myself again.

we honeyed our coffee & when
you got to my house you said
you didn't feel well and you wanted
to lay down.

& I wanted you to lay
in the center of my bed with the comforter
still beneath you. I'd honey you
a light roast like you wanted but
the traffic lights were still loud,
and you couldn't hear me ask, & besides,
the honey's expired by now,
anyway, so I hung up on you
before it rang out, just so you'd know.

BEAUTY IN BLOOM

KATHRYN BERGER

Plants grow and so do other vibrant colored flowers
Thoroughly rinsed by the light rain showers.
Puddles begin to form and scatter everywhere
But with the love of the season, I do not seem to care.

Stores overflow with new types of flowers
Each with a different name, and decorating the ground with their different
powers.
All standing tall in their pot
Showing no shame, and waiting to be bought.

Watering cans of water begin to overflow
As the longer days slowly begin to show

Birds are returning from the south
And bumble bees a buzzing all about

As the now lime green grass slowly grows
And the signs of a fresh start shows.
The thin wind slowly blows.
Calm enough to crack open all of the house's windows.

CONT'D

Puffy clouds sail on the blue sky
As I let the season take me on an adventure
Without even asking why.

Rainy days are always a blur
However, waiting for a rainbow seems to be a cure.
Every color, including red, orange, yellow, green, and blue
Break the grayness as their love shines through.

March 20th will be the season's opening date
And I myself am bursting with excitement
Hungry for another season, we all can't wait.



BLISSFUL
BUTTERFLY
JULIANA
GONZALEZ-RIVAS ¹⁹

ANXIOUS

JOHN STOTHOFF

Anxious she awaits his return

Perched on the bench

A nesting albatross peering out into that endless gray



TIME STANDING
STILL
NICOLA KOSS

IN THE ROOM BESIDE THE RECORD PLAYER

AMELIA MILZA

The early morning sun pours through her window
Spitting splintered rainbows across the glass
She holds the dusty record in her hand
The key to her happiness
The key to everything
Her delicate fingers rest it against the turntable
And as she lets the needle graze the record
She awaits for the melody to pour through her room
Perching herself on her floor beside the record player
She closes her eyes as the music unravels itself for her
And takes her away for the time being
She's mesmerized by the words
Touched by every syllable
Bathed in the golden sun, she watches the record spin
She could stay like this forever
Listening
Waiting
Holding her breath for the next line
The old memories are brought back
She remembers the road trips taken across the open road

CONT'D

And the music, that same familiar music
Rings in her ears
And when the record slows
And the music disappears
She knows it's never truly gone
The same melody lives in her memory
As she sits beneath the morning sun
Just her and the record
And the beauty of the music

GREY BY DUSK BUT WHITE AT DAWN

ANONYMOUS

Grey by dusk but white at dawn
Thus is the song of the bygone swan

She cries at night as her young do cross
Through the embankment and lost in the moss

The whalers clammer in the sea
Looking for a mammal for which is the key

Why must the sunrise over the night
Its outstretched limbs a docile sight

I cry I cry, the wolf for the fawn
A grey thing at dusk yearning for dawn



DRIP
MICHAEL KANE

SOME GOTH POETRY

JOSH ZALOT

*Like a child shorn from its mother I stood
Waiting in the dark, eyes set upon the stone cold shore
Like I child I stood-- shaken to the core
Trying to put the visions I saw into words I understood.*

*In the darkness of my own head it was all clear to me,
Where I was going, for whom I was searching
But When I opened my eyes, I could only feel the lurching
Like a stone sank in the blinding light-- a door without a key.*

*On the cold, grey stone sea's edge I stood,
Trying to find horizon, myrred in with the waves
Ever crashing, ever roaring, crashing on the endless acidic caves
That stretched away into nothingness, sculpted with the wormwood.*

*My homeland lay gone, dead--
Razed by he who sets the sun
For years I sought vengeance, on the run
Mind filled with cold stale dread.*

CONT'D

*I can remember it now-- the moon was a pale, sickly green
Shining low in the autumn heat,
Full hatred, full of deceit
The eye of madness that saw things unseen.*

*What horrors lay in that pale grey sea?
Underneath the churning waves, where no sun shone
What maddening, death-defying things had grown?
I could not know-- my faith was shattered, I could not be tempted to see.*

*So I wandered, listless, weary,
On the mist-soaked plains, the deserts of some forgotten time
Whose life had been shorn from it-- grass turned to grime
But still I was weak, still my heart beat dreary.*

*And in time, by some hellish entity's blessing,
I found myself once again at that infernal sea,
Old, broken, bones full of lead, bending at the knee
To whoever bid me here, whoever's plan progressing--*

CONT'D

*And I heard him, he who shepards man,
His command, the reason for my quest
And hearing him-- hearing his maddening roar I put my hand to my breast,
And called out in vain, to anyone who could understand:*

*“O Lorde! If that is what you be
Give me the power to stand
To destroy he who tamed my homeland!
Make him suffer! Make him hurt! Please lord, destroy my enemy!”*

*But there was no answer from above.
And at once I realized, my quest had been in vain
O God! O deaf god, Blind god, unhearing, dead, cold god! Why have you driven me
insane!
Still no answer, still no love.*

*So I sat, and wept, and cried out to the night
And the stars grew weary and thin.
The moon grew bigger, madder, still with that hellish grin!
And there was no dawn, no light.*

CONT'D

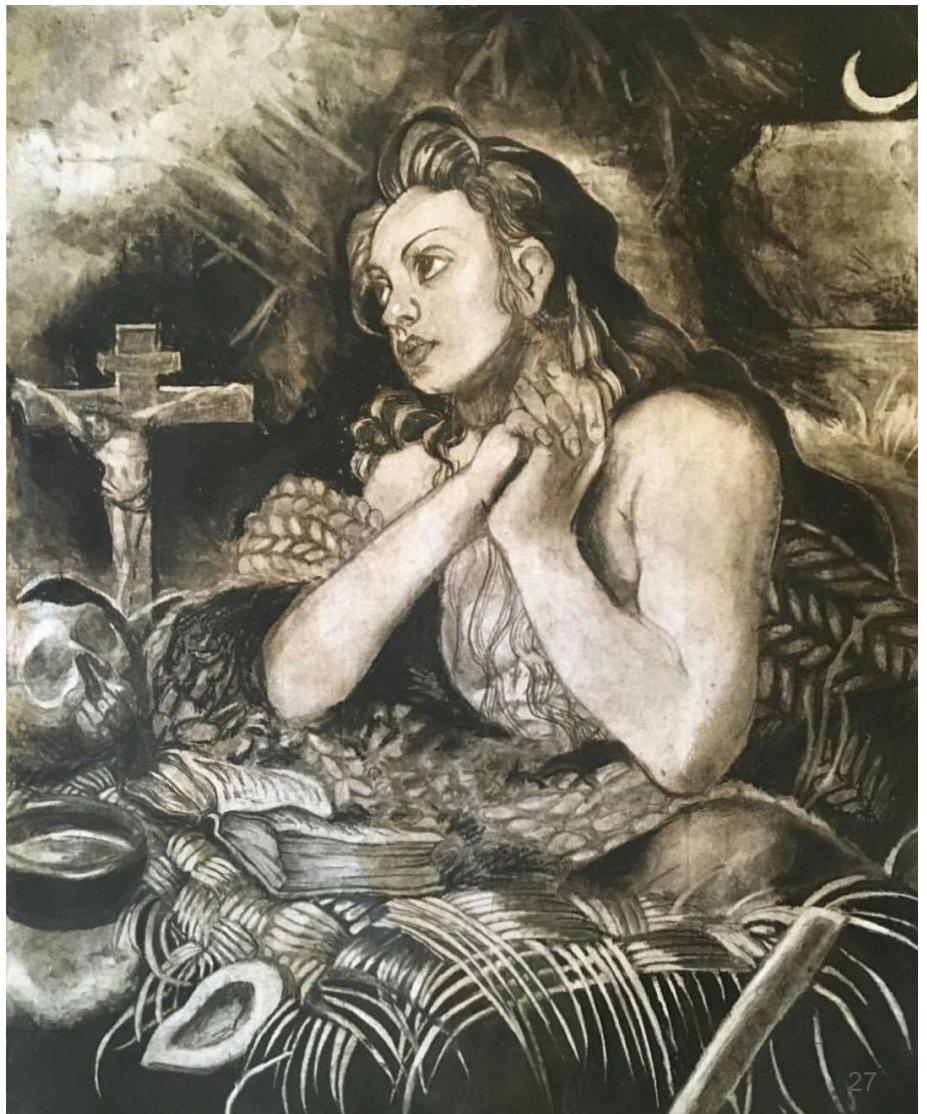
*The stars faded-- those cold dead suns of some alien world
Sunken into the black sea of time,
The cosmos grew old, tired, aeons passed its prime,
And still the sickening visions in my head whirled,*

And there was nothing left but the stone-bleached shore

And the howling, shrieking wind, echoing into infinity.

--J.Z

HOMAGE TO
TINTORETTO'S
PENITENT
MAGDALENE
SARAH SWITLYK



LETTER POEMS

PARKER FARIELLO

Letter to my long lost friends:
My mind is swimming with hazy memories
Of running through the grass.
Racing on our bikes.
The sun and your smile.
I don't think we'll ever meet again.
So I keep those memories in a jar on my nightstand,
And when I can't sleep
I watch them light up the room.

Letter to someone I used to know:
Love has never been a foreign thing to me.
Loving you came naturally
But so did falling out of it.
I find myself wondering
If your mind wanders toward
Thoughts of me like mine does of you.

CONT'D

Letter to the boy from my summers:

You told me about the tattoos you wished for.

Did you ever get them?

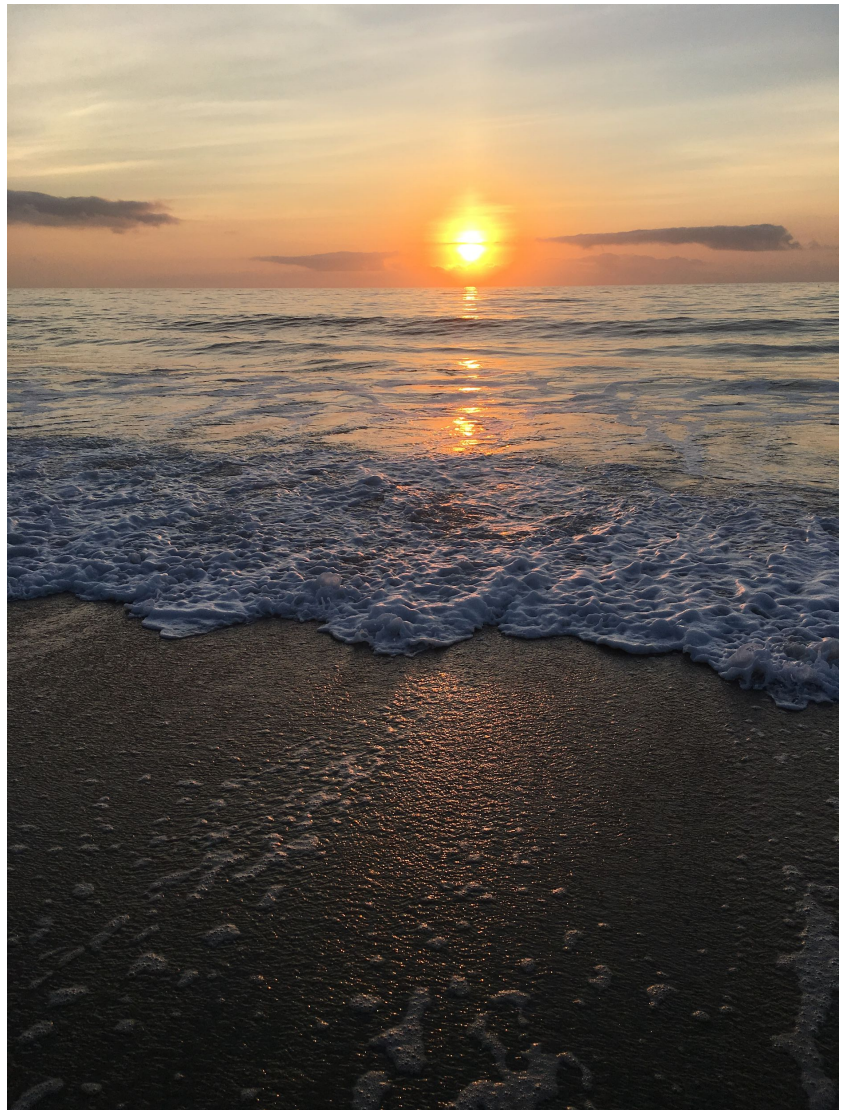
I think maybe you were like a tattoo

In my memory.

You whispered to me about things you thought

The others wouldn't understand.

I hope they do now.



EARTH, WIND,
AND FIRE
MIA VITIELLO

CATS FIRST SNOWFALL

RAINAA BISWAS

Winter weather, falling down
Snowflakes drifting, hitting the ground
Raise curtains to see the sky
Then my sister and I run outside
My cat watches from above, I wave hi.

UNTITLED

TONI CASTELLANI



THIEF OF FIRE

ANONYMOUS

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] his thought [REDACTED] s [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] laughed at him [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] He walked
a few steps [REDACTED] reassur [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] ing [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] hi [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] m [REDACTED] s [REDACTED] e [REDACTED] f [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] the protection of [REDACTED]
warmth [REDACTED] had been forced
away. The dog took [REDACTED] the [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] warmth and [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] filled his [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] comfort [REDACTED] with [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] the [REDACTED].
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] cold [REDACTED] the dog knew [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] h [REDACTED] i [REDACTED] s [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] fears [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] So
the dog [REDACTED] followed him
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] around him [REDACTED]
There [REDACTED] w [REDACTED] er [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] no
signs [REDACTED]

NATURE'S SONG

AMELIA MILZA

Amazing
How the wind howls
How it whistles so clearly against the
skeletal trees
How it gently slips beneath the
floorboards
How it rustles the house and dares the grass
to dance a sweet sad melody
How it travels and swirls in a
wood
Or glides upon the cloudless
sky
How it whips at the dry
autumn leaves
Crunching beneath a child's feet
Amazing
How the wind moves
With such grace
Yet such anger
And still its song is pure

AIRBOURNE

MIA VITIELLO



*77

GWEN BERNICK

We went to a theater together in a town
where everything moved. The taxi took us home
& asked for payment in love, but you didn't
have enough for me after. I asked later if you liked the show,
and you told me you didn't know how. I call
everyone with your area code until I reach your mom.
She doesn't know what to do with all
of the love I give her, says it's filling up the room
like a hot air balloon. Tomorrow morning
you will see this on the cable news and swallow it,
and then the TV room will be empty,
and we'll have to go to a show again
so we don't have to talk. I don't know what to do
with this. How to reconcile it all. How to ask
for more.

Day after day folds into the night before us, almost
entered & completely full. The sky looks
like a dark bowl over our heads tonight, like
the dark, rusty bed of a pickup truck
& I always wanted that with you. I couldn't wash
the soot out of the creases in my hands,
all Macbeth but you were never my lady.

CONT'D

I see the sun rising now, but blood moons don't wane
and you are always, still, always in the sky with me.
Tomorrow morning this whole wooden pier
will be behind us, and we will lounge in ice-water
out of the blue. You know it but
you don't like to say it. I know that but I do
anyway. The wheels on the bottom of this boat
drip gleaming from the street. A trail
of wet sorrow and a little snail crossing the street
after dark. You said we had to get home
and I wanted to stay until a dark pickup truck
with big clips on its rear rolled past all slow
and dangerous, all past and mad with memory.

You were all just a badger or a showlight,
and I didn't know how to be nothing for you.
But you still write my name in present tense
and I love you for it, and the phones
are always ringing, star 77, the park empty even
in the night. The benches up and roaming, splintered,
without us this town moves unhindered. Without you--
without you-- the cars roll by faster and faster
until the blue moon sets in the morning.
The pier unfinished for centuries, full
of smog and water, jellyfish roaming
under the round, wet bellies of water balloons. This town
was always moving, even when we were still

CONT'D

together. I wish we could still talk about wandering
without having to do it. I wish you'd still wonder,
and that the day hadn't past, and that another one
wasn't crouching heavy above the stomach
of the river when we exit the theater. The taxi cabs
still running, deep into the morning.

UNTITLED
SABINA HOBSCHAIDT



THE OFFICE

JOSHUA ZALOT

What's Purgatory?

Probably an old office.

Offices are weird.

UNTITLED

PARKER FARIELLO

Lonely nights and longing looks,
Heads rested on shoulders,
Smiles written across lips.
We write wishes in the dirt
Heads full of far flung hopes
Of what could be, and shouldn't be.

WATER SIMILE

EMELIN GUSTAFSSON

A glistening stream of rainwater rolled down the pavement, twisting and turning with unpredictability. The flowing current that remained from the night showers was like a never-ending river, with its sharp narrow crooks, its reflective surface mirroring infinite depth



THREE THINGS HE COULD NEVER TELL

PARKER FARIELLO

One: I need you.

Out of the three, this is

The easiest to say.

These are the words that slip out

When you're scared of losing

Each other. Because, *I need you*, means

I can't live without you.

These words aren't planned.

This is the one that you'll sputter,

Searching in his eyes for some

Glimmer of recognition.

Two: I love you.

These are the words that come

Tumbling from the lips when

You know you won't see

Each other again. They are filled with

Fear, and dripping with desperation,

And apology. When it's the

Last night on earth.

I love you, means

You make me want to live.

These are the words that don't

Need to be said. They're understood.

CONT'D

Three: I want you.

These are the hardest to say.

These are the words that

Change everything.

Because *I want you* is different

Than *I love you*.

I love you can be ignored, covered,

Blamed on some other thing.

But *I want you* is vulnerable,

Its means that it's you

And no one else.

I want you is saying what you feel,

And it means *there's no going back*,

Those words can't be unwritten.

BLUE JAY

SARAH SWITLYK



UNTITLED

JASMINE JIMENEZ

turned my organs
inside out
and painted them
yellow.

ripped my lungs
from my chest
and laid them
down in bleach:
this is the only way I knew
how to breathe.

WINTER POEM

ETHAN KUPERSHTEIN

Mother Nature can freeze us like Elsa can freeze her castle
It can immobilize people, vehicles and the flow of business
It can cause slips, slides, and joy
It can bring beautiful ice sculptures
Just like it can bring unbearably brutal blizzards.

RADIO CITY
SARAH SWITLYK



WANDERING

PARKER FARIELLO

Wandering eyes are often friends
With wandering minds.
The lines of his face are etched into his brain.
He shouldn't be feeling this
He shouldn't be feeling this.
And his heart aches
And his dreams are filled with his smile.
Despite his protests this boy had taken his head,
Flipped it inside out,
And rearranged the pieces.
He painted them blue and gold
And taught him what it felt like to want.

WARM WINTER

JUSTIN LOPEZ

Winter is so beautiful
Snowflakes falling all around
Just kidding I hate winter
I can't bear the sound
Summer is way better
No frostbites or chills
Now please winter end
Or I'll run for the hills

GLASS

DEIDRE FEICHTINGER



UNTITLED

AMELIA MILZA

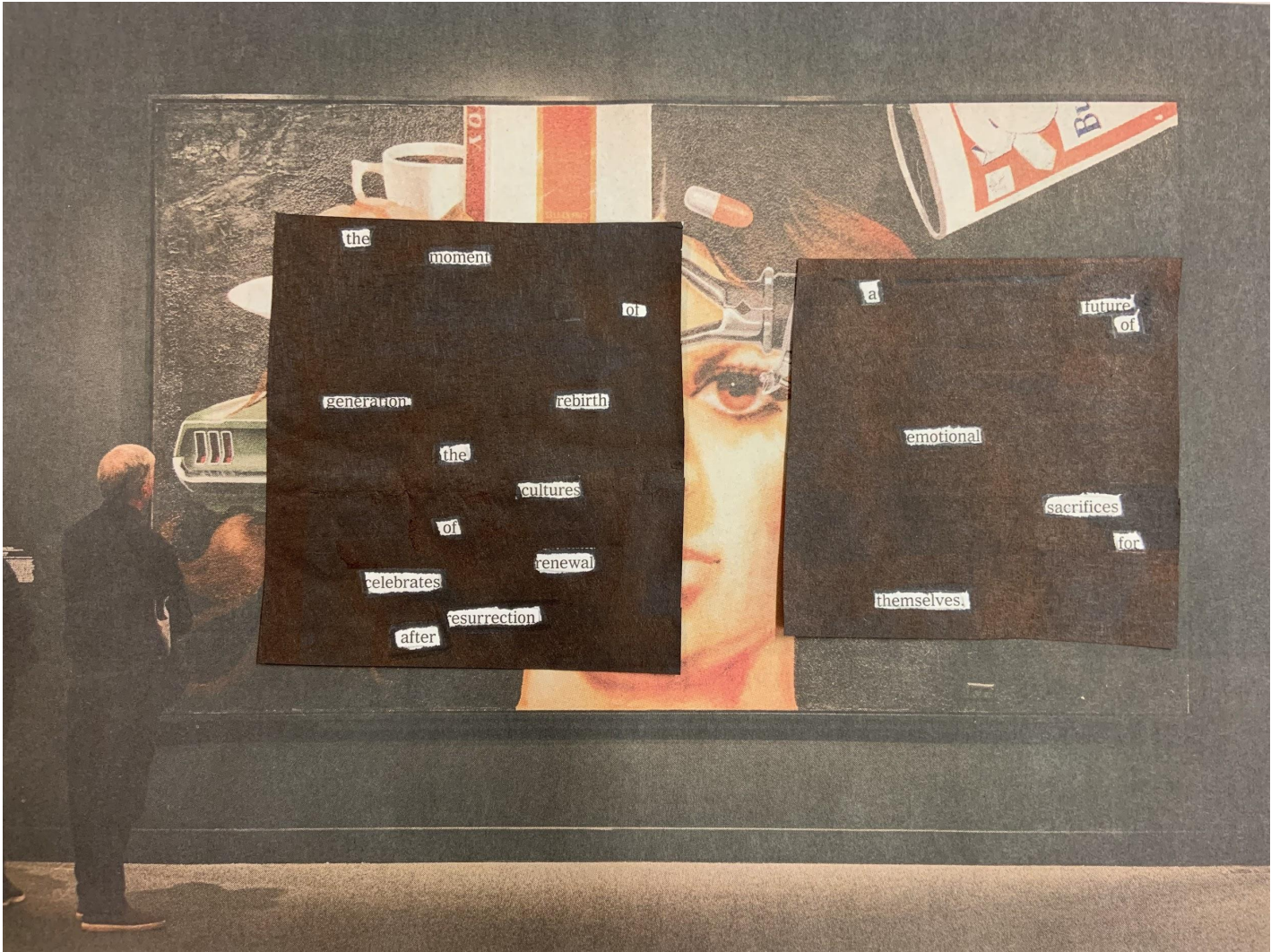
Catching stars with our hands and pretending to hold them
The summer skies
Spirals of purple, blue, and black
Call out to us from their throne in the clouds
The wind pulls us closer like a mother's embrace
As if begging us to fly
And we wish we could but our feet are pressed firmly to the earth
Like shoes stuck in cement
So we watch the wonders of the world from underneath the looming trees
Where branches that were once bare and skeletal thrive with summer's petals
We hear the music of the crickets serenading their usual symphony
Luring us to sleep with their lullaby
The orange line across the horizon melts like butter left in the sun
And dips below the heavens
We watch as the night becomes darker
As dawn turns to dusk
And dusk turns to nightfall
And nightfall draws us in with its silence
As the moon rises to greet us

CONT'D

We sit, in awe, in our corner of the universe
Surrounded by the crickets and the trees and an endless sky
As we toast to summer's song
To taking flight against the breeze
To shooting stars and constellations
And to the friends we have beside us

GENERATION REBIRTH

SARAH SWITLYK



THE STAIRCASE OF GROWING UP

MIA VITIELLO

You can stick your head through those bars all you want,
Crying and longing for your protectors,
But they won't turn around.

You can look up and watch them from afar
But they are unreachable unless you, too, climb that staircase
Step by step.

A tantrum won't get you anywhere. Have patience.

Help is on its way, if you really need it.

Just bellow out and you'll hear the patter of their feet
Rushing down that staircase, ready to assist.

But don't lean on them for too long. You're on your own now.

You need to embrace the fact that the banister might just
Slip underneath your fingers

And you could go crashing down.

You need to know that there will always be something ready to push you back,
Something to prevent you from getting to the top.

The only thing you can rely on with this staircase
Is there will always be a way back up.

SEPTEMBER
KATHERINE CARNEY

A dying old man's drawn out wheeze;
An infant's laborious first breath

GLASS BLANKET

JAMES GALLO

Inside you are secure
Outside evidently flawed
The blanket shattered

UNTITLED

SABINA HOBSCHAIDT



CHILDHOOD HOME

SAMANTHA RUSSO

...The House

It used to be a pale yellow, with white shutters and a discolored awning over the front door

Crimson and ruby bushes lined the front walkway separating the stone from the grass and when it was hot I'd pour cold water on diagonal stones and play a game of abstract hopscotch

...Asphalt

The driveway was aged and had tire marks from the many years of bikes being ridden

It was lined with large rocks that my parents had gathered from a stream down the road

And if you looked to the left of the cracked basketball hoop you'd see a black tree stump used to split wood

...A Chair

A metal rocking chair sat on the lower porch, it was colored like when copper ages for decades

The view from the chair, along with a stretch of the neck allowed even the youngest of my family to see the traffic on the highway up the hill

Long summer nights involved bringing a pillow out and laying across the rocking chair, falling into a deep sleep

...Rubber

A tire swing adjacent to my neighbors shed sat swaying at all times

CONT'D

and the slide to the right gave you splinters if you put your hands just in the right place

On humid days we'd share our fortress with wasps and mosquitos, but their selfish sting would make us keep our distance

...An Archway

An old and weathered iron arch separated the neighbors house from ours
It was a wardrobe like structure that seemed to have been the gateway to narnia

On the other side of the arch my father had cut back the shrubs and created a path

On spring afternoons I'd meet my neighbor,
We'd climb up the siding of the metal "n" and pretend as though it were a rock wall

...A memory

As years go by the panels of the house had been changed to a green, and its shutters in a darker shade

The asphalt has been paved over, indents and seven year old chalk stains have been washed away

The rubber tire swing once seen from the kitchen window is no longer, the wood that held it had been tarnished and had died

And the archway I used to hang on has fallen over, the once few vines and weeds have turned into a garden of shrubs and tall grass engulfing the entrance to a hidden world

All a memory...

Childhood home, time to move on.



MIDSOMER
SARAH SWITLYK