the Roman Candle

THE BALDWIN SCHOOL || VOLUME 39, ISSUE I || MAY 2021
The Roman Candle

Bloom
Maggie Song '21
Dear Reader,

This year has been a wild ride from start to finish, and it’s with poignancy that we say goodbye to our school and this magazine, with whom we’ve both been with for many years. As we look back on the tumultuous times of the past and the hopeful path of the future, we concluded that there would be no better theme for the 2020-2021 edition of *The Roman Candle* than change within and beyond humanity.

Throughout this year, despite unprecedented circumstances, we’ve sought to celebrate the growth Baldwin’s Upper School students have experienced, from the budding freshman to the fully bloomed seniors. Like the cherry blossoms that decorate Baldwin’s front lawn each spring, our students’ creativity and resilience shine through the darkest of winters.

Whether it’s a reflection of one’s relationship with their parents through cultural nuances or an ode to finding oneself in a shifting world, our writers and artists have explored their crafts as a means of self-expression and the answers to their questions. It is through these that we come to understand the viewpoints of those who stand on a precipice of time and identity, inspiring us to listen to the voices of future generations. *The Roman Candle* functions as the microphone for these untold stories, seeking to amplify and share them for the world to hear.

In the recovery of COVID-19 and the growth of social justice movements across the United States, it has become more important than ever to take the time to self reflect, and in doing so, both appreciate how far we have come and inspire us to see how far we will go in the future. After all, “a single grain of rice can tip the scale…” and our peers are all seeds waiting to sprout and mold the world waiting for them. This has been a journey that we are lucky to have been a part of.

Signing off,
Abigail Dubinski and Jessica Zhu
Co-Editors-in-Chief of *The Roman Candle*
Policy

*The Roman Candle* club at The Baldwin School is a co-curricular activity staffed and led by Upper School students interested in writing, editing, and design. The editors are elected by members of the club in the spring and serve for one year. The staff members encourage the Upper School community to submit art and writing by having two competitions each year. Winners are selected by the staff and announced during an Upper School student assembly. The staff also directly asks students to submit their art and writing for possible inclusion in the magazine. The staff reviews all submissions and decides as a committee which pieces to include based on the quality of the work and the magazine’s chosen theme. Every year since 2015, *The Roman Candle* is submitted for evaluation to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association (CSPA) for review.

Mission Statement

The mission of *The Roman Candle* is to celebrate the artistic and literary creativity of the Upper School students attending the Baldwin School.

Dedication

As we reflect on the past year, our teachers are the real heroes. Some were in person and some were virtual, but they worked hard to maintain our community of scholars. They inspire us everyday. Our time at Baldwin has taught us that scholars must be teachers in order to share knowledge and passion. We owe so much to the faculty at Baldwin. We hope to be heroes someday too. Thank you for everything you have done.
Layered
Cara Prendergast ‘22
photography

Princess Peach
Megan Magee ‘22
pastel

Va
Gwen Bradwell ‘24
digital art

Washington at Sunset
Flora Brigham ‘23
photography

Waterlilies
Maggie Song ‘21
acrylic painting

Pinkest Buds/Garden’s Wall
Cara Prendergast ‘22
photography

alight
Maggie Song ‘21
photography

Golden Times
Sophia Lee ‘22
photography

Beauty of the Unexpected
Chloe Yan ‘24
acrylic painting

Shattered
Rena Kaplan ‘24
line art (digital)

Morena
Asia Blocker ‘21
oil painting
footprints in the sand
Indeera Pujar ’22
poetry

cut fruit
Iris Li ’21
prose

Point of View
Abigail Dubinski ’21
poetry

A walk, and a wish for repose.
Maggie Song ’21
poetry

Rubik’s
Ellie Maeda ’23
poetry

The Odds
Tessa Pearlstein ’21
poetry

calm before the storm
Skylar Zachian ’21
poetry

My Persona and Me
Shania Mundy ’22
poetry

in my soul
Sophia Ran ’23
poetry

pandoras
Sophia Lee ’22
poetry

Spring Time
Makenna Walko ’23
poetry

forever
Blake Landow ’22
poetry

Essential Workers
Gwen Bradwell ’24
prose

writing
Preface: He left no legacy, and only followed. Consumed in others’ stories, having none of his own. A follower. He followed the footprints in the sand, A guiding hand; a beckoning in a barren land. He saw where they led, created a story in his head. Who could this be? He saw where they stopped, where they turned. Every slight bend the footprints exposed Their thoughts and their journey, and their history would unfold. But what a menace the wind, Trying to hide all that the footprints had revealed. A foiled accomplice, a wistful adherent. The wind swept away the footprints and the clouds. A transient, ephemeral, evanescent peregrination. All that remained was a cloud of simple dust, The man was left alone with no siren call and only his lust. No footprints, no path, No apothecary, no tocsin, The man went out to sea and followed the wake.
IN THE SAND

Layered
Cara Prendergast ‘22
When I first heard these lyrics to “Unspoken Words” by singer-songwriter Mxmtoon, who is half-Chinese, I immediately knew the kind of tough love that she was referring to. As a child, I could count on my fingers the number of times my parents have said sorry to me after an argument, and, unlike other kids, I rarely received hugs or comforting words. Instead, I got fruit.

Apples, bananas, grapes, peeled oranges, sliced kiwi, fresh persimmon. Fruit of all shapes and colors and sizes, of all textures and flavors. They would always be cut and cleaned, arranged in a porcelain bowl, ready for me to devour on the spot. And that’s exactly what I did after every fight, no matter the intensity: my parents would give me a bowl of fruit, I’d eat it in front of them, and things would go back to normal again.

It was their way of apologizing, but, of course, I didn’t understand that until much later. I was more focused on the absence of affection, a lifestyle that was so different from that of my peers. I remember being upset about having to do Chinese homework while my neighbors played outside or practicing piano instead of meeting with the rest of my friends. It always felt like I had to work extra hard in order to gain my parents’ approval, and, every day, I would complain.

“Frankie’s playing tag with the rest of our neighbors,” I’d point out while sitting at my desk. “Can I go join them?”

“Not until you finish your math,” my parents would reply, and I’d look at my workbook and pout. I’d finished my homework hours ago, and the math I was doing was from an extra workbook; despite me doing well in school on my own, my parents have always thought it best for me to learn ahead of my grade.

Then they’d see my expression, and they’d soften and tell me their reasoning: “We’re hard on you because we want you to do your best.”

You see, like many first-generation immigrants, they wanted better opportunities not only for them but also for my older brother and me—settling first in England, then in Canada, and then finally in the US. Every time they pushed me to work more, they told me it was for my own good; every time I was mad at them over it, they explained how their love came in the form of sacrifice.

Every time, they prepared me fruit.

It wasn’t until I cut fruit myself for the first time that I realized the effort that goes into it. I took my mother’s once-sharp knife, now chafed dull from years—decades—of usage. It landed in the apple I was trying to slice with a hard thwack, resisting to budge even after jiggling it back and forth. I remember the shiny redness of its skin, the friction grating against the metal blade. My mother stood next to me, steadying my hand whenever the knife slipped from my juvenile grip. Her worried expression was engraved in her pursed lips, her furrowed brow.

“Why do you always give me fruit?” I asked her later, when we were sharing the apple that I’d cut. The pieces were chunky and uneven, and, as the flavor exploded in our mouths and sticky juice ran down our chins, she explained how in her childhood, the only way to get fruit was by growing it herself. I imagined the energy that must have gone into tending for the fruit, all the time she had to have spent caring for it and then harvesting it for only one or two meals. I then thought of how she’d wash and cut it after every argument, even after quarrels where we both stormed to opposite sides of the house, refusing to acknowledge each other’s presence.

All of a sudden, I was embarrassed. For so many years, I’d regarded their actions as rude and selfish and never once entertained the possibility of tender love, of them actually, truly sacrificing themselves for me without thinking twice. I noticed it not only with fruit, but in the way my mother quit her job to focus on caring for me. I noticed it in the late hours that my father stayed up working to save for my college tuition, refusing to retire even after meeting the requirements. Life isn’t permanent, and sometimes, I find myself wishing that I’d realized this earlier.
After so many years, I only then began to recognize the depth of my parents’ love, all the meanings that lay in their unspoken words and silent actions. They’ve endowed me a life with opportunities they’ve never had, and I’m flooded all at once with gratitude and understanding and love—the same kind of love that we’ve had before, yet so much warmer, so much deeper. Our bond is complicated and sometimes strained, but I say with absolute certainty that it’s unbreakable. We’re working to understand each other better, and, maybe one day, I could even get them to compliment me out loud (after all, they did a pretty good job raising me, if I say so myself).

Now, I look at my parents—reclined on the couch, worn out from years of parenting but also undeniably proud. *Unspoken words are preferred, but it’s the truth,* sings Mxmtoon in the background, and, as we listen with comfort in our hearts, I set a bowl of fruit down in front of them and smile at all that is unexpressed.
Her eyes were pigment sapphires, 
Her beauty, a fashioned gem 
With facets of projected desires 
And lips forever stained red.

“pandora, the gifted,” they called her. 
“pandora, the genius,” they said. 
“pandora, pandora, I implore you 
please love Me, or I’m better off dead.”

The heathens must love pandora, 
The perfection she represents: 
“Let’s pour out our love and give her our souls— 
What gods—let’s worship her instead.”

Perhaps pandora was gifted, 
Perhaps her wrapping hid flaws 
Perhaps Desire, reflected 
In her jewel eyes, wasn’t hers—

For she was a doll.

“pandora, the gifted,” they called her. 
“pandora, the beauty,” they said. 
“pandora, pandora, if I swallow you whole 
could the world love Me in your stead?”

The all-gift was then consumed. 
Greed, now behold the all-given: 
Babushka dolls with unscrewable heads 
Buried deep in a pandora-shaped prison.

“Where in this world is pandora?” 
Many people searched as they’d ask, 
Then strangers look up and smile knowingly, 
Searching for the next thing they lacked.
people say life gets better as you grow older
it is hard to see that right now
hard to see the light at the end of the tunnel
it feels like i have lost more than i have gained this past year
whether it is losing friends and family to the virus
or losing people due to lost time
Hope ran away
something is not right
and i work to fix it…
but i am growing tired

but there is another point of view the girl experiences

people say live while you are young
these years are the best years of my life
COVID could have stripped them but didn’t
Hope stayed with me
family and friends stayed with me
I have gained and learned more
appreciated my life and those around me
grown into my independent self
through this wake-up call of reality

but these points of views can also blur together
a constant flood of mixed emotions

Reader–
how are you living your life?
how do you hope to live your life?

Abigail Dubinski ‘21
When sands trickled and rivers flowed, when skies were vast and lands free, Celeste gazed with kind eyes above the golden earth, her children sent to bless it.

The four walk the world, bearing it upon their glistening souls, traversing the lands as the earth does around the sun.

They love when she comes, scattering her blossoms, each footstep causing a bursting bloom or a timid unfurling of petals, of wings.

They welcome him too, though he brings with him the blazing fire, but things flourish under his watchful gaze, and he allows them to indulge in icy satisfactions.

And he, he provides relief, each step he takes leeches the green, replacing it with vibrant hues, bursting flavors, and calm skies.

He is silent, and they moan underneath the grey skies and still air. He brings silence, silence and bitter cold.

They shout at the skies in playful cheers, sing songs praising her lovely form, her lovely soul and her lovely companions;

They shout, please, stay longer, we’d want you to stay forever, not knowing that they were beings too, beings who made their spirited orbits, step by step, upon the earth and over the seas.

When their stays are prolonged, when they are tired, people desire their departure, yet when they are fleeting, they cry, Please stay! I wish you hadn’t left.

And so they don’t see, or ever realize, that their beloved Spring has grown tired, and that she wishes for repose.

Autumn and Summer understand, but cannot help. They are occupied in different ways, for they too are loved by their people.

Spring is tired, and Winter, humble, kind Winter, agrees to stay just a while longer.
waterlilies
Maggie Song '21
I.
The days dawn green again,
the snow slips wistfully away,
its sighs as soft as spilled sunshine.
Trees that once dripped
strings of glittering diamonds
now hang barren and destitute,
shivering against the raw, biting chill
of a new day.

II.
For every birth,
something precious disappears.

III.
I’m tired of losing.
This past year, it feels like all I’ve done.
I don’t want another thing I love
to fade to dust in my hands,
the blood beneath my fingernails
the only ghost I have left.
How many sunrises will it take
to forget the purple-grey of dusk?

IV.
The days dawn green again.
The flowers blink daintily awake,
staining the earth the tender color of
all things soft and sweet and forgiving.
The breeze whispers honeyed comforts,
as gentle and fleeting as a kiss on the cheek.
The air tastes of music
and morning once more.

V.
For every bitter loss,
a new seed blossoms to life.

VI.
It’s spring again,
and a whole year has passed in a single moment.
I wash my hands and let the cool water
drip down my arms and wash me clean:
a baptism, a birth, a beginning.
Good morning,
I whisper to the world,
Dawn has come, and it’s time to start again.
alight
Maggie Song ’21
Once, I solved the Rubik’s Cube.
For a while, it sat on my desk
With Red facing up.

I didn’t dare scramble it up again
Because I didn’t want Orange to lose its friends,
And I didn’t want Blue to be homesick.
Because the first time had taken so long to fix,
I dreaded it taking a long time again.

Winter came, and my friend scrambled up the cube.
Orange still had some of its buddies,
But all of the others didn’t.
So I untangled it again,
And stored it away in a closet this time.

Then summer came, and we packed our boxes.
But the movers weren’t very careful,
So somewhere along the way,
All the colors lost its companions again.

This time around, I was prepared with an algorithm.
The assembly was faster.

One night, I was eating in the kitchen with the cube next to me.
Red complained that he never got to see Orange.
So I arranged it,
And when Red said its goodbyes to Orange,
I fixed it back up.

It took a little less time.
Sophia Lee ‘22
of dreamy nights and forgotten daydreams

THE ODDS

Tessa Pearlstein ‘21
The odds of you existing are slim
You are some of your mom and some of your dad.
You may never notice
That your laugh is so much like your grandfather’s
That it makes your mother tear up every time she hears it
Or that the scar on your knee was from falling off your best friend’s scooter
When you were a little kid.
You are some of everyone who came before you
And some of every person you have known.

You are some of the people that picked you up when you fell off your bike
And some of the people that pushed you off.
You are marked by every person you have hated or liked
And every moment of your life and theirs has brought you here.
It took so many tiny changes and choices and chances
For you to become exactly the person you are.
And all of that is mind-blowing, because
The odds that you are even here are slim,
But you are beautiful.

Every pizza box and broken phone and leaky roof has shaped your life.
Every rock on the concrete that has scraped your knees
Has made you stand up stronger and reminded you that you’re alive.
The bruises and scars are the footprints of your childhood
And the way you twist your pencil during a test
Was copied from an old friend.
Every sinking feeling and burst of pride in your chest
Has shaped the way that you see the world.
Every bite-sized piece of data since the beginning has led you.

The odds that you are here… are slim,
But the odds that I got to know you are beautiful.
“Forever,” he promised. His arrogance was radiating from across the ballroom. The conceited slant of his upper lip and his insufferable grin were enough to make my knuckles white.

“Forever,” he promised. For years, I’ve watched myself turn into the monster I swore I wouldn’t become. I remind myself that monsters are made, not born.

“Forever,” he promised. His gaze met mine. As I fiddle with the blade in my hand, I try so hard to remind myself that people don’t get to choose whether or not they become the villain.


“Forever,” he promised. My heart endeavored to stop me, but my legs pulled my body towards his. He loved me too early. I loved him too late.

“Forever,” he promised. A hero would sacrifice you for the world, but a villain would sacrifice the world for you. I suppose that makes me a hero.

“Forever,” he promised. He was my Robin Hood. He stole my heart, but I stole his life with one quick flick of my hand.

“Forever,” he promised. I watched his grin slowly fade as his blood drained. Red was always his favorite color.

“Forever,” he promised. As his eyes faded, I watched us become strangers with memories. Maybe we were only meant to be a memory.

“Forever,” he promised. But in the end, we’re all filled with empty promises. I guess that makes us all liars.

I have always dreaded the calm before the storm. Clouds swell but refuse to let out rain. Something is about to go wrong but there is nothing I can do to stop it.

I like the storms themselves—the alarm system’s quick piercing beep that punctuates the air before the lights cut out... the heavy hum of the neighbor’s generator... rain dancing on the window panes.

And the shadow puppets that shapeshift from scary wolves to innocent rabbits, a waterfall of giggles spilling from our mouths as they make their way along the wall.

Falling asleep under fleece blankets, forgetting that it’s the middle of winter and the heater hasn’t been working for hours.

We make the best out of a storm but we never know when it is coming.
Beauty of the Unexpected
Chloe Yan '24
I hope that tomorrow will be a better day, for you and me – For my forgotten self and perceived personality.

I hope that my eyes can reveal the Pain that plagues my feats… that the windows to my Soul sing an unknown song before my Persona subdues them, makes them sleep.

I hope that my mirror Crashes from its door, and I hope, I wish for it to Not survive the Force of the Floor.

My eyes shield The shy heart that Shines in solitude, So I wish to, instead, Blame the Mirror for Building the Barrier Between you – Whom my friends know – and me – What they never see.

My mirror reflects the external image, of someone seen as Unapproachable in the World of Normal…

So, maybe, if it shatters into Millions of sharp-edged shards, I will be left, Not with a trustworthy shield But a single piece, Powerful enough to reflect only My eyes – Powerful enough to reveal the Reality that the World Cannot See.

Shania Mundy ’22

My Persona
And Me
I am an essential employee during a pandemic. When the virus first came to the United States, I knew my job was secure, but I didn’t realize how much of a toll that job security would take on me. At first, it wasn’t so bad - we were able to teach remotely, and everyone was safe. However, after a long summer, parents wanted their kids back at school. Even as the infection was spreading, people were insistent on returning to normal life. Over 100,000 people were infected at the beginning of the school year. Now, twelve weeks in, we’ve surpassed 300,000 cases. Outside, the pandemic ravages our country. Inside the school, though, the days run together into a blur of monotony. It’s easy to get careless.

I clock in and point the contactless thermometer at my temple. 96.8 - I always run a little low, even lower now that fall is in full swing. I make sure my classroom is set up for my first class: the agenda is on the board, my bell ringer is on the slide show, the desks and chairs are all sanitized. This is the cleanest my classroom has ever been - I scrub and deep clean between classes, making sure there is no trace of the last group of students before the next group comes in.

I sit at my desk and check my email. I am notified of four students learning remotely this week. The principal has sent another email pleading with us to try not to tap out. Her pleas have gone unanswered, so she’s getting firm. “I will not approve leave requests for the following days…” I can’t say that I blame her. Half a dozen teachers are absent, and no substitute teacher is willing to come in. The meager pay isn’t worth the risk of getting infected.

The bell rings. Students are allowed into the building, out of the cold. I have just enough time to grab a cup of coffee from the break room before class begins. I see two students going at it in the corner of the hallway - whether they’re making out or trying to eat each other’s faces, I can’t be sure. Let admin deal with it, I thought. They’re a higher pay grade than I am. I know it sounds irresponsible, but I just don’t have the energy to police them in the hallways, especially not before my coffee.

I make it back to my classroom just before the first bell. I stand at the door, ready to greet my students just like I did before all this started, but now I’m looking for signs. Parents have always sent their kids to school sick, and students have always come to school sick. They want the perfect attendance award, or they want to see their friends, or their parents don’t trust them to not burn the house down during the day. Now, more than ever, I need to watch out for students who don’t seem themselves.

Few students meet my eyes as they shuffle into the classroom. I remind a couple of boys to pull their masks up and display their student ID badges. People assume that we have the means to keep their kids safe, but we can only do so much. It’s hard to get teenagers to comply with mask policies, and it’s even harder to keep them to observe social distancing (it’s impossible in the smaller classrooms, the ones like mine). They’re just always touching each other. We’ve reported fifteen or so cases at our school, but I can’t help but wonder how many students got sick and just didn’t come back to school without reporting why. I have some students on my roster whom I haven’t seen in weeks. When I contact guidance, they report no answer at home.
The tardy bell rings, and I take attendance. Three more students are missing. I turn on the webcam so that the students who are homebound can still see the lesson. We wouldn’t want anyone to be left behind. Before I’m finished with attendance, I notice a student nodding off at his desk. I better keep an eye on him. I think fatigue is one of the symptoms. I’m suddenly hyper aware of the coffee mug in my hand. Maybe we’re all infected.

I go about my lesson, trying to get a room full of high school freshmen interested in a book about “growing up girl” in Brooklyn. It’s the first period on a Monday, but the students who are awake seem engaged. Even Nick, the student who was sleeping during attendance, seems to wake up once we get into our class discussion. He stirs, fidgets, appears to be sneaking food behind his mask. I hate when students eat in class, but it’s just another thing to distract me from teaching. Pull your mask up. Pull your hood down. Stop eating. Put the phone away. Where’s your badge? Pull your mask up. I keep teaching; he isn’t being disruptive.

We make it through almost the entire class without incident before Nick’s behavior is impossible to ignore. He slumps in his chair, his head at an odd angle, and looks around the classroom with red-rimmed eyes.

“Nick, are you feeling okay?” I ask, approaching his desk. His gaze snaps to me, and he fixes his attention on my face more intently than he has the entire school year. “You look like you aren’t feeling too well.”

Nick lunges at me, but his feet get tangled in his desk as he knocks the chair over. “Lockdown protocol!” I yell to the rest of the class, and they clear a wide space around the flailing student. The ones who have stayed in school this long are quick on their feet, accustomed to this routine. I press the button for the intercom.

“Front office,” the voice crackles through the speaker.

“I need a dean to my classroom, please. One of my students is sick.”

“Right away.”

Fortunately, Nick isn’t as coordinated as he was before he got sick. He trips over desks and knocks over chairs as he shambles toward me. His mask slips below his chin, revealing jagged skin caught between his teeth; he had chewed off his own lips during class. As he lurches toward me, arms outstretched, I see the bite mark on his forearm that had been hidden under his hoodie just moments before. I keep my eye on him and my hand above my sidearm (yet another new school supply I had to pay for out of pocket). The situation is under control. The dean will be here any minute.

A student in the huddled corner sneezes. Nick’s focus is no longer on me, and he’s closer to my students than he is to me. I don’t have any choice; I draw my pistol and fire one clean shot through Nick’s temple. He crashes to the ground within lunging distance of the hardened corner. The students closest to him look away, some crying. Most of them are used to this by now. This isn’t the first time they’ve heard of someone turning from the infection, not the first time they’ve listened to a gunshot ring through the halls. My students collect their things and wait silently for the bell to ring. My class is almost never silent.

The dean opens the door to find me picking up pieces of brain matter with gloved hands and putting them into the special red biohazard bag included in our classroom cleaning kit. Our eyes meet through my face shield.

“I see you took care of it already.”

“Unfortunately, I didn’t have much choice.”

“I’ll call the family. Does he have his tag on? This is my third call today.”

“Yeah, you don’t need to worry about him getting mixed up down at the nurse’s office. Hurry up and get him out of here. I need to clean the floor before the next class gets in here.”

I scrub and deep clean between every class, even the ones without any casualties. I do the best I can to teach my students and keep them safe. I am acutely aware that not all of them will graduate.

I am an essential employee in a pandemic. I wish I weren’t.
it’s a funny question
seemingly obvious, but
when i lie down and stare at my bedroom ceiling
my mind goes blank

   who am i?
   i don’t know what to think
   of myself
   what do i love?
   who do i live for?
   what defines me?

is it scary that i don’t have answers to these questions?
i don’t know anymore
if i were to cut my soul open, i wonder what would crawl out
what would i see?
would it be the heart-wrenching illusions of when my mother cried
or
would it be the empty house i sat in as i stared at a black phone screen
or
would it be the times so long ago when i didn’t have a care in the world

   i’m curious to see what’s inside,
   but at the same time, i’m frightened of what i might find.
   would all the anger and pain and sorrow i pushed down
   spring up from the bottom of my heart
   surround me and grab me by the arms
   until i can no longer move anymore

the thought is chilling,
but that’s not the scariest possibility.
what could be scarier than...

   Emptiness....

   what if my soul turns out to just be an empty vessel?
   what if the memories of my mother crying and my empty house vanished into thin air
   there would be no anger and pain and sorrow
   nothing to waste useless tears over

   would i be ok then?
   maybe
   but would i still be me then?
IN MY SOUL

Sophia Ran ‘23

Morena
Asia Blocker ‘21
The Roman Candle was printed by the School Publications Company. The inside pages of The Roman Candle are #60 uncoated paper, and the coverage paper was printed on 80# matte cover stock. The binding is a saddle stitch with a square back finish. All titles are in Vogue. All body text is in Linotype Didot or Adobe Devanagari. Credit fonts are in Futura Medium. All pages of the magazine were designed using Adobe InDesign CS6 and Adobe Photoshop CS6. Jessica Zhu, Maggie Song, Bethany Xu, Caroline Prendergast, Rena Kaplan, and Cynthia Zhang designed the spreads of the magazine. 250 copies of the magazine were printed for 259 Upper School students and 58 faculty members. The total cost of the magazine was $1,375.88. The staff of The Roman Candle selected the theme of change within and around humanity as a reflection of the growth which our community and the world around us have gone through in these trying times.