



FROM THE DESK OF THE PRESIDENT

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Dear Fellow NCJCLers,

Salvete! I hope all of you are doing well and are finishing the school year strong. It was such a joy seeing many of you compete extremely hard at certamen regionals. Congratulations to the finalists. I look forward to seeing you compete at state convention.

As I look at the past year as president, I have caught myself reminiscing the sweet times I

have had with you all. It is hard to believe that seven years ago I was standing on stage giving my middle school representative speech in front of many people and this weekend I will be standing in front of you all for the last time as a JCLer. I am so thankful for each and every one of you for everything you all have done to support me this year during my presidency.

Although I will no longer be a part of the JCL by title, I will always carry the memories that I have made with me and will always cherish each time spent with you all. Because this is a bittersweet time for me, I want to make sure I continue to foster the relationships I have made with so many of you.

As this chapter in my life closes, I know a new chapter is opening and although I am sad to see this chapter end, I am excited for college and the many great opportunities it will open up for me. Finally, I have a couple pieces of advice for you.

First, take time to thank your teachers. They put countless hours into making State Convention and Certamen and so many other events possible for you to attend!

Secondly, seniors... JOIN

SCL! I would encourage you to not walk away from the Classics but embrace this new chapter of your Classics journey.

Finally, embrace and enjoy the time you have with your fellow classicists. Time goes quickly, but as Wiz Khalifa said, "Hold every memory as they go, and every road you go will always lead you home..." I hope that the JCL has become a home for you and know that the family of classicists is always a place for you at anytime in your life.

Thank you all for allowing me to serve NCJCL as President this year... it has been an enormous honor. I cannot wait to come back and visit you all and continue fostering the friendships I have made in the JCL and I wish the best of luck to you all as you reach new heights in your classics ventures... and remember: Be class(icall)y not trashy!

Cum Amicitia,
Laura Schoeck
NCJCL President



Best Of Show - Modern Myth

The Piñata – Summersjoy Whittaker, Epiphany School of Global Studies

The war started when Paula Taylor stole Melissa Griffon's doll Helen. Helen was a Griffon family heirloom and Melissa's favorite toy, and when the Taylors refused to give it back, they inevitably began the worst war between neighbors the world had ever seen.

It started with small annoyances: the Griffons would steal the Taylors' mail for the week, and the Taylors, in retaliation, would ding-dong-ditch the Griffons' house at all hours of the day. It was only petty fighting between families, nothing serious. Some, like Alex Griffon, even thought the rivalry was stupid, and tried to avoid the fighting. However, as the atrocities got progressively worse, no one could remain uninvolved.

The last straw occurred near the end of the school year. Twelve-year-old Alex Griffon, who had come to particularly despise the Taylors when one of their children broke his favorite rifle, showed up to school early, before all the other students and even some teachers. He snuck to locker 45, which he knew belonged to Hailey Taylor after sending her hundreds of hate notes throughout the year. Alex opened the locker and, sure that no one was watching him, placed a large, smelly box inside.

Later that morning, the Taylors received a call home asking them to come pick up Hailey, who had apparently opened her locker to find an angry skunk inside. She was sprayed with the skunk's loathsome odor and the school did not want her to finish the day, though they said they would work to find the culprit. However, the Taylors already knew the identity of the offender: it could only have been one of the Griffons.

After the skunk incident, the rivalry got monumentally worse. Each family continued doing horrible things to the other in retaliation. The Griffons threw mud and eggs at the Taylors' house; the Taylors ripped up all the flowers in the Griffons' front garden. The Griffons spray painted obscenities on the Taylors front door; the Taylors destroyed the Griffon's mailbox and threw it in the river behind their house. The Griffons sprayed the Taylors' garden with concentrated salt water to kill all their plants, and the Taylors threw bricks and pieces of cinder block at the Griffon's children.

After two weeks of consistent maneuvers, however, the Griffons abruptly stopped responding. They suddenly kept their house tidy, and their dogs and children no longer

tore through the Taylor's yard.

However, nothing could have prepared the Taylors when a few days later, the entire Griffon family showed up on their doorstep, arms laden with board games, balloons, cake, alcohol, and a huge piñata.

"We're tired of the constant fighting and our house always being vandalized," Aunt Alice Griffon claimed, "So we organized a party as an offering of peace between families."

The Taylors began discussing whether or not the Griffins could be trusted, right there in the doorway.

"Don't you want to stop checking to see if they've slashed the tractor tires again every time we go to use it?" Grandpa Zacharias said loudly.

"It would be nice to get back all the mail we've lost," Hailey reasoned.

Most of the Taylors were tired of the war and constantly being on their guard. Many wanted the war to end so they could continue on with their lives. Eventually a general agreement was reached that the Taylors would accept the Griffons' invitation.

They were just about to let the Griffons through their door when Crazy Uncle Logan came stumbling to the front of the family.

"Are y'all crazy? We can't

trust these no good, plant-killin', property-destroyin' good-for-nothin's! They'll stab us in the back as soon as they get the chance!" Uncle Logan raved.

Embarrassed, the Taylors pushed the obviously inebriated Uncle Logan out the back door and stepped aside to let the Griffons in.

"You can come back in when you're less drunk and won't insult our guests like that! Go sober up by the river." Hailey told her uncle.

Crazy Uncle Logan, fuming, walked along the dock outside. Suddenly, he thought he saw something move by his foot. The Taylors' river was known for being infested with water snakes and other vermin. He tried to scramble out of the way, but fumbled and tripped, falling spectacularly off the dock into the icy river. He came up and gasped for breath, and started trying to make his way back to shore, though rather slowly since he was still incapacitated.

Crazy Uncle Logan couldn't even see straight, much less notice the water moccasins gliding across the river towards him. He didn't detect the two snakes until they bit his neck. Disabled by both the snake bites and the alcohol, Crazy Uncle Logan drowned before he could reach shore, unbeknownst to the rest of the Taylor family.

Meanwhile, inside, the festivities were well under way. The Taylors and Griffons were making their way through intense rounds of Scrabble, charades, and even rap battles. Each family was put in charge of a different activity. For example, the Griffons ran the round of monopoly; they set up the game, established the rules, and awarded points (carefully checked by the Taylors).

Finally, after everyone had indulged in cake and refreshments, both families headed outside for the main event: the piñata. The Griffons had insisted that the Taylor family run this event since they had the youngest children.

"Really, we don't mind at all! It's all yours!" said Melissa Griffon sweetly.

The Taylors readily agreed and presented their youngest daughter, a particularly violent eight year old named Lily, with the cudgel while they covered her eyes with a blindfold. Her Uncle Zacharias began spinning her around.

Because everyone's attention was on Lily and the Taylors were all standing close to the piñata, no one even noticed each of the Griffons surreptitiously backing away from the festivities. They stayed on the outskirts. Even when Lily gave the piñata a particularly savage hit that dismembered

the back half of the horse, the Griffon children did not surge forward like the rest of the Taylors did. They simply smiled and observed, watching tipsy adults and hyper children all begin unwrapping the chocolate candies and popping them into their mouths.

Twenty minutes later, each of the Taylors had all eaten at least one piece of candy from the piñata. That was when disaster struck.

"Mommy, I think something's wrong with my legs," complained Lily, stumbling over to her mother. "They feel polka-dotty and numb."

"I feel strange too," said her mother. "Too much cake?"

Then, one by one, the Taylors each began losing feeling, first in their legs, then up into their torsos and spines. Uncle Zacharias was the first to fall over, followed by Lily, then her mother, then each member of the family in turn. They lay on the ground, not yet dead but weak and unmoving.

The Griffons had infused the candy with hemlock, the taste overpowered by the rich chocolate. Poisonous hemlock could kill a person easily with only a few of its leaves or seeds. Each of the Taylors now had hemlock in their systems, and by nightfall the entire family lay dead in their yard. The Griffons, victorious, returned to their home next door.

Best Of Show - Creative Writing

At Pompey's Theater – Claire Atwood, Reagan High School

“Et tu, Brute?”

The theater sits, silently. Moments earlier, adrenaline ran through the walls. Roars from the great mob outside are muffled from the thick walls. Not a soul breathes. On the floor lies a man, dying at the stone feet of Pompey. Merely minutes ago, he was the most powerful man in Rome, almost a god. Now, he lies with his face obscured by the fold of his toga, soaked in his own blood. Julius Caesar, Dictator for Life, Savior of the Great State, bleeds out, killed by the piercing blow of betrayal.

Here, his story seems to end. The focus of History and Time has shifted to the Grand Revolution out in the streets. But somewhere off, there is the patter of footsteps. They grow closer. Ever so slightly, the man stirs. Could the approaching figure be his salvation? The footsteps come faster now; they belong to a dainty woman. She collapses at his side. The dying Caesar gasps for air and coughs hard.

“Pompeia...?” his voice is hoarse.

“Mi amice, I’m here” She grips his hand. It is clammy to the touch.

“They... they stabbed me... all of them... and Brutus, even my dear Brutus.”

“Shh, save your strength.”

Caesar’s labored breathing echoes through the theater. He winces as he moves his head to his former wife.

“Why have you come? I thought you to resent me for ending our union. Have you come to gloat now that the great man you love is at his lowest point? Pompeia, you know why I had to do it. It was a scandal. What would become of my reputation?” he coughs, then groans.

“Now is not time to dwell on things of the past. The die is cast.” Pompeia releases his hand, and stands. Caesar grunts at the sudden movement. He watches her carefully, though the agony on his face is obvious.

“I do still think about you, Gaius. We had a good life together, living atop the Palatine hill in our extravagant home. It truly was paradise.” Caesar takes a sharp breath.

Pompeia continues, “We hosted many ravishing parties there. They were ravishing, weren’t they? Do you remember?” Caesar does not reply.

“I would say my favorite has to be the Bona Dea. Every year, the ceremony is beautiful. Your mother does a wonderful job with the preparations with

each one.” A pause. “However, the last one I attended seemed a bit off. We appeared to have an intruder, a man, even though they are strictly prohibited to attend. I was mortified, especially when I came to know of the disgusting rumors that the masses thought up. I was accused of an affair! You didn’t believe a word of them, you said it yourself,” Pompeia sighs.

“Do you remember that day in court, during the trial of that man, Clodius was his name? My dear mother and sister spoke out against him on my behalf. But it wasn’t enough, I suppose. One testimony was missing.” She turns her back to him. “Yours.”

Caesar winces again. In the brief moment of silence, all to be heard is Caesar’s heavy breathes, and the muffled shouts of a crowd from somewhere. “You said nothing to defend your wife. And I am innocent! The only crime I was guilty of was a spoiled evening.” Pompeia’s voice remains eerily calm. “I am innocent.” Caesar’s face is now ghostly pale. “I had no choice. What kind of man...what kind of leader would I be to surround myself with so much controversy. You must understand, I meant nothing against you. I couldn’t be thought of to sup-

port impropriety. I would have a knife put through my reputation. I had no choice..." his voice shakes as he trails off.

Her face is emotionless. Her calm composure is near chilling. "That man snuck into a sacred event, disrespected me, the women, and the good goddesses above. And you allowed him be acquitted." her voice is hard, each word stinging.

Under his breath he whispers, "My wife ought not even be under suspicion."

But she hears him, and chuckles. "You are an ambitious man, Caesar. All of that power, all the glory and adoration, it went to your head. Once at the top, there's only one direction to go from there."

She reaches into the folds of her stola and produces a dagger. The silver glints dimly. Caesar follows it with his eyes. Tears begin to form.

His voice barely croaks out a pitiful, "Please."

Pompeia holds the weapon by the hilt directly over the dictator of Rome. "The die is cast." Up in Mount Olympus, the gods hold their breath. Somewhere off, the blind soothsayer sings, Beware the Ides of March.

The dagger falls. Pompeia closes her eyes; the dull thud verifies the target. Leaning over now, she kisses Caesar's forehead, then turns her face to-

ward the heavens.

"Jupiter, God of the Skies, Wind and Thunder, King of the Gods and Goddesses on Mount Olympus, I ask humbly, hear a sorrowed woman's words and forgive me of my transgressions. Grant

this man safe passage through the Realm of Pluto, and may mercy be shown unto us all."

Pompeia reaches across his face and closes his eyes. She is already gone when the slaves find the dead dictator, still warm from a pulse passed.

Best Of Show - Poetry

Two Sides to Cupid's Arrows

Emma Lapina, Caldwell Academy MS

I don't love you.
 Never will I say
 You're the love of my life.
 It's a lie. The truth is,
 You will never be good enough for me,
 To believe that
 We belong together
 Is silly and childish.
 Never speaking to each other
 Is the way to go.
 Love
 Exists as a pointless metaphor.
 "Love is a fairytale"
 Is
 The truth
 (Now read from bottom to top.)

For an online (and in color!) version of this issue of the TORCH, be sure to visit our website at www.ncjcl.org



PRECONVENTION RESULTS

Creative Writing

Lower

- 1st Place 21063 Will Turner, Covenant Day
 2nd 61026 Ella Wittig, Thales Academy Apex
 3rd 91028 Jasmine McElroy, LMMS
 4th 61021 James Robertson, Thales Academy Apex
 5th 41002 Annalee Bentley, Master's Academy

Middle

- 1st 74032 Jensen Lankford, Reagan
 2nd 74060 Wyatt Salus, Reagan
 3rd 27043 Susanna Schoeck, Covenant Day
 4th 29006 Spencer Danizger, Charlotte Latin
 5th 74058 Samantha Robinson, Reagan

Upper

- 1st 74003 Claire Atwood, Reagan
 2nd 74042 Maggie Mabe, Reagan
 3rd 24001 Reanna Brooks, Master's Academy
 4th 22006 Sam Cho, Epiphany

Slogan

MS Slogan

- 1st 91022 Caleb Krellwitz, LMMS
 – *“Let’s eat Pelops!” (Tantalus forgot the comma)*
 2nd 91029 Genaro Perez, LMMS
 – *YOLO (except Dionysus)*
 3rd 93015 Maddy Kelly, Epiphany
 – *Latin’s family tree has strong roots.*
 4th 91016 Max Gray, LMMS
 – *“Where’s the beef?” Ask Hermes*
 5th 25018 Jakob Humphrey, Palisades
 – *Latin is dead, and death is just the beginning*

Poetry

MS Poetry

- 1st 11020 Emma Lapina, Caldwell Academy
 2nd 11018 Matthew Irlbeck, Caldwell Academy
 3rd 91015 Graylin Goff, LMMS
 4th 91028 Elijah Parish, LMMS
 5th 11014 Landon Hodgin, Caldwell Academy

9th Poetry

- 1st 75001 Olivia Fugikawa, Riverside
 2nd 24004 Abby Levinson, Master's Academy
 3rd 58010 Abby Lin, Caldwell Academy
 4th 75008 Aiden Lamar, Riverside

10th Poetry

- 1st 22020 Abbie Skladan, Epiphany
 2nd 22003 Meghan Bobbitt, Epiphany
 3rd 22017 Caitlyn Lowe, Epiphany
 4th 22008 Olivia Cottrell, Epiphany

11th/12th Poetry

- 1st 29004 Laura Scott Cary, Charlotte Latin
 2nd 96048 Diana Zalph, Hoggard
 3rd 22001 Ashley Bell, Epiphany
 4th 96047 Christopher G. Zack, Hoggard
 5th 48007 Benjamin Inman, Grace Christian

HS Slogan

- 1st 75015 Sigrid Jensen-Oyaski, Riverside
 – *JCL: Where true friendship meets fierce competition*
 2nd 75012 Daniella Roberts, Riverside
 – *Latin Nerds, Unite!*
 3rd 75010 Victoria Arevalo, Riverside
 – *Want to sound smart? Want to pronounce spells and exorcisms? Speak Latin*
 4th 75004 Ben Bartnik, Riverside
 – *Latin: Still alive. Still killin’ it. (even after 2,000 years)*
 5th 75006 Zach Litzinger, Riverside
 – *Make a language great again. Take Latin*

Find us online!



– twitter.com/NCJCL



– www.youtube.com/user/OfficialNCJCL



– <https://www.instagram.com/officialncjcl/>

Modern Myth

Lower A

| | | |
|-----|-------|---|
| 1st | 91028 | Bermuda Triangle – Elijah Parish, LMMS |
| 2nd | 25042 | Crepuscular's Rays – Ashlyn Wagner, Palisades |
| 3rd | 11036 | The Story of the Stars – Elijah Smith, Caldwell Academy |
| 4th | 41009 | Why Wolves Live in Packs – Gigi Ying, Master's Academy |
| 5th | 11013 | Neptune's Dilemma – Elijah Hisaw, Caldwell Academy |

Middle A

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 29010 | Aurora: The Untold Story – Andrew DeWeese, Charlotte Latin |
| 2nd | 27009 | Painting the Sky – Lawson Brantley, Covenant Day School |
| 3rd | 75007 | Coffee Chaos – Calvin Hetes, Riverside |

Upper A

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 29016 | The Creation of Vultures – Jack Fernandez, Charlotte Latin |
| 2nd | 29004 | Psyche and The Butterfly – Laura Scott Cary, Charlotte Latin |
| 3rd | 22015 | Hermes and the Creation of Oases – Marisa Kelly, Epiphany |

Lower B

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 41008 | Olympus Wars – Timothy Yardley, Master's Academy |
| 2nd | 11011 | Ramon and Reese – Isabella Gomez, Caldwell Academy |
| 3rd | 11020 | Natalee's Box – Emma Lapina, Caldwell Academy |
| 4th | 43009 | Romulus and Remos – Will Walters, Grace Christian |
| 5th | 25001 | Pandora – Ella Anderson, Palisades |

Middle B

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 22008 | Thisbe and Pyramus – Olivia Cottrell, Epiphany |
| 2nd | 22007 | The Hoover Dam – Joe Chrise, Epiphany |

Upper B

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 22024 | The Pinata – Summersjoy Whittaker, Epiphany |
| 2nd | 22014 | A God Among Men – Josh Hall, Epiphany |
| 3rd | 74037 | Pierre's Gift – Ansley Jewell, Reagan |
| 3rd | 24001 | Me, Myself and I – Reanna Brooks, Master's Academy |
| 4th | 29015 | Dana and Ryan – Jack Felkner, Charlotte Latin |
| 5th | 58014 | The White Wolves – Sam McIntosh, Caldwell Academy |

Lower C

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 11024 | Creation and Downfall of Pokemon Go – Jackson McGarrigan, Caldwell Academy |
| 2nd | 25014 | Stormy Skies – Lucas Gilbert, Palisades |
| 3rd | 11051 | A Hatter, a Stranger, a Flower – Carson Reynolds, Caldwell Academy |
| 4th | 43018 | Another Hercules Story – Ella Taylor, Grace Christian |
| 5th | 25005 | Becoming Ceres – Emma Carter, Palisades |

Upper C

| | | |
|-----|-------|--|
| 1st | 29024 | Quest to Find the Underworld – Will Hull, Charlotte Latin |
| 2nd | 75002 | Where a Rainbow & a Myth Were Born – Dulce Campos, Riverside |

Community Service

Master's Academy was the only chapter that submitted Community Service records, and will take those to the Nationals. The NCJCL encourages more chapters to participate in and record community service.

Publicity**Middle School**

1st place – Master's Academy
2nd place – Palisades Episcopal School

High School

1st place – Master's Academy
2nd place – Reagan High School
3rd place – Enka High School

Chariot Design

Middle School: 1st place – Caldwell Academy

High School: 1st place – Grace Christian

Powerpoint

| | | | |
|-----|-------|--------------|---------------------|
| 1st | 25029 | Palisades | Emilie Claire Nason |
| 2nd | 25030 | Palisades | Abby Pruden |
| 3rd | 25037 | Palisades | Katherine Stewart |
| 4th | 25039 | Palisades | Evan Talley |
| 4th | 25009 | Palisades | Samantha DeWeese |
| 5th | 21020 | Covenant Day | Luke Engstrom |

Individual Website

| | | | |
|-----|-------|-----------|----------------|
| 1st | 25002 | Palisades | Zack Bordeaux |
| 2nd | 25042 | Palisades | Ashlyn Wagner |
| 3rd | 25021 | Palisades | Olivia Machado |
| 4th | 25017 | Palisades | Samuel Hoffman |

Newspaper

| | | | |
|-----|-------|-----------|---------------|
| 1st | 25019 | Palisades | Kamryn Kina |
| 2nd | 25014 | Palisades | Lucas Gilbert |

Chapter Website

- Riverside
- St. Thomas Moore Academy/Chancellor JCL
- Master's Academy
- Grace Christian

Nota Bene: In Coin Wars, coins are worth their value in positive points, whereas bills are negative points. The officer with the LEAST amount of points will get pied at State Convention.

Digital Art

| | | | |
|-----|-------|-----------------|----------------------|
| 1st | 22024 | Epiphany School | Summersjoy Whittaker |
| 1st | 25021 | Palisades | Olivia Machado |
| 2nd | 25039 | Palisades | Evan Talley |
| 3rd | 25026 | Palisades | Olivia Moss |
| 3rd | 25010 | Palisades | Maddy Edwards |
| 4th | 25028 | Palisades | Lily Myrick |
| 5th | 25005 | Palisades | Emma Carter |

Video

| | | | |
|-----|-------|------------------|------------------|
| 1st | 71135 | Thales | Keenan Gyure |
| 1st | 48009 | Grace Christian | Samuel Caldwell |
| 2nd | 48004 | Grace Christian | Lee Robinson |
| 3rd | 48008 | Grace Christian | Delaney Brumback |
| 4th | 58018 | Caldwell Academy | Kevin Talbert |
| 5th | 75006 | Riverside | Zach Litzinger |

Digital Model**Middle School**

| | | | |
|-----|-------|-----------------|--------------|
| 1st | 21101 | Covenant Day | Samuel Kelly |
| 2nd | 43004 | Grace Christian | A.J. Kinrade |
| 3rd | 43017 | Grace Christian | Noah Solomon |
| 4th | 21025 | Covenant Day | Boyce Gault |
| 5th | 25022 | Palisades | Zoe Madish |

High School

| | | | |
|-----|-------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1st | 27033 | Covenant Day | Jack Levett |
| 2nd | 48009 | Grace Christian | Samuel Caldwell |
| 3rd | 52028 | Thales HS | Payton Grady |

Coin Wars

- Caris Gross, Parliamentarian: -5,180
- Laura Schoeck, President: -2,584
- Olivia Rostagni, Co-Historian: -192
- Parker Klinck, TORCH Editor: -169
- Campbell Robinson, Publicity Officer: -62
- Anna Trejo, MS Representative: +116
- Zach Litzinger, Tech Coordinator: +396
- Aislinn Niimi, Secretary: +564
- Elle Trejo, 1st Vice President: +700
- Leonel Rangel Jimenez, 2nd VP: +1,264
- Kate Ballard, Co-Historian: +1,330

TOTAL: -4,270 points



COME TO THE 64TH NJCL CONVENTION

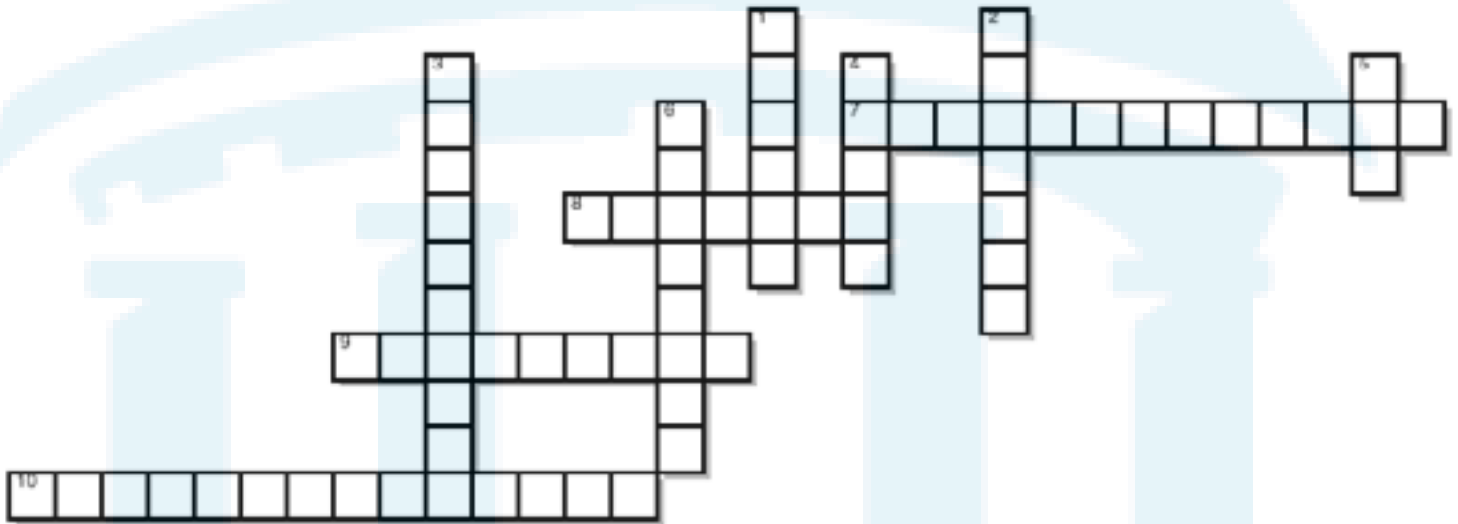
JULY 24-29, 2017

COST: \$395

Email henkel@queensgranthigh.org if you have questions,
or visit tinyurl.com/ncjctroy17 if interested.



NCJCL States Convention



ACROSS

- 7 Our Instagram username
 8 Caesar's fianl wife
 9 The only school that submittted a newspaper
 10 1st place publicity winners

HAVE ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE TORCH
 OR ANYTHING IN GENERAL? PLEASE SEND
 ME AN EMAIL AT PFKLINCK@GMAIL.COM OR
NCJCLEditor@GMAIL.COM

DOWN

- 1 Whom you should ask "where's the
 beef?"
 2 Family who won the fewd via poisoned
 piñata
 3 Speaker of "Hold every memory as they
 go, and every road you go will always
 lead youhome"
 4 The crazy uncle who drowned
 5 What seniors should join
 6 First name of the officer in fifth place in
 the Coin Wars