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(ically) not trashy!

Cum Amicitia,
Laura Schoeck
NCJCL President
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 Griffin 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.
“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 toward 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.

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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.)

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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: Will Turner, Covenant Day
- 61026 Ella Wittig, Thales Academy Apex
- 3rd: Jasmine McElroy, LMMS
- 4th: James Roberton, Thales Academy Apex
- 5th: Annalee Bentley, Master’s Academy

**Middle**
- 1st: Jensen Lankford, Reagan
- 2nd: Wyatt Salus, Reagan
- 3rd: Susanna Schoeck, Covenant Day
- 4th: Spencer Danizer, Charlotte Latin
- 5th: Samantha Robinson, Reagan

**Upper**
- 1st: Claire Atwood, Reagan
- 2nd: Maggie Mabe, Reagan
- 3rd: Reanna Brooks, Master’s Academy
- 4th: Sam Cho, Epiphany

### MS Poetry

**1st**: Emma Lapina, Caldwell Academy
**2nd**: Matthew Irlbeck, Caldwell Academy
**3rd**: Graylin Goff, LMMS
**4th**: Annalee Bentley, Master’s Academy
**5th**: Landon Hodgin, Caldwell Academy

### Middle Poetry

**1st**: Olivia Fugikawa, Riverside
**2nd**: Abby Levinson, Master’s Academy
**3rd**: Abby Lin, Caldwell Academy
**4th**: Samantha Robinson, Reagan

### Upper Poetry

**1st**: Claire Atwood, Reagan
**2nd**: Maggie Mabe, Reagan
**3rd**: Reanna Brooks, Master’s Academy
**4th**: Sam Cho, Epiphany

### MS Slogan

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

### HS Slogan

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

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**Find us online!**

- twitter.com/NCJCL
- https://www.instagram.com/officialncjcl/
- www.youtube.com/user/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

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**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

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## Digital Art

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## Digital Model

**Middle School**

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## Chapter Website

1. Riverside  
2. St. Thomas Moore Academy/Chancellor JCL  
3. Master’s Academy  
4. 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.

## Coin Wars

1. Caris Gross, Parliamentarian: -5,180  
2. Laura Schoeck, President: -2,584  
3. Olivia Rostagni, Co-Historian: -192  
4. Parker Klinck, TORCH Editor: -169  
5. Campbell Robinson, Publicity Officer: -62  
6. Anna Trejo, MS Representative: +116  
7. Zach Litzinger, Tech Coordinator: +396  
8. Aislinn Niimi, Secretary: +564  
9. Elle Trejo, 1st Vice President: +700  
10. Leonel Rangel Jimenez, 2nd VP: +1,264  
11. 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/ncjcltroy17 if interested.
NCJCL States Convention

ACROSS
7  Our Instagram username
8  Caesar’s fianl wife
9  The only school that submitteed a newspaper
10 1st place publicity winners

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 you home”
4  The crazy uncle who drowned
5  What seniors should join
6  First name of the officer in fifth place in the Coin Wars

Have any questions about the TORCH or anything in general? Please send me an email at pfklinck@gmail.com or njcleditor@gmail.com