

THE NORTH CAROLINA
JUNIOR CLASSICAL
LEAGUE

state convention edition



FAREWELL FROM YOUR NCJCL PRESIDENT

To the NCJCL,

Serving as your 2018–2019 NCJCL President has been both one of the most informative, and most enjoyable, experiences that I have had yet, and has been more than anything an honor. Working with my fellow executive board members and with all of you has taught me just how cohesive our JCL community is, and how our passion for the classics unites us both at convention and in the months between. I have had the opportunity to meet amazing people and learn so much from my fellow officers and peers—it's hard to look back on the past year and call my role as president a responsibility rather than a privilege.

This has been my last year in JCL, and yet my first year as a state officer. I remember my first Fall Forum at UNCG, and the feeling of being home among chariot races and certamen; but I also remember wondering how I could get more involved. It took a few years, but I eventually decided that I would run for president, and see what I could accomplish. It was out of a desire I think every member of JCL has: to leave our organization better than we found it. This of course doesn't always mean running for state office. Giving to the community which gives so much to you can be as simple as a few words before a competition or nothing more than a spirited effort at Olympika. But if there is anything I can urge you to do, it is to seek leadership and take incentive within the JCL—no organization is perfect, and it is the energy of dedicated individuals at the local, state, and national levels which keeps our club alive.

As I bid NCJCL farewell, I ask those I leave behind—the next president, the 2019–2020 executive board, and each of you—to look around at our club and the world outside and take note of what it is you want to see changed. Do something about it, even if it is unconventional or controversial. The JCL is better than ever for this spirit of community, leadership, and innovation.

Thank you all for an amazing four years, and for the honor of serving as your president. I can't wait to see how NCJCL will grow in the years to come.

Brandon Scarberry

NCJCL President 2018-2019



WRITING PRE-CONVENTION CONTEST RESULTS

Creative Writing Middle School

1. "Condemned to Die" by Iris Henry (Lakewood Montessori)
2. "Nero's Rage" by Adelaide Waldman (Master's Academy)
3. "A Summer's Feast" by Gina Paddock (Covenant Day)
4. "Is this a Trap or a Dinner Party?" by Mara Evans (Caldwell Middle)
5. "The Curse" by Josie Haile (Lakewood Montessori)

Creative Writing Grades 9-10

1. "A Messy Night for Faustus" by Audrey Mase (Hoggard)
2. "A Dinner Without Halcyon Days" by Shae Reinburg (Thales Academy Apex)
3. "A Dinner to Die for" by Brice Niimi (Master's Academy)

Modern Myth Middle School

Category A

1. Charlie Jameson (Covenant Day School)
2. Josie Haile (Lakewood Montessori)
3. Caleb Hall (Palisades)

Category B

1. Evie Afflerbach (Epiphany)
2. Elsie Kneas (Palisades)
3. Cadence Height (Epiphany)

Creative Writing Grades 11-12

1. "A Date with Destiny" by Aislinn Niimi (Master's Academy)
2. "Feast of Sisterhood" by Mary Kate Abner (Covenant Day School)
3. "An Awkward Family Dinner" by Lawson Brantley (Covenant Day School)

Modern Myth Grades 11-12

Category A

1. Joseph J. Carman (Master's Academy)
2. Dominick DePaola (Charlotte Latin)
3. Ryan Blanchard (Westminister)
4. William Lloyd (Charlotte Latin)
5. Eva Desantis (Epiphany)

Category B

1. Aislinn Niimi (Master's Academy)
2. Kirsten Jolly (Westminister)
3. Emily Kider (Covenant Day)
4. Alexander Donald (Charlotte Latin)
5. Stephanie Senhouse (Westminster)

Category C

1. Dilan Amin (Charlotte Latin)
2. Owen Rose (Epiphany)
3. Claire Bishop (Charlotte Christian)

Modern Myth Grades 9-10

Category A

1. Cora Snyder (Charlotte Latin)
2. Gracelynn Whitaker (Hoggard)
3. Clara Tucker (Covenant Day)
4. Elijah Parish (Riverside)
5. Maia Weatherly (Epiphany School)

Category C

1. Rebecca Musgrove (Covenant Day)
2. Maddy Kelly (Epiphany)
3. Mari Pritulsky (Epiphany)

MULTIMEDIA AND POETRY PRE-CONVENTION CONTEST RESULTS

Poetry Middle School

1st-Irish Henry (Lakewood)
2nd-Alaric Pan (Charlotte Latin)
3rd-Alex Burns (Covenant Day)
4th-Cadence Hight (Epiphany School)
5th-Vivian Hazelrigg (Lakewood)

Poetry 9th Grade

1st-Kyndal Sloan (Hoggard)
2nd-Sara MacIntosh (Epiphany School)
3rd- Lukas Jessup (Epiphany School)
4th-Zoarianay Hackamack (Epiphany School)

Poetry 10th Grade

1st-Tirah Philipps (Hoggard)
2nd-Cate Miller (Epiphany School)
3rd-Mari Pritulsky (Epiphany School)
4th-Maddy Kelly (Epiphany School)
5th-Elijah Parish (Riverside)

Poetry 11th Grade

1st-Liesel Brehmer (Charlotte Christian)
2nd-Eva DeSantis (Epiphany School)
3rd-Andrew DeWeese (Charlotte Latin)
4th-Owen Rose (Epiphany School)

Poetry 12th Grade

1st-Caris Gross (Master's Academy)
2nd- Jack Cannon (Hoggard)
3rd-Evan Dorsel (Charlotte Latin)
4th-Catherine Clover (Charlotte Latin)
5th-Alexander Doland (Charlotte Latin)

Digital Art (MS)

1st-Xiomara Lakwood (Lakewood Montessori)
2nd-Zoe Madish (Palisades Episcopal)
3rd-Nolan Heinnich (Thales Rolesville)

Digital Art (HS)

1st-Camilia Castillo (Epiphany School)
2nd-Sophie Feierman (Riverside)
3rd-Andrew Harris (Hoggard)

Virtual Models

1st-Andrew Harris (Hoggard)
2nd-JT Daniel (Charlotte Christian)
3rd-Daniel Tlanepantla (Enka)

Presentations

1st-Tirah Phillips (Hoggard)
2nd-Andrew Harris (Hoggard)
3rd-Josh Nixon (Riverside)
4th-Anna Pfirman (Hoggard)
5th-Marion Williams (Hoggard)

Audio and Video

1st-Jason Kerr (Charlotte Christian HS)
2nd-Nicholas Greene (Charlotte Christian HS)
3rd-Liam Sauter (Covenant Day MS)

THE 2019 PRE-CONVENTION CONTEST RESULTS

Chapter Website

1st place- Enka High School
2nd place- Riverside High School
3rd place- Master's Academy
4th place- Hoggard High School

Meme Contest (HS)

1st place- Yami Vizozo (Riverside)
2nd place- John Bowker (Hoggard)
3rd place- Graham Curtis (Riverside)
4th place- Layla Fistos (Enka)

Meme Contest (Middle School)

1st place- Jillian Slade (Thales)
2nd place- Web Cummings (Lakewood)
3rd place- Rowan Perz-Edwards (Lakewood)
4th place- Josie Haile (Lakewood)

Community Service Recognition

1st- Master's Academy
2nd- Riverside High School

Publicity Contest

1st- Master's Academy High School
2nd- Riverside High School

Chariot Design

1st- Caldwell Academy Middle School
2nd- Hoggard High School
3rd- Thales Rolesville



Pictured above our Master's Academy students carrying out their 2018-2019 community service project. The latin students helped and guided children in various latin oriented art skills, such as mosaic making.

BEST IN SHOW

"A MESSY NIGHT FOR FAUSTUS" BY AUDREY MASE

Faustus awoke with a goodie bag stuffed full of food at his side, unidentifiable stains on his tunic, and no recollection of how he made it home. Where had he been last night? What was he doing? And why were his clothes such a mess?

Opening up the bag of food beside him, he looked for potential clues. Bread, olives, a pear, doormice, standard fare. Not helpful. He dug deeper. There was a fine slice of what looked like pork. Now he was getting somewhere. At the very bottom, he dug out a peacock feather. He only had one rich friend. Of course- it was Sextus' dinner party last night! But that didn't answer the question of what had happened.

After a minute of knocking, a slave opened Sextus' door. Giving Faustus a strange look, he led him through the house to Sextus' office, where he sat at his desk, looking tired.

"Oh, hello Faustus. Back so soon?" asked Sextus. "And you look even worse than you did last night!" Faustus collapsed in to a chair, and stared back at his friend. "What happened to me? What did I do at the party? And why is everyone looking at me weird?"

Sextus sighed. "Where do I begin? It started out normal. We were all lying around the table, eating hors d'oeuvres. I had the slaves serve olives and honeyed doormice. Surely you remember that, Faustus. We gossiped and shared stories, you had only had a cup of wine."

"It's coming back to me." Replied Faustus. "I remember some things. Quintus sloshed water on his expensive new toga. We all laughed at him, and he got angry. Is that right?"

"Correct. The first of many misfortunes brought on that toga. I do believe you are expected at his home to make an apology."

Faustus groaned, slouching in to his chair. "Why? Don't tell me I did anything to it?"

"Not on purpose, at least." Sextus set down the stack of letters in his hand and turned to fully face his friend. "We drank some more wine, and we were talking about the candidates for consul. And then you proposed a toast, for something insignificant. One of the candidates I think. And so that was more wine. When they brought out the boar, you were many cups in. You declared the thing a beast, and said you would slay it. You stabbed it a few times, and you gave Marcus a scrape on the arm when he hauled you off so we could eat the thing. You both seemed to think that was funny, and crossed weapons a few times for our amusement." Nodding to a large gash in Faustus' clothing, he said, "I assume that was the source of that."

"That sounds familiar, I think, keep going. What else?" begged Faustus, but Sextus waved him off.

"Can't you see I have work to do? Go ask Marcus if you're so desperate to know. Now get out! And you better be on your best behavior next time or I'm not inviting you back. You're entertaining, Faustus, but soon you won't be worth the property damage!" His friend teased.

Faustus laughed, and headed out to his next stop; Marcus' house. He had to find out what had happened next. He found Marcus in a disheveled state similar to his own, and rushed to see the cut on his arm, for which he was apparently responsible. It was long, but shallow, thankfully not a serious injury. Marcus laughed it off like he had the night before, and offered Faustus a chair and some bread and fruit. After gratefully accepting both the seat and the food, Faustus asked his friend;

"So after our fight- what happened exactly? My memory is hazy."

BEST IN SHOW

"THE VESSEL" BY CORA SNYDER



There once was a time when the birds of Olympus did not sing. Artemis's moon hid. Apollo's music was muted. Even Persephone's blooms paled in their color. There was little love or light to be found. Aphrodite had fallen into misery, and Olympus had not withstood the blow. For the goddess desired a new vein of love. Her hands had grown tired of holding broken hearts created by deceit and false promise. Her eyes were worn from counting the tears of her sons and daughters. So she would make a new kind of love, one which would cause joy, not sorrow.

But a love so strong would need a vessel- something which could carry this new light safely to the mortals below. And so she set to work.

First she traveled to Lemnos, where the forges of her husband burned hotter than the sun himself. Among the ashes and dust, she drew plans for a machine. The frame would be made of steel, for strength. The gears and moving parts would be platinum, for dependability. The engine would be silver, for its conductivity. But the heart of the machine had to be built of the finest gold, for this was where the new love would be stored for its journey to the earth. Hephaestus crafted the machine according to her design, his hands seasoned and steady. The machine was now practical.

But it did not function. So Aphrodite consulted her sister Athena. Her vessel must move, it must think. Its journey would not be easy and so it must have knowledge and skill. Aphrodite presented the silver engine of her machine. It must have a brain. The goddess of wisdom took out a small jar and poured her sacred olive oil into the mouth of the engine. Immediately the vessel collapsed. Just as Aphrodite began to weep it sprang to life again. It moved and processed like the gods and mortals themselves. The machine was now capable.

But it was missing something. Aphrodite knew the machine would not be welcomed as it was. It must represent the love it would carry within and so she journeyed to the mountains.

For there, in the deepest of the wilderness, lived Pan. The goddess stood at the edge of the trees and cried a single, silver tear. Within a moment, a dark figure appeared before her. Pan, eager to please the most beautiful of women, listened intently as she told him of her vision. He took the needles of the pine tree and wove the softest coat. From the stones of his river beds, he carved small daggers with which the machine could protect itself. Out of moss he fashioned pads to quiet footsteps, and a nose with which to smell danger. Finally, he placed a piece of clear quartz, straight out of the ground, on each side of the head, for the machine required sight. Aphrodite thanked the satyr and returned home. The machine was now beautiful.

But still the machine was not yet complete. In tears, Aphrodite ran to her temple, where she came upon Hera and Hecate. The pair inspected the machine: the practical build, the capable mind, the beautiful appearance. It was agreed the machine was lacking. Hecate stepped forward and gently touched the quartz pieces. When she removed her hand, her magic remained, gifting the pieces with power over all mortals they should encounter. Then Hera knelt before the vessel. She spoke the quiet words of her blessing: a place in any household of her domain. The machine was almost ready.

It was time to deposit the cargo into its vessel. With joy in her eyes, Aphrodite filled the heart of gold with the love she had created. Her trembling hands held the face of her beloved vessel one last time before sending it into the world. All the gods of Olympus looked on as the machine descended upon the Earth. Aphrodite herself at last sat on her throne, satisfied that her children should receive her gift.

And for eons and eons, Aphrodite's machine delivered light to the world through an unconditional love like no other.

Thus, man received the dog.

BEST IN SHOW

"DAPHNE'S FALL" BY IRIS HENRY



His very presence is repulsive,
And mine remains placid towards his
odious self,
gargoyle atop a mountain of egotism.

Why does she loathe my nature?
A lovely doe poisoned, turned against me,
But oh, my love is ethereal,
Bruning at my chest, threatening to break.

Spare me your twisted lyrics!
Lies so deep cannot cut my heart!
Chasmic calls from delusional
fantasies;
This is but infatuation led astray!

Daphne, do not call it infatuation, no,
It is a passion so blinding, so wretchedly cruel,
I wish it upon none but myself, for it aches,
Unrequited love carves itself, and has left a
mark.

It is a mere annoyance you have dramatized!
What decline of frivolous requests
Have your ears distorted into warm
acceptance?
I realize now you are nothing if not obstinate!

Don't flee, precious ray, it shall wound me so!
To go would be to tear my heart from my chest,
and I would plummet
From my perch of sweet admiration!

If only that were so, Apollo, thou vexatious wretch!
I am gone, I have left, my air glides behind,
Zeus alone understand what I would give
To rid the world of your repugnant form!

I am yet upon you, dear, hesitance shall unite
us,

A hand reaches out as branches do,
Heart and palm with once again connect,
A fusion so brilliant, a bright, jocund beam!

Oh, Peneus! If ever succor has been requested,
Grant me this as I flee his calls!
Display it was his own undoing,
That which led to Daphne's fall!

PASSING THE TORCH

Fellow JCLers,

The 2018-2019 year has been epic. I am so honored to have been your Torch Editor. The North Carolina Junior Classical League has opened my eyes to a whole world of Latin lovers and has broadened my publication skills. To whom it may concern as the future Torch Editor: I wish you the best of luck. The Torch is a platform for you to express yourself and share your love for Latin. For those of you who are readers, I hope you enjoyed each edition. I enjoyed putting together each individual one. Next year, I hope to continue my newspaper and publication work at the University of Kentucky and write for their campus newspaper. As a part of the executive board, I would like to personally thank Wake Forest University, Professor T.H.M Gellar-Goad, sponsors and parents who worked so hard to make the 2019 State Convention special. Finally, I pass the Torch to one who I am sure will be a great editor next year.

Your Torch Editor,

Haylie Paulin



The 2018-2019 JCL Officers

Brandon Scarberry, Andrew Harris, Graham Curtis, Emily Shipman
Harper de Andrade, Haylie Paulin, Amy Johnson, Madison Nichols, Caris
Gross, Katherine Buchanan, Nolan Heinrich