



The MDJCL

TORCH

September 2025 - UMD Olympika Certamen!

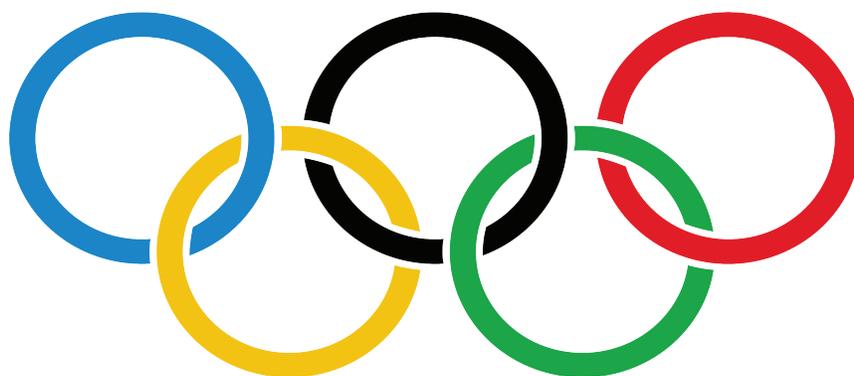


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Upcoming/Thank You



INTRODUCTION:

Welcome to UMD!!!

2025-2026 MDJCL Officers

President: Jack Perry

Vice President: Johanna Pitts

Parliamentarian: Caroline Makowka

Archivist/Historian: Ivy Carver

Editor: Bani Gourab

Salvete! Whether its your first MDJCL eventor your tenth, I hope you have an amazing **FIRST CERTAMEN** of the 2025-2025 school year and are just as excited as I am!!

I also wanted to quickly answer a question you may have if you're new to MDJCL :]

1. What is the Torch?

The Torch is MDJCL's monthly newsletter, containing organization updates, event information, games, and, most importantly, **YOUR** art! Anyone in the MDJCL can submit to the Torch: photos, writings, paintings, memes, fun facts - it's up to you! In this edition, you'll see the first submissions of the year (spoiler: they're super awesome)!



*Certamen Optimum
Habeamus*



Event Schedule:

10-10:30

Registration (Marie Mount Hall 1400 +Atrium)

10:30-11:00

Introduction and Icebreaker

11-12:15

Certamen in the Francis Scott Key Building

12:15-12:45

Lunch in Marie Mount Hall Atrium

1:00-1:25

Lecture on Ancient Olympics (MMH 1400)

1:30-2:00

Olympika (MMH)

2-2:15

Awards and Farewell in Marie Mount 1400

2:15-2:45

Optional tour of campus led by Classics students



Olympika Events

1:30-2:00 Marie Mount Hall

Find your school and compete for a chance to win not one, but **TWO** Olympika awards! Hold on to your horses (you'll need them for your chariots), try not to get lost within the walls of UMD, and let the games begin!

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Rota board,
Bingo chips,
Best of three rounds!

JAVELIN THROW + D

Javelin: throw as far as you can!

Discus: cloest to the
target wins!

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PICTURE- TRIVIA

CHARIOT RACING!

Two runners,
One scooter charioteer,
First to the end wins!

GLADIATOR JOUSTING

Two gladiators stand on
their bases - knock your
opponent off of theirs
and claim victory!

*Don't hold on to these
horses - they eat
flesh!*



SAXUM, CHARTA, FORFICES!



ICARUS' WINGS

Two racers, two feathers:
blow yours across the
finish line first!

GOLDEN APPLE RACE

A two person relay race -
switch halfway!
Cross the finish line before the
other team!

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Two tries!

Jump the farthest!

Land on your feet!

(or bottom)

CROSSING THE RUBICON *via Hula Hoops!*

Work with your team to reach the finish line without anyone
stepping outside of the hula hoops - each team gets two!



SPECIAL FEATURE:

So, What is Spirit?

Whether you remember it from Nationals, Statecon, or you've never even heard the word before, here's a quick refresher on the MDJCL's most **SPIRITED** contest (see what I did there?):

1. Events

The first way to earn Spirit points at in-person MDJCL events is through **Roll Calls**, **Icebreakers**, and **Spirit chants**! Not sure what any of these things are? **Check out the rubric on mdjcl.org**!

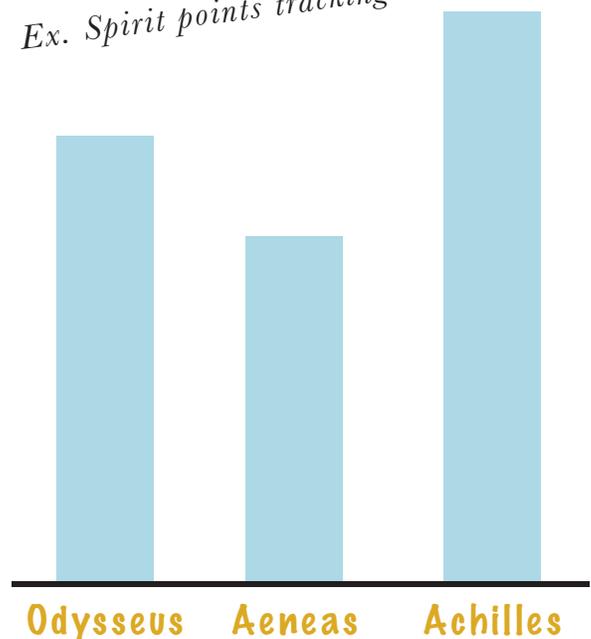
2. Service

You can also earn Spirit points by bringing **donations** to events when needed as well as participating in MDJCL community service events!

3. Other(s)

Submitting to the **Torch** (here!!), **Instagram contests**, and attending virtual events can also earn you points!

Ex. Spirit points tracking!



The school with the most spirit points by Statecon 2026 wins!

What MDJCL Event was your favorite last year?

100%

State Convention Sweep!!

“As much as I love the other events, statecon is always so much fun. I really enjoyed the diversity of colloquia this year!! The graffiti and curse tablet sessions really stole the show in my opinion”

- Morgan Kelly, Easton High School

“I love the variety of events offerered at State Convention!”

- Sophia Kantsevov, the Bryn Mawr School

FUN FACT:



This guy!

Olympia (the site of the ancient Olympics) was primarily dedicated to Zeus, and it was home to a 41 Foot statue of him!

Submitted by Sophia Kantsevov, the Bryn Mawr School



MIDJCL ART

“Worlds to Conquer (Augustus in Baltimore Harbor)”



Photo Taken by Sophia Kantsevov, the Bryn Mawr School



“Twelve Things I Could’ve Told You”

Written by Matthew Chi, Gilman

[1] I woke up cold that day. You cut the flame during the night and Fall had yet to come so the cool evening filled the room before dawn had even broken. The feathers were on the floor again, so I already knew you hadn’t slept, yet your torso was out the window as you grasped for molted feathers from an empty nest. A tiny half-bare bird quivered against my ankle, and I could feel its heartbeat through my skin. I pretended not to see it, not to feel how cold its bare, featherless skin was.

[2] I’d rather not eat eggs again. I told you I liked eggs so you’d leave them soaking in the once-boiling water hours before the Helios had even thought to rise. That day, you were off working, muttering to yourself as you layered scribbles over diagrams, so I didn’t bother to thank you and peeled the shells with wet fingers in silence. I wasn’t sure how to tell you I don’t like eggs anymore—and you really could eat some too—and I’d really like to eat together again. I tried not to look at the bird beneath the bed. I think I’ll name him Phaethon ‘cause he might as well have had his feathers scorched off.



[3] Those were my drawings. The ones I left on the windowsill that we watched the wind snatch away. I suppose that was the first time you felt compelled to lift your stomach onto the windowsill while waving your arms like a bird as you grasped at the vanishing papyrus. You didn't realize that it was just a sheet of charcoal sketches of feathers and reddening leaves and bowing grass and grey-blue waves and your own faceless back, perhaps thinking that for the first time some clever design of yours had fled you. Was that why you chose wings? To chase after them?

[4] I wish I was more like Perdix. When you went to sleep before dusk, I fastened a new line of feathers to your burgeoning creation, letting the wax soften them into place. I dipped their tips in the silver still simmering in the crucible so that I'd know which feathers were mine. The feathers were quite loose too, so I bound them together in a tangled yet shrewd mess of string and plume. I wonder if you noticed. Would you push me off the tower if you did?

[5] I wouldn't regret staying. Sometimes, in the early morning, or when the clouds flee by windblown and unhurried, and the sun hangs over the sea, and whales rise afar, it's—enough. Back when we'd crumble stale bread in our fingers, the salt flecked air would color the flavor, and laughter would dye the air. I wouldn't mind doing that again.

[6] It's not that far down. Sometimes, when afternoon bleeds into evening, I like to climb to the top of the tower and let my feet hang over the edge. In the distance, the water seems to shimmer, and the sun flies low in the sky, dying the horizon a dying pink and red. I like to picture Phaethon falling through the air alongside the billowing dusk. I imagine him chased away beyond the setting sun. I wonder what he would see as he plummeted through the colors.

[7] The night is more lovely when you sleep. I know you are excited to escape, and I cannot deny you that joy, but I wish you'd let the night regenerate for just a little longer by choosing to sleep. You told me that we'd leave soon, within the week and in the morning, but I'd like to enjoy the night just one last time before we soar off into the sky's milky embrace.

[8] The sky is quite high. In the afternoon prior to our setting out, you gestured towards the deep blue, and for a moment I wished you were lying. I can't tell what it means to fly, and I can't seem to bring myself to picture soaring off into the distance. I'd like to imagine my feathers tipped with silver, but I would probably be washed away by the morning waves. Would Neptune wash away your fingerprints on my back?

[9] If I could blot out the sky, would you finally look down? If I could cover up the azure with nothingness, would you think of rest? I find you in the night, laying on your back yet still awake, muttering to yourself as you watch the stars flicker by.

Discarded sheets litter the floor, and I see your wings fragmented, string and wax and silver and wood and feathers in a quiet mess across the ebony floor. You look up, but you don't look down.

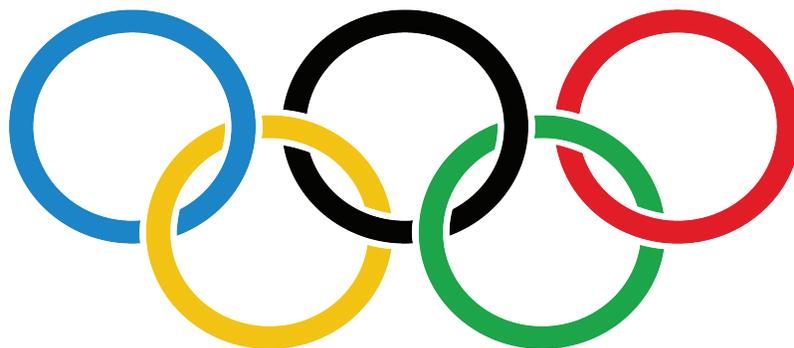
[10] Phaethon's feathers had started to grow back. As you strapped wings to our backs, I watched him flit out from beneath the bed and float for a moment. What color are your wings? I pretend he asks me and turn to show him. I hope the sun reflects off the silver and flutters out into a mess of light before his eyes.

You position yourself upon the ledge and crouch as you stare out towards dawn, still looking up.

[11] It's farther down than I thought. I couldn't imagine that flying would feel so lifeless. I can see the waves quiver beneath my feet and the clouds bleed by. I try to close my eyes but the sun doesn't quite vanish even if I squint. I turned to look at the tower behind us, and it seemed so sad, so distant. Phaethon sat on the ledge, and I watched him disappear as we soared away. The waves, the waves are so, so far down.

[12] Your wings were the silver ones. I felt mine unwinding minutes after we started flying. Yours were bound together by the string I tied during the night but mine was held by just wax. Maybe that wasn't the actual reason they broke but I'd like to believe it was. From above, I saw your wings sparkle as my feathers fell away into the incoming wind.

[13] The sun was warmer and the ocean cooler than I thought they would be. In the moments I watched your creation dissolve, I chose to soar a little higher, letting the light cover my skin before I eventually fell prey to the sea. I heard your cries behind me and knew you didn't quite understand but that was okay. I stretched out to touch the sky but my wings were gone by then and your voice washed over me for a passing instant before I plummeted into the cerulean waters. I started to think so this is what Phaethon would see and the sun stole away my shadow, waves swallowed me whole.

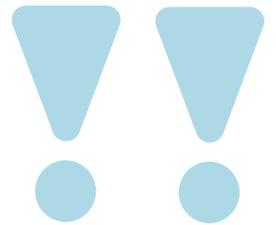


SAVE THE DATE:

Walter's Art Museum Scavenger Hunt!

Saturday, October 25th 2025

THANK YOU



To everyone who submitted to the September Torch! Submissions for October will open within the next week or so, and once they do you can scan **this** QR code to get to the form!!



You can also access the link through the **MDJCL Instagram** (once it's posted) or at **mdjcl.org** under the **Archive** → **Torches** page!