

Scholé Chronicle

April 2021

Scholé Chronicle Issue 08



Pink Trees in Spring by Kevin Hill

Letter from the Editor:

Dear Readers,

Springtime is a time of resurrection and rebirth in nature and in our spiritual lives. I'm so grateful for the teachers and students who have supported making this issue. As we finish this year, we look forward to continuing to bring you this humble showcase of student work in the Fall 2021. After four years of running the Scholé Chronicle, I will be stepping aside, and Mrs. Ash White will take up the pleasure of working with our students to continue and produce the work that support our community!

Have a blessed and peaceful summer!

In Christ, Joanne Schinstock

A Purification

by Wendell Berry

At the start of spring I open a trench
in the ground. I put into it
the winter's accumulation of paper,
pages I do not want to read
again, useless words, fragments,
errors. And I put into it
the contents of the outhouse:
light of the sun, growth of the ground,
finished with one of their journeys.

To the sky, to the wind, then,
and to the faithful trees, I confess
my sins: that I have not been happy
enough, considering my good luck;
have listened to too much noise;
have been inattentive to wonders;
have lusted after praise.

And then upon the gathered refuse
of mind and body, I close the trench,
folding shut again the dark,
the deathless earth. Beneath that seal
the old escapes into the new.



Faculty Spotlights



Nancy Dayton teaches Latin for Children, Well Ordered Language Level 3, and Middle School Scholarship Skills (in the summer) at Scholé Academy. She has been a teacher for 25 years and has enjoyed teaching her own children as well as many other students. She knows that teaching is what God has called her to. As an English teacher,

she enjoys many books, but most recently she has enjoyed authors such as: Virgil, Homer, and Plato. As far as hobbies, she enjoys cooking and trying various cuisines as well as helping her family care for 2 dogs and a bunny. Her favorite meal is spaghetti and meatballs and her favorite beverages are: red wine, green tea, and coffee.

Mr. Hall teaches Middle School Science at Scholé Academy and is the author of: The Common Arts Education. He first decided to become a teacher at 13, while having eight Scouts under his wing. From there, he was a teaching assistant in college and eventually ended up teaching kindergarten. A few of



Mr. Hall's favorite authors include Milton, Dante, Hugh of St. Victor, and Plato. His current favorite text is: The Drift From Domesticity, by G.K. Chesterton. When he is not teaching, some of his hobbies include: playing the guitar, gardening, and reading. His favorite food is pizza.



Mr. McCall decided to become a teacher over 20 years ago after his conversion to Christ. He and his wife discovered classical education after having their 5 kids and it has opened a whole new world for him. Since then, he has faithfully fulfilled God's calling for him. His favorite author is St. Augustine, and his favorite piece of writing is C.S. Lewis' "The Weight of Glory." When he is not teaching, he greatly enjoys coaching and watching baseball. Finally, his favorite food is anything containing peanut butter.



Mrs. Johansen has always loved teaching. She first went to law school, later she became a journalist, and finally found true joy in teaching children. While loving many authors, a particular favorite of her's is Robert Frost. Along with this, her favorite quote comes from Frost's "The Road Not Taken."

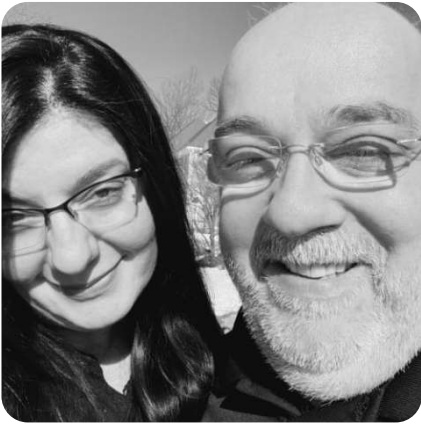
*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

As far as pastimes, she enjoys reading and writing, playing the piano and guitar, birdwatching, and rowing on the water. Finally, her favorite beverage is coffee.

Mrs. Edsall had many different experiences in college, but in the end, she landed on education as her career choice. She feels like all those experiences actually led her to education as a career. Her favorite author is C.S. Lewis and she greatly enjoys his essay: “The Weight of Glory.” As far as hobbies, she enjoys



reading, baking, and a number of outdoor and physical activities such as, Powerlifting, Olympic lifting, CrossFit, long-distance cycling, running, hiking, camping, and paddle boarding. A favorite beverage that she has always wanted to love and now loves, is coffee.



Mrs. Koulianos decided to become a teacher in elementary school. From fifth grade onward, she would help kids with school over the summer. Her favorite author at the moment is Jane Austen. She enjoys Austen for irony, realism, and commentary using various persons such as first and third. Her favorite text is the Bible and her favorite verse is

Proverbs 22:6. Some of her hobbies include bird watching, reading, writing, cooking, and crafting. Her favorite food is rice stuffed peppers, tomatoes, and zucchini.



Mr. Quinodoz decided to become a teacher when he learned about the beauty of Classical Education as he studied the Renaissance period as a History Major. His favorite author is the one and only J.R.R. Tolkein. He also enjoys passages from the author, Dante. Some of Mr. Quinodoz's hobbies include: reading, writing, and hiking. His favorite food is his mother's ground beef and veggie empanadas. He remembers: "One time in class a student and myself were reflecting on the appropriateness of different sounds to properly name different things, as Adam did in paradise. We considered what it would be like if a Lion were renamed a "BLEEEEEEEE!". Would this appropriately name it? We thought not. This led to some laughter :P."



Photography



Sunset in Galveston

By: John-Matthew Hines



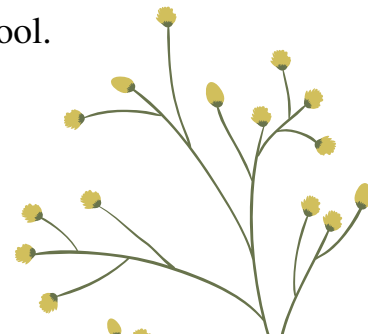
By: Mary Kjendal

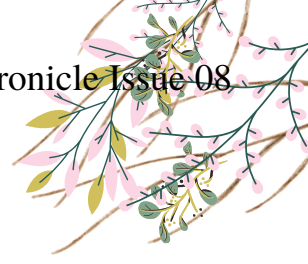
Mary Kjendal is thirteen years old and has always enjoyed photography as a fun hobby. She lives in Cape Cod with her parents, eight siblings, and two cats. She really enjoys photography, reading, and skateboarding. Mary takes Informal Logic and Greek 2 from Scholé Academy, as well as Liberal Arts from St. Raphael School.



By: Gabby Merritt

Gabby Merritt: Here are a few pictures I have taken that show the true beauty of nature and life the way God made it. I am 15 years old, in 9th grade, and I love photography, music, and sharing my testimony with those around me. I took these pictures when me and my family took a vacation to Arkansas. I play piano on the worship team at my church and always strive to do my best to bring glory to God.





By: Gabby Merritt

“The Fond Pond”

By: Demetrios Bean

There's a pond
And when I go there,
I am fond of
This pond that isn't anywhere,
It's in my heart,
Where anyone can do art.
That's the pond,
That makes me very fond.

*I am Demetrios A. Bean, I live in
Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. My
favorite author is Alan Gratz.*



By: Rebecca Anderson



By: Gabby Merritt





Art Work



Ocean's Calling

By: Alannah Woizeschke

Hi, I'm Alannah, I am 13 years old and in 7th grade. I live in San Diego, California, with my parents, twin brother, and two younger sisters. I enjoy running, swimming, reading, writing, art, and hanging out with friends.



By: John-Matthew Hines

Hello, my name is John-Matthew Hines, I am 13 years old, and I am the oldest of 6. I enjoy airplanes, poetry, and mountain biking. One cool thing about me is that I was born missing part of my left hand, so while some things come easy to me, things like monkey bars are difficult. I love going on road trips with my family, and so far my favorite expedition might have been going to Rocky Mountain National Park because the weather was perfect, and the views were gorgeous!



At The Cross

By: Samuel Woizeschke

Samuel Woizeschke is thirteen years old, lives in San Diego, California, and loves to swim, draw, read, code, and travel.



By: Alannah Woizeschke



ROYAL BLOOD: A TRAGEDY

A Play in One Act

by: Thomas Bean

My name is Thomas and I live in Florida. I love stories by J.R.R Tolkein.

Cast of Characters:

Stage Manager:	A man in his thirties.
King Henry XX:	A man in his sixties.
Queen Mary XXIV:	A woman in her fifties.
Sir Clinton:	A man in his forties.
Luis:	A man in his twenties.
Jester:	A man in his forties.
Dalio:	A man in his thirties.
The Maid:	A woman in her twenties.
Sir Leonard:	A man in his fifties.
Pope Fotred:	A man in his sixties.

Scene: A performance hall with theater backdrop of a medieval kingdom.

Time: In medieval time.

Scene 1

SETTING: Performance hall with a castle stage prop allowing for entering and exiting.

AT RISE: Stage Manager is alone on stage facing audience.

STAGE MANAGER

Hello, good morning ladies n' gentlemen. Welcome to the presentation of the play, "Royal Blood." Now, let us start. This play takes place oh, around 1061 AD, in the kingdom of Rolanchier. Which is ruled by a nice, jolly king by the name King Henry XX, who shares the throne with his wife Queen Mary XXIV. The weather is sunny with a breeze, middle spring I'll say. Nine in the morning and all is well....

(STAGE MANAGER exits stage right. POPE FOTRED and DALIO enter.)

DALIO

Well hello Pope Fotred! How is thy chapel eh?

POPE

Ah, well g'day Dalio. And thank ye, my chapel is well and sturdy. Of to the castle I see?

DALIO

Yes, yes methinks I'll go to salute our king and then get Sir Leonard ready for the joust to day.

POPE

Well, good luck me lad and give our king my best wishes! Long live the King!

THE PEOPLE

Long live the king!

DALIO

Well, Pope Fotred I must go on my way. Good day!

POPE

Good day Dalio!
(POPE exits.)

DALIO

If Pope Fotred only knew the truth, no more cheers for the king! Only a knife in the heart, poison in the throat, and death on the body! Today is the day, countless fortnights and much desperation for this day. The day that the king falls on the earth and his soul goes down to Satan's den. The day that all his glory leaves the earth and all that is left is destruction and sorrow. This is the day that Henry XX dies.

(DALIO enters the Castle. Enter The MAID)

Well hello there!

THE MAID

Hello Dalio, what are you doing in the castle?

DALIO

Oh, nothing but to meet the king.

THE MAID

Well, the king is in his private chambers, but I'll see if he will see you.

(MAID walks off stage. Enter SIR CLINTON)

SIR CLINTON

Well Dalio, what are you doing here?

DALIO

I came to see the king

(Digs in pocket for his dagger)

Why are you not wearing your armor sire?

(Clenches his dagger's handle)

SIR CLINTON

To heavy you know, it takes a lot to carry around.

DALIO

Well sire, I think that heavy or not you should always wear armor. Danger you know.

SIR CLINTON

Danger from what Dalio?

DALIO

From death.

(Swings his dagger in Sir Clinton's chest. Sir Clinton falls dead. Dalio picks up Sir Clinton and hurls him into the moat. Enter THE MAID.)

THE MAID

Hey ho Dalio. The king will see you.

DALIO

Thank ye Maid, for thy time.

THE MAID

You are welcome, now go, the king is waiting!

(The MAID exits. DALIO enters the private chambers. Enter KING HENRY XX.)

KING HENRY

Hello, Dalio. What brings thee here?

DALIO

Ahh your highness, I bring good news. I came to tell you that the preparations for the joust at the Cope de Lecron are all set and ready.

KING HENRY

Excellent, excellent. That is good news indeed!

DALIO

It sure is my king, and pray tell. Who is the enemy in the joust?

KING HENRY

Oh, it's the Kingdom of Lorain. You have seen them, in the last year's festival.

DALIO

Ah yes, I do remember them. Fine folks I'd say.

KING HENRY

Yes, quite good people.

(Enter QUEEN MARY XXIV)

DALIO

Well hello there my Queen!

QUEEN MARY

Kalyspera.

DALIO

What in the Royal Palace does that mean?

KING HENRY

Good morning in Greek.

DALIO

Hey ho! Stage Manager! Is the script messed up?!

STAGE MANAGER

No Dalio, it's written here. Okay folks, please go and eat or smoke if you please. Ten minute intermission.

(END OF SCENE)



ACT 1Scene 2

STAGE MANAGER

Okay folks, this final part of the play might be a little scary for our young ones here in the theater. So before any moment of bloody tragedy, you will hear the chapel's bell ring. Four in the afternoon and all is well.....

(Enter DALIO, LUIS, and SIR LEONARD walking in the royal garden.)

SIR LEONARD

Well, Luis, I have not seen you around for a long time.

LUIS

Yes sire, I was sent to attend my sick mother.

SIR LEONARD

Is she well?

LUIS

Yes sire, she is well and walking.

SIR LEONARD

How about you Dalio? Any good war news?

DALIO

No sire, only that the Kingdom of Lorain will be the enemy in the upcoming joust.

SIR LEONARD

Tis good news indeed, well I must be going now. If you'll excuse me.
(SIR LEONARD exits.)

LUIS

Have you got it?

DALIO

Yes, I have it. Here! Take it. You know what to do. Quick, quick!
(LUIS exits)

DALIO

Yes Luis, all you have to do is follow my orders and then Henry XX will fall.

(DALIO enters in the dinner hall. Enters JESTER, THE PEOPLE, LUIS, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARY, POPE FOTRED, SIR LEONARD.)

KING HENRY

Where is Sir Clinton?

SIR LEONARD

I do not know my lord.

KING HENRY

Sir Leonard, go locate him immediately.

SIR LEONARD

Yes sire.

(SIR LEONARD exits.)

KING HENRY

Jester, do your routing.

JESTER

Yes sire.

STAGE MANAGER

Just a quick comment to our audience, you might wonder, how could this play have the simplicity of life in it? This play shows the moments of tragedy, joy, and finally, death. And now, on with the play.

(JESTER begins routing. LUIS walks to serve the wine.)

LUIS

Which cup is which? Ah, this is quite frustrating. The king always drinks from the gold one, but here we have two gold cups! Here, I'll empty it here. Done!

(LUIS walks over and delivers the cups.)

LUIS

There Dalio, the deed is finished.

DALIO

Good, good. Let us watch the results.

(KING HENRY drinks cup)

DALIO

Why has he not collapsed?

LUIS

I do not kn.....

DALIO

Look! The queen has collapsed! Help, help!

(Everyone rushes around in despair.)

STAGE MANAGER

Yes my friends, the queen sadly died a few minutes later. The funeral was the largest ever seen. And what happened to Sir Clinton? They were not able to locate him. Ten days have passed. Day of the joust and all is well.....

(Enter DALIO and LUIS)

DALIO

Here Luis, put this helmet on my head.

LUIS

Is it smart for you to dress as one of the enemy's knights?

DALIO

Tis the only way to end the time of Henry XX.

LUIS

How is that so?

DALIO

I have practiced jousting for many years. After I have won, I will pick a spear and launch it at Henry XX.

LUIS

And if you lose? Or if you win and miss, what then?

DALIO

They throw me in prison, but before that I escape.



LUIS

Ah, that's your plan, I see.

(A trumpet begins the signal of the start of the joust.)

DALIO

Wish me luck Luis!

LUIS

Good luck?

(The Chapel's bell is heard.)

KING HENRY

Let the joust begin!

(DALIO and SIR LEONARD speed at each other, SIR LEONARD is hit.)

KING HENRY

Knight Leön of the Kingdom of Lorain wins!

THE PEOPLE

Hurray!!

KING HENRY

Now, Sir Leön, what would you like for your win?

(DALIO grabs a spear.)

DALIO

Your Death.

(Launches the spear in KING HENRY'S chest. KING HENRY collapses.

People run to chase DALIO. DALIO in luck, flees.)

DALIO

I will come back and destroy the Kingdom of Rolanchier!

(Flees into the forest. STAGE MANAGER enters.)

STAGE MANAGER

Thank you for coming, I hope you enjoyed the play. Now goodnight.

(END OF SCENE)

(END OF ACT)

(CURTAIN)



The Soul

By: Thomas Swehla

I was there. One moment. I had no way to express this presence, this feeling of existence. But I was.

I was there for much time. I thought. I dreamed.

After awhile, I thought about how I was. What was this, this existence? Life, something seemed to whisper.

I like life, I thought.

It is dark, I thought. It is dark. I realized that I saw darkness. There was wet. I floated in the wet. And I moved. What a gift it is to move. I floated about.

One day, a very low rumble came from the darkness. I could hear, and I liked this rumble. It moved in and out, in melodious patterns. Some things it repeated.

I was in parts. My arms grew little, delicate arms. There were five on each bigger arm. I put one in my mouth. I like this little arm, I thought. Then one day, I noticed arms on my lower self. They grew shorter, stubbier arms. I kicked.

I heard a rumble.

I kicked again.

Another rumble.

I felt something against my lower arm. It poked gently. I like this poker, I thought.

Many days passed, and I lay there, learning, just as I had from the start. I remembered what it was like when I first was.

I discovered new things every day. I could bend my four arms. I could move. It is nice here, I thought. But I could not go to the rumbles. I could not rumble with them. Sometimes the rumbles rose into loud, wailing-like noises. I did not like those noises. I wish I could rumble back, I thought. I wish that I could make it ok. But I had no rumble.

Someday you will, something told me. I was happy. But here was nice for now. Then one day, I heard other rumbles. Different ones.

Then it hurt. I was in pain.
Pain, I thought. The rumble must be in pain.
I wish I could go there too. But it was short.
And then, then I was not.

Conclusion:

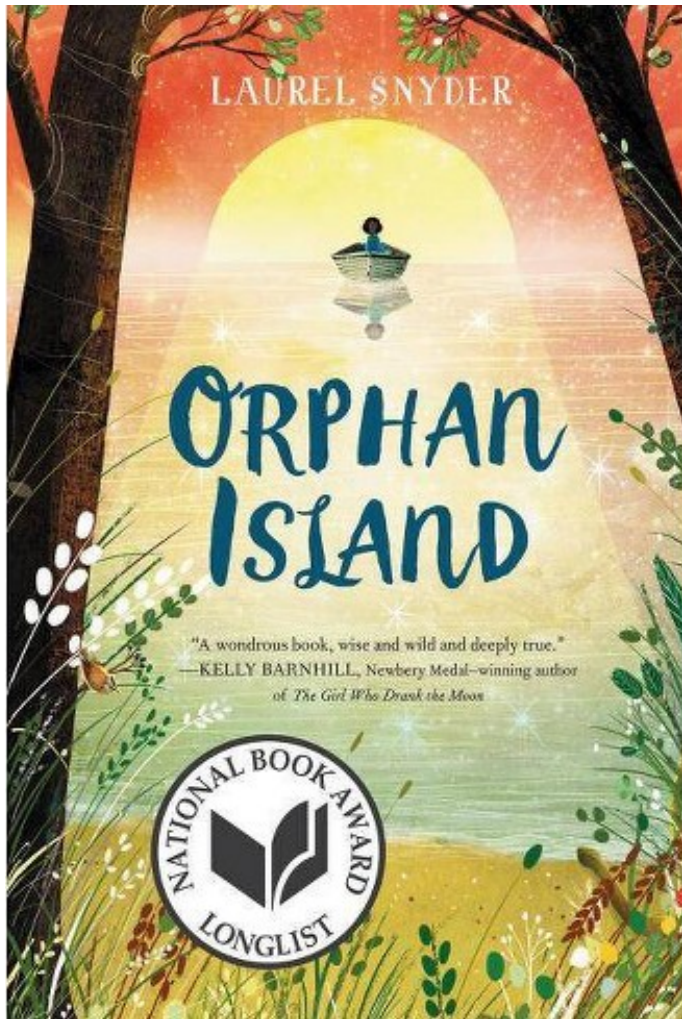
Abortion is a terrible thing. Life, in any form, is life. There are no orders, just as blacks are no different to whites. Babies are no different to adults. As absurd as that sounds to many, it sounded absurd to the plantation owners in the 1800s. But life is life, and whoever takes away that, they do not know what they are truly doing.

Hi, I am Thomas Swehla. I am 12 years old, 13 in April, and I live in Beaverton, OR, with my Dad, Mom, and 5 siblings. My dad is the priest at my church, St. John the Baptist, Greek Orthodox Church. I love reading, writing, logic, and a good debate. In my free time, I enjoy writing songs, free writing, listening to music, and anything outdoors, from backpacking to archery. Sports are great too! Basketball is my favorite. Unimur per caritatem Dei! (In God we are united in love)



Orphan Island Book Review

By: Cassandra Barrett



Year after year, the little green boat comes to Orphan Island bringing a new child and taking the eldest back. It is the new eldest's job to take care of the new younger child. This year, the boat comes to take Jinny's best friend Dean away, leaving her as the new eldest to take care of the quiet, stubborn, but curious, Ess. Jinny's job is to teach Ess about the island and how to take care of it.

Everyday, the nine children wake up to a shape dancing sky, warm oceans, and each other. Then one day, the boat arrives to take Jinny away, and Jinny feels exactly how she thought she would feel: uncertain. She doesn't want to leave this island where everything is perfect and they live happily. Why should she trust this boat, when no one knows where it goes? But Jinny knows the rhyme that they all live by. "Nine on an island, orphans all; anymore the sky might fall." Jinny will have to make the precarious choice: leave her perfect life on the island, or risk staying?

Laurel Snyder's *Orphan Island* is an enchanting, genuine, and haunting novel. Snyder dives into all kinds of feelings and passions, and they are all fully expressed. I love the world Snyder created and how she made it so vibrant through her characters.

Cassandra Barrett is in seventh grade. She loves to read, take part in theatrical plays, swim in the ocean, and watch movies. Cassandra lives in Kansas City with her family and her mini Australian Shepherd. She also has a book blog at alightintheattic.substack.com

Sneak Peak of: “When Oceans Rise: Lost in the World Book One”




By: Alannah Woizeschke

When Oceans Rise tells the story of four close friends: one is a girl named Karen, who is eleven years old. She is very perseverant and strong, and she overcomes any challenge that gets in her way. She is an amazingly fast runner, and she dreams of one day running a marathon—and breaking the world record—in the Olympics. Another character is Colin, Karen’s twin brother. He always wants to support his sister as much as he can. He is great with technology, and he loves coding, robotics, and video games. The third friend is Kate, Karen’s best friend. She is a great leader who is kind, serene, encouraging, and compassionate; she has a natural talent for calming people down. She loves to swim, surf, bike, play soccer, sing, and play music. Finally, there is Steve, Kate’s next-door neighbor. He is best-friends with Kate, Karen, and Colin. He likes to do many of the things Kate does, and he is positive and encouraging.

In the book, the four friends find a magical map which can transport them anywhere in the world in a matter of seconds. In this section of the book, which is told from Kate’s point of view, they have used the map to go to the coast of Florida, where they rent a boat. Kate starts sailing them, as well as their younger siblings and some other friends to a small island. However, they start to run into some trouble.

The wind was starting to pick up, and my long, wavy light blonde hair was blowing wildly in my face. I shivered because the temperature was beginning to drop, and I was wearing a turquoise short-sleeved T-shirt and denim shorts. I looked up at the sky. It was no longer its beautiful light blue color; it was enveloped in dark gray doom. Storm clouds were rolling in, rain was beginning to heavily pour, and the weather was dismal and gloomy.



The boat began to rock back and forth, and it was hard for me to gain control of the ship. “Do you think we are going to capsize?” my little sister Sydney asked me nervously. There was a look of fear in her eyes.

I wanted to calm my sister down. To me there was nothing worse than seeing people sad or afraid, so I always wanted to help people experiencing situations that caused them to feel that way. I said serenely, “It will be alright. Do not worry.” I was not afraid, but rather I remained calm.

Then, a huge gust of wind came and practically knocked our boat over. I managed to prevent it from capsizing, but water had still splashed into our boat. We were all freezing because we got a little wet.

“Ugh,” Sydney’s best friend Lexi sighed. “Could this get any worse?”

My friend Steve told Lexi, who was his younger sister, “Don’t complain. Kate is trying her best to get us out of this storm. Everything will be okay, so don’t panic.”

I thanked Steve for saying that and then said calmly, “A little water doesn’t hurt. We’re going to be safe.”

But maybe Lexi was right. The storm was quite powerful, rocking the boat back and forth violently. The waves were rolling uncontrollably. It was almost as if they were determined to knock our little boat over into the vast ocean.

Then, a flash of thunder lit up the sky. The wind howled even louder and even more intensely. It forced the boat to collide with a rock, and then, something terrible happened.

The rudder broke off the boat. That was a problem because the rudder is what turned the ship. Without it, that meant I could no longer control which direction the ship went. And as if things could not get any worse, the strong wind blew the map away.

I watched as our only way home blew wildly around, moving farther and farther away, until it was finally out of sight. I wished that there were something I could do, but I knew that against the raging storm I was useless.

Everyone looked at me, wondering what we would do. And for the first time in a long time, I was afraid. I felt like the sea, so calm and tranquil at first, but then wild and out of control. Also, to make matters worse, I felt like all the pressure was on me. I felt a heavy burden on my back, as if I were carrying many stones. But I did not think there was anything I could do.

It was not like me to feel afraid and uncertain and unconfident. It was not like me to put too much pressure on myself. And it was not like me to be crippled by fear, standing frozen in a disaster, thinking that I was not capable of doing anything although surely I was.

I knew I could not let my courage ebb. Surely there was hope. There had to be. I was certain that I had to have faith, even in this storm.

I was about to fall apart. At that moment, I prayed. God, please help me. I know that You know what is happening right now, and I know that You are in control. I knew that if He could command a raging storm like this one to be still, He could help me in this storm.

And then, I felt more hopeful and more optimistic. I knew that there was a way, and that God would help me through the storm. I felt this hope that was like an anchor in the waves. It was like deep roots in the ground. No matter how crazy the storm was, I was unshakable. Nothing could knock me down.

We all endured the storm. After some time, the clouds began to drift away. The rain stopped falling. The ocean calmed down. And the sun peeked out of the clouds, brightening the blue sky, its rays shining upon me and giving me warmth.

I knew that we were off course. But I had faith and courage. I remained calm, certain that there was hope that would soon peek out of the clouds and shine just like the sun did.

*Read the book *When Oceans Rise: Lost in the World Book One* by Alannah Woizeschke (available on [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)) to find out what will happen next to Karen, Colin, Kate, and Steve!*



The Calamitous Tale of One Naive Girl And Three Bitter Beasts

By: Grace Nelson

Once upon a time, in bygone days, there was a quizzical young lady who was known by the title of “Goldilocks.” One morn, the naive spirit flitted through a caliginous place where trees... many and daylight... little, even on this one morn. Stumbling upon a dreary domicile (which to the lasses poor mind looked rather inviting, almost beautiful), she mused upon the prospect of victuals, being of great hunger. Thinking herself to be of great perspicacity, she wandered into the drab manor to seek a cure for the voracious famishment in her stomach. Entering the eeriness, she spied bowls of porridge, three.

“How now? My fortune containeth exceeding grandeur!” She said.

Hastening to the food, she tasted the first bowl of such. “Alas, ‘tis much too full of heat for my tongue, I must taste the next!”

Tasting the next, she quickly colloquialized, “Inconceivable! This bowl tasteth as if a thousand winters have settled’ upon it!”

With a ray of hope, she tried the last. “Great fortune! This bowl of food I have stumbled’ upon hath divine nature!”

Finishing the delectable bowl of porridge, she desired a chair to sit upon and rest her weary eyes. Receiving unfortunate odds as before, it was not till the final chair that she felt comfort. To her utter dismay, the chair shattered to pieces. Storming angrily about, she clambered upstairs



and found beds, threesome. Stewing over the triplet of options, she lay down on the first two, but, alas, they were not to her liking. Unceremoniously, she crumpled onto the third and slept.

While she was in a slumber so deep, three creatures of a bearlike appearance galumphed into the domicile.

“Hark! Some careless character hath munched upon my food, what a villainous beetle-headed barnacle!” Thundered the patriarchal beast of the manor.

“Some little hands of mischief have decimated my porridge as well!” Spluttered the matriarchal beast of the house.

Bawling, the smallest beast moaned with agony, “Alas, the thing hath engulf’d my food in its entirety!”

In a rage, they discovered that their chairs had been sat upon, and the smallest of the three, when he saw his shattered, cried, “What a numbskulled, lily-livered, maggot-pie, the thing hath into pieces with my chair!”

Clambering upstairs, they found the culprit of the grievous actions; sleeping. Caterwauling insults, all three in unison, (the likes of which are too egregious to be named here), the naive girl awoke with a start and gave a blood-curdling scream. Before the bitter beasts had time to imprison the culprit, she sprinted out the room like a bolt of Zeus’ lightning and never was seen once more in that forest.


Grace Nelson is 17 years old, in 11th grade, and her family are missionaries in Ghana, West Africa. She thoroughly enjoys her Rhetoric class at Scholé and wrote this retelling of Goldilocks and the Three Bears in high rhetorical style for an assignment!



Daylight Saving Time

By: Rebecca Anderson

Beep. Beep. Beep. The alarm, again. Beep. Beep. Beep. The alarm continues and your hand instinctively emerges from underneath your warm covers, reaching for the snooze button. Beep. Beep. Bee–*tap*. Your hand slaps the button and once again, silence, beautiful silence. Your face, buried in your pillow, shifts toward your clock. Eyelids fluttering, they slowly open and staring back at you is the time: 5:58 a.m. Sighing, you roll over, grumpily hiding your face from the seemingly bright glare of your clock's time. *"It is Sunday isn't it?" you think.* Then you remember; you had forgotten to change your alarm time since it wasn't a school day. *"I must have slept through it yesterday," you think.* Knowing you still need to get up somewhat early for church, you turn over to get just a little more sleep. Eyelids closing, you fall back asleep. Time passes, and as you slumber, the rest of the house begins to stir. The soft morning sunlight begins to stream through the cracks of your shaded window. You hear the shower water running and footsteps descending and ascending the stairs. You hear soft conversations coming from the hallway outside your door. You continue to sleep, believing all these sounds are in your dream. Suddenly, you awake! Someone is pounding on the door. Your mom throws open the door. "Honey!" she cries. "You're not awake? We need to leave for church in five minutes." She continues to mumble how she thought you were already awake and getting ready. Your foggy mind tries to comprehend what your mom is saying. "What?" you mutter sleepily. "Honey!" she repeats as she hurries over to your curtains and flings them open. Looking at your clock you mumble, "It's only 6:55! We don't need to leave for church for at least an hour," you say. "Oh honey." your mom is now chuckling, laughing, and shaking her head. Your siblings are now in the doorway, all ready and dressed for church. "Oh hon, you didn't set your clock ahead, did you?" You gasp, and fly out of your bed, for you now remember, *today* is Daylight Saving Time.



Rebecca Anderson is 16 years old and lives in Wisconsin with her family. She enjoys baking, reading, rock climbing, playing games, and hanging out with her friends and family.

Senior Spotlight Interview: Indra Kindle

What are some of your hobbies?

I enjoy painting with acrylics, baking, and riding horses (even though I have not ridden in a number of years, I am looking to get back into it).

How long have you been taking classes with Scholé Academy?

I have been taking Scholé classes for two years. I took one logic class last year and one summer course, and this year I am taking three classes, Rhetoric, Algebra II, and U.S. Government.

What have been some of your favorite classes during high school?

My two favorite classes are a tie between my Deductive Logic class and my Rhetoric class.

What are your plans for next year? (Gap year? College? Other? If college, where are you planning on attending and what are you planning on studying?)

I plan to go to Patrick Henry College in the fall to study American politics and government and take a couple of classes on journalism.

When you were little, what did you want to be when you grew up? Does this line up with what your plans are now?

I wanted to be a vet for awhile because I love animals. While I do still love animals, I have since decided that the medical world is not for me in any capacity. So instead, I have turned my attention to the study of U.S. policy and writing to fulfill my career.

What is a favorite childhood memory?

One of my favorite childhood memories is of this one year when my family bought a small flock of ducklings and we got to raise them. When they were old enough, we set them free in our backyard where a small brook separated our property from the car dealership through the brush on the other side.

What has been a highlight of your senior year?

The highlight of my senior year has been being able to attend Scholé Academy classes one last time and having the opportunity to meet such amazing teachers and classmates whilst studying and mastering worthwhile skills in a friendly and encouraging environment.



CONGRATULATIONS INDRA-- CLASS OF 2021!!!

Chronicle Team Bios



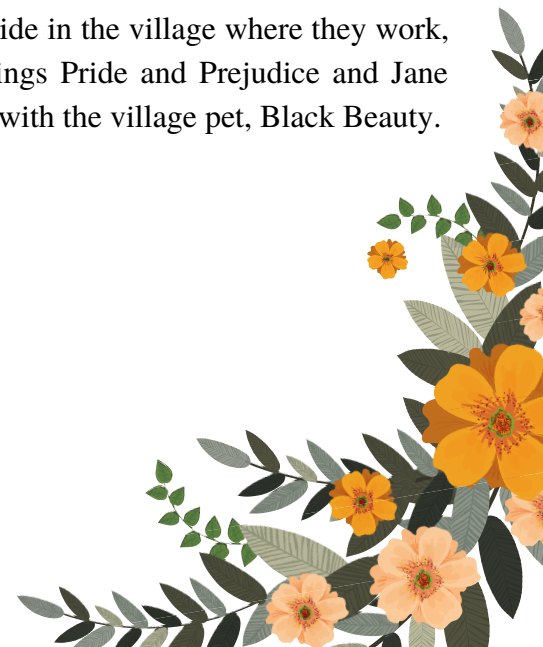
Marina Matson is fourteen years old, and lives in Racine, Wisconsin. This is her third year at Scholé academy, and first as the Copy Editor for the Scholé Chronicle. She loves to play the piano, read, watch good movies, and write.



Adalie Everitt is 14 and lives in Colorado. She has been on the Scholé Chronicle team for three years as submissions manager, and has taken classes with Scholé for six. She loves reading, painting, playing the violin, learning new languages, and spending time outside.

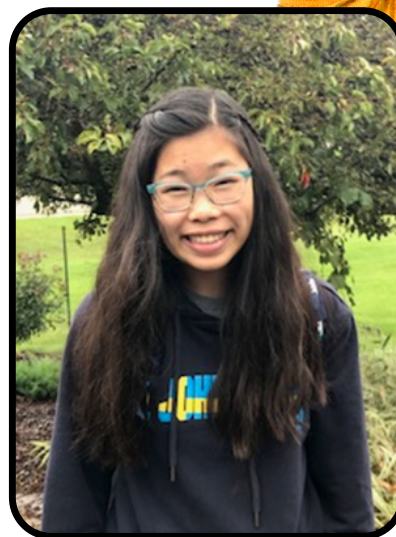


Grace Nelson is 17 years old and lives in Ghana, West Africa. This is her 2nd year with Scholé Academy and the Scholé Chronicle. This year she is taking Rhetoric and editing for the Chronicle. She aspires to become a nurse in the future, so she enjoys studying science in school. When she has free time, she socializes outside in the village where they work, raves about all things *Pride and Prejudice* and *Jane Austen*, and plays with the village pet, Black Beauty.





Amelia Dippenaar is fourteen years old and lives in Alberta, Canada. She has been with Scholé Academy for three years, and this is her second year with the Chronicle as a layout designer. She loves playing piano and guitar, and is the drummer for her church worship team. Amelia plays competitive soccer and volleyball, but enjoys all sports.



Rebecca Anderson is 16 years old and lives in Wisconsin. This is her second year on the Scholé Chronicle as a layout/designer and fourth year with Scholé Academy.

Thank you for reading The Scholé
Chronicle this year! We hope that you were
inspired, encouraged, and enriched by your fellow
Scholé students. Look forward to seeing a new
edition along with some new faces next September!
Have a wonderful summer!