

The 12th Scholé Chronicle

Spring Issue

Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Congratulations! Another school year has concluded! For many of us, the last few weeks have been full of anxious test preparation and longing for summer break, but now we are here, and another journey is complete.

This issue of the Scholé Chronicle highlights the theme of journey. A journey, whether spiritual or physical, real or fictional, epic or commonplace, shapes us and inspires growth. It will have its ups and downs, but there is beauty in perseverance and adventure during the journey, and the submissions in this issue showcase that beauty.

I am sad to announce that after so many years of assisting with the Chronicle, I will be stepping down from my position as my time with Scholé Academy is ending. It has been a joy to watch the creativity of fellow students unfold as the paper has grown, and I am so thankful for the teachers and students who make the paper possible! I know the Chronicle will be in good hands.

Have a blessed and restful summer!

In Christ,
Adalie Everitt
Head Editor



Table of Contents

03 Photography & Art

06 Under the Willow
A short story by Olivia Stevens.

09 Comic Strip
Created by Gretchen Diederich

10 10 Amazing Stories about Journeys
Recommendations from Isabella Setian

13 My Titanic Adventure
Short Story by Parsa Aldavood

14 Voyage
Poem by Isla Mulford

16 The Lost Traveler
Poem by Genevieve Sarona

18 The Call
Poem by Giovanni Lumetta

19 Wandering
Poem by Rue Emily Mangum

20 Look to the Mountains
Poem by Stella Maschek

21 Sum Inimicus Vitae
Poem by Elsa Hoffman

22 My Dreams & Artwork
Poem by Rosy Turner & Artwork by Karol and Lily Skolrood

23 Journey Essay
Essay by Sam Smartt

25 Long, Long Journey
Poem by Layna Federick

26 A Dreaming Journey & Spring
Poems by Brendan Rite & Morgan Lamkin

27 Faeries Delight
Poem by Lydia Knight

28 What Sleeps in the Forest
A Short Story by Abigail Refaela Raney

30 Old Adventurer's Heart
A Short Story by Anna Marcum

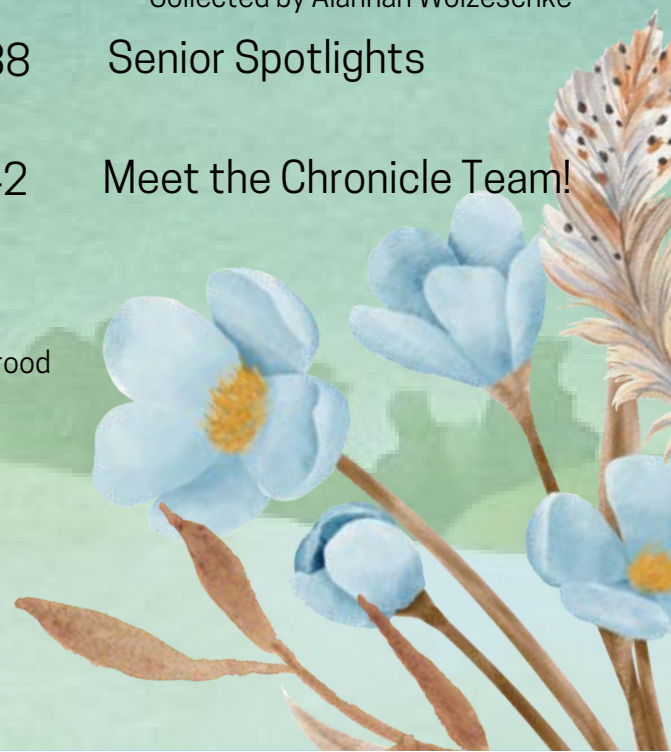
33 Star Quest Story
A Short Story by Olivia Siroky

35 Journey
Essay by Peter Briggs

36 Spring Poll Results
Collected by Alannah Woizeschke

38 Senior Spotlights

42 Meet the Chronicle Team!



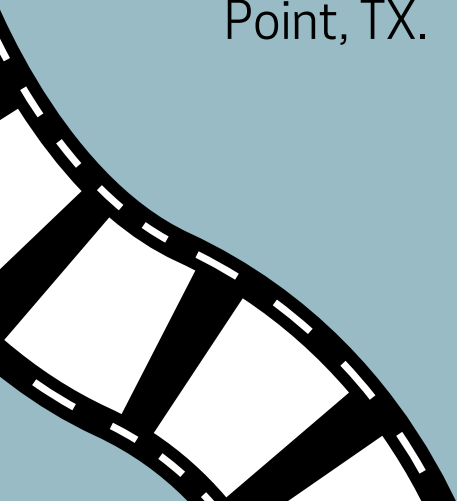
Photography



By Jonah

Jonah's Bio:

Hello my name is Jonah,
and I like tech, art, and
drawing. I am
homeschooled in Wills
Point, TX.





By Isabella
Setian

Jonathan's Bio:

Hi, I'm Jonathan. I live in New Jersey, and enjoy fly fishing and participating in musical theater. I captured this photograph at Fall Creek Falls in Idaho, where Fall Creek converges with the Snake River. It illustrates a river's lengthy journey to the sea. (The waterfall had a remarkably creative name).



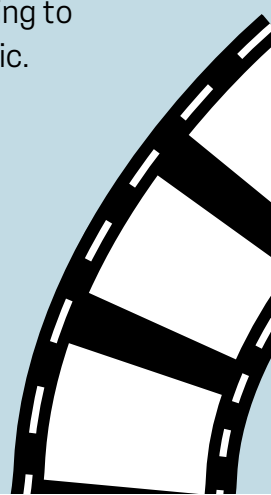
By Jonathan
Berns



Kate's Bio:

Kate Oliver is a junior from Texas who enjoys reading, playing her violin, and listening to classical music.

By Kate
Oliver





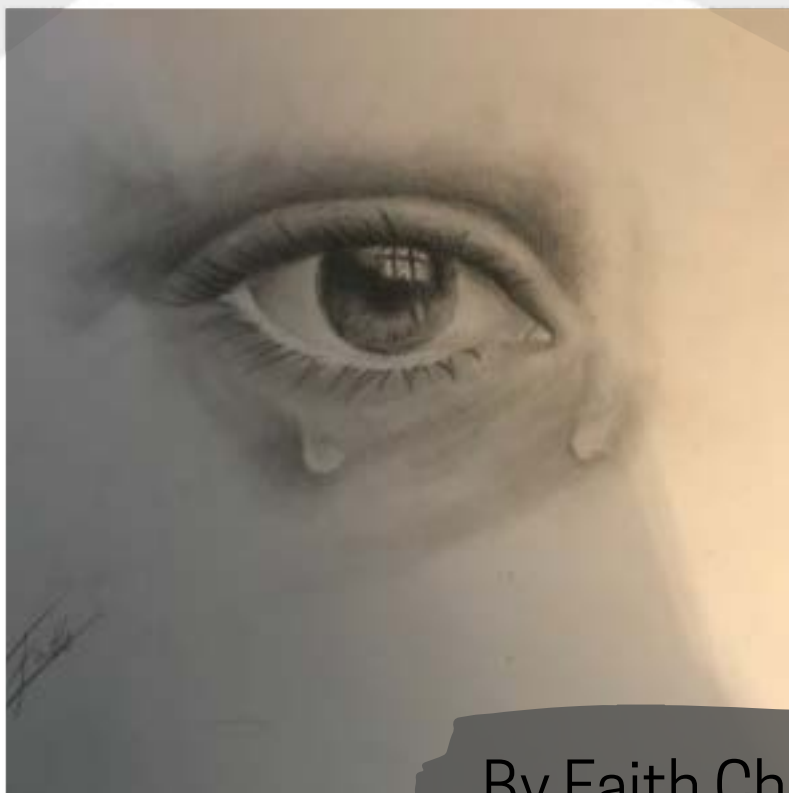
By Sarah
Schmitz

Hi, I'm 14 years old, and I live in the gorgeous state of Arkansas!

Some of the many things I'm fascinated by are languages, cultures, books, and art in realistic styles. This drawing represents the brave missionaries who spread the Gospel to "all corners of the world", with a glimpse of the kingdoms laid out and the many different paths to each realm.

Faith's Bio:

When I sat down at my table I wanted to express how one feels when they're trapped. Not only physically, but in their own subconscious.



By Faith Chiu

Under the Willow

by Olivia Stevens

"Daddy!" She recalled her 5-year-old voice laughing, "Play!"

"Okay, Maggie," her father said. The piano bench creaked as he sat down and she hopped up next to him. Coming from behind her, Maggie could hear her mother's laughter: a symphony of music all coming from one voice.

Maggie closed her eyes anticipating the color of sound flooding over her. Her Dad brought his hands up to the ivory keys and started to play Bach's Prelude in C Major. It started with one note, then exploded, filling the room with reverberations of sound. At that moment, the young girl knew without any doubt that she wanted to be a musician.

Now thirteen, Maggie slowly rocked back and forth on her swing underneath the weeping willow that rooted itself in their front yard. She sat, running her hands across the invisible piano that was her lap, recounting the faint sounds of what music sounded like. The willow shadowed the girl from the heat of the world.

Ever since that moment on the piano bench Maggie's hearing slowly worsened up until today when she removed her hearing aids for the last time.

There was nothing else the Doctors could do; she was deaf.

Deaf. Another word. Shallow. Lifeless. A label that can not even begin explaining the hardships that are as deep and as long as the Mariana Trench is underneath the shimmering waves of the Pacific.

Her young siblings all rushed to the end of the driveway with an excited frenzy, she could only imagine what their laughter sounded like.

"Tucker!" They shouted, jumping up onto a tall handsome boy, Maggie's age.

"Hello, guys!" He laughed, "Can you show me where Maggie is?" They all pointed to the lamenting tree, "Okay, thanks." He said more solemnly.

The boy named Tucker slowly crossed the yard and pushed the hanging willow leaves aside.

"Hey, Maggie." Tucker signed using his expansive knowledge to communicate to his best friend.

It has been Maggie and Tucker, Tucker and Maggie ever since preschool. They grew up leaning on each other, they were like brother and sister.

She smiled back, drying her moist face with her fist.

Tucker paused, sat down on the swing next to her, then signed with worry, "What happened, Maggie?"

With a moment of stillness she revealed her bare ear took an inaudible breath and signed: "I can never become a musician now." Maggie turned away. The willow trembled with the vibrations of thunder.

"But it's your dream." His face fell.

"Sometimes dreams are not reality." She looked up at him, "How will I be able to play if I can't hear? Tell me Tucker, how?"

"Because the Maggie I know never gives up." The crushed girl made a small smile and leaned her head on his shoulder. Tucker always knew what to say.

After a moment of stillness Maggie's hands moved and Tucker followed every word.

"Would you help me?" She said through her hand gestures, "Help me be a musician?"

Tucker nodded his head. "Yes," he signed.

Then again the moment was gone; a sudden, strong gust brought a deluge of rain. They glanced at themselves soaked to the core, then at each other and started to laugh. To Maggie it felt so good to laugh. Even though it was silent, her eyes told what her lips couldn't. A happiness that could only come within the presence of Tucker.

"Let's get inside!" Maggie signed while starting to run to the shelter of her home, and he was not far behind.

Once they were dried off, Tucker brought the reluctant Maggie to the piano bench.

"Play," he signed.

"I told you, I can't." She pushed away.

"Yes, you can," He nudged her back, "Maggie, let it come from your heart."

Maggie slowly turned back towards the piano, exhaled out, and her favorite piano piece ran through her head. She could do this.

For Tucker.

She brought her hands up to the worn, ivory keys and started to play. The notes of Bach's prelude in C major flowed from her fingertips- the faded memory of her father sitting next to her fogged Maggie's eyes.

For her parents.

She felt the piano vibrations pulse through her like a heartbeat. The heart of Music. Playing note after note, invisible to her, she still felt closer to music than ever before.

For herself.

Tears started to flow to Maggie's eyes, this is her weeping willow, all the tears and laughs, fears and doubts all encompassed in her moving fingertips.

For her dreams.

Her mother and father came running towards the sound, and when they saw Maggie playing not just the right notes, but the music from inside they too started to cry; seeing their Maggie do what the world thought was impossible. Since things are never really impossible until you believe they are.

For anyone who wants to listen.

The music filled the house, the street, the town, joining with the stormy world outside, with the colors of sound coming from a girl who couldn't hear. When Maggie gingerly played the last chord and pulled her hands away from the piano, she was found.

Maggie slowly opened her tear-filled eyes and saw her mom, dad, and siblings, all sitting in a circle. She saw Tucker, who was gazing down at her with admiration and hope, and she knew it was not an illusion.

She was home.

Olivia's Bio

Hello! My name is Olivia Stevens, I am 15 years old and in 9th grade. I am an aspiring fiction writer as well as a classical singer. I have written multiple short stories, poems, and a published novel. I have been with scholé for two years.





By Gretchen Diederich

Hello, my name is Gretchen and I am thirteen years old. I like to play video games, to read, to draw, which I do both traditionally and digitally, and sometimes write, in my free time. This is my second time participating in the scholé chronicle.

10 Amazing Stories about Journeys To Read Over the Summer

by Isabella Setian

I. Echo by Pam Muñoz Ryan

A spectacular story about three children whose lives intertwine through music. Here is a brief summary: “Echo is a young-adult novel about the power of music to unite individuals across time, and even save lives: the wide-reaching novel follows an enchanted harmonica to 1933 in Germany, 1934 in Pennsylvania, and 1942 in California, before uniting the characters we meet along the way at Carnegie Hall in 1951. Covering the rise of Nazism in Germany, the tail end of the Great Depression in the United States, and the beginning of U.S. involvement in World War II and the internment of Japanese Americans, it examines the social issues of the period through the lives of young people” (“Echo Summary and Study Guide”).

II. The Mark of the Thief Trilogy by Jennifer A Nielsen

A riveting tale detailing the life of Nic Calva, a slave in ancient Rome. For history lovers of all ages, this is a must read. Nielsen’s rich detail and research really pours into life hundreds of years ago. This series is a definite must-read. A brief summary states, regarding the first book, “When Nic, a slave in the mines outside of Rome, is forced to enter a sealed cavern containing the lost treasures of Julius Caesar, he finds much more than gold and gemstones: He discovers an ancient bulla, an amulet that belonged to the great Caesar and is filled with a magic once reserved for the gods — magic some Romans would kill for. Now, with the deadly power of the bulla pulsing through his veins, Nic is determined to become free. But instead, he finds himself at the center of a ruthless conspiracy to overthrow the emperor and spark the Praetor War, a battle to destroy Rome from within.” (“Mark of the Thief Series”).

III. Between Shades of Gray by Ruta Sepetys

A remarkable story of Lithuanians exiled to Siberia and the events surrounding that. This story is set during WWII, so it will have some intense and hard-to-read moments. Overall, Ruta’s amazing skill at bringing forgotten stories to life makes this book a must read. Here is a brief summary: “Between Shades of Gray is a fictionalized account of what happened to many Lithuanians—and others from Estonia and Latvia—after the Soviet Union annexed and occupied the Baltic States in 1940. Thousands of citizens of these countries were deported and imprisoned, and many of them ended up in Siberian forced labor camps like the ones Lina Vilkas and her mother and brother are sent to in the book. The novel is told from the first-person perspective of a fifteen-year-old artist, Lina, and begins with the dramatic statement, “They took me in my nightgown” (24).

Between Shades of Gray Continued *

It chronicles her family's arrest by the Soviet police and their journey from Kaunas in Lithuania to Trofimovsk, near the North Pole, a journey that takes over a year and ends with their imprisonment at the North Pole for over a decade." ("Between Shades of Gray Summary").

IV. Salt to the Sea by Ruta Sepetys

This story, set in WWII, details the sinking of the ship, the Wilhelm Gustloff. The sinking is even more tragic than the sinking of the Titanic. Again, this book is set in the 1940s and thus will be intense, challenging and sad to read at some points. Ruta brings to life yet another event in history that most have never even heard of.

V. The Shiloh Series by Helena Sorensen

This book series is not to miss. It reminds us of the light and darkness in the sinful world around us. Furthermore, Sorensen's skill at writing and depicting this adventurous set of books is very apparent. Goodreads describes the first book: "In a world of perpetual darkness, a boy is born who wields remarkable power over fire. Amos is no more than seven when he kills a Shadow Wolf and becomes a legend in Shiloh. He would be destined for great things were it not for the stories his father tells about a world beyond the Shadow and a time before the Shadow. Only madmen hold to such tales, and in Shiloh, they have always come to bad ends." ("Shiloh #1").

VI. The City Spies Series by James Ponti

If you love adventure, gadgets and spies this book series is for you! These three books detail the adventures of five children who are brought up to become spies. The adventures are exciting and Ponti's knowledge of spycraft really brings to life everything happening in the books. Believe me, you will be glued to your chair until you finish the series.

VII. I Must Betray You by Ruta Sepetys

Ruta Sepetys has outdone herself again. This book written in 2022, describes life in Romania during the communist reign of Nicolae Ceaușescu. This is a historical fiction novel and explores life in a communist country really well. The main character goes through immense hardship and pain as he learns to find his identity and what he believes in. This story can get difficult and it can be a painful picture of what evil people can do. So just a heads up for that! Ruta Sepetys, again, creates a magnificent tale woven from little-known stories of history.

VIII. Resistance by Jennifer A Nielsen

Resistance is a powerful tale describing the life of a Jewish girl named Chaya Lindner. This tale is set in WWII and Nielsen does an incredible job of describing the trauma, difficulties and hope in the midst of the war. Goodreads provides a helpful summary, stating, "Chaya Lindner is a teenager living in Nazi-occupied Poland. Simply being Jewish places her in danger of being killed or sent to the camps. After her little sister is taken away, her younger brother disappears, and her parents all but give up hope,

Resistance Continued....

Chaya is determined to make a difference. Using forged papers and her fair features, Chaya becomes a courier and travels between the Jewish ghettos of Poland, smuggling food, papers, and even people..." (Goodreads). As one can tell, this tale will definitely keep you up at night yearning to know the fate of Chaya. As it is a WWII novel, there are some scenes which could be disturbing. Just use your wise judgment! Nielsen is a spectacular writer and really brings the story to life.

IX. The Fountains of Silence by Ruta Sepetys

One article states, "The Fountains of Silence is about silence and memory—in this case, the memory of trauma. The first and longest part of the novel, set in Madrid in 1957, explores the lives of the people living under the fascist control of dictator Francisco Franco. The second part of the novel, set 18 years later, follows the immediate aftermath of Franco's death in 1975. Both parts are interspersed with excerpts from historical documents that provide context about the time" ("The Fountains of Silence Summary"). I loved this book, and although it is 400 pages, I read it in two days. It really kept me up at night and I was glued to my chair. It is a historical fiction novel and sheds light on this era in history!

X. Amelia's War by Ann Rinaldi

This book is wonderful. Ann Rinaldi is an excellent author. Amelia's War, provides perspective on life during the Civil War. Amelia learns which side she wants to follow and that morals and character change throughout a war. She learns many important things as her courage is tested during the war. A thrilling novel of the Civil War, I would definitely recommend this book.

Isabella's Bio:

I am a Freshman in High-school and I have been taking Scholé classes for about 5 years now. I love to draw, sing, act, read and write. I also love photography and hope to become a photographer when I'm older. I am a very energetic, passionate and bubbly person. I will talk books, art and photography with someone for hours. I love to design, to organize and to make the world more beautiful. Basically, you can find me doing anything artistic and you can find me playing with my siblings and being creative. Lastly, I am always searching for the truth, goodness and beauty in life. My favorite author is Ruta Sepetys, and I actually got to meet her in person!

My Titanic Adventure

by Parsa Aldavood

Verily, it was on the tenth of April, in the year of our Lord 1912, when my eyes beheld the grandeur of the Titanic. I stood in awe afore the ship's splendor - a marvel deemed the greatest vessel of all time. The vessel was a thing of beauty, from her majestic white hull and towering mast to her gleaming red and black paint. And, of course, the fine gold letters that spelled out her mighty name: the Titanic. She was a strong ship, wider and longer than any I had ever laid my eyes upon. I fancied myself taking a leisurely stroll upon her wooden deck. My peers held that she was unsinkable, as did all who saw her, but I harbored doubts. Alas, those doubts were quelled by the ship's mesmerizing allure, never to be thought of again. The weather was the fairest I had seen in days. It was as if the heavens had foreseen the arrival of such a magnificent ship and prepared the skies above Southampton just for the occasion. The ocean sparkled in deep blue, and the sun shone radiantly upon myself and the other passengers.

As I waited, I glanced at my pocket watch, noting that it was 11:15, and high time to board. I had recently acquired this watch from Fears in Bristol city, a company that had served me well. Whilst boarding, I encountered my good friend, Mr. Bentley. He was dapper, dressed in a finely tailored suit, with an exquisite watch and a stately top hat. I, too, was dressed well, wearing my own suit and top hat, as well as my newly acquired watch. As we presented our boarding passes, we discussed our recent ventures into polo and golf, as well as the fine arts and literature, topics which we both were quite knowledgeable. Soon after embarking, we came across the captain, Edward John Smith, who was congratulating his ship. We were led to our private rooms, two of only thirty-nine aboard. Afterward, we dined on a sumptuous lunch, where I ordered an egg à l'argenteuil and a ham pie. Mr. Bentley and I parted ways afterward, with myself proceeding to play chess with fellow passengers, and Mr. Bentley opting for a swim. Chess proved satisfactory, but I resolved to join Mr. Bentley in the Turkish bath.

After several days of enjoyment, I had my last meal aboard the Titanic. It was a most delectable feast, including Waldorf pudding, peaches in Chartreuse jelly, chocolate and vanilla éclairs, French ice cream, assorted fresh fruit, and cheeses. That fateful night, I was awakened by violent shaking. I was startled, but when I ventured outside my cabin, my fellow passengers were relatively calm, and so I refrained from panicking. However, soon after returning to bed, I heard screams and cries. I hastened to the deck and saw that the ship was in peril. People were boarding lifeboats, but to my horror, there seemed to be a shortage of boats. I immediately made haste for the lifeboats, pushing myself toward safety. Being a more muscular man, I managed to wrestle my way onto a boat. Soon after, I was saved, along with about 700 other passengers. Upon reaching shore, I looked upon the countenances of the distraught, and as I read the names of the survivors, I could not find that of Mr. Bentley. For the ensuing days, my world was shaken and broken. The disaster was the only thing on my mind.

*Biographical Note: Hi! I am Parsa and I love to play soccer
⚽⚽⚽⚽ and videogames. I also like to read and play with my two geese. I have two
sisters and am excited to submit this to the Scholé Chronicle.*



Voyage


by Isla Mulford



Droplets of dew
Decoding a pattern
Whispers of wind
Soft stirrings in the sounds

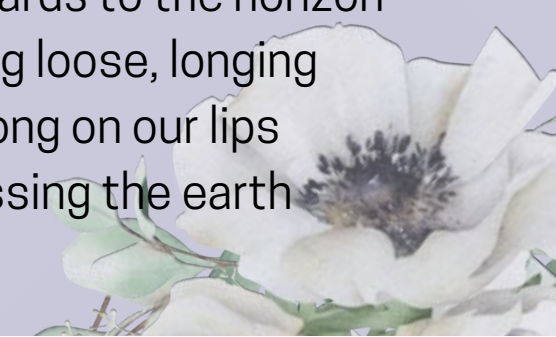
Running, forever
Here we fade in and out
Pounding feet
We're elevated
Pungent odors inhale
Exhale ribs the earth
Eyes the sky
Rising into a deep blue
The surface of a pond
Glistening in summer
Diving deeper
Dark creatures


Blinking eyes
Hide it all inside
Crystal surface
Eyes avoiding reflections
Shallow ice
Plummet



Ding, ding a bell
Some way off
Sleeping in the mud
Cold seeping into
Passages of bones
Heart hibernating
Numbed fingers
Lingering in the silence
Peace too bright to see
Sun piercing us with
Diamonds glittering
Just out of reach
Tumbling
Falling on and on
Endless bits
Slowly rising
Floating a transparent entity
Throat hoarse from screaming
Head over heels
Dizzying

Vines around our feet
Faces down in the ground
Graveyards to the horizon
Lying loose, longing
Song on our lips
Kissing the earth






Someday rise again
 Sky too far to reach?
 Stars pinpoints of it all
 Looking down at us
 Telescopes zooming
 Mirrors shatter in our fists
 Forgetting the glossy surface
 Of the pond, of our faces
 Letting the dark, wild, sad
 Protrude into the sky
 Unable to breathe
 Left as our lungs heave
 Swirling sorrows
 Stardrops reign
 Bloody crowns
 Washed with rain
 Clouds in our chests
 Smiles dance out of
 Grasping hands

Silence on the stairs

Looking up, how far can we run?
 Behind us the howls of what was once
 A wind from the east, west, north, south

Picking us up
 Strong arms
 A dancer's physique
 Eyes never leaving us
 We rise again



Droplets of dew
 In the sky
 Raining stars
 Mirrors shattered
 Ponds flooded
 Smiles just visitors
 That's okay.



Isla's Biographical Note

This poem has central themes or ideas all circling around the story of a voyage through life. The “pond” mentioned illustrates how we try to have a perfect surface and image, but underneath we hold so much more. The “graveyard” imagery shows how we will often just lie asleep to injustice and not do anything. The second to last stanza is inspired off of the Tower of Babel story.

The Lost Traveler

by Genevieve Sarona

In a circle of trees
The world is quiet.
A soft breeze blows
Rustling the Violet.

A babbling brook
Murmurs and streams,
Sparkling and shinning
In the sun beams.

Through the peace,
Weary and forgotten,
A traveler comes
Dressed all in cotton.

Brown are his clothes
And his satchel and boots,
And clutched in his hand
A bundle of roots.

He places them on
The ground of Violets
And stumbles forward
Falling quiet.

He doesn't stir
For a while yet
But upon his brow
Breaks out sweat.

Then, from the wood
A woman appears,
A dryad of birch
And in her eye, tears.

Her form was graceful
And her clothing silk,
Her eyes a blue ocean
And her skin like milk.

She touches his brow
Whispering kind words
Her lips move and
Out flutter the birds.

They twitter to each other
Curious and bold
Twittering and tweeting,
Wishing to scold.

As the birds twitter
The man gave a cough
The dryad steps back;
The birds continue to scoff.

"Hush little ones,"
The dryad said kindly,
"The traveler is lost in
our woods blindly!"

The birds became silent
And the man raises his head,
He looked around curious;
Over him settled a feeling of dread.

The man stopped quivering
And the lady smiled
She handed him a charm
That was of the wild.

The woman smiled
And pleasantly said,
"I promise that you have
No reason to dread."

"Take the charm,
A treasure for adventure,
Your quest is not finished
Be carful where you venture."

The man stood abruptly
And snatched up his roots.
He was quivering
right down to his boots.

Then with a wave
And a parting murmur
The woman left,
The man much firmer.

The woman sighed
And whispered magic words
And down from their perch's
Fluttered the birds.

Now you should learn
That adventures never end
In life and death,
As foe or friend.

The tree bows parted
Sun beams danced around
The world was washed
In a magical gown.

They can be hard
But friends can be made,
Help is not far
Just call The Lords name.

Genevieve's Bio:



Genevieve Sarona lives in Rougemont NC on a farm with her three younger siblings and parents. She has loved writing since the age of seven and enjoys fantasy: reading and writing it. A goal she has is to publish a novel by the time she is eighteen.

The Call

by Giovanni Lumetta

Who will respond?

Evil grows, cruel - despising
While the fallen father sits devising
And God's men despond.

The Darkness marches ever onward
Endless shuffling forces surround.
Jaws of death lurch forward.
As our call to arms resounds.

Echoing onward through empty streets,
"Who will hold this evil back?
Who will end this vile retreat?
Who will stand up, and attack?"

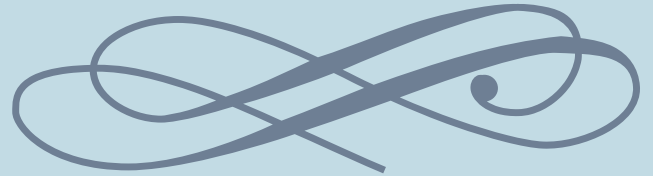
The black gates are flung wide
Spewing forth disease and despair.
Men of valor flee and hide
Stumbling beacons, fallen by the wayside
As the stench of disregard pollutes the air.

Where be the men of love and resolve?
Who will rise to the exulting Host?
Who will stay firm, ne'er dissolve?
"Rise up comrades! Take your post!"

The fell horns of misery sound
Children scream, mothers cry
Then the trumpet resounds
As the Lamb from on high

Speaks truth to a frail, trembling man.
A spark of valor begins to flame.
And men rise up from pits of shame

God's glory triumphant proclaims:
"BE STILL! IN JESUS NAME!"
The hordes of death are rising.
We will ne'er despond
Evil grows, cruel and despising
While the fallen foe sits devising.
God's men will respond.



Giovanni's Bio:

Giovanni Lumetta is a 17 year old sophomore from Kalamazoo, MI. He is an avid reader and has a passion for a variety of writing styles, including poetry and research essays. He also loves music in countless forms, especially enjoying singing in a local choir.

Wandering

by Rue Emily Mangum

Wandering in my awakening garden,
With my coffee cup in my hand,
I listen to the mourning doves cooing,
Calling all to the orchestra band.

The sun is rising over the horizon
Like Helios on his golden steed,
Beginning to go the world around
To wake the earth from sleep.

I love to be in my garden
Listening to the buzzing bees,
While the flowers make the fragrance
Drifting upwards through the trees.

Like opening a mysterious letter
The wonderful day unfolds,
What adventures are to be in it
I still am yet to behold.

All in a very quick moment
A flock of crows appear.
I cupped my hands around my mouth
And yelled for them to disappear.

But no, they did not listen
And I waved my hands to no avail.
Then I saw they were eating my berries
And my face turned ghostly pale.

Decided to run right through them.
Surely this would scare them away.
Right away it did the job
Then I went back on with my day.

Rue's Bio:

I live and homeschool with my parents and 3 siblings in New Hampshire. I love to read, play outside, and garden. I also enjoy reading and writing poetry.

Look to the Mountains

by Stella Maschek

Look to the mountains
What do you see
Is it freedom, or peace awaiting thee
You have trekked hard and long
And are wanting rest
Just look to the mountains
And feel peace at last
Stand by the mountains
with their beauty and splendor
They will not turn you away
When you knock at their door
Walk to the mountains
Your journey's almost done
Your feet are tired and aching
But soon your pain will be none
Look to the mountains
See their welcoming smile
They will house you forever
When your journey is done, my child

Stella Maschek is a 7th grade homeschool student who lives in Foristell, MO. She likes to write in her free time and aspires to use her love of writing in her career one day. Her dream is to open a combination sweet shop and bookstore with one of her great friends. Stella likes to create vast worlds in her head throughout the day. "Completely logical" are not commonly used words in her head; imagination takes their place by a long shot.

Sum Inimicus Vitae

by Elsa Hoffman

This is a ballad epic of 492 B.C., originally written in the language of the people that are spoken of in this ballad.
Title translation: I am the Enemy of Life. Copyright 2004.
All rights reserved.

sing, muse, of the time a warrior
wedded to not a soul on Earth
fought and won the Great War of time,
then traveled down to his small home
and only killed to aide his girth
but died before writ down in lore.

the warrior, loved by all ladies,
but wedded not to any one
was shunned by all the warriors here
in places of the dark, night camp.
the warrior knew he wouldn't wed
even though he was thought shady.

late, at night, inside his dark tent
the warrior, Epphesus by name
was startled 'wake by shouts of glee
he looked between the poles of tents
and saw a blaze; the tents aflame!
Epphesus cried of all lament

the enemy was near, their bows
their swords, their thick, sturdy ox hide shields.
he took his spear of gold and bronze
and strapped his sword to his strong back.
he blew his horn; let loose a peal
and crept into the blaze, hunched low.

the fighting broke out at midnight
the shouts and cries of bloody ends
cut short by only death itself.
when the battle was over, no
peace was not yet brought, not here, when
every warrior was killed in fight

the enemy had lost, I know
but not a perfect victory.
for many warriors had been killed
when fighting the barbarians.
the dead bodies burned on hickory
and then ashes laid down and low.

the living soldiers stood in line
with Epphesus standing with them
only one hundred men remained
of five-thousand living before.
but war is done- no more mayhem!
the king has been killed, it's all fine.

the warriors go home to their wives
but only one has no children
only one has no family
and it's only one with no wife.
for, as Epphesus staggers then
to home, he finds no other lives.

at the doorstep, no waiting arms.
kin greet not father or husband.
for Epphesus has no family.
but he mourned not for this his loss,
for with the buds of Spring on land
safe from fighting, and clash of arms

he started a farm for his crops.
making himself a plough for wheat,
and a scythe for sweet barley-corn,
he stood up to work in his field
and slaughtered the fat cow for meat,
and set up the fence with his props.

then he settled into his house
that he had made from living trees
with leaves so green they dripped with it
making rain pleasant to be seen.
he used years to make, and to please
but never brought home any spouse.

five years went by, and then he died,
his house burned down in a great fire.
all around, just destruction reined
and nothing ever to be gained.
the house of Ephesus would retire;
only death remembered his side.

The End



Submitted by Karol, who has been drawing on any blank surface since a young age, enjoys drawing, painting, Lego stop-motion and 3D animation. When he is not doing any of those things, he sings in two choirs and plays the cello.

My Dreams

by Rosy Turner

I'd love to have a garden,
With flowers and trees abundant.
I'd love to see the petals unfurl
Of Gardenia, Carnation exultant.

I'd love to have a little lake
With lily pads, cardinal flowers, and iris.
To see the frogs, to hear the birds,
To feel the grass would be wondrous.

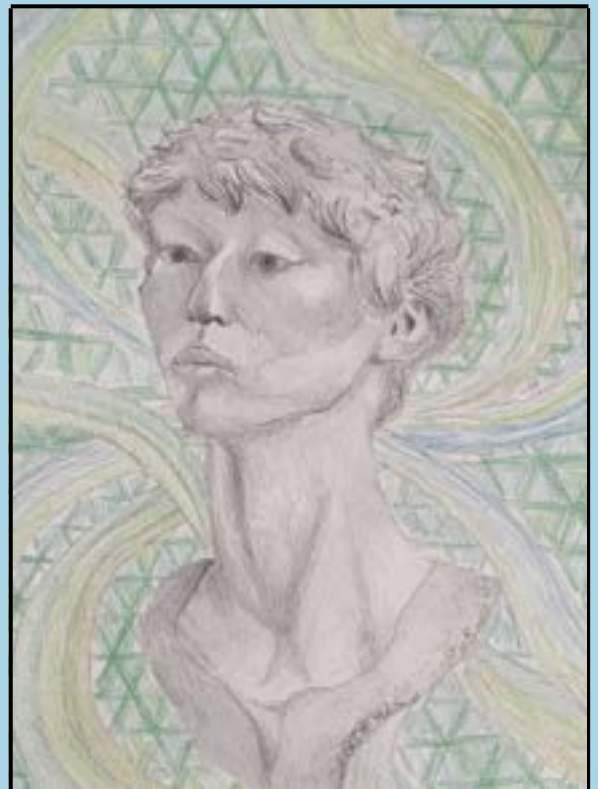
I'd love to have my own forest,
With redwood, magnolia, birch.
There'd be strawberries in all the bushes.
There'd be robins everywhere perched.

Alas! I may never meet my dreams
Of gardens, or lakes, or woods.
But I have an imagination,
And for now, it suffices, it's good.

About the Authors:

Elsa Hoffman is a 12 year old girl who enjoys writing, Taekwondo, reading, playing violin and piano, and drawing. She lives in Erie, Pennsylvania, with her two brothers, one younger and one older. She is currently studying Latin, Spanish, modern Greek, French, and Korean.

Rosemary Turner is an 11 year old girl, who loves to read, draw, and imagine things, and occasionally play the piano. She lives in the country in Hong Kong and has two sisters, both older than her. She studies Latin and Greek, and likes history.



by Lily Skolrood

I am currently in 7th grade, and this is my 3rd year with Scholé Academy. I love art, theater, and reading, especially historical fiction!

Journey Essay

by Sam Smartt

The miles roll monotonously like the hills under my feet. The midday sun bakes the exposed part of my neck. Onward I trudge, dejected and defeated. The farmland turns to grassy plainland as the day draws on. Like a shadow, the deep forest lies in front. This land around me is devoid of any life. The air is dry and unforgiving. I know I have nowhere to go and nowhere to hide. I dearly wish for a companion on this dangerous trek, but I know that this journey is mine and mine only to take. As the day draws to a close, the dark shadow of the haunted wood looms closer in the setting sun.

The night falls like a blanket, dark and dreary. The dusk is quiet. Too quiet. The lack of noise wears on my mind. I wish for something to break the still, ominous silence. Soon I fall asleep, dreaming dreams of despair. Tomorrow, yet another sunrise, another journey. I am drawing closer to the end. I repeat this sequence of long and laborious treks through the day and even longer watchful nights. I am always burdened with the feeling that something is stalking me. After weeks of wandering through the forsaken lands, I reach the caves. Long, winding labyrinths snaking through the lonely mountain. No one has ever climbed the leviathan and made it to the summit.. No one can travel around the mountain. No way around, no way above. The only way through is a maze of caves that can ensnare any wandering human forever. I stumble in, knowing that I may never see the light of day again. The minutes turn into hours, and the stifling air seems to constrict my lungs. No light filters in, and my torch is burning low. The red glow dances off the smooth cave walls, casting eerie shadows across the path. My thoughts begin turning to despair. My torch is almost out. The shadows form creepy pictures in my mind of animals stalking me through the gloom.

Finally, like a breath of fresh air, I spot a shaft of light. My footsteps patter against the stone floor, creating a ringing echo. I sprint toward the light, hope rising in my mind. I turn the corner and race out of the winding passage. The sun has just reached the middle of the sky, a yellow fireball in a sweeping blue expanse. For a moment, I forget my troubles and soak in the warm glow. But when my gaze sweeps east, my thoughts turn dark once again. The wood is within reach. I choose to remain and camp in a clearing within sight of the deadly forest. Soon the sun is sinking over the horizon and the dark begins to creep in again. Tonight, sounds fill the air. First, low crooning calls resound from the dark wooded silhouette. They slowly move closer, growing louder every minute.

My breaths come in short gasps, the sweat beading my forehead. Then, suddenly a scream rents the air. The howls grow loud and excited. Startling me into a panic, one last piercing cry fills the night. My head feels as if it has been cloven in two by an ax. The scream resounds in my thoughts, echoing faintly all night long. My mind is racing, filled with horrific images of beasts feasting on something or someone. Barely anything inhabits the wood nowadays. The beasts are enjoying one of the scarce meals they will devour this dry summer. I wonder, am I their next delicacy? I don't get any sleep that night. When the sunrise dawns, I haven't moved all night. Drearily I stumble to my feet. Today I will enter the forest. Today I will plunge into the wood that I have avoided my whole life. Today I will face my fears and enter the last part of my search for home. When I have reached the edge of the forest, I pause. Staring into the deep expanse of broken, dying trees, I question my bravery. But I know I must go on. Finally I step into the tangled mass of evil. It seems that the light is sucked out of the atmosphere immediately. I wonder if night has already fallen. But then I notice a lonely ray of sunshine peeking through a crack in the canopy of limbs. I know I must move on deeper into the heart of the monster. The forest branches claw at me, tearing away at my courage.

I struggle onward, seeming to make little progress in the tangled maze of roots. The feeling that lurks in the back of my mind that a monster follows me returns, stronger than ever. I quicken my pace, almost jogging through the pile of debris littering the forest floor. I continue to glance backward, expecting to see some horrific creature waiting to gobble me up at my slightest stumbling. I continue on like this for hours. The day turns to night. I light a fire and sit close round it for fear of the lurking creatures haunting the wood.

Soon the cries begin again, drawing nearer and nearer in the dark night. Suddenly, all is quiet. Like a tinkling bell, a faint melody begins to flow through the forest. I stand up, and as if drawn by some invisible force, I follow the music. The song is like a healing medicine, sweeping over the dark forest. It wipes away my fears, replacing them with courage. The song leads me through the evil paths, like a light showing me the way. I follow in a strange trance, my fears left behind at the fire. This song is much better than the flame. It warms me from head to toe, strengthening my weary bones and encouraging my tired soul. Suddenly, the sun breaks through the clouds. I have made it through the wood. The melody led me, washing away my fears. My tears flow in a wave of emotion. I have reached my home.





Long, Long Journey

by Layna Frederick

From the town of Destruction, Christian will walk
And with Pliable will talk.
Past the Slough and through the gate
But Christian's burden grows more weight.

Finally, he comes to the cross
And his burden is tossed
Into an empty tomb.
Three shining ones
As bright as three suns
give Christian a hint.

Then Mount Difficulty,
It's hard to climb.
Palace Beautiful has its lions sacred,
And Valley of Humiliation
With the devil and his hatred.


Vanity Fair and, oh, doubting castle,
Delectable Mountain
and their freedom from hassle.

Last step is River of Death;
But the prize ahead
Is God,
Who in dangerous times led.



Layna Frederick Bio:

I live in Ohio. I really love writing poetry, drawing and reading about horses, and studying rocks. When I grow up I want to be an author or actress.



A Dreaming Journey

by Brendan Rite

A house, a hall, an ancient mansion gray I saw in sleep,
With roof of grass so green and sides of stone
built strong and steep, Beneath the roots of
cherry tree, well hid, the door entrancing, So
often drowsy mind invites me join the faeries'
dancing; Long under moon, they dance and sing
within the chapel old, Indeed, away from all, in
shroud of mist and weather cold,
Through wood and twists and turns at end of
secret path resides it; In senseless slumber
strong the great adventure 'roused my spirit,

Now wending fast along the winding way,
enchantment bound, The way was light beneath
my feet; no longer mortal ground, To golden light
and singing sweet; to riches, arcane treasure,
Away to silk and pearls and ivory white, all faerie
pleasure, Red gold and silver bright, a richer
hoard than dragon's lair, A tomb begilt and filled
with tiredness taking songs so fair, My quest is
ended, glory found; rejoice! in joys, so many! Alas!
my eyes are opened; thunder breaks the spell
already,

Will I remembered be, and all which I have seen
and heard?

Are these, in old forgotten book or ancient's
mind assured?

The pen's own blood upon the parchment crisp
and smooth is spilled, Enchantment bought with
life-blood dear; deemed worthy by author skilled;
While father's voice does tell to ears, if willing,
saws of yore,
Preferring tales of mirth and wisdom over legal
lore,
'Tis not now left to me that doom, once more my
eyes do close.

Spring

by Morgan Lamkin

March;

*The sky is cold and gray and dreary.
Winter, almost at an end, is weary.
The snow that's left meets the eye,
Blacker than the somber sky.
Last year's leaves, flat and sodden,
Once again are newly trodden.
This year's grass is weak and small,
A few months more, see it standing
tall.*

*Buds on the trees, birds in the air,
Spring is coming, it will soon be here.*

Morgan's Bio:

I am a high-school student in Wisconsin with goals of being a writer, actress, and artist.

Brendan's Bio:

Brendan Rite is a 17-year-old high school senior, living in Texas. He enjoys learning old languages, such as Latin and Old Church Slavonic, and goldsmithing in precious and non-precious metals. He also volunteers at his church and is partial to rainy weather.

Faeries' Delight

by Lydia Knight



In the early light of dawn
They dance across the frosted lawn.
Limbs and hair brightly flowing,
Following yonder river going.

Slightly I opened my bedroom door.
Light footsteps I hear across the floor.
Not in fear and not in flight
I step into the hall by my lamplight.
Garments airy and light feet bare,
She stood in the hall, surround'd by silvery air.
A girl, by looks, a young maiden at least.
Her dark hair flowed, her bright eyes were keenest.

Come! she beckoned: a melodious voice,
An' though for a measure I worried, unsure of my choice,
For I stood in my night-clothes and was unlike her kind – yet, in a trance,
I followed her beckoning face in a dance.
Out the door into air fresh and clean.
Out the door into a melodious dream.
I joined in their number, I greatened their voices.
By joining in on their songs unheeding of my choices.

I followed their footsteps along paths newly-found.
I forded great rivers, where I near could have drowned
If not for their hands, pulling me on;
Their merry faces, swelling in song.
The greatest time we had, I near felt their kin.
Though slippered and hoarse was I, I joined in their fun with a grin.

Yet, at last, at short last, I found myself home.
And She and her people were leaving to roam
Other fields far-away, and out of my reach.
So back to bed I went, wearying of trying to surpass the breach.

In the morn my mother saw me, giddy and light.
A questioning glance she shot at me, surprised.
I laughed with a twinkle and sighed full of whim.
“Ah mother”, I said, “what a wonderful dream I’ve been in!”

What Sleeps in the Forest

By Abigail Refaela Raney

I stood alone at the edge of the meadow. Sheep bleated behind me. Ahead of me was the dark, forbidding forest, which I was about to enter.

According to rumor, no one who had ever entered the forest came out.

Only a couple days ago, a herald had arrived in our lonely village. The new king, he had told us, was offering a grand prize to whoever could go through the forest and return alive.

Though it was certainly risky, I had decided to try it. We needed the prize money. A single loaf of bread, a jug of milk, and ten apples a week for five people doesn't go far. I wasn't needed the way Isla and the others were: it wouldn't matter much if I were lost.

Holding my basket on my arm, I stepped into the forest. I didn't dare to look around until after the trees had completely blocked my entrance.

I looked around, astonished at what surrounded me. I was in a world of color. More shades of green than I could count grew from the ground and on the trees, and flower of every color of the rainbow flourished. I continued walking in a daze.

For several hours, the only life besides myself grew from the ground. I walked among the trees, occasionally stopping to rest and lean against them. One time I found a tree with branches so near to the ground that I forgot all dignity and climbed it. It was half an hour later when I climbed down, with leaves and bark in my hair and on my gown. It was only then that I realized the extent of what I had just done and felt suddenly grateful that no one had been there to witness it.

It was growing dark when I saw the first animal that lived in the forest. It was a squirrel, which danced from tree to tree high above me. I chose that place to stop and rest, hoping that I would see more squirrels and, perhaps, something bigger. When I said bigger, I meant a deer or small forest cat, but I didn't see any of these.

I lay against a tree as I ate a thin slice of bread from my basket. I was quite thirsty by this time but feared that I would run out of the water that I had brought with me, and so saved it for later. My eyelids were beginning to drift shut, and after a few moments I was asleep.

I woke up to the feeling of something tight around my waist and the ground seeming to drop from under me. I opened my eyes and saw a cloud of green. Moments later, I was above the trees and could see what it was that was tightening itself around my waist.

Scarlet scales and ivory talons as long as my arm formed a strange pattern around me. Had I been wider awake, and had it not seemed so impossible that I couldn't believe it, I would have realized instantly what had happened. As it was, I did not know what had happened to me until a huge, scaly red face appeared in front of mine.

I had been kidnapped by a dragon.

The face disappeared, and everything became dark as the dragon flew into a deep cave. I heard the screeching of bats, and covered my ears. I squeezed my eyes shut.

Suddenly, without warning, it grew brighter and the light shone orange through my eyelids. I opened them, and to my amazement saw a cavern studded with huge crystals and precious jewels.

After another minute of flying, the mythical beast landed, setting me onto the ground gently. I scrambled to my feet, ready to run and yet, not wanting to. I wanted to stay in this cavern that seemed to glow from the jewels, but I was afraid of the creature that stood taller than the cottages back in the village.

"Who are you?" the creature asked, in a voice that sounded like grinding stones.

"I-I am M-Miranda Tyler," I stuttered.

"And what, Miranda Tyler, are you doing in my forest?" the dragon growled.

I broke down and told the entire story about my family, the prize, and everything else that had happened in the last few days. As I spoke, the dragon's expression went from one of annoyance to one of surprise.

"You must leave," the dragon said when I was finished. "No one must know about this place. If you continue to the end of the forest, more humans will try it, and before the decade is out, I'll be overrun by your people. No, you must go back. And you must tell no one of this cavern, understand?"

I didn't.

"Why must I do as you say?" I asked, feeling bold and foolish at the same time. "Why must I go back? I will not give up the prize which may keep my family from starvation just so that you can keep your privacy!" I was suddenly angry, both with myself and with the dragon. I was angry with myself because the dragon was probably about to roast me for what I had said, and with the dragon because it was keeping me from the prize.

"The prize may keep your family from starvation?" the dragon murmured, sounding shocked and horrified.

I only nodded, feeling hopeless.

"Well, after hearing that, my honor refuses to let me simply send you away," the dragon said.

"Listen carefully, little human."

I listened.

"Let's make a bargain. You may choose any one of these stones on the walls as long as you promise not to tell anyone where you got it. You also may never enter this forest again. Do you understand?" I nodded. "Do you promise to do this?"

"I promise," I replied fervently.

Soon afterwards, the entire town knew that Miranda Tyler, with a new diamond necklace, had returned from visiting her cousins.

Abigail's Bio:

Abigail Refaela Raney is a world traveler. She has lived in five countries on four continents and traveled to many more. She loves creating with words, music, and art; her first loves are books and coffee.

Old Adventurer's Heart

by Anna Marcum

The clunking of wooden mugs and clamor of happy drunks had dulled to a low murmur. The bartender idly wiped the counter as she glanced impatiently at the innkeeper, who had just started to methodically close up the kitchen for the night. The remaining embers of the fireplace glowed dimly, bathing the room in deep oranges and reds which rippled over the stone floors and worn wooden walls. Stained chairs and tables bore the marks of countless drunken brawls and general rowdiness.

There were only a handful of stragglers remaining: a few men draped in fur cloaks were slumped over on the table, occasionally letting out a thunderous snore. Next to them, an unusually thin, bedraggled dwarf swayed and babbled to himself, unaware that his companions had long since departed the realm of the wakeful.

In the far corner sat a large, hulking man with a contemplative expression on his face, who toyed idly with his mug and stared at nothing in particular. His once-shining, rich brown hair was now streaked and spattered with gray, hanging loose and limp over his shoulders. Deep crevasses carved their way across his tanned face like cracks in desert ground, and a scar tore across from his forehead to his upper lip, rendering the eye beneath it forever a milky, unseeing white. The man's leathery hands paused to rub his scraggly and ill-trimmed beard before resuming their fiddling with the hilt of a cutlass propped by his hip. It was a striking specimen, its bronze hilt polished to a shine, with a handle wrapped in worn, black leather. The sheath gleamed gold, covered in intricate carvings of flames that caught the soft glow of the firelight.

As the man took another swig from his mug, he heard the tavern door creak and nearly choked, as a tall, slim man draped in dark purple robes stepped in. He moved with distinct grace and purpose, and wielded a thin, twisted staff of pure white wood.

"The inn is closed for the night, sir." The miffed bartender scowled at the new arrival with the fierceness of a lioness staring down her prey. "You're going to have to pay for a room if you want to stay."

"Ah, apologies for the intrusion. I will only be a moment; I am merely here to collect that gentleman in the corner," was his completely unruffled reply.

The bartender glowered harder, then scoffed and turned back to organizing the bottles on the shelves behind the counter.

The grizzled man shifted to turn to the robed newcomer as he strode over to his table.

Come to "collect" me, eh, Eilvyr?"

"Quite so." Eilvyr sat down and removed his hood, revealing two thin, pointed ears framing a ghostly pale face with delicate, beautiful features. His long, silky hair was similarly pale and silvery, but his eyes burned a bright, unearthly blue.

"Haven't seen hide or hair of ya in a bit. Look at you, lookin' like you haven't aged a day!" the dark man laughed.

Eilvyr raised a distinctly unimpressed eyebrow. "And you look like you've aged one too many, Jasper."

Jasper smirked wryly and swirled the remains of his drink. "So, who sent ya?"

"Idrin."

"Of course it was him. What's the lad on about this time?"

"He is attempting to gather us all once again."

Jasper gave a derisive snort. "Well, the old crew can gather without me," he grumbled. "That little runt. Doesn't he know some of us have lives now?"

"Ah, yes, lives. Like drinking all by yourself in a run-down tavern at the dead of night?"

"Oh, shove off." As Jasper's expression turned sour, the elf's lips curled into a slightly sardonic smile.

"There have been rumors of a necromancer in southwest Stroenga." Eilvyr's smooth voice had taken on a faintly sing-song quality. "And from what I've heard, he's quite the hoarder."

"Why did you even agree to this, Eilvyr?" The bearded man's shoulders slumped in his seat. "I thought we were done with all this."

"Why?" The question was so simple that Jasper was taken aback.

"Well... I..." The man paused, scratching his scruffy chin. "It's just... we did it, y'know? We saved the country. We killed that cursed beast and got our money's worth for it too." He breathed a hefty sigh. "Y'know, I always thought that after the adventure, I'd live a nice, cushy life. I'd take my share of the treasure, find a nice girl, and settle down in a grand old house."

Eilvyr hummed and said nothing.

"All the heavy liftin' is over now. It's time to put our feet up, relax, and take pride in a job well done."

"And yet you still keep Flamecaller by your hip. Isn't it about time you hung it up?" The thin man gave a pointed glance to the cutlass that leaned against Jasper's chair. The man in question remained silent. Eilvyr held out his hand.

"Might I see it?"

Slowly, hesitantly, Jasper lifted his sword and placed it gently into his companion's outstretched palms. He turned it over, running a thumb over the twisting fire patterns. With careful, deliberate motions, Eilvyr pulled Flamecaller out of its sheath. The silver blade gleamed as if brand new, reflecting the dancing light of the embers; it looked as if the sword itself was on fire.

"Do you remember how you sliced that dragon's fang off with this?" Jasper chuckled.

"Do I ever. I thought the fell brute had me then!" A roguish grin spread across his face. "Then Agta had the bright idea of making a drinkin' horn out of it when it was half her height. Hey, does she still have that thing?"

"It's Agta. Of course she does."

"Course. I'm a fool for even askin'." Jasper's gaze turned distant. "Wild times, those were."

"I remember you always had a grin on your face." Eilvyr's nose wrinkled. "And accompanied by the loudest, most ear-grating laugh I had ever heard."

"That... that I did." A pensive silence had fallen over the aged man.

"Would you like to, again?" Glancing up, Jasper saw a glint in his companion's eye, and he knew he was beat. Giving a great snort, he slapped his hand on the table.

"Alright, you got me. As usual." As he pulled himself off his chair with a groan, Eilvyr's smile turned smug and supremely self-satisfied.

"Of course I—" Breaking off with an undignified squawk, Eilvyr doubled over as Jasper clapped him on the back, laughing uproariously.

"Gahahaha! Oh, I missed ya, you stuffy old bat!" He proceeded to ruffle the elf's hair, throwing an arm around his shoulders.

Despite his disgruntled state, Eilvyr managed to glance up at his old friend.

"I... missed you too."

"Of course ya did! Now, what's this I hear about a necromancer?"

Anna's Bio:

Anna Marcum is a graduating senior and aspiring novelist. She enjoys creating characters, sketching mythical creatures, and collecting fossils.

Star Quest Story

By Olivia Siroky

Nicola had a quiet life. As quiet as an elf's life can be anyway, until the night the star fell. That night had been cool and clear in the Elvenwood. It was the night of the star festival, when one of the stars would fall from the sky and one elf would be named to go and recover it, sending it back up to join its fellows. This night was the biggest night of the year, elves gathered in Arboroth from every corner of the Elvenwood to see if their name would be called. Nicola was waiting anxiously with all the others for the king to name the one meant to recover the star, hoping desperately that it was her. The king cleared his voice, and all chatter ceased. Everyone was waiting with baited breath to see who would be named. The king spoke, and said, "Elves, we come together to see who shall be named star-seeker. You shall not wait any longer, for the one who will go is of the name Nicola. Nicola Silverleaf, you are star-seeker, come and accept your position!"

Nicola stood where she was, stock still in shock at her name being called. Finally, she willed her legs to move and walked up to the place where the king stood.

"Do you, Nicola, accept this position?" asked the king.

"Y-y-yes." She managed to stutter out, and then in a clearer voice said "I do."

"Then go to the great tree and take the gear prepared for you. You must leave and go northeast in less than an hour's time." Said the king.

Nicola nodded. After picking up her gear and saying goodbye to her family, she set out on her quest. *Wow, She thought. My name really got called. I'm really on a star quest, just like all those other great elves before me.* After the initial elation, Nicola realized a few problems with her quest. For one, she was not a fast runner or walker, preferring to read books and sing when not being taught. This created the other complication, the fact that she had to find the star before the third dawn or she would fail.

Only the King knew exactly where the star had fallen, and was only allowed to point the seekers in the right direction, not give them the exact location. Only one seeker had ever failed, due to a storm that had come up during the festivities. Still, Nicola was worried about being the only other to fail, and this more than anything sped her legs northeast.

By the dawn of the first day Nicola had traveled to the edge of the Elvenwood. She stopped in one of the small glades that made the border between the Elvenwood and the Griffin plains to have some breakfast. She rummaged through her pack to see what was in it. Her hand brushed against one of the familiar feeling, grass wrapped packages her family had at home. It was a package of panafel, the sweet or savory cakes most elves ate on regular occasions when there wasn't a festival.

She took it out and ate it, then rummaged around some more for the water bottle she knew would be in there. Finding it, she took a long drink and put it back into the bag. She then settled down to sleep for a little while before going on.

The sun woke her up around noon, shining directly into her face. She stretched, slung her pack onto her back, and journeyed on. As the afternoon wore on, Nicola took few breaks, wanting to get to the star as soon as possible. As evening drew near, she was nearing the edge of the plains. Drawing closer to the rocky foothills at the edge of the cliffs that stuck out in the middle of the plains, she saw a large, shadowy shape detach itself from the rocks a little ways away.

She froze, drawing the bow she had been supplied with from around her shoulders and nocking an arrow. She was no great shakes at bow craft, but she was good enough to hit her target. As the shape grew closer, it seemed to grow, thrusting two blade-like shapes into the sky, then lowering them to spread out next to the main body. It was as she had feared, the cat-like body and the wings left no doubt in her mind. It was a Griffin.

She raised her weapon, calling, "Are you friend or foe?"

A deep, rumbling voice answered, "Neither, until I know what you are. Place your weapon upon the ground, then we will talk."

Nicola obeyed, placing her bow on the ground beside her pack.

"Now," said the griffin, "what is your name? I know already that you are an elf by your smell, but what brings you here to the plains?"

She answered, "My name is Nicola, and I am brought here to seek a star which has fallen from the sky."

"Have you the token of the star-seekers?" asked the griffin.

"I don't know. What is this token you speak of?" replied Nicola.

"It is a shining gold chain with a phial on the end. None will have seen it but the king and past star-seekers. Check your pack." Said the griffin.

Nicola rifled around in her pack, finally drawing out a small leather bag. She opened it, drawing out a golden chain that glowed in the fading light of the sunset. A small phial, full of shimmering dust hung on one end, stardust.

After seeing it, the griffin said, "You may pass, star-seeker. May you find what you seek."

Saying this, the griffin knelt, then rose and flew away.

Nicola stared at the bottle and chain for a moment, then saw a gleam out of the corner of her eye. She turned, facing where it had come from. The bottle swung on the chain as she turned and a corresponding gleam came from among the rocks. She stowed the bottle of stardust in her pack, rushing over to where the star lay. Picking it up, she tossed it into the sky and it flew away into the sky like an arrow from a bow. Then she left for home where she was honored by the king and other elves.

The End

My name is Olivia Siroky, and I am fourteen years old. I have three sisters two younger and one older. The younger two have red hair, and my older sister is adopted. I have brown hair and green eyes. I love my sisters a lot, even when they annoy me, because I know that I annoy them too. I love to read and write and want to be an author. I like descriptive writing best; it helps me to really be in the story. Reading is my favorite pastime, and my favorite book genres are fantasy and mystery. I take dance and choir, and love to sing. I live in Texas and like to walk in the woods when it is nice out. I'm a rather shy person and don't talk much unless I'm with certain people, but then I become talkative. I am very serious about my schoolwork and want it to be correct.

Journey

by Peter Briggs

From huge technological advancements affecting the entire human race to individuals walking down the street to their neighbor's house, we journey in so many ways. These journeys can be trivial or extremely difficult to complete, and they can range from extremely short to exceedingly long.

For forever, we have been seeking ways to make these journeys better. The ancient Romans built roads for fast transport around the Roman Empire. James Watt and a few other inventors designed the steam locomotive and the steamboat. More recently, we have invented cars, a highway system, airplanes, and even rockets. This applies not only to literal journeys, but to metaphorical journeys as well. For example, advances in medicine, science, technology, and other fields have improved the quality of our "journey" through life.

We put so much effort into making our journeys better in a variety of ways, but why? Why do we journey, and why do we try to improve these journeys? Would it not be easier (and simpler) to just not journey? What is our motivation, and is it worth all our effort?

Let's start with the first question: why do we journey? As with most things, we journey because we must, we want to, or both. We might have to journey for a variety of reasons, but the hard question is why we might want to journey.

One reason we might want to journey is our human nature. As humans, we are weak, finite, and limited. We are unable to satisfy our desires by ourselves, and thus we look for something greater, something that will help us satisfy these desires. Ultimately, this greater being is God, but we still try to satisfy our desires by journeying.

Now, the second question: why do we try to improve our journeys? As humans, we tend to try to do as little work as possible. Imagine all the effort saved by, say, the invention of cars. We simply cannot let go of the possibility that our journeys might be made easier, and naturally try to make them so.

Finally, the third question: are our journeys worth the effort? Everything we do is a journey. Without journeys, nothing would happen. We wouldn't do anything. And, most importantly, we wouldn't make our journeys towards Heaven.

The effort we put into improving our journeys is worth it too. Look at how far we have come in, to give one example, improving our journey through life. Think about living in a city like ancient Rome. Sure, the idea might seem nice, but really, it's not. It was smelly, filled with disease, and dangerous. Sometimes, life can seem kind of bad, but it's a whole lot better than it could be.

To summarize: yes, our journeys are worth it. ■

Peter's bio

Peter is 13 years old. He enjoys many activities, including playing the piano, learning Latin, and programming computers in the several different languages he knows.

Spring 2023 Poll

For this issue, we asked the Scholé Academy staff members and our fellow students to tell us about a journey that they went on at some point in their life. We hope that these journeys will be an inspiration to you wherever you are on your own life's journey this spring.

Maui, Hawaii

"My husband and I celebrated my 40th birthday (a journey in itself!) with a trip to Maui over Winter Break. We saw whales, sea turtles, and volcanoes!"

~Scholé Academy teacher

Iron-Belle Trail

"In the Summer of 2020, my husband and I hiked and biked over 700 miles following the Iron-Belle Trail from Detroit to Mackinac City (i.e. west and then north across Lower Michigan). I had always known that Michigan was a state rich with natural wonder and history, but traveling on foot 10-15 miles per day for three months through cities, many forests, fields, and along rivers, opened my eyes to what it really means to "stop and smell the roses." Whenever I feel discouraged for any reason, I find that the memories of that trip help me to recover my sense of joy in the world. It was a life-changing journey I will never forget."

~Mrs. Kirsten Fortier, staff member

Shenandoah Mountain

"On my climb to the top of Shenandoah in Virginia, we took the Old Rag route, where we had to scale boulders, leap rocks, and duck into caves. My 2 favorite parts were when we got toward the top and it began to get more challenging, yet more exiting. But my most favorite part was when we reached the top and there was an exquisite and breathtaking view, not to mention boulders to leap about and climb on."

~Audrey, 8th grade

Armenia & France

"Well, my family is Armenian, and so we went to Armenia, and also stopped by France on our way. In Armenia, we visited many ancient monasteries and also popular tourist sights, including the Temple of Garni, Khor Virap Monastery, and others. In France, we were able to see the women's soccer world cup final, in which America won!"

~Alitsa Setian, 7th grade

Colonial Williamsburg

"We took a really long car trip to get to Virginia (it was supposed to be eight hours long, but turned into around 11 because of traffic). It was super cool to see what Colonial houses looked like, and how the people dressed."

~Elsa Hoffman, 7th grade

India

"In the year of 2020, my family along with close friends whose dad is Indian, went to India. While there, we stayed in Dehardun, and experienced the rural culture and food of the Hindus. My favorite part was visiting the orphanages, where we spent time with other children whose parents had leprosy."

~Mamie Chambers, 7th grade

Phillippines

"Flying over the islands was surreal. Just watching the islanders go about their daily lives and preaching to them was a humbling experience. I remember one lady calling, "White boy, give us your bread," and giving the loaves that had been assigned to me to distribute among them."

~Christen Jacob Menken, 7th grade

Paradise Cove, Texas

"It was a place where we could stay all day and create a whole new world! There was a lot of sand and it was really fun to play with. And there were these bubbles in the sand and when you stepped on them the sand would move and make a sound."

~Eliza Trevino, 5th grade

Senior Spotlight

Shaelyn M.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

I will be going off to college at Salve Regina University this fall. Although it's not final, I am interested in studying political science!

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I really love dancing especially contemporary dance!

Favorite Scholé Class?

My favorite Scholé class was American Government!

Favorite Scholé Memory?

My favorite Scholé memory was discussing and debating often difficult topics in my American Government class.



Mabel P.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

Hendrix College, Undecided Major.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love playing lacrosse, and hanging out with friends, as well as baking and quilting.

Favorite Scholé Class?

Western History.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

Getting to meet new people and studying history.





Vejune G.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

University of Maine Honors College to study Molecular and Cellular Biology.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I enjoy reading, doing jigsaw puzzles, and examining old photographs and documents in various archives.

Favorite Scholé Class?

Latin 5 with Mr. Kotynski.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

One of my favorite Scholé memories (and probably my all-time favorite Latin homework assignment) is from Latin 3: we took a poem by Catullus written in hendecasyllabic meter, translated it, and then put the English translation into hendecasyllabic meter. It was tricky, but a lot of fun - thank you, Magister Kotynski.

Mary P.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

I will be attending Benedictine College and studying Music Performance with an emphasis in voice, piano, and choral.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I really enjoy cake decorating. I'm a competitive swimmer and pianist. I also enjoy organizing.

Favorite Scholé Class?

My favorite Scholé Class is any Latin Class I've taken with Mr. Kotynski.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

There's a lot of good memories, but one of my favorites would be when one of the kids got in "trouble" for balancing a spoon on his nose during class.





Elizabeth S.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

I will be attending Hillsdale College this upcoming fall, and I will be double majoring in Biology and Rhetoric.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love snowboarding, making dance covers, eating In-N-Out cheeseburgers, drinking boba, and thrifting. I also enjoy reading murder mysteries, watching rom-coms, driving in the rain, and playing Nintendo Switch games with my friends.

Favorite Scholé Class?

British Literature

Favorite Scholé Memory?

My favorite Scholé Memory is the amazing discussions in my Literature class about the connections between the books we read and our life purpose as Christians.



Rebecca A.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

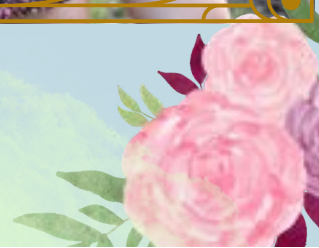
I will be heading to Concordia University this fall and am planning on studying Education, specifically early childhood and elementary education.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

Some of my favorite hobbies include baking, singing, and rock climbing!

Favorite Scholé Class?

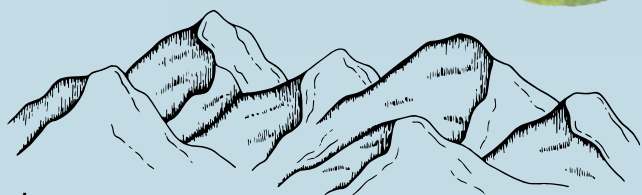
Oh wow, I have taken so many Scholé classes in the past six years, how can I choose? I would say one of my most favorite Scholé classes was American Literature with Mrs. Shaltanis. We read book after book, with a short stories scattered in between, and had really eye opening and meaningful discussions about the text each week during class! We analyzed the text, looked at the symbolism and the journeys the characters went through, and also learned about the author and the time period in which the book was set. I loved everything about this class and am so grateful I was able to take it!



Rebecca's Spotlight Continued

Favorite Scholé Memory?

I don't have a particular favorite Scholé memory, but all the sweet and funny interactions with my classmates and teachers most definitely stand out from my time here at Scholé. One memory in particular that was a highlight of that year was an April Fool's Day prank we played on our Western History teacher, Mrs. Shaltanis. It went over really well and she thought it was very funny.



Josh A.

Where are you headed next and what will you study?

I am looking to go to college for construction management at some point, but for now I am just going to continue working and saving money. Although construction management is of interest to me, nothing is set in stone yet, not even close. I am open to and probably will change my mind multiple times before I make a final decision.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

My absolute favorite hobby is going to the gym. Nothing beats that. I am extremely sports oriented and will play soccer, football, volleyball, ping pong etc for hours on end. Eventually I want to move to a place where I can get a rock climbing membership because it is one of my favorite things to do. Along with those hobbies, I also thoroughly enjoy playing the piano and also speed cube sometimes.

Favorite Scholé Class?

Without a doubt Formal and Informal Logic with Mr. Schambach was by far my favorite class. Nothing else even came close.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

My favorite Scholé memory was, without a doubt, Mr. Schambach. I loved his teaching and our class would spend hours and hours after class time just spending time with him and getting to know each other better.

*Congratulations Class of 2023!
May the Lord bless you and keep you.*

2023 Chronicle Team

Isabella S. (Design Team)

I am a Freshman in Highschool and I have been taking Scholé classes for about 5 years now. I love to draw, sing, act, read and write. I also love photography and hope to become a photographer when I'm older. I am a very energetic, passionate and bubbly person. I will talk books, art and photography with someone for hours. I love to design, to organize and to make the world more beautiful. Basically, you can find me doing anything artistic and you can find me playing with my siblings and being creative. Lastly, I am always searching for the truth, goodness and beauty in life.



Alannah W. (Design Team)



Alannah is a fifteen-year-old Southern California native who is passionate about running, writing, and most importantly, her faith. You can read her articles on her blog, letsrunfree.com, where she seeks to inspire others to embrace the freedom found in Christ. In her spare time, you can find her enjoying the beauty of nature, reading a good book, or helping out with the kindergarteners at her church. Alannah would like to thank her Latin teachers for an amazing three years at Scholé, as she continues her language-learning journey at another online school. This is her last year with Scholé, but she will always carry its memories with her in the years down the road.

Lydia K. (Editing Team)

Lydia is a sophomore and lives in Minnesota. She loves ballet, but also enjoys writing poems, reading, drawing, remaining active and learning. She goes hiking anywhere and everywhere, and visits national parks. This is her second year with Scholé Academy. She is so thankful to her teachers and classmates for making this year simply spectacular ~ *Gratias Magistrae et Magistri!*



Abby M. (Design Team)

Abby M. is a 15-year-old freshman from Arkansas who loves all things art, music, Latin, academics, books, and chocolate. When not doing school or working on her latest design project, you can probably find her hanging out with her awesome friends and family and friends, reading for hours on end, or roaming around outside.



Adalie E. (Head Editor)

Adalie is a high school sophomore who can often be found exploring the beautiful nature of Colorado, whether backpacking, running, skiing, or swimming. She also loves theatre, painting, the satisfaction of reading a good book during a thunderstorm, and spending time with friends. This is her eighth and final year with Scholé Academy, and her fifth assisting with the Scholé Chronicle.





Rebecca A. (Design Team)

Rebecca is a senior in high school and lives in Wisconsin. She enjoys singing, baking, rock climbing and spending time with her family and friends. She has been a part of Scholé Academy for the past six years and the Scholé Chronicle for four years. She is beyond grateful for all the opportunities she has had to be taught by such incredible teachers and learn with so many sweet classmates and will miss this community very much!

Madeleine Grace B. (Editing/Design)

Madeleine Grace is a just-turned-16 sophomore in her third year at Scholé who loves to research and study just about anything, and is especially a nerd in the topics of the history of the English language, Christian theology, DNA, and historical women's fashion. She has many hobbies [which she enjoys when not outside gardening in a cloak, drinking tea and having deep thoughts, listening to podcasts, or wishing she was a jedi] including: violin, musical theater, taekwondo, weaponry, sewing costumes, several forms of dance, drawing, bullet journaling, organizing, and writing fantasy/sci-fi stories.



If you have any interest in joining the Scholé Chronicle Team next fall, please contact awhite.schole@gmail.com.



Thank you for reading!

Wishing you a summer full of rejuvenation and strength for the journey ahead, whatever that road may bring! We will see some of you in the fall for our next issue, and hope that this issue of the Chronicle gave you the inspiration and encouragement you need for your next steps.

