

SCHOLÉ ACADEMY'S

The Scholé Chronicle

SUMMER EDITION
2024

September 2024

ScholAcademy.com

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Letter from the Editors

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Dear readers,

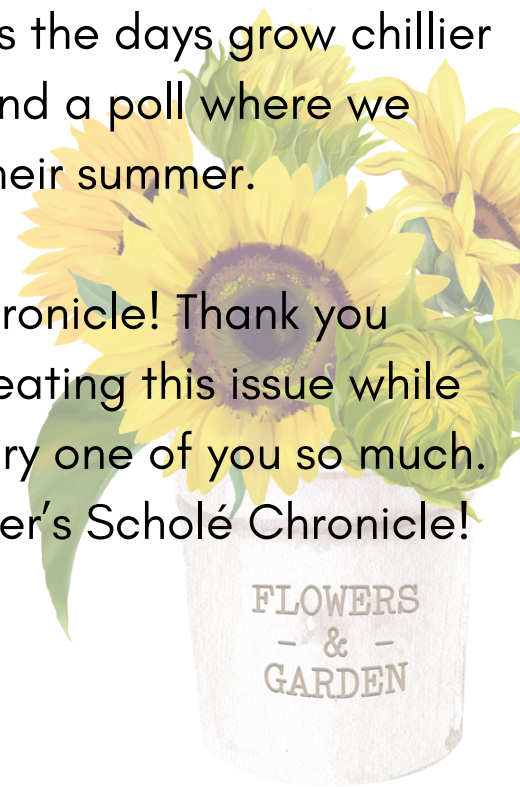
What a summer this has been for both of us! We made so many memories, toured amazing places, and learned a lot! We hope that wherever you spent your summer—whether on vacation or at home—you had a blast! Hopefully, you were able to rest and rejuvenate from last year and prep for a new school year!

With that in mind, we welcome you to the new school year: 2024-25. We can't wait to see all the adventures this new year holds for us! We wish you the greatest luck in all your endeavors, whether you're graduating, starting highschool for the first time or just moving up another grade!

This year, we decided to create a summer edition of the Scholé Chronicle, to welcome you all into Canvas and the start of the new school year. Within these pages you'll find travel diary entries, poems and photography revolving around the theme of travel. Besides that, there are two lovely summertime recipes that you can still enjoy even as the days grow chillier and the leaves drop from the trees. Finally, you'll find a poll where we asked Scholé students to tell us a little bit about their summer.

We hope you enjoy this 15th issue of the Scholé Chronicle! Thank you design & editing teams for all your hard work in creating this issue while on summer vacation! We appreciate each and every one of you so much. And without further ado, please dig into this summer's Scholé Chronicle!

Soli deo gloria,
Isabella Jaelle & Madeleine Grace



Seasonal Column

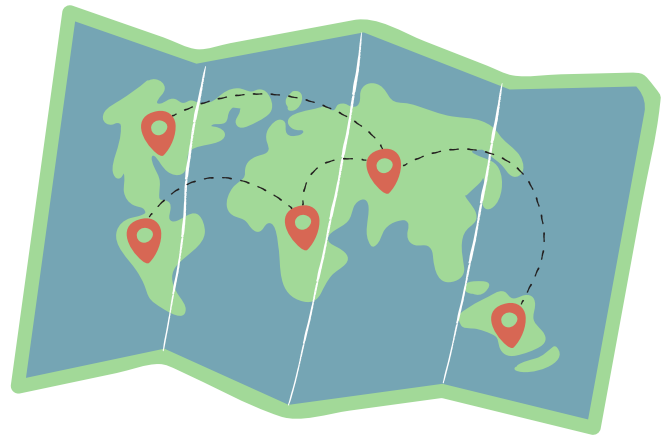
Summer

Under the rainclouds

The plum blossoms seem like stars

Despite the daylight.

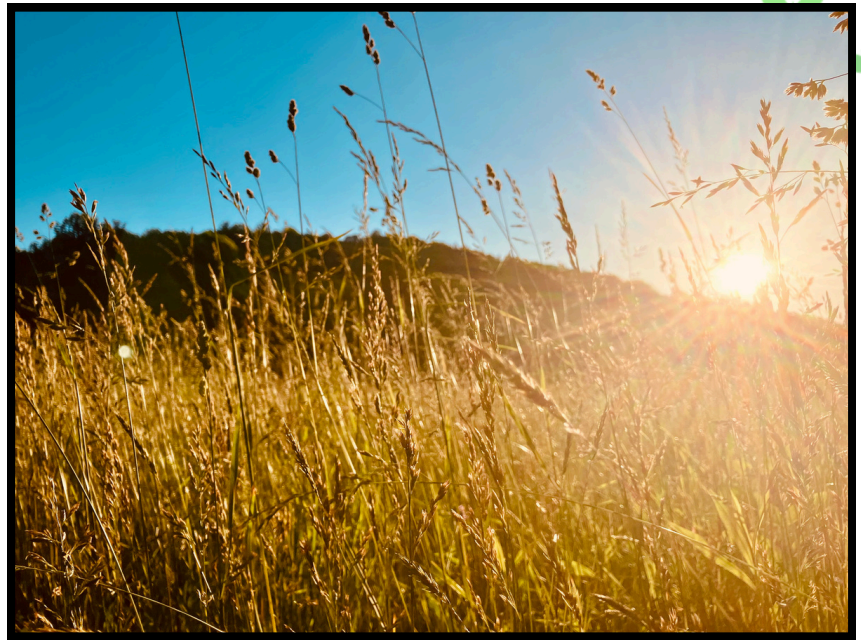
~Uejima Onitsura



Photography

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Country Sunset by Lilyann



Two Chicks in a Cherry Tree



I am Lilyann and I am 15 years old,
about to be a Sophomore. In my free
time I enjoy writing, theater, horseback
riding and exploring the outdoors.



Photography



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Beautiful Bells

by Chloe O.





A Summer Flight

by Abigail H.

It is strange to think about how only three days ago I was sitting curled up next to the windowsill reading one of my favorite books, 50 Best Ways to Spend Your Summer. I had been in that book almost every day since school ended looking for another pursuit to occupy my time. I spent numerous days carrying out classic summer activities like visiting the local waterpark, swimming at the beach, and fishing with my grandfather. I had been to a camp one week and Washington D.C. the next. Nothing is going to compare to this trip. I am going to Antarctica! It is the perfect way to conclude summer vacation before I travel to England for college.

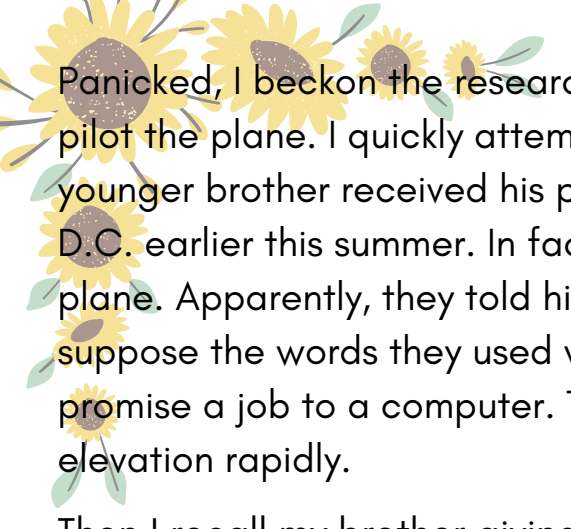
How this all came about is quite simple. I entered myself into a contest to win an educational trip to accompany wildlife researchers in Antarctica. Somehow, out of thousands of entries, I was chosen for the adventure of a lifetime.

Now I am sitting on a plane with a research team that is comprised of a dozen men and women clutching their laptops and heavy cold-weather gear.

The plane flies silently over the ocean. A shiver of excitement runs through my spine when I see the water below begin to fill with ice. Soon we will arrive at the base. We smoothly sail across the sky while the sea becomes a frozen tundra.

Thud! The plane shakes violently. I stand up alert while the research members glance around worriedly. None of them seem to know what caused such frightening movements in the plane. Looking for reassurance, I run into the control room where, to my horror, I find we have been on autopilot the entire time. Here we are flying over a frigid ocean without a pilot. The alarming shaking and thudding reoccurs. Then a loud siren fills the room while the dashboard of the plane lights up with terrifying news. The autopilot has malfunctioned. The plane has already begun to lose altitude.





Panicked, I beckon the research team into the cockpit. None of them know how to pilot the plane. I quickly attempt to recall every experience I've had in a plane. My younger brother received his pilot's license last year. He flew me to Washington D.C. earlier this summer. In fact, he informed me that he had applied to fly this plane. Apparently, they told him they already promised the role to another pilot. I suppose the words they used were pilot and not person. Still, I fail to see how you promise a job to a computer. That is not important now, for we are losing elevation rapidly.

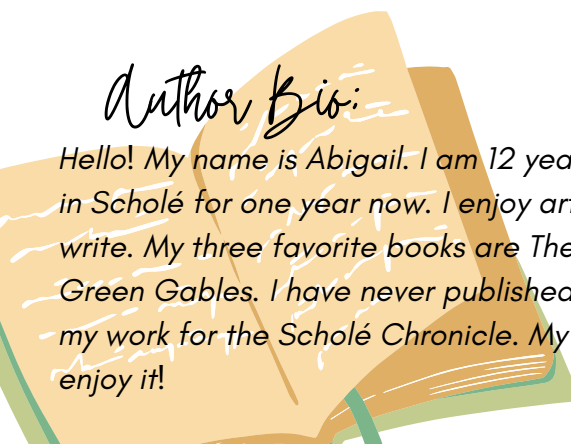
Then I recall my brother giving me a crash course on the fundamental basics of aviation. The controls on the plane look somewhat familiar. At this point I have two options, I either attempt to pilot this thing or we slam into the frozen water below. With seconds before we hit the ice, I grab the steering wheel and pull it towards myself as forcefully as possible. The plane jerks up and the aquatic abyss seems to fall away. My ears pop as we begin to gain altitude.

If I am being completely honest, I didn't expect that my idea would succeed. Now I am stuck piloting this flying machine over an icy ocean that could be my death. I keep a straight, determined face as we calmly glide over the waters. My demeanor is composed; however, the ride is anything but peaceful. It is dreadfully bumpy. I, uncertainly, assure the team that it is common for this model of plane to behave this way. This seems to go on for hours and hours. Finally, the frigid water turns to snowy ground and the base is soon in sight.

It is time for me to land the plane. Slowly I bring the aircraft down. It's a rather rough landing and I crash into several objects, but everyone is uninjured. Awaiting at the base is a team of medical professionals and a pilot who can later return me home. The rest of the trip is rather uneventful in comparison. I do learn innumerable things about Antarctica and the conservation efforts being made there.

The flight home is a serene one. I am beyond happy to curl up by the windowsill to read once more.

Author Bio:



Hello! My name is Abigail. I am 12 years old and will be going into 7th grade. I have been in Scholé for one year now. I enjoy art, playing the piano and softball. I love to read and write. My three favorite books are The Hunger Games, Lord of the Rings, and Anne of Green Gables. I have never published anything before and am excited to be submitting my work for the Scholé Chronicle. My entry is a fictional travel adventure. I hope you enjoy it!





Artwork



Lavender
By Providence F.



Dockside Watch
By Adi R.

My name is Adi R. I am 14. I love creating things with my hands, be that origami, kirigami, or dioramas. I love playing video games with my friend and playing volleyball. I was a missionary kid and lived in South Africa for 10 years, which sparked my interest for encountering and studying different animals. I hope to study architecture when I enter college.

Hi! My name is Providence and I love watercoloring cats and kittens. Cats are my favorite animal and I love the color lavender. I am 11 years old, and I have five siblings. I am so happy I got to participate in the Summer Chronicle!





Drawing Dreams



Sunset Serenity

By Amaya W.



Moonlit Melody

By Amaya W.



Thematic Column

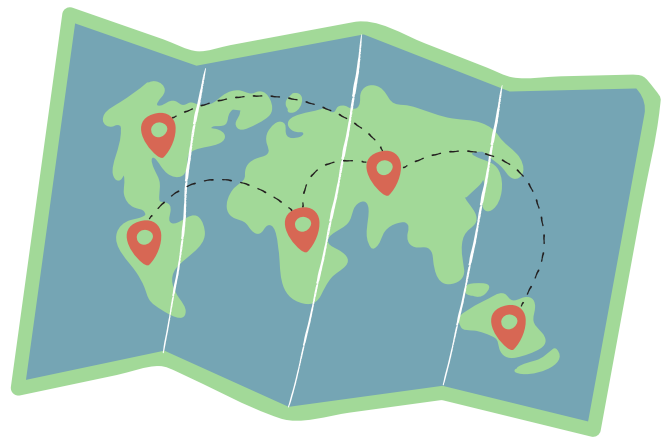
Travel

Rippling waves

With the wind scent

Beat together.

~Basho





Serendipity at Dawn

by Brigid C.



In the early morning when it's misty and cold,
I put on my dressing gown and sojourn to the secret world of dawn.
As if in a dream I fly across the path, and flow through the grass,
To the singing that can be heard from the bush by the spring.
The chirrups, the bright and sweet melodies,
The low harmonies all blend together in a perfume of peace.
And as I wait and as I watch, fascinated, drawing it all in,
I see the thing I have been waiting for forever for;
Peeking out of the green bush comes the shape of a brilliant bird;
Its plumage a lovely color, its eyes very dark;
And its rufous long tail is quite a sight to see.

Oh, how I love the Nightingale! The way it flies, the way it sings!
But I must be very quiet-
for I have been lucky today, as the Nightingale is hard to spot,
hiding among overgrown things.
Now it hops gaily out, to peck at the ground;
I see it pull something out, a worm, I think-
And disappear among the bushes.
And I wait some more,
but nothing comes out of the greenery,
so I tiptoe away, away, away!
To my home and to my bed, slipping back into magic bliss.

About The Author

Hi, my name is Farah, though I'm known as Brigid as it is my Saint name. I have recently been learning piano, and am interested in learning to sew. Me and my siblings are currently into a series called 'Keeper of the Lost Cities.' I enjoy baking, playing the piano and reading. I am currently growing pumpkins with my Mother and sister. In the future, I hope to have at least one published novel.





I Never Wanted It to End

by Jeremiah R.



In the RV, we drove miles and miles
Around the US we rode
Me and my family had many smiles
Hitting a deer, we were towed

National parks like Yellowstone
And Alaska skiing too
Marveling at the dinosaur bones
Niagara Falls, the water is so blue

Camping in tents under the stars
Smores went over the flames
Golden marshmallows and chocolate bars
Playing matches of Uno games

Michigan and Minnesota's winter vacation
Launching fireworks into the midnight sky
My grandparents are the best foundation
Sleepovers with friends made the time fly by

The best vacation with my family and friends
Full of laughter, I never wanted it to end

About The Author

I'm Jeremiah, and I am great at juggling and riding a unicycle and both at the same time. I have moved through 19 different houses with my parents, 3 brothers, and sister. I have always been a creative writer, and I have found publishing my work to be very fun.





Forever Californian

by Sarah S.

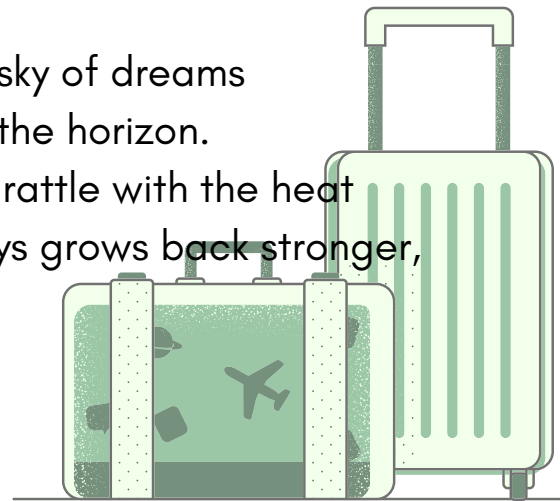


When God created Earth, He set aside a paradise—
It lies beyond the gates of Eden and in a separate sphere.
There, it catches the rays of the falling sun as it sinks
Below a patchwork kingdom of vineyards and deserts,
Each square stitched together by threads of barren highways:
And Joseph still wears his rainbow coat.

California is a thin-pressed canvas of saturated hues,
Of charcoal ridges descending into sanguine valleys.
Tears of legend caress Half-Dome's face, oozing down the wrinkles
Of her crumbling cheeks, grooved and worn like ancient bark.
Pleasure is found in the bowels of nature, walking the trails that Muir himself trod,
And watching the sun set fire to waterfalls.

California is the taste of bitter sea salt spray, splashing soundlessly
On the slick, black rocks of Monterey; it is a window to God's transcendent glory,
Watching otters reunite after being battered against the riptide,
Their chirps and squeals resounding as they tumble through the kelp-infused haze,
While eagles, overhead, spin like fleeting shadows upon the crown of Morro Rock:
And they find joy in nothing more than dancing with the wind.

California is the paling, ashen, cotton sky,
Dark like quail feathers - a sky of smokestack fumes, a sky of dreams
Intertwining their tails like the very clouds that wander the horizon.
It is a sky polluted by a million forest fires, whose lungs rattle with the heat
Of their own breath: this land was charred, but it always grows back stronger,
And through the soot, new life dares to emerge.



California is a steaming, savory blend of flavors,
All the world congregated in the hollow of its stomach.
Its nurturing juices sustain a population of a thousand tongues,
Great biomes of people whose roots sink deep, forge chasms of history
Within every step they tread upon the black and emerald soil:
And they call this place Home.



California is a subject for love ballads—
Like a troubadour, I sing prose for all its beautiful imperfections.
Every desert has its droughts, every mountain peak, a shattered crown,
And nothing that is dust is flawless, for Eden's twin began the same.

But there is goodness in the furnace, if one only cares to sift through the ashes.
My heart has settled elsewhere, but it is not detached.
I am a piece of this, a piece of that, but in the end,
I'm forever Californian – which is forever fine to be.





Photography

by Isabella S.



Gondolas in Venice

Canal in Venice



Ferrari





Chocolate: Milk, Ruby and Dark with a Few Stories of Death

by Alitsa S.



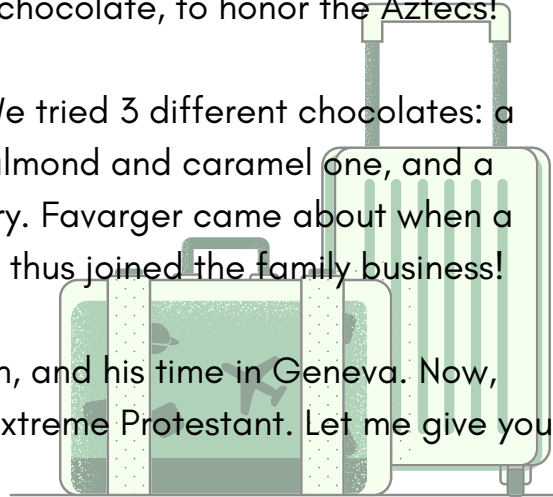
Travel Diary Entry No. 1

In this post, I'll discuss a favorite treat of mine: chocolate! Yep, I'd do anything for that dark, aromatic, delightful stuff. It just melts in the mouth and reminds me of all the happiest days of my life. Yes, there's nothing that can beat chocolate, and I'm sure many of my readers agree. But this next statement might be controversial – dark chocolate is definitely the best!! Okay, okay, enough of my rambling. Yesterday, we went on a chocolate tour of Geneva, which was super duper fun, informational, and, um, chocolatey!

The first stop on our tour was the famous Ladurée, whose main location is in Paris. Our guide grabbed some chocolate and we headed out to sit near the lake (in the shade, because it was quite hot). At this point, we learned the history of chocolate (you know, I think I could be a professor of chocolate at Harvard – who needs business when you have chocolate!). Anyway, in the early Aztec and Mayan civilizations, the god something Quetzal or other (his name means the feather-serpent-headed god), gives chocolate to the people and teaches them to grind the cocoa powder, mix it with water, and make a drink out of it. You can imagine that this would be extremely bitter, so they started experimenting with chili peppers and such. Quetzal dude's brother (I have no idea what his name was) got jealous, because the Aztecs loved Quetzal so much. The brother (also the god of darkness) gave tequila to Quetzal, who got super drunk and floated away on accident, but not before telling his people he'd return one day. Fast forward a couple hundred years and Cortez arrived in South America. He and his soldiers wore feathers on their heads, and the Aztecs thought that Quetzal had come back. Well, let's just say the Aztec civilization was soon destroyed. Cortez took a bunch of riches back with him, including chocolate, and that's how the good stuff made it to Europe! In 1538, King Charles of Spain added sugar to the chocolate, thus beginning the chocolate craze. The chocolate we tried from Ladurée was hot chocolate, to honor the Aztecs!

Our next stop was Favarger, which has been open since 1826. We tried 3 different chocolates: a raspberry with dark chocolate one, a milk chocolate, hazelnut, almond and caramel one, and a dark chocolate with crispy biscuits. My favorite was the raspberry. Favarger came about when a man named Jean-Samuel married a chocolatier's daughter, and thus joined the family business!

Now, we'll talk about something a little controversial: John Calvin, and his time in Geneva. Now, Calvin was obviously the founder of Calvinism. He was also an extreme Protestant. Let me give you



an example - if you were at a baptism and you smiled, you'd go to jail. If you fell asleep during one of Calvin's sermons, you'd go to jail. Calvin also enlisted the "moral police" which would go to your house, interrogate your kids, and learn if you'd been enjoying yourself lately. Sounds fun, huh? But anyway, a lot of people went out of business in Calvin's time - especially people such as jewelers, because, well, jewelry had no function, so therefore, it wasn't to be tolerated. But, the one thing Calvin did allow to continue was....chocolate! Yep, he believed it had all sorts of medicinal qualities (or maybe he secretly loved it?). So, it was during this time that chocolate in Geneva really boomed, because the people had nothing else to do. Interesting, right?

We headed to the Arsenal of Geneva, where there are old cannons, and tried a rare type of chocolate - ruby chocolate. It's completely natural, and comes from a ruby cocoa bean. It's a little too sweet for me, but good, nonetheless. We learned of an interesting Genevan tradition. In 1602, the Duke of Savoy tried to attack Geneva. His men were to climb over the walls and overwhelm the city. Well, in her house, a woman named Katherine was making soup for her 14 children and sick husband...at 2am in the morning. She heard sounds, looked out the window, and promptly dumped her soup on the Duke of Savoy's troops. And thus, Katherine saved the city, because everyone woke up from the sound of screaming men. I wonder what was in the soup? Nowadays, there's a tradition that occurs every December the 12th, in which the oldest and youngest members of the family join hands and smash a special chocolate cauldron, in commemoration of Katherine. We got to do it as well, even though it's June! Lazaro, my brother, was the youngest, and another man volunteered to be the "oldest." They smashed the cauldron and we ate the chocolate. Yum!

The final stop was Guillaume Bichet. We got a little baggie with 4 pieces of chocolate: an almond covered in dark chocolate with honey, and cocoa powder, one called "Rubis" with chocolate, passion fruit, and caramel, the "Maya" dark chocolate one (which won an award twice) with lime and verbena, and finally, the "Corsica" with milk chocolate and hazelnut.

All in all, this was an excellent chocolate tour!





The Catacombs of Domatilla: Rome, Italy by Isabella S.



Travel Diary No. 2

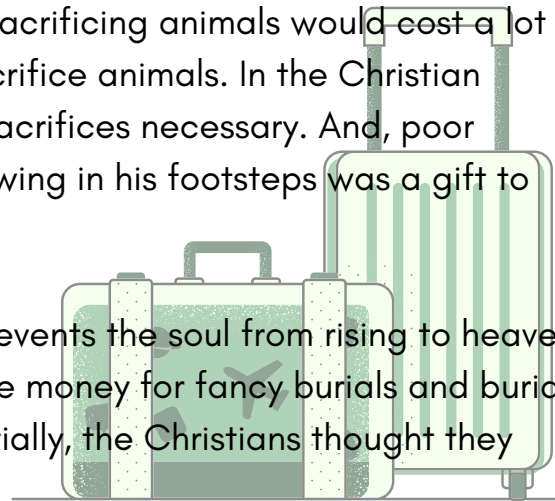
Hello friends,

Yesterday, my family and I had the privilege of going to the Christian catacombs in Rome! This was both an amazing experience – getting to hear about the history of the catacombs as well as a refreshing change from the hot weather in Rome. (It is about 60 degrees Fahrenheit underground!) We went 44 ft underground, on the first level of a four level underground complex! Groups are only allowed to visit the catacombs with a tour guide, for the obvious reason that getting lost is a great possibility! (Apparently there were large spiders underground, but our tour guide failed to mention that till after the tour had concluded, perhaps for the better.)

Let's start with a bit of history. First of all, catacomb means an underground Christian burial site. And, that definition is rather self-explanatory, because that is exactly what these catacombs were. The Romans are incredibly hygienic and disposing of the dead was an essential part of life in Rome. Disposing of the dead is so important that there are specific rules of how to do it. By law, citizens were supposed to dispose of the dead bodies outside of the city. Furthermore, speaking of cost, most Roman citizens cremated their dead, because it was more cost-effective. Thus, the two rules were – cremate and dispose of outside the city.

However, cue in the Christians– after Christ's death and resurrection, Christianity began to spread like wildfire across the Roman Empire. Now, since the Christian populations were growing at a rapid rate, that meant there were lots of dead people to dispose of. One more thing, many of these Christians were dirt poor and that is why Christianity appealed to them; there is no class in Christianity and there are no sacrifices. One can imagine that sacrificing animals would cost a lot (a pagan tradition), and these poor people could not afford to sacrifice animals. In the Christian religion, Jesus already died on the cross, so there are no more sacrifices necessary. And, poor people didn't have anything else, so believing in Jesus and following in his footsteps was a gift to them.

In the Christian tradition, it is wrong to cremate because this prevents the soul from rising to heaven. So, now we have a large problem – poor people (who don't have money for fancy burials and burial plots) who cannot cremate... how to solve this? Catacombs. Initially, the Christians thought they



could build burial plots on top of the land that was donated by other Christians. But, seeing that this was much too expensive, they decided to create networks of underground tombs to store their dead. Interestingly, these gravediggers were not just any old gravediggers, but they were architects and engineers as well! The systems of tombs underground are quite vast and amazing!

There are about 500 kilometers of catacombs, the equivalent of the distance from Florence to Rome!! About 190,000 people have been buried in the catacombs. You would think that these diggers would reach the property lines and continue digging. After all, everything's underground, who would notice? But, the Christians continued digging, by starting new levels under the first one. And so, the catacombs would be 4-5 levels deep. Gravediggers would try to fit as many coffins inside the catacombs, taking advantage of the space.

Exploring the catacombs was a really cool experience and getting to learn about the early Christians was just as amazing. There are a few incredibly old depictions of Peter and Paul (frescos) as decoration on the tombs. These are the oldest depictions of Peter and Paul!! Usually, the richer Christians could afford fancy designs on their tombs like symbols (the fish, the alpha & omega symbol) or frescos. Unfortunately, due to the wet conditions underground, many of the frescos did not survive and we only have a few remaining.

These catacombs are an engineering marvel and well worth the visit. A few of the tombs still had the bones of saints inside! Almost all the tombs have been opened and broken into by the Barbarians centuries ago. There aren't any bones left in the opened tombs, except for a few. It is amazing that Christianity has thrived for so long and I think my faith is greatly encouraged and strengthened when I hear about my Christian predecessors. They were strong and they had great faith in their Savior.

Soli deo gloria,

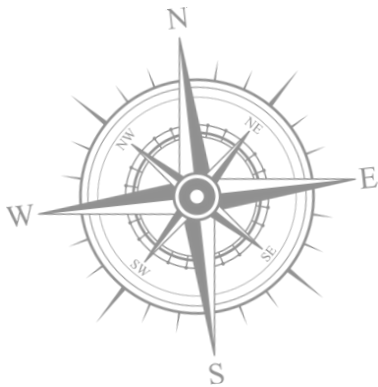
-Isabella



Poll: What was the highlight of your summer?

We asked our fellow classmates what made their summer special. Here are some of the responses!

"I got up a 5:30 A.M. every day and worked. then I worked. Finally, I worked. I also strung a zip line over our pond and took the course for a hunting license. I took a chemistry class over the summer and learned a lot. I also tried trap shooting and I'm thinking about joining a team at a local school."



Michael C. 10th Grade

"The highlight of my summer was going to an awesome Christian camp with my cousins. We slept in tents all week and went white water rafting, rock climbing, zip lining, and much more. It was great to be with kids who believed in the Lord and were ready for an adventure, whether it was hiking eight miles or singing for two hours in the car."

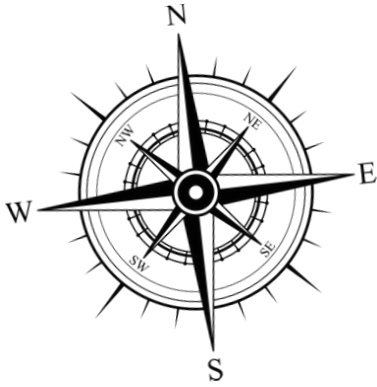
Beatrice C., 10th grade

"the highlight of my summer was probably the time i got to spend with my bff. we met years ago as military kids stationed at the same base, and though we haven't lived in the same state for years, we are still very close. she came and visited for a whole week in july and the time spent with her was sweet, restful (and crazy!!) and just such a blessing <3."

Nola H. 10th Grade

“When my swim team won the county championships!”

Rowen F., 11th grade



“I went to the lake with my family and I got a boating license, so I was able to drive our jet ski. It was so much fun!”

Joshua G., 9th grade

“My swim team won the championship for the third time this year, and my two friends who have been dating for a while got engaged!”

Jane F. 8th Grade

“The highlight of my summer was seeing Madeleine in the flesh.”

Michael H. 11th grade

“Solo travelling through Italy for a month, taking classes there, looking at gorgeous art, and discovering my spiritual home.”

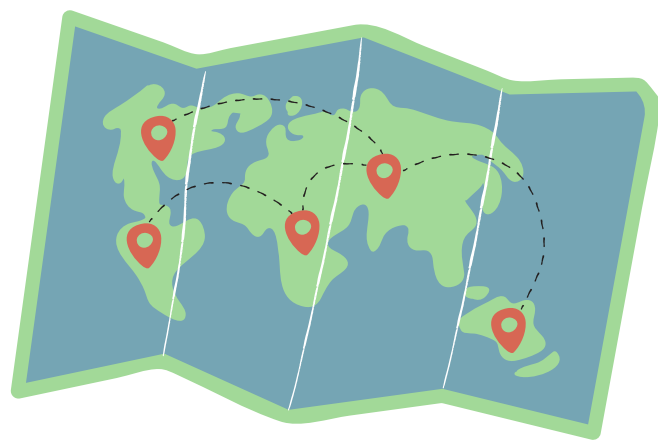
Louisa T., 12th Grade

“I flew solo on a plane to visit my relatives in California.”

Claire H., 9th grade

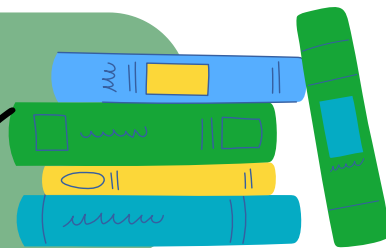
Arts & Entertainment

*The butterfly—
What are the dreams that make him
Flutter his wings?
~Kaga no Chiyo*



Harvy is Coming

by Anna D.



You have a choice. You can take a billion dollars, but you will have a snail follow you for the rest of your days. The snail is poisonous to you, and you only. If it touches you, you will die. Even if it touches the backpack that you are wearing, you will die. It moves at the normal pace of a snail and always knows where you are. You cannot put a tracker on it, you will never know where it is. This snail is immortal, indestructible. You cannot trap it. If you put it in a box sealed with cement, it will get out. If you send it to space, it will come back to earth. The snail can travel on water. The snail's name is Harvy.

Or, you can walk away. Give up the billion dollars and go live your life snail free. No one will judge. This is the choice that you are given. Which will you choose?

Questions that people commonly ask are:

Is the animal really a snail? Can it be any other creature?

Yes, the creature really is a snail. No, it cannot be any other creature.

Can the snail be crushed beyond repair?

No. The snail is both indestructible and immortal. If it receives any injuries in its travel to you, it will automatically heal.

Is there a way to defeat the snail?

Yes. There is one way to defeat the snail. Don't take the billion dollars. The snail will only go after the people who take the billion dollars.

Is the snail's name really Harvy?

Yes. The snail's name really is Harvy.

Can the snail's name be changed?

No. The snail's name may not be changed. It's name is Harvy for a reason that will not be disclosed.

This is your choice. It is up to you to decide which you will choose. A fun fact that may help you decide. The pace of an average garden snail is 0.03 miles per hour. If you move to the opposite side of the world from where the snail starts, it will take the snail thousands of years to reach you. But be aware, the snail can hitch rides on any mode of transportation. Boats, trains, cars, airplanes. So will it really take it thousands of years to reach you?

Take care, Harvy is coming.

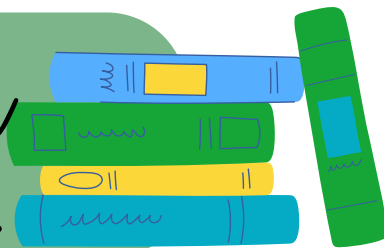
About The Author

My name is Anna, I am 14 and in 9th grade. I am a major bookworm and have started a few stories before. I enjoy chilling with my family, swimming and singing. There really isn't much else to know about me. I like to stay low, off the radar so I don't do a lot of things. The above writing was inspired by a discussion in my Logic class. I wanted to share the dilemma.



Echo and the Wanderer

by Annabelle K.



Her hair was long and brown, flowing
 Down her straight and graceful back;
 Her graceful body was lovely to be seen,
 As she stood in the glade lightly dancing,
 To the song of a hidden harp.
 Her eyes were grey and lovely, shining
 With an unearthly and glowing light,
 And about her fireflies were softly flying
 To light the darkening night.
 As she stood dancing, in the glade,
 Suddenly, in stumbled a wanderer.
 Very tired he had been made,
 With his long, weary hours of traveling with no aid,
 Yet he stopped and stared in wonder.
 Enchantment seemed to fall on the glade,
 A spell everything seemed to be under.
 Then the girl turned and smiled in a kindly way,
 Then was gone. She was there no longer.
 "Please wait!" he called out pleadingly,
 Running forward, "Who are you so fine?"
 Yet no answer came to his ears, sadly,
 Only the sound of a thrush singing gladly.
 "Come here!" he called out one more time.
 "Come here! Come here to me!"
 Then he heard a soft, sweet voice from far away:
 "To me! To me! To me!"
 He ran on through the darkening woods,
 Searching 'round for the girl he'd seen.
 Yet all his searching did no good,
 The girl was lost to him in the wood,
 He began to wonder if 'twas a dream.
 "Come back!" He cried, "Please do not go!
 Who are you, please? I wish to know!"
 Then suddenly, a clear voice was heard crying
 Like the voice of a heavenly star falling,
 "Echo! Echo! Echo!"

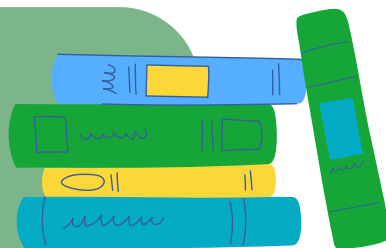
About the Author

Hey everyone!

My name is Annabelle. I'm thirteen years old and the oldest of six kids. I love doing quiet things like reading, crocheting, practicing Spanish, drawing (even though I can't actually draw), and especially writing. I am also a huge fan of Tolkien, C.S.

Lewis, Louisa Alcott, and potatoes

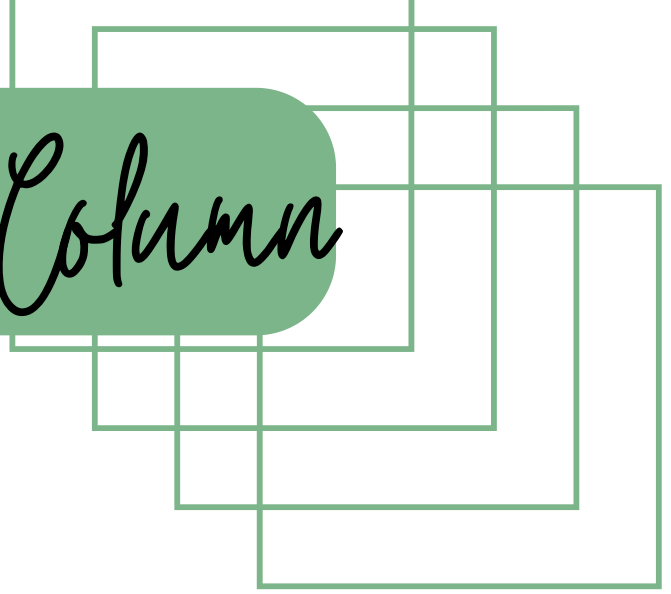
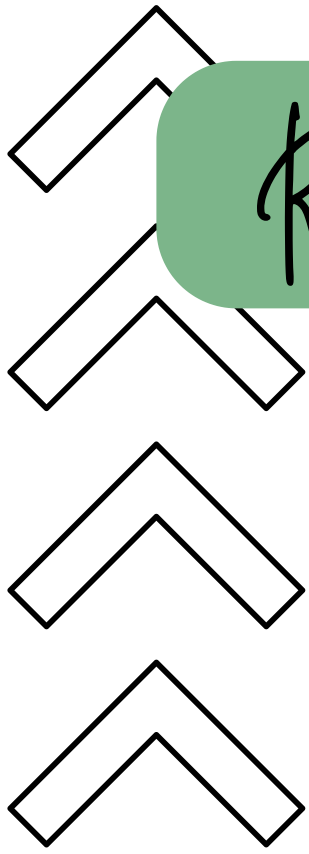
Artwork



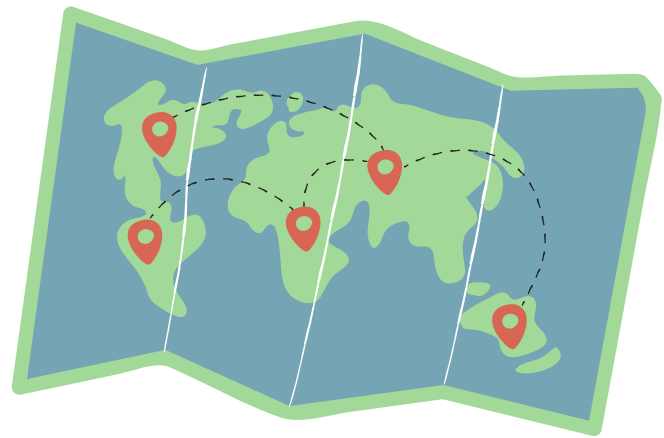
Flower Burst
by Sarah S.



Recipes Column

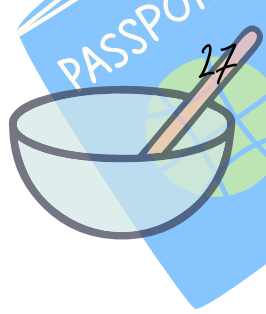


*All the rains of June,
And one evening, secretly,
Through the pines, the moon.
-Oshima Ryota*



Over the Rainbow Bundt Cake

by Reagan



Looking for a fun, summery thing to bake? I strongly recommend this recipe! Over the Rainbow Bundt Cake is sure to blow you away with its multicolor swirl in the center, pristine moisture, and sweet vanilla taste! Hopefully this rainbow can also remind you of God's beautiful symbol (Genesis 9:13), and serve as a reminder that he is faithful to us and will never break his promises!

Ingredients:

3 sticks unsalted butter at room temperature
1 ½ cups granulated sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 ½ teaspoons salt
2 to 4 teaspoons vanilla extract
6 large eggs at room temperature
3 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup milk
Red, yellow, green, blue, and purple food coloring
Gold sanding sugar/sprinkles/edible glitter (optional.)

For the glaze:

¼ cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract



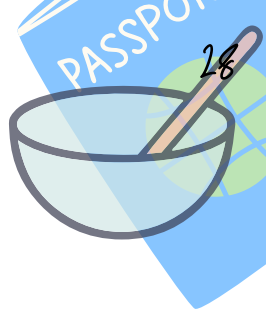
Directions:

Step 1: Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
Step 2: In a large mixer, beat together the butter and sugar at medium speed until fluffy. Scrape the sides and the bottom of the bowl with a spatula.
Step 3: Add the baking powder, baking soda, and salt, mixing just to combine.
Step 4: Measure out the flour and set aside.
Step 5: With the mixer going at medium speed, add the first three eggs to the butter-sugar mix one at a time, making sure each egg is mixed in before adding the next.
Step 6: After the third egg, add 2 tablespoons of the measured flour to the mix until combined. Continue alternating the remaining eggs with 2 tablespoons of the measured flour.
Step 7: Measure out the cup of milk and add the vanilla to it.
Step 8: Gradually add the remaining flour, alternating with the vanilla-milk. Scrape the sides and bottom of the bowl and make sure the batter is smooth and fluffy.
Step 9: Divide batter between 5 bowls
Step 10: Using food coloring, dye each bowl a different color, being sure to mix well.
Step 11: Thoroughly grease the bundt pan and pour in the red batter, then carefully layer yellow batter on top and DON'T mix them together. Do the same with green, blue, and purple.
Step 12: Bake until a toothpick goes in and out clean, about 35 minutes. Let it cool for 10 minutes, then carefully invert onto a cooling rack to cool completely.
Step 13: Stir together the water, sugar and vanilla for the glaze with a spoon until smooth. Drizzle over cooled cake and sprinkle with gold sprinkles/ glitter/etc.
Enjoy!!

About the Author

My name is Reagan. I'm almost 13 years old and I'm going into seventh grade. I love acting/theater, reading, writing, baking, skiing, the ocean, scuba diving, summer, parties, and Golden Retrievers. I recently played the part of Dory in a theater production of Finding Nemo, and it was one of the best things that has ever happened to me! I have two awesome sisters, and two awesome parents who never give up on me. "The Lord is gracious and merciful; slow to anger and great in lovingkindness." Psalm 145:8

Peach and Watermelon Salad



Taken from the Magnolia Magazine, Issue no. 31 (Fixer Upper)

prep: 20 minutes makes: 8 servings

Ingredients

4 cups cubed watermelon ($\frac{3}{4}$ inch cubes)
3 peaches, peeled (if desired), pitted, and cubed
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups shaved fennel (1 medium bulb)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil
3 tbsp. fresh lime juice

2 tbsp. finely chopped shallot
1 tbsp. honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. kosher salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. freshly ground black pepper
1 tsp. ground sumac or ground ancho chile pepper
Crème Fraîche



image taken from internet

Directions:

Arrange watermelon, peaches, and fennel on a platter or toss together in a large bowl. In a small bowl whisk together olive oil, lime juice, shallot, honey, salt, and black pepper. Drizzle over salad. Sprinkle sumac over salad. Top each serving with a spoonful of crème fraîche.

Meet the Team!



Isabella: Design Team Leader

This summer, I was able to visit several locations in Italy over the span of 2 1/2 months. We got to see sights like the Colosseum, Ostia Antica, the Uffizi Gallery and much more. We visited places like Bologna, Cinque Terra, Venice, Florence and Rome. I think my favorite part of this trip was getting to spend quality time with my family and also getting to see where history really began - in Italy and the Roman Empire. Oh and I can't forget, getting to see famous paintings in the Uffizi Gallery was another great favorite! I was also able to take over 2,000 photos of all the beautiful things I saw. Check out some of my photography on my website: belleveritephotography.mypixieset.com Besides getting to see Italy, I also sang in France on my choir's spring concert tour. We sang in Chartres, La Madeleine and St Aubin-Sur-Mer, (among other churches and locations) singing in commemoration of the 80th anniversary of D-Day. We sang an original 6 movement piece besides our 15 other pieces.



Madeleine: Editing Team Leader

Madeleine spent the summer being intermittently sick and traveling. The month of June found her in NC for the House of Humane Letters meetup (another online school), and a week later she was flying to Atlanta for the ACCS National Honor Choir. In July she spent time in Michigan with her grandparents, took a class on Dostoevsky, bought an antique spinning wheel and began restoring it, and did a two week intensive that ended in sickness and producing The Hunchback of Notre Dame stage musical. August heralded the start of her senior year, but she also took a class on Harry Potter's relation to the literary tradition, read about Mesopotamia, learned to make soap, and visited Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty, and Broadway (featuring Harry Potter and the Cursed Child) with friends from Hong Kong.



Chloe: Designer

Chloe O. is 13 years old and spent this summer going to live concerts, swimming, hiking, and going on off-road adventures with her family. Some of her favorite books are Agatha Christie novels, Jane Austen novels, *Gone with the Wind*, and *Anne of Green Gables*. She also enjoys listening to The Piano Guys, Itzhak Pearlman, Colbie Caillat, and anything classical. She went to Kansas in June and got to visit the World War I museum in Kansas City, as well as the 9/11 Memorial in Overland Park. As a rising 8th grader, she is taking Spanish 1 with Scholé Academy and SRS American Short Stories.



Amaya: Designer

This summer was delightful; as I was able to relax, watch movies and play games with my family, and read many new books in a variety of genres. Some of my favorites were *Dandelion Wine* by Ray Bradbury, *Little Men* by Louisa May Alcott, *Dawn Wind* by Rosemary Sutcliff, and *The Fountains of Silence* by Ruta Sepetys. I also went to a Japanese garden and a Hadyn and Dvorák concert with my family; and I enjoyed discovering more of Ralph Vaughan Williams' music. I recently began learning how to drive and I have expanded my interests in dancing, piano, and writing. I recently wrote my second sestina poem, experimented with various forms of free verse and spiritual poetry, and furthered a story that I have been writing for several years. I have really enjoyed realizing how God has blessed my summer with His grace in both small and big events in my life; and just how full of fun, richness, and poetry life can be.



Sarah: Designer & Editor ³¹

Summer for me was quite relaxing, which was part of the beauty of it. My favorite couple of weeks were spent in a short story writing course with Scholé, experimenting with art and fashion, and reading in my downtime. Some of the best books I discovered were *The Beast Player*, *The Eternity Gate*, *The Fountains of Silence*, and *I Must Betray You*. I have also enjoyed the opportunity to work on both sides of the Chronicle this summer, as it's been a rewarding experience.



Alitsa: Editor

This summer, Alitsa got to spend an extended period of time in Italy with her family. While there, she and her family visited Rome, Venice, Florence, Cinque Terre, Milan, Bologna, and a number of other cities, with the trip culminating in an epic 8 day hike in the Dolomite mountains (a UNESCO World Heritage site.) She truly enjoyed being able to experience all this incredible history – the ancient buildings and architecture, the beautiful scenery, but most of all, getting to do it with her precious family. She recommends Bologna to anyone who wishes to get a true taste of Italy, as there are barely any tourists there and the gelato was the absolute best out of all the places her family visited.

Thank you so much for reading this edition of the Schole Chronicle!



We hope you have a fabulous start to your school year! Be on the lookout for a call for submissions for our fall Chronicle!

