

Scholé Academy's

SCHOLÉ CHRONICLE

19#

Within these pages you will find:
Commonplace reflections
Fantastical Adventures
Seasonal Poetry and Photography



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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers

WELCOME TO THE 19TH PUBLICATION OF THE SCHOLÉ CHRONICLE! WE HOPE THIS EDITION FINDS YOU PLEASANTLY WARM AND FULL OF THANKSGIVING'S FOOD AND HUNGRY STILL FOR THE EXCITEMENT OF THE NEARING CHRISTMAS SEASON.

THIS HAS BEEN SUCH AN EXCITING EDITION TO WORK ON. THE OVERFLOW OF SUBMISSIONS WAS EXHILARATING. ALL OF THEM WERE OF EXCELLENT CRAFTSMANSHIP AND WONDROUS BEAUTY. THANK YOU SO MUCH TO ALL THE STUDENTS WHO SUBMITTED.

THIS EDITION HOLDS DELICIOUS RECIPES AND INTRIGUING INTERVIEWS, ALONG WITH FANTASTICAL SHORT STORIES AND UPLIFTING SPIRITUAL POEMS. OUR THEME FOR THIS EDITION WAS INSPIRED BY THE MANY REALMS OF FANTASY. HERE, YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM REFLECTIONS ON TOLKIEN'S CLASSIC MASTERPIECES TO THE CREATION OF NEW TALES.

THIS YEAR, WE HAVE ALSO WELCOMED SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS TO THE TEAM! GIVE THEM A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL WORK THEY HAVE DONE! WE ARE SO GRATEFUL TO HAVE THEM! MANY THANKS TO ALL OF OUR FANTASTIC EDITORS AND DESIGNERS WHO HAVE MADE THIS EDITION POSSIBLE.

AS WE ENTER THIS SEASON OF CHRISTMAS, MAY WE REFLECT UPON THE BIRTH OF OUR BLESSED SAVIOR, WHO CAME INTO OUR WORLD TO FREE US. MAY THESE WEEKS OF ADVENT BE FULL OF BEAUTY, BLESSINGS, AND HOPE.

Love and Blessings,
Sarah & Genevieve



SEASONAL COLUMN

Seasonal Embroidery

By Sophia



ABOUT THE ARTIST


I am 15 and am in 10th grade. In my free time I love reading and writing poetry, singing as well as chanting and working on small embroidery projects.



The Forest

By Carmen Y.

IT WAS SUMMER, SCORCHING HOT
WHEN I WENT WALKING
I STILL DON'T KNOW IF WHAT I SAW WAS REAL OR NOT
BUT THROUGH THE YEARS I'VE GONE BACK TO THAT MEMORY



THE GARDEN WAS GUARDED BY A GATE, PAINTED GOLDEN AND BLUE
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL AND THROUGH THE GATE YOU WILL SEE
SOMETHING SO EXTRAORDINARY, YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE

THE GARDEN WORE MANY COLORS BUT THEY WERE ALL SHEETED IN WHITE
THE FROST WAS SPARKLING IN THE DOWNY NIGHT
WITH STARS SMATTERING THE SKY ALL OF THEM SHINING BRIGHT

THE TREES STOOD TALL AND STRONG
EACH LEAF BRIGHT RED ORANGE AND YELLOW
AS IF THEY WERE STILL STUCK IN FALL
AS IF AUTUMN SAID "I'M NOT DONE, AT ALL!"

THERE WERE NO SOUNDS EXCEPT THE RUSHING OF THE BROOK BELOW
AND THE SINGING OF THE NEWLY HATCHED BIRDS
A DOE WITH HER FAWN CAME RUNNING PAST
HOPPING OVER THE FALLEN TREES GRACEFUL AND FAST

THIS IS THE GARDEN WHERE ALL THE SEASONS STAY
UNTIL IT IS THEIR TURN TO COME OUT AND PLAY
THE TIME HERE GOES SLOW BUT FAST
THIS IS THE GARDEN THAT WILL FOREVER LAST

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Carmen; I am 13 years old.
I enjoy singing, songwriting, playing
guitar, D&D, and I ride horses!

Seasonal Photography

By Elaina W.

Fall Day



The Road Goes Ever On and On



ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Hi, I'm Elaina. I am 16 years old and grade 10. I like to take pictures. I'm not sure what my favorite season of the year is but I definitely like fall!


Colorful leaves, cool weather, hot chocolate and cozy sweaters.



The Year's Fade

By Marie V.

AS SUMMER WHISPERS SECRETS TO THE NIGHT,
THE LEAVES BEGIN THEIR DANCE, A BITTERSWEET FLIGHT,
ONCE BRIGHT AND VERDANT, NOW TINGED WITH DESPAIR,
EACH HUE A MEMORY, EACH GUST A COLD STARE.



THE TREES STAND TALLER, BUT THEIR SPIRITS GROW THIN,
IN THE SILENCE OF DUSK, WHERE THE SHADOWS BEGIN,
A CANVAS OF GOLD PAINTED SLOWLY IN LOSS,
NATURE WEARS HER CROWN, BUT KNOWS THE COST.


TIME SLIPS THROUGH FINGERS LIKE THE GRAINS OF SAND,
EACH DAY A REMINDER, NOT WHOLLY UNPLANNED,
WE WATCH AS THE SEASONS, LIKE HEARTBEATS, ALIGN,
THE RHYTHM OF CHANGE BECOMES OURS TO DEFINE.

IN THE RUSTLING LEAVES, I HEAR WHISPERS OF PAIN,
STORIES OF YEARNING AND DREAMS CAUGHT IN RAIN.
WHAT WAS ONCE FULL OF LIFE NOW TREMBLES IN DREAD,
A TAPESTRY FRAYED WHERE OUR HOPES ONCE WERE SPREAD.


WITH THE ONSET OF AUTUMN, REFLECTIONS UNFOLD,
AND IN EVERY BLISTERING GUST, A TRUTH TO BE TOLD.
A YEAR PASSES SWIFTLY, OH HOW FLEETING THE LIGHT,
LIKE THE FADING OF WARMTH IN THE DEEPENING NIGHT.

WHAT ONCE WAS SO VIVID CAN DULL TO A HAZE,
AS LAUGHTER GROWS DISTANT, LOST IN THE MAZE,
OUR HEARTS, LIKE THE BRANCHES, BOTH TREMBLE AND SWAY,
SHAPED BY THE SEASONS, YET YEARNING TO STAY.





MOMENTS ARE TREASURES, YET SCATTERED LIKE LEAVES,
NOW LOST IN THE SHUFFLE OF WHAT ONE BELIEVES.
WE WEAR OUR TRANSITIONS LIKE GARMENTS OF GRIEF,
STRIPPED BARE IN THE ECHOES, OUR SOULS SEEKING RELIEF.



EACH PASSING MONTH BRINGS A GRADUAL DECAY,
THE BEAUTY OF LIFE WILL NOT LINGER OR STAY.
YET STILL, AS THE FROST CREEPS IN SOFT-LADEN GRACE,
THE HEART LEARNS TO CHERISH THE WARMTH OF A TRACE.

IN THE STILLNESS OF TWILIGHT, A GLIMMER OF HOPE,
AS THE SUNSETS BLAZE BRIGHT, WE LEARN HOW TO COPE.
FOR CHANGE IS AN ARTIST, WITH BRUSHSTROKES OF TIME,
TRANSFORMING US GENTLY THROUGH LOVE AND THROUGH RHYME.

SO LET THE LEAVES FALL, LET THEM SCATTER THE GROUND,
LET THE WINDS WAIL THEIR SORROW, LET SILENCE SURROUND.
FOR IN EVERY DESCENT, THERE'S AN ECHO OF LIGHT,
A PROMISE OF SPRING WAITING JUST OUT OF SIGHT.

AS THE YEAR SPINS ITS WHEEL, WE, TOO, SPIN AROUND,
WITH SEASONS OF LAUGHTER, AND SEASONS OF SOUND.
WE MAY CHANGE LIKE THE LEAVES, BOTH FRAGILE AND BOLD,
LEARNING TO EMBRACE EVERY STORY RETOLD.

SO WHEN WINTER ENVELOPES ALL HUES INTO GRAY,
REMEMBER, DEAR HEART, THIS IS PART OF THE PLAY.
IN THE CYCLE OF LIFE, WE MUST LEARN TO BELIEVE,
THAT EVEN IN CHANGE, THERE'S A BEAUTY TO WEAVE.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I am 17 years old, and
in my junior year.





THEMATIC COLUMN

"THE REALM OF FAIRY-STORY IS WIDE AND
DEEP AND HIGH AND FILLED WITH MANY
THINGS: ALL MANNER OF BEASTS AND BIRDS
ARE FOUND THERE; SHORELESS SEAS AND STARS
UNCOUNTED; BEAUTY THAT IS AN
ENCHANTMENT, AND AN EVER-PRESENT PERIL;
BOTH JOY AND SORROW AS SHARP AS SWORDS."

~J.R.R. TOLKIEN

Fantasy Essay

By Caitlin M.

IN THE CONCLUSION OF HIS ESSAY "ON FAIRY STORIES," J.R.R. TOLKIEN WRITES, "GOD IS THE LORD, OF ANGELS, AND OF MEN—AND OF ELVES" (TOLKIEN, ON FAIRY STORIES). YET MANY PEOPLE IN THE MODERN WORLD BELIEVE THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE. HOW CAN MERE FICTIONS, THE PARADIGM OF UNREALITY, REFLECT ANYTHING ABOUT THE ULTIMATE TRUTH? THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE: THE NATURE OF FANTASY ITSELF. MAGICAL TALES ARE NOT OPPOSED TO CHRISTIANITY; THEY ARE GIFTS WHOLLY UNITED TO THE CHRISTIAN WORLDVIEW, ONE MAGICAL CREATURE AT A TIME.

FANTASY OFTEN APPEARS DARK AND DREADFUL. YET, THE VILLAINS OF FANTASY ARE NOT MERELY THE ANTAGONISTS OF A CHILDISH PLOT; THEY EMBODY THE REALITY OF SIN. SAURON IN THE LORD OF THE RINGS PERFECTLY EXEMPLIFIES THIS. THE MENACING EYE OF SAURON CONSUMES ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BURNING FLAME. THE CORRUPTION OF SAURON REPLICATES THE WARNING OF SAINT PETER: "YOUR ADVERSARY THE DEVIL PROWLs AROUND LIKE A ROARING LION, SEEKING SOME ONE TO DEVOUR. RESIST HIM, FIRM IN YOUR FAITH" (1 PETER 5:8-9). SAURON IS A FIGURE OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS, ONE WHO LONGS THAT THE RIGHTEOUS SUFFER ETERNAL DEATH IN HELL. THE DEPRAVED IMAGES OF FALLEN FANTASY CHARACTERS REVEAL THE TRUE DANGER IN THE WORLD: THE REALITY OF TEMPTATION, THE SNARES OF THE EVIL ONE. IT IS ONLY WHEN PHYSICAL MATTER ENSHROUDS THE DARKNESS, WHEN SIN BECOMES A DISTINCT ENTITY, THAT MAN IS FULLY AWARE OF THE GRAVITY OF SIN. THE BEST FANTASIES ARE SERMONS AGAINST EVIL JUST AS MUCH AS THEY ARE STORIES ABOUT HEROES.

THE DEVIL, HOWEVER, IS NOT THE ONLY TWISTED BEING. AS LEWIS' THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS AFFIRMS, THERE ARE MANY DEMONS WHO SERVE THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS, JUST AS FAIRY TALE MONSTERS SERVE THE ARCHVILLAIN. THE CHIEF ADVERSARY OF A NOVEL ALWAYS HAS SUB-VILLAINS WHO SHARE HIS MOTIVE: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HERO'S SOUL. TOLKIEN'S ORCS ARE INNATELY AND PERMANENTLY EVIL AS THE SERVANTS OF SAURON. THOUGH NOT AS POWERFUL AS THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS HIMSELF, THE ORCS WREAK HAVOC UPON THOSE WHO ARE GOOD; THEY ARE AN IMMEDIATE THREAT EVEN BEYOND SAURON. THE HAUNTING MONSTERS OF THE FAIRY TALE WORLD REFLECT SAINT PETER'S EXHORTATION TO "BE SOBER, BE WATCHFUL": THOUGH SATAN HIMSELF MIGHT NOT BE AT WORK, LESS POWERFUL DEVILS ALWAYS ARE. THE MONSTERS ARE JUST AS MUCH OF A THREAT AS THE PRIME VILLAIN; SO ARE "MINOR DEVILS" EQUALLY FEROCIOUS AS THEIR LEADER.

FANTASY ALSO REVEALS THE REALITY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION, MOST APPARENT IN THE PRESENCE OF MAGIC. THOUGH GLITTERING SPELLS ARE NOT APPARENT TO THE EVERYDAY EYE, FORCES WHICH ENCHANT EVEN THE MUNDANE ARE EVER-PRESENT: THE TEMPTATION TO POWER AND THE REALITY OF GOD'S GRACE. THE FALLEN WIZARD IS THE IMAGE OF POWER GONE WRONG. MAGIC DROVE QUEEN JADIS OF THE MAGICIAN'S NEPHEW TO DESTROY HER ENTIRE CITY WITH HER MAGIC; AS SOON AS SHE SAID THE FORBIDDEN SPELL, EVERYTHING CRUMBLLED IN A FLASH. THOUGH THE AVERAGE PERSON MAY NOT BE ABLE TO CAST SUCH A SPELL, THE DESIRE FOR TOTAL

Fantasy Essay

By Caitlin M.

CONTROL IS UBIQUITOUS IN FALLEN HUMANITY. FANTASY ALLOWS MAN TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF HIS SIN, BUT IT REFLECTS ANOTHER ELEMENT AS WELL: REDEMPTION THROUGH THE GRACE OF GOD.

SUCH REDEMPTION IS, INDEED, MIRRORED IN THOSE WHO USE THEIR MAGIC FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS. JUST LIKE EARTHLY POWER, MAGIC IS NOT AN INHERENT EVIL. IF MAN USES IT FOR GOOD, HE WILL BLESS THE WORLD ABUNDANTLY. ARISTOTLE DEFINED MORAL VIRTUE AS “COMING ABOUT BY HABIT” (ARISTOTLE, NICOMACHEAN ETHICS, 2.1). VIRTUOUS CHARACTERS ARE TRULY GOOD WHEN THEY REPEATEDLY CHOOSE WHAT IS MORALLY UPRIGHT, EVEN IN THE MIDST OF CRUSHING DIFFICULTY. GALADRIEL IN THE LORD OF THE RINGS EXEMPLIFIES THE PERSISTENT RESISTANCE TO TEMPTATION IN HER REFUSAL OF THE RINGS OF POWER. GALADRIEL, WHO POSSESSES ONE OF THE NINE RINGS, HAS ACCESS TO NEARLY UNLIMITED POWER, WHICH COULD SAVE HER COUNTRY IF SHE WOULD EXCHANGE HER SOUL FOR HER NATION. AS SHE IS TESTED, GALADRIEL IS EVER WISE, AND SHE CHOOSES ETERNAL SALVATION INSTEAD. VIRTUE IS OBJECTIVE: WHAT IS GOOD DOES NOT CHANGE AS AUTHORS TRANSPORT READERS TO NEW WORLDS. FANTASY PROVIDES NOT JUST EXAMPLES OF SINNERS, BUT OF SAINTS, CREATURES WHOM CHRISTIANS MUST STRIVE TO IMITATE.

THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES IN FANTASY, TOO, REFLECT THE GOODNESS OF GOD’S CREATION. THOUGH THERE ARE FRIGHTENING MONSTERS, GOD ALSO SENDS AMBASSADORS TO BLESS THE WORLD. THE GOOD CREATURES IN FANTASY, FROM FRIENDLY MICE IN THE WIZARD OF OZ TO ASLAN’S FOLLOWERS IN THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA, ARE THE IMAGES OF GOD’S ANGELS, WHO NURTURE AND ASSIST HIS CREATURES. PSALM 91:12 ASSURES CHRISTIANS OF THE ANGELS’ ASSISTANCE: “THEY SHALL BEAR YOU UPON THEIR HANDS LEST YOU STRIKE YOUR FOOT AGAINST A STONE.” THE PROTAGONISTS IN FANTASY NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF THESE CREATURES, JUST AS CHRISTIANS ON EARTH NEED THE HELP OF PURE SPIRITS. THE NOBLE CREATURES OF FANTASY ARE REMINDERS OF GOD’S LOVE, WHICH ARE PRESENT ON EARTH JUST AS THEY ARE IN THE WORLD OF THE IMAGINATION. SUCH GIFTS FROM THE LORD REVIVE HOPE IN THE PROTAGONISTS; SO, TOO, SHOULD THEY IGNITE A FLAME OF THANKSGIVING IN THE CHRISTIAN.

FANTASY ULTIMATELY POINTS THE READER TOWARD THE HIGHEST GOOD: THE CREATOR. WHEREVER HUMAN BEINGS CREATE, GOD’S MERCY IS PRESENT. THERE ARE MONSTERS IN THIS WORLD; THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ORCS, JUST AS SAURON STILL ROAMS THE EARTH. YET THERE IS ALWAYS A GOD MORE POWERFUL THAN ALL THE DARKNESS COMBINED. ELVES STILL SING IN TOLKIEN’S LOTHLÓRIEN; ANGELS STILL GUARD EVERY NATION, EVERY BEAST, EACH HUMAN SOUL. FANTASY IS AN EMBLEM OF CHRISTIAN HOPE. MAY ALL EMBRACE THIS HOPE TODAY.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hello! My name is Caitlin, and this is my first year at Scholé Academy. My greatest passions are theology and philosophy, where I may glorify God and the beauty of His creatures. When I am not buried in a dusty old book, I am drawing, writing, and baking.

Lord of The Rings Photography

By Leia M.



ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

My name is Leia. I am 15 years old and in 9th grade. I really enjoy music (piano and singing). I also enjoy soccer and dancing.

Broth and Stock

By Rosemary L.

IN THE FOREST OF FARAWAY DELYN, THERE ONCE LIVED A WOODCUTTER WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS: ROSE, EBONY, AND BIANCA.

THE WOODCUTTER'S NAME WAS BASIL; THAT OF HIS WIFE, SARAH. BASIL WAS A GOOD MAN WHO WORKED HARD AND NEVER GREW BITTER OF HEART IN DIFFICULT TIMES. AS FOR SARAH, THE COTTAGE IN WHICH THEY LIVED GLOWED WITH HOPE AND HAPPINESS BECAUSE OF HER COMFORTING PRESENCE. THE THREE GIRLS WERE EACH DIFFERENT IN THEIR OWN WAYS, YET EQUALLY LOVED BY THEIR PARENTS.

AFTER SOME TIME, SARAH GAVE BIRTH TO ANOTHER BABY GIRL, BERENICE. WHEN FIVE YEARS HAD PASSED, BERENICE BEGAN EATING OUTDOORS ON WARM DAYS. ONE MORNING THE SUN WAS SHINING, THE WIND WAS BLOWING, THE RED-GOLD LEAVES SPUN AND DANCED, LANDING WHERE THEY PLEASED. BERENICE SAT ON THE BACK STEP WITH HER PORRIDGE. SHE CALLED TO HER SISTER ROSE, "PLEASE FETCH ME A DRINK OF WATER, FOR I AM SO THIRSTY!"

ROSE SAW THAT ALTHOUGH THE DAY WAS STILL NEW, IT WAS ALREADY QUITE WARM. SHE TOOK BOTH THEIR CUPS TO THE NEARBY WELL.

THE SUMMER HAD BEEN DRY, AND THE WATER LEVEL HAD NOT RISEN SINCE. THE BUCKET FELL FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE REACHING THE WATER. IT CAUGHT ON SOMETHING AND COULD NOT BE PULLED UP.

ROSE TUGGED AT THE ROPE WITH ALL HER STRENGTH. SHE STOPPED TO CATCH HER BREATH, AND SUDDENLY AN INVISIBLE FORCE DRAGGED HER INTO THE WELL WITH TERRIFYING SPEED. SHE SLIPPED UNDERWATER AND FOUND HERSELF IN THE WELLWORLD THAT LIES BELOW.

SHE SAT IN A GREEN MEADOW HEMMED WITH TALL, DARK PINES. THE AIR WAS TINTED WITH THE SOFT, GOLDEN LIGHT OF LATE AFTERNOON.

A SMALL HOUSE STOOD AT THE MEADOW'S EDGE. INSIDE, A GREY-HAIRED WOMAN SPUN THE STRANGEST FLAX ROSE HAD EVER SEEN: AT ONCE EVERY COLOR IMAGINABLE, AND YET NO COLOR AT ALL.

"GODMOTHER HOLLY," ROSE CRIED, "YOU HAVE NOT VISITED US FOR YEARS!"

"BUT I NEVER FORGOT YOU, MY GREY-EYED REDHEAD," SHE REPLIED. "I REMEMBER YOU RUNNING ABOUT, CHASING BUTTERFLIES, CATCHING FROGS. I WELL REMEMBER YOU: CLUMSY AND CARELESS, HAPPY AND GOOD-NATURED. COME, HAVE SOME SUPPER AND TELL ME ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE LAST I SAW YOU."

EATING CHICKEN SOUP IN THE MORNING FELT VERY ODD.

"IN MY HOUSE, THERE IS A RULE THAT YOU MUST EAT ALL THE BROTH BEFORE THE STOCK," SAID THE WOMAN.

ROSE TRIED TO FOLLOW THIS RULE, BUT PIECES OF CHICKEN OCCASIONALLY FLOATED INTO HER SPOON. SHE EAGERLY RELATED ALL THE NEWS, AND THE TIME FLEW BY, UNTIL SHE REMEMBERED BERENICE PATIENTLY WAITING FOR HER. WITH A CHEERFUL GOODBYE, SHE STEPPED THROUGH

Broth and Stock

By Rosemary L.

THE DOOR AND WAS INSTANTLY TRANSPORTED HOME WITH THE TWO CUPS: ONE EMPTY, ONE FULL. "HAVE I BEEN GONE LONG?" SHE ASKED.

"No," BERENICE REPLIED, POURING SOME OF HER WATER INTO ROSE'S CUP. AT THE PEAK OF DAY, THE SUN WAS BLAZING, THE WIND WAS SIGHING, THE RED-GOLD LEAVES TUMBLED AROUND WITH RECKLESS ABANDON. BERENICE SAT ON THE BACK STEP WITH HER BREAD AND BUTTER. SHE CALLED TO HER SISTER EBONY, "PLEASE FETCH ME SOME WATER, FOR I AM SO THIRSTY!"

EBONY SCOWLED, BUT THE DAY WAS HOT AND SHE WAS ALSO THIRSTY. SHE TOOK BOTH THEIR CUPS TO THE WELL.

WHEN SHE LOWERED THE BUCKET AND COULD NOT PULL IT UP, SHE CLIMBED DOWN INTO THE WELL TO FREE IT AND LOST HER GRIP, FALLING INTO WELLWORLD.

IT WAS STILL LATE AFTERNOON, BUT NOW THE WOMAN WAS WINDING AND MEASURING THE MYSTERIOUS FLAX THREAD.

"GODMOTHER HOLLY," EBONY CRIED, "HAVE YOU BEEN DOWN HERE ALL THIS TIME?"

"TIME RUNS DIFFERENTLY HERE, MY BLUE-EYED LASS WITH THE WILD BLACK CURLS," SHE REPLIED. "I REMEMBER YOU, SULLENLY REFUSING TO DO AS YOU WERE TOLD. I WELL REMEMBER YOU: SOUR, CROSS, AND SHARP-TONGUED. COME, HAVE SOME SUPPER AND TELL ME ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE LAST I SAW YOU."

EBONY DID NOT BOTHER SEPARATING BROTH FROM STOCK, AND WHEN ASKED FOR NEWS, SHE ANSWERED RUDELY AND ABRUPTLY. SHE COULD NOT LEAVE SOON ENOUGH, AND WHEN SHE STEPPED THROUGH THE DOOR, SHE FOUND HERSELF BACK AT HOME WITH THE TWO CUPS: BOTH EMPTY, BONE DRY.

AT DAY'S END, THE SUN WAS SETTING, THE WIND WAS RISING, THE RED-GOLD LEAVES FRANTICALLY SCATTERED INTO DEEPENING SHADOWS. BERENICE SAT ON THE BACK STEP WITH HER STEW. SHE CALLED TO HER SISTER BIANCA, "PLEASE GO FETCH ME SOME WATER, FOR I AM SO THIRSTY!" BIANCA WAS ALREADY AT THE WELL WITH BOTH CUPS. SHE LOWERED THE BUCKET AND COULD NOT PULL IT UP. WHEN SHE TURNED AWAY TO CALL FOR HELP, SHE WAS FORCEFULLY DRAGGED DOWN INTO WELLWORLD.

NO TIME HAD PASSED SINCE EBONY'S DEPARTURE, BUT NOW THE WOMAN WAS SNIPPING THE UNUSUAL YARN INTO LENGTHS WITH A PAIR OF COPPER SCISSORS.

"GODMOTHER HOLLY," BIANCA CRIED, "I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU FOR YEARS!"

"NEITHER HAVE I SEEN YOU, MY BLACK-EYED LASS WITH THE WHITE-BLOND HAIR," SHE REPLIED. "I REMEMBER YOU HELPING WITH HOUSEWORK, STITCHING SAMPLERS. I WELL REMEMBER YOU: QUIET AND OBSERVANT. COME, HAVE SOME SUPPER AND TELL ME ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE I SAW YOU LAST."

BIANCA TOOK GREAT PAINS TO EAT EVERY DROP OF BROTH BEFORE SHE GOT TO THE STOCK. SHE WOULD GLADLY HAVE SPENT THE EVENING TALKING WITH HER GODMOTHER, BUT AFTER A WHILE SHE EXCUSED HERSELF, SAYING, "I MUST GO BACK TO MY SISTER NOW."

Broth and Stock

By Rosemary L.

"LITTLE BERENICE," HER GODMOTHER MUSED. "TAWNY HAIR, GREEN EYES, AND A WISE HEART FOR ONE SO YOUNG."

WHEN BIANCA STEPPED THROUGH THE DOOR, SHE FOUND HERSELF BACK AT HOME WITH THE TWO CUPS: BOTH BRIMMING WITH WATER.

SHE AND BERENICE SAT ON THE BACK STEP, WATCHING THE SUN DROWN AND CALM NIGHT FLOOD THE LAND.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Rosemary L. I am 17 years old and in 12th grade. I love reading and writing. My three favorite fantasy novels are The Black Cauldron, The Dragon's Tooth, and Howl's Moving Castle. My three favorite fairy tales are Red Riding Hood, The Firebird, and Coraline.

Fantastic Art

By Grace A.

Wisp of Wonder



Myriam's Mythical Inspirations



ABOUT THE ARTIST

My name is Grace. I live in Africa and I am 12 years old. I'm in grade 7. Some things I enjoy are playing with my dog, Oreo, baking bread and drawing with colored pencil over watercolor.

What is Fantasy?

By Annabelle K.

SOME PEOPLE GREATLY MISTAKE FANTASY;
THEY THINK IT SIMPLY SOME UNREAL IDEA—
OF MY IMMATURE AND UNREALISTIC MIND, PERHAPS;
BUT NO, THAT BELIEF HOLDS NO TRUTH: THEY ARE GREATLY MISTAKEN.
NAY, IT IS THEIR UNREALISTIC FANTASY THAT HOLDS THEM BACK
FROM SEEING THE WONDERS, THE MAGIC,
THE SHIMMERING, IRIDESCENT TALENT OF THE MIND—
A STAR OF SHINING FLAMES.
ONE CAN EASILY ACCESS THIS STAR.
A SIMPLE REACH; A CAUTIOUS, DELICATE HOLD
AS ONE GAZES INTO IT WITH WONDER AND DELIGHT.
DIFFERENT TALES, CREATURES, PEOPLE—
UNICORNS AND PEGASUS, WITH SHIMMERING FLANKS AND GRACEFUL WINGS;
NYMPHS, FAERIES, GODS: THE CHILDREN OF NATURE,
CLOTHED IN MIST AND ADORNED WITH FLOWERS AND LAUREL;
DIM, DUSKY WOODS, WHERE STRONG WEBS OF ENCHANTMENT RULE;
KINGS, QUEENS, PRINCESSES AND PRINCES, BEDECKED IN JEWELS,
SHINING-EYED, STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, AND COURAGEOUS;
SORCERERS AND ENCHANTRESSES;
TALES OF THE EMERALD SEA AND THE CREATURES THAT LURK JUST BELOW THE FOAM;
SHIPS: VESSELS OF MYSTERY, GLIDING ATOP THE SEA;
DRAGONS, DEMONS OF FIRE,
COATED IN DEADLY GEMS AND IRON SCALES, WIELDING THE BREATH OF DEATH;
MOUNTAINS, STATELY AND GLOOMY;
CASTLES, TOWERS, DUNGEONS; ROMANCE, ADVENTURE, SWORDS, LEGENDS—
—ALL ARE CAUGHT IN THE SWIRLING DEPTHS OF THE STAR.
YET THIS STAR, THIS LUSTROUS WORK OF ENCHANTMENT,
MUST BE HANDLED CAREFULLY.
FOR DIFFERENT ELEMENTS ARE NEEDED TO GRANT IT ITS BRILLIANCE:
IMAGINATION, JOY, SORROW, COURAGE, VIRTUE, TRUTH—
IF BUT ONE OF THESE IS FORGOTTEN, ALL IS LOST,
FOR VIRTUES AND TRUTH ARE THE FOUNDATION OF THE STAR,
AND IMAGINATION BUILDS HER TEMPLE UPON IT;
AND WHAT IS THE MIND FOR,
IF IT CREATES THINGS WITHOUT THE FOUNDATIONS OF TRUTH AND GOODNESS?
BUT WHAT IS THIS STAR?
THIS THING, THIS MAGNUM OPUS—WHERE DO I FIND IT, YOU ASK?
AH, 'TIS SIMPLE.
A SIMPLE BOOK IS A COMPLEX UNIVERSE,
A WORK OF ART, A SHINING STAR, A FANTASY.

What is Fantasy?

By Annabelle K.

THE OLD PAGES NEVER LOSE THEIR RADIANCE
FOR A SUCH A STAR, IF BUILT ON A STRONG FOUNDATION,
WILL LAST UNTO THE AGES AND GLADDEN MANY HEARTS.

FANTASY SWEEPS US AWAY FROM THE WORLD,

IT IS AN ESCAPE FROM THE WORLD;

A GOOD ONE, WHEN USED RIGHTLY.

BUT HEAR MY WORDS OF WARNING—

LET NOT YOUR FANTASY LEAD YOU ASTRAY,

OR MAKE YOU FORGET YOUR PLACE IN THE REAL WORLD,

NOR THE BEAUTY AND ADVENTURE OF THIS WORLD;

BUT RATHER, ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS,

AND HAVING HELD THE STAR OF WONDER,

RETURN TO THE WORLD REFRESHED.

ABOUT THE POET

Hello! I'm Annabelle, the eldest
of six and an aspiring poet,
author, artist, and musician.

Along with doing all those
things, I also love romping with
my little siblings, spending time
in the real, glorious, magical
outdoors, and searching for the
enchancements, great and small,
that God has woven into all the
things in our world.

The Legend of Beowulf

By Lela C.

FROM THE LAND OF GEATS THERE ROSE A MAN
WITH SOUL OF STRENGTH AND SWORD OF HAND
HE LED THE CONQUERING OF THE BEAST,
THE MIDNIGHT-HORROR CAUSING GRIEF.

AND WHAT WOULD NOW THIS YOUNG PRINCE DO
BUT SLAY THE MONSTROUS MOTHER TOO?
HIS PEOPLE, DELIVERED, GLAD AND FREE
REJOICED WITH HIM HIS VICTORY.

FOR FIFTY YEARS HE RULED AS KING
THOUGH WE KNOW NOT OF MOST HIS REIGN.
HIS PRIDE INCREASED, A SHADOW-THORN
THAT WISDOM COULD NOT WELL REFORM.

ONE DAY HE LEFT WITHOUT A FEAR
AND, KNOWING NOT HIS END WAS NEAR,
HE SOUGHT TO FIGHT THE WINGED-LORD
WHO WATCHED IN GREED HIS GOLDEN HOARD.

THE BATTLE CAME, AND HE DID CHOOSE
TO PASS WITH GLORY SHOULD HE LOSE.
THE DAWN-LIGHT VANISHED, DEAD TO FATE.
AND SOON ARRIVED AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

WE KNOW THIS WARRIOR NOW AS ONE
WHO FOUGHT FOR TRIUMPH, FOUGHT TO WIN.

ALAS! FOR AS HE ROSE TO FAME
KING BEOWULF DID FALL
THE SAME!

ABOUT THE POET

Hello! My name is Lela. I am in 9th grade. My favorite subjects are literature and history. Poetry is one of my favorite pastimes because it combines 2 things I love: music and language! Some of my hobbies include playing violin, piano, singing hymns, sketching and reading classic literature.

Fantastic Art

By Liliias



The Mushroom House

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Hi, I'm Liliias, I'm eleven years old and I'm in fifth grade. This is my second year at Schole Academy. I like to write, draw, be outside in nature, go swimming, and ride horses (When I get the chance).

By Mary Sophia L.



The Fang Slarb

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Hi! My name is Mary Sophia L. I am in 9th grade and almost 15. I love reading christian themed fantasy books like the Wingfeather Saga and I love to draw! This is my third year at Schole Academy and I'm so grateful for the teachers, friends, and opportunities that make learning here such a gift!

The Story Tree

By Reagan C.

ONCE UPON A TIME, OVER MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS, ACROSS FJORDS, BEYOND DALES, PAST MOORS, AND FAR FROM OCEANS, THERE WAS A TREE. THIS TREE WAS OLD, SO OLD THAT IT HAD FIRST BEEN PLANTED BY ADAM AND EVE. IT HAD HUGE BRANCHES, WHICH SPREAD OVER A GREAT DEAL OF GROUND. EVERY YEAR IT GREW ITS LEAVES, AND EVERY WINTER LOST THEM. THIS WAS AN OAK TREE, AND ALL KINDS OF ANIMALS HAD LIVED AROUND AND IN IT. BIRDS NESTED IN IT; ANIMALS RESTED IN ITS SHADE.

THIS TREE WAS SPECIAL. MEN SAID THAT ONCE, LIGHTNING HAD STRUCK A SMALL BRANCH, AND THE BRANCH HAD FALLEN OFF IT. LATER A PUPPET MAKER HAD USED THE BRANCH TO MAKE PINOCCHIO. WANDS WERE SAID TO BE MADE OUT OF THE TWIGS; UNICORNS WERE HORSES WHO HAD RUBBED THEIR HEADS ON THE TREE'S TRUNK.

BUT NO ONE KNEW WHERE THIS TREE GREW, OR EVEN IF IT EXISTED. EVERY STORY TELLER, BARD, SAILER, AND MAGICIAN HAD THEORIES AS TO WHERE THIS TREE GREW, BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE AGREED ON FACT:

WHEN GOD MADE THE WORLD, HE MADE THE STORY TREE FOR PEOPLE. EVERY STORY THAT WAS EVER TOLD, WRITTEN OR THOUGHT OF, CAME FROM THE STORY TREE. THE TREE'S ROOTS WERE DEEP, AND ITS FALLEN LEAVES TRAVELED ALL OVER THE WORLD, WHICH IS WHY MOST STORIES ARE TOLD IN THE WINTER, WHICH IS WHEN THE TREE'S LEAVES REACH MOST PEOPLE.

SOME SAY THAT THERE IS A SONG TREE AS WELL, BUT FROM WHAT I HAVE HEARD, THE STORY TREE USES SONGS TO MAKE STORIES.

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ONLY TIME IN MEMORY THAT SOMEONE HAS FOUND THE TREE. THAT PERSON WAS ME, AND MANY THINGS HAPPENED WHILE I LIVED IN THE BRANCHES OF THE STORY TREE.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I SAILED THE SEAS, AND IT WAS WHILE ON ONE OF MY JOURNEYS THAT I FIRST HEARD OF THE STORY TREE. I WAS SIXTEEN, A YOUNG LAD, STILL A CABIN BOY ON THE OLD "CYNTHIA. COOKY TOLD ME WHILE TELLING ME THE TALE OF ALADDIN, SAYING THAT A SINGLE THREAD OF ALADDIN'S FLYING CARPET HAD BEEN MADE FROM A TINY ROOT OF THE TREE.

IT FIRST STARTED WHEN I WAS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WORKING ON A PRIVATE CLIPPER AS A CABIN BOY, WHICH MEANT THAT I SCRUBBED DECKS AND CLEANED UP WHEN THE OWNER WAS LOOKING, AND PLAYED WITH THE CAT WHEN HE WASN'T.

I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I HEARD OF THE STORY TREE. IT WAS LATE, AND THE OWNER MR. SMITH, AND HIS WIFE, WERE ALREADY IN BED. COOK AND I WERE WASHING UP AFTER SUPPER, AND COOK HAPPENED TO SEE A STRANGE DESIGN ON A GREEK PLATE I WAS WASHING. IT WAS BLUE, AND COVERED IN PICTURES OF PEOPLE. ONE OF THE PICTURES WAS A MAN KNEELING IN FRONT OF A TREE WITH A UNICORN STANDING NEXT TO HIM. COOKY SAID NOTHING FOR A LONG TIME WHEN I GAVE HIM THE PLATE, AND STARED AT IT FOR A LONG TIME. THEN HE TRACED THE OUTLINE OF THE UNICORN WITH HIS FINGER.

The Story Tree

By Reagan C.

"I SAW A UNICORN ONCE," HE SAID SLOWLY, WIPING THE PLATE DRY AND STACKING IT WITH THE OTHER CHINA DISHES. HE LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW FOR A LONG TIME, BEFORE HE PULLED OUT HIS WALLET. COOK MADE HIS OWN WALLET, OUT OF PIECES OF LEATHER THAT HE COLLECTED AROUND THE WORLD. IT WAS HUGE, FULL OF SURPRISING COMPARTMENTS AND POCKETS. THIS TIME COOKY PULLED A SINGLE WHITE HAIR OUT OF THE WALLET. THE HAIR GLOWED IN THE BRIGHT CABIN LIGHT. IT WAS SMOOTHER THAN GLASS, AND WHEN I PULLED MY HAND AWAY, THERE WAS FAINT WHITE DUST ON MY FINGER.

"THIS UNICORN I SAW WHEN I WAS IN ITALY. I WAS WORKING IN A HOTEL IN THE MOUNTAINS. I WAS FEEDING MY CHICKENS ONE NIGHT AND LOOKED UP, AND THERE SHE WAS."

"THE UNICORN?" I ASKED.

"AYE," COOK NODDED. "SHE- AND YOU COULD TELL SHE WAS A FEMALE, NO STALLION PRANCED SO LIGHTLY OR HAD SUCH DAINTY FEET- SHE CAME UP TO ME, AND TOUCHED RIGHT HERE WITH HER HORN," COOK TAPPED HIS HEART. "I FELT SOMETHING WARM LIGHT UP INSIDE ME, LIKE I'D JUST WOKEN UP. THEN SHE STOMPED HER PRETTY GOLDEN HOOF ON THE COBBLESTONES, AND SUDDENLY WAS GONE. BUT SHE LEFT THIS," HE HELD UP THE HAIR AGAIN, AND THEN CAREFULLY STOWED IT IN HIS WALLET AGAIN. "I STILL USE IT TO THIS DAY, IN SOUPS AND SUCH. NEVER SUCH A GOOD THING FOR MAKING A MAN HAPPY AS PUTTING UNICORN HAIR IN HIS SOUP."

"DOES THE HAIR EVER GET STALE OR OLD?" I ASKED. COOK LAUGHED.

"UNICORN HAIR GET OLD! NO BOY, I'VE HAD THAT HAIR NIGH ON FIFTY YEARS AND IT STILL LOOKS THE SAME AS WHEN I WAS FIRST GIFTED IT."

AS TIME WENT ON AND I GREW OLDER, THE STORY TREE'S WHISPERING HINT DREW ME TO LOOK FOR IT, AND SOON I VISITED THAT TREE. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, BUT THERE I LEARNED MANY THINGS.

I WILL TELL YOU OF ONE THING THAT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS THERE.

I HAD JUST DISCOVERED THE STORY TREE, AND WAS SLEEPING UNDER THE TREE, WHEN A SINGLE FLOWER DROPPED NEXT TO ME. I SAT UP AND LOOKED AT THE FLOWER. IT WAS PINK WITH VEINS OF GOLD. I LOOKED INTO THE FLOWER AND SAW A TINY GIRL, JUST AS BIG AS MY THUMB, WITH THE DANTIEST WINGS, DRESSED LIKE A QUEEN. SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS A FAIRY, AND WAS TO LIVE IN CHINA. I LEARNED THAT THERE WERE MANY KINDS OF FAIRIES, A DIFFERENT KIND OF EACH CONTINENT, AND EVEN A SPECIAL KIND FOR CHILDREN.

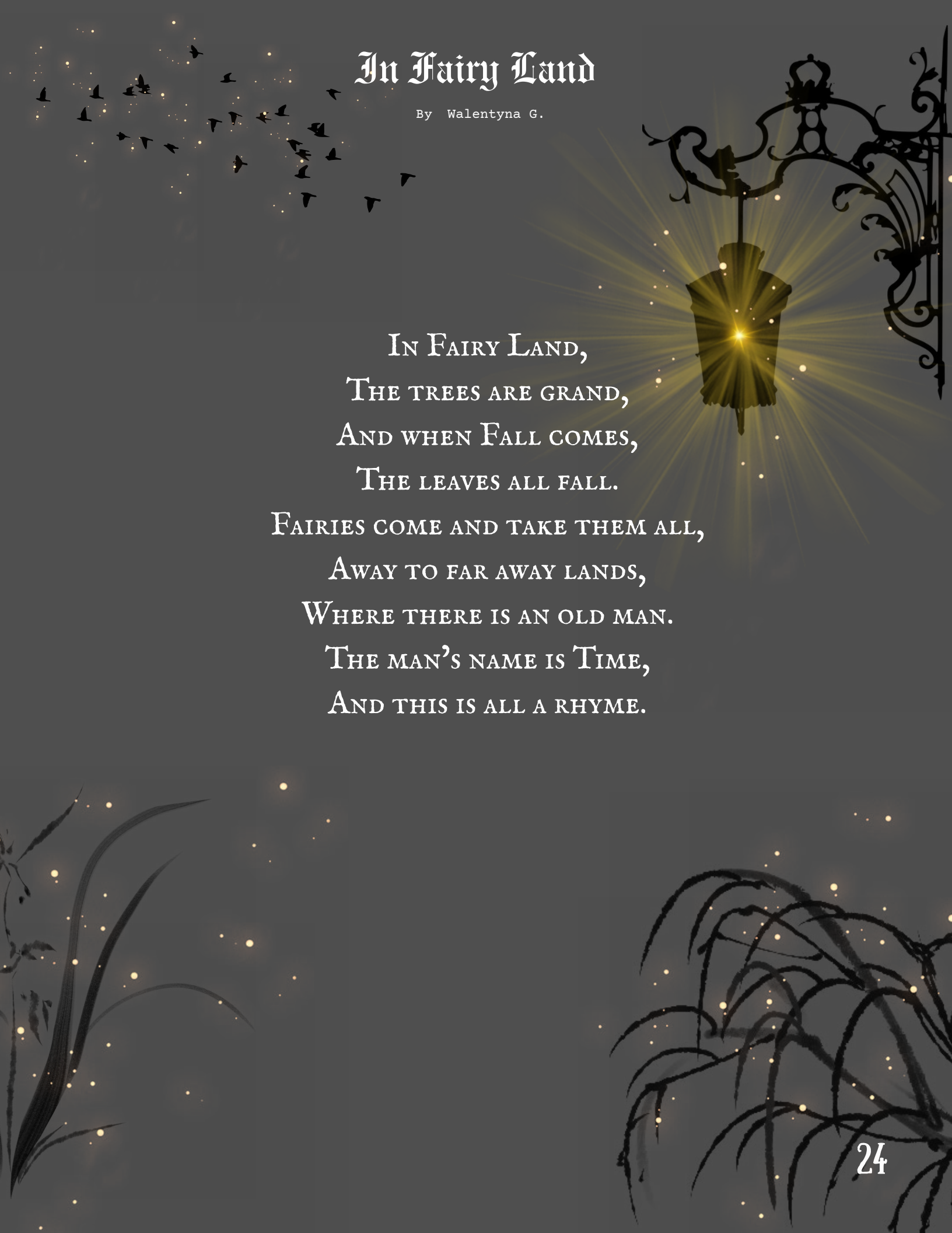
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Reagan, I am 16, and am a Sophomore. I have been writing stories since I was 12, and am currently undergoing the publishing process for a fantasy fiction book that I have written! I love horseback riding, and do mounted archery, show jumping, dressage, and I make medieval costumes for my horses. I also paint, and my favorite subject in school is history.

"All we have to decide is what to do with the time given us."
-J.R.R. Tolkien

In Fairy Land

By Walentyna G.



IN FAIRY LAND,
THE TREES ARE GRAND,
AND WHEN FALL COMES,
THE LEAVES ALL FALL.
FAIRIES COME AND TAKE THEM ALL,
AWAY TO FAR AWAY LANDS,
WHERE THERE IS AN OLD MAN.
THE MAN'S NAME IS TIME,
AND THIS IS ALL A RHYME.

Fantastic Art & Photo

By Elizabeth S.

Life Itself Is the Most Wonderful Fairytale



ABOUT THE ARTIST

Elizabeth S. is 15 in her sophomore year of high school. She enjoys coaching gymnastics as well as competing gymnastics, playing the piano, the mandolin, singing and trying new art mediums and styles.

By Noah B.

ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

My name is Noah, I am 16, and I am currently a Junior (11th grade I think) in high school. I love photography and the outdoors, and the farm that I live on gives ample opportunity for both.

Fairy House



Changeling

By Reese

JAKE LAY IN THE UNDERBRUSH SCARCELY DARING TO BREATHE. FAIRIES! HE HAD NEVER SEEN A FAIRY BEFORE, BUT THE VILLAGE LORE HELD THAT AT MIDNIGHT, DURING THE FULL MOON, THERE WOULD BE A GATHERING OF SPRITES AT THE FAIRY RING. AND HERE HE WAS, AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, DURING THE FULL MOON!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE THERE WAS A TWINKLE OF LIGHT. HE TURNED TO LOOK AT IT, BUT NOTHING WAS THERE. LAUGHTER CAME FROM ALL AROUND AND ANOTHER TWINKLE OF LIGHT BURST OUT IN HIS PERIPHERAL VISION. THE SPRITES WERE DANCING.

SERVANTS OF THE FAIRY QUEEN

DANCING 'ROUND HER, HALF UNSEEN.

'ROUND AND 'ROUND THE FAIRY RING

LET'S BRING TO HER A CHANGELING!

SUDDENLY, JAKE FELT VERY TIRED. HE SANK TO THE GRASS, HALF ASLEEP. THE LAST THING HE HEARD WAS THE LAUGHING OF FAIRIES AS THEY DANCED OVER HIM.

* * *

WHEN JAKE WOKE UP HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A LARGE ROOM MADE OF WHAT SEEMED TO BE CRYSTAL AS CLEAR AS WATER. HE LEAPT UP, REMEMBERING LAST NIGHT'S EVENTS.

HAD THE FAIRIES ABDUCTED HIM?

AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM WERE THREE DOORS. IT TOOK HIM A WHILE TO DECIDE WHICH ONE OF THE DOORS TO OPEN, BUT EVENTUALLY HE DECIDED ON THE ONE TO THE RIGHT.

HE OPENED THE DOOR AND WALKED THROUGH. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR WAS A COURTYARD, AND IN THE CENTER OF IT WAS A THRONE, ON WHICH SAT A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY ABOUT THREE FEET TALL.

"GREETINGS, MORTAL," SAID THE FAIRY. "I AM TITANIA, FAIRY-QUEEN. MY HAND-MAIDS HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO MY REALM TO COMPETE IN THE GAMES."

"WHAT GAMES?" JAKE ASKED WONDERINGLY. NOTHING SO EXCITING HAD EVER HAPPENED TO HIM BEFORE.

"THE GAMES ARE A SET OF QUESTS, OR TASKS, IN WHICH YOU MUST OUT-FOX OTHER CHANGELINGS LIKE YOURSELF," SAID TITANIA. "YOU WILL NOT DIE, THOUGH YOU MAY BE TURNED INTO A TOADSTOOL. SOME PEOPLE HAVE EVEN EXPLODED INTO DANDELION FLUFF, THOUGH I DOUBT ANYTHING LIKE THAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU."

SUDDENLY, AN IMPISH VOICE CAME FROM BEHIND HIM. "ANOTHER MORTAL? GOODNESS, HE LOOKS HALF FROG ALREADY." JAKE TURNED TO SEE A GRINNING HOBGOBLIN WITH A HAZEL WAND IN HIS HAND.

"MY NAME IS ROBIN GOODFELLOW," SAID THE HOBGOBLIN. "I WILL BE THE OVERSEER OF THE GAMES WHILE YOU ARE HERE. YOUR FIRST TASK IS TO STEAL THE SILVER SANDAL OF THE MOON FROM A VICIOUS DRAGON WHO HAS TAKEN IT. YOU WILL BE COMPETING AGAINST HECTOR

Changeling

By Reese

MADISON, A MORTAL FROM THE LAND OF ENGLAND. OFF YOU GO!”

SUDDENLY, JAKE KNEW THE WAY HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GO. HE RAN DOWN A LONG STAIRCASE AND CAME OUT AT WHAT MUST BE THE ROYAL STABLES, FOR INSIDE WERE ROWS AND ROWS OF STALLS. IN EACH STALL WAS A NOBLE CREATURE NOT UNLIKE A HORSE, BUT WITH WINGS. PEGASI, JAKE HAD ONCE HEARD THEM CALLED.

WITH NEWFOUND CONFIDENCE, HE LED ONE OUT OF ITS STALL AND JUMPED ON ITS BACK. IT WHINNIED, BEFORE TROTTING OUT OF THE PALACE. AND THEN, IT FLEW. IT SOARED THROUGH THE AIR FASTER THAN ANYTHING JAKE HAD EVER IMAGINED. THE WIND WHIPPED HIS HAIR BACK AND TEARS CAME TO HIS EYES. HE WAS FLYING!

BUT THEN, AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD STARTED, THE PEGASUS ALIGHTED ON A NARROW CLIFF NEAR THE MOUTH OF A LARGE CAVE. WAS THIS THE DRAGON’S LAIR? JUST THEN, A WHOOSHING SOUND CAME FROM BEHIND HIM, AND A BOY OF ABOUT FOURTEEN LANDED NEARBY ON WHAT SEEMED TO BE A MAGIC CARPET. “ARE YOU JAKE O’CONNOR OF IRELAND?” ASKED THE BOY.

“YES,” SAID JAKE HESITANTLY.

“I’M HECTOR MADISON OF ENGLAND. I THINK I’M YOUR OPPONENT. SO DO WE JUST GO INTO THE CAVE AND HOPE FOR THE BEST?”

“I GUESS,” JAKE SAID, SHRUGGING.

HECTOR APPROACHED THE CAVE CAUTIOUSLY. HE PEEKED INSIDE. THEN HE YELLED BACK, “I’M GONNA WIN!” AND DASHED INTO THE CAVE.

JAKE RAN AFTER HIM INTO THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE. ON THE OTHER SIDE WERE THREE BOTTLES ON A TABLE. JAKE RAN UP TO THEM. THE FIRST BOTTLE HAD A MESSAGE ON IT THAT SAID, I WILL LEAD YOU TO FREEDOM, THE OTHERS WILL LEAD YOU

TO DEATH. THE SECOND ONE SAID, THE FIRST TELLS THE TRUTH, YET HE WILL KILL YOU AND I WILL SET YOU FREE. THE THIRD ONE SAID, ALL US THREE TELL THE TRUTH. HECTOR WAS STANDING BY THE TABLE LOOKING PUZZLED. “WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT TO DRINK?”

“WE HAVE TO DRINK THEM?” JAKE ASKED, PANICKED. WHAT IF THEY WERE ALL POISONED?

“SEEMS THAT WAY,” SAID HECTOR.

JAKE LOOKED AT THE BOTTLES. SUDDENLY HE HAD THE ANSWER. HE PICKED UP THE THIRD BOTTLE AND SWIGGED DOWN THE CONTENTS. SUDDENLY THE ROOM SPUN AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ON A BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE ROOM HE HAD JUST BEEN IN. HE SAW HECTOR DRINK THE FIRST BOTTLE AND DISAPPEAR. HA! THE FIRST LED TO FREEDOM—FREEDOM FROM THE GAMES. IT ALSO LED TO DEATH, BECAUSE EVENTUALLY HECTOR WOULD DIE, LIKE EVERY MORTAL. ANY OTHER PATH ALSO LED TO DEATH. BUT NOTHING SAID THE THIRD ONE LED TO FREEDOM, THEREFORE IT WAS THE ONE TO BRING HIM TO THE FINISH.

JUST THEN A ROAR PULLED HIS ATTENTION TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE BALCONY CLOSEST TO THE CAVERN WALL. THERE, SITTING ON ITS HAUNCHES, WAS A HUGE DRAGON WITH SILVERY SCALES, AND RIGHT BEFORE IT, A SILVER SANDAL.

Changeling

By Reese

HE RAN TOWARDS THE DRAGON. RIGHT AS IT OPENED ITS MOUTH TO MELT HIM WITH FLAME, HE GRABBED THE SANDAL. EVERYTHING FADED AWAY, AND THERE HE WAS IN THE CLEARING AGAIN. IT WAS MORNING.

HAD IT ALL BEEN A DREAM? BUT SUDDENLY, HE SAW, IN THE DIRT, THE TINIEST FOOTPRINT-A FAIRY-SIZED FOOTPRINT.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Reese, I am 12 years old, and I am in seventh grade.

My hobbies include reading, writing, and playing chess. I hope you enjoyed this story.

Myth Retold:

Dauris and Philemon Lord Fredrik of Lavenham

By Katherine G.

THERE WAS ONCE A VERY RICH LORD, LORD FREDRIK, WHO RULED THE SPRAWLING CITY OF LAVENHAM. HE WAS ALWAYS QUITE HAPPY, FOR AFTER ALL HE OWNED BEAUTIFUL LANDS, LIVED IN A MAGNIFICENT MANSION, AND THE ROOMS WITHIN THE MANSION WERE FILLED WITH PRICELESS TREASURES.

ONE DAY, HIS FRIEND CAME BACK FROM A VISIT TO LORD FREDRIK'S CITY AND SAID TO HIM, "OH, MY FRIEND, I HAD JUST FINISHED MY LONG JOURNEY TO LAVENHAM, AND I AM SADDENED. I WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO STAY BEFORE I PROCEEDED TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, BUT EVERY DOOR I KNOCKED ON WAS SLAMMED IN MY FACE!" HE THREW UP HIS HANDS. "OH, MY FRIEND! YOU MUST FIX THAT PROBLEM OF HOSPITALITY IN YOUR CITY, FOR LAVENHAM'S BEAUTY DOES NOT MATCH THE PEOPLE'S SOULS." WITH THAT, HE TURNED AND STOMPED OUT THE DOOR.

LORD FREDRIK WAS SURPRISED TO HEAR HIS FRIEND'S ACCOUNT. HE SAT ON A CHAIR OVERLOOKING THE CITY AND PONDERED ON WHAT HE HAD JUST HEARD. HIS THOUGHTS WERE INTERRUPTED WHEN HIS BUTLER CAME INTO THE ROOM.

"SIR," THE BUTLER SAID, "THERE IS A BEGGAR AT THE DOOR. SHALL I SEND HIM AWAY FOR YOU?"

"NO," CRIED LORD FREDRIK, JUMPING FROM HIS CHAIR. "LET HIM IN AND GIVE HIM A FEAST!"

THE NEXT DAY A BEGGAR WALKED INTO THE CITY OF LAVENHAM. OF COURSE, THE BEGGAR WAS NO BEGGAR AT ALL, BUT RATHER LORD FREDRIK IN DISGUISE. HE DECIDED THAT IF WHAT HIS FRIEND SAID WAS TRUE, THEN HE WOULD HAVE TO SEE IT FOR HIMSELF.

LORD FREDRIK WENT FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, FROM APARTMENT TO APARTMENT, KNOCKING ON DOOR AFTER DOOR, ASKING IF THE RESIDENTS HAD A LITTLE SLICE OF BREAD TO SHARE WITH HIM, AN OLD BEGGAR. BUT TIME AFTER TIME, THE DOOR WAS INDEED SLAMMED IN HIS FACE. ONCE THE FINAL DOOR OF THE UPPER-LEVEL DWELLING AT THE END OF THE LAST STREET OF HIS CITY WAS SLAMMED IN HIS FACE, HE FELT A SADNESS

OVERWHELM HIM. IF HE COULD ONLY HAVE FOUND ONE SINGLE HOUSEHOLD, A SINGLE FAMILY, WHO WOULD SHOW KINDNESS AND A GENEROUS SPIRIT, THEN PERHAPS THERE WOULD BE SOMETHING LEFT OF HIS CITY TO SAVE AFTER ALL. HOWEVER, HAVING FOUND NO SUCH CHARITY, HE FELT COMPLETELY HOPELESS.

HE WAS ABOUT TO DESCEND THE STEPS INTO THE SEEMINGLY MURKY STREETS BELONGING TO HIS GREEDY CITIZENS WHEN HE NOTICED A DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS LEADING TO AN ATTIC. THE ATTIC WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE DWELLING FOR ANY PERSON TO LIVE IN. THE HOT DAYS WOULD MAKE THE SPACE UNBEARABLE, AND THE NIGHTS WERE ENOUGH TO KEEP ANYONE AWAKE AND TREMBLING FROM THE COLD. BUT LORD FREDRIK WAS SO DESPERATE TO FIND A SINGLE RAY OF HOPE IN THE CITY THAT HAD LOST ITS COLOR, THAT HE DECIDED TO KNOCK ON THAT DOOR. JUST IN CASE.

MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE, THE DOOR OPENED, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF IT WAS A YOUNG COUPLE.

Myth Retold:

Dauris and Philemon Lord Fredrik of Lavenham

By Katherine G.

"PLEASE," SAID LORD FREDRIK, "PLEASE COULD YOU SPARE A SMALL SLICE OF BREAD?"

"OF COURSE!" SAID THE WIFE. "COME IN AND STAY, PLEASE."

WHEN LORD FREDRIK ENTERED THE HOUSE, THE OVERWHELMING HEAT WASHED OVER HIM AND IMMEDIATELY HE COULD SEE HOW POOR THE COUPLE WAS. DESPITE THAT, THEY STILL GAVE HIM THE BEST THEY COULD OFFER AND ALTHOUGH THEY BARELY HAD ENOUGH ROOM FOR THE TWO OF THEM, THEY OFFERED HIM A PLACE TO STAY FOR THE NIGHT.

"NO," SAID LORD FREDRIK. FINALLY FINDING THE HOPE HE WAS LOOKING FOR, HE FELT COMPELLED TO REVEAL HIMSELF. "I MUSTN'T IMPEDE, FOR I AM LORD FREDRIK OF LAVENHAM!" HE STRAIGHTENED HIS POSTURE, THREW OFF HIS BEGGAR'S CLOAK, AND UNVEILED HIS RICH GARMENTS.

THE COUPLE STARED AT HIM IN COMPLETE DISBELIEF.

"I AM SO GRATEFUL FOR YOUR GENEROSITY," HE SAID, "AND I WOULD LIKE TO REWARD YOU! FOR YOUR KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY, I WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING MONEY CAN BUY."

"WE CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR OFFER," THE HUSBAND SAID, "FOR WE HAVE EVERYTHING WE NEED THAT MONEY CAN BUY. THE ONLY THING MY WIFE AND I DESIRE IS TO BE BLESSED WITH CHILDREN."

LORD FREDRIK LEFT THE HOME OF THE COUPLE BUT COULD NOT FORGET THEIR WORDS.

HOW COULD HE BLESS THEM AND REWARD THEM?

ON HIS WAY HOME, HE PASSED HOUSE AFTER HOUSE, EACH ONE BEAUTIFUL ON THE OUTSIDE BUT WITH UNGRATEFUL, UNFRIENDLY PEOPLE INSIDE. HOW UNFAIR IT WAS THAT THE BEST PEOPLE IN THE CITY LIVED IN THE WORST RESIDENCE.

AT ONCE HE KNEW WHAT HE COULD DO.

THE NEXT DAY THE YOUNG COUPLE RECEIVED A LETTER. THE FIRST PAGE WAS A DEED TO A LARGE ESTATE WITH A BEAUTIFUL HOME AND LUSH GARDENS, IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE CITY.

ON THE SECOND PAGE THERE WAS A HANDWRITTEN NOTE FROM LORD FREDRIK,
A HOME FOR YOU, WITH PLENTY OF ROOMS FOR YOUR MANY CHILDREN TO COME.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Katherine. I am 11 years old and in grade 7. I am passionate about books and horses! My favourite book is Misty of Chincoteague by Marguerite Henrey. I currently ride a horse named Sweet Pea.



INTERVIEWS COLUMN

Math Mindset!

By Ainsley VB, with Mrs. Christina Royals



Question One: What is the most damaging thought for someone who already struggles with math?

Mrs. Christina Royals: "I'm not good at math."

Question Two: What is the biggest encouragement you have for kids who struggle with math?

Mrs. Christina Royals: It's a journey, not a destination. If you aren't struggling, you aren't learning, and your brain isn't growing. Embrace brain growth.

Question Three: What is your favorite quote about math?

Mrs. Christina Royals:


- "There is geometry in the humming of the strings, there is music in the spacing of the spheres." -Pythagoras

- "Do not worry too much about your difficulties in mathematics- I can assure you that mine are still greater."

- Einstein

Here's something I tell my students: "Being smart isn't having the answers. It's knowing how to find them."





Question Four: Could you summarize what is so important about having a growth mindset?

Mrs. Christina Royals: If you do NOT truly believe, at your core, in your heart, in your mind, that there is NO limit to your academic potential and brain ability, then you've already subconsciously limited yourself.


Question Five: Could you summarize why having a growth mindset is so important to math in particular?

Mrs. Christina Royals: For some reason, the study of mathematics and the mathematics classroom seems to bear a heavier weight and effect on our confidence, self-perspective, and emotional responses over other subjects. So many people view an incorrect answer, an error in calculation, a misjudgement in problem solving, as a failure of their ability or self, and those reactions are damaging, and ultimately, will negatively affect academic performance both now and in the future. Right or wrong answers don't change your status as a mathematician.

Question Six: Why is math important?

Mrs. Christina Royals: It's in everything. Name something that's devoid of mathematical patterns or design.





Question Seven: Why do you love teaching math?

Mrs. Christina Royals: Because it allows me the opportunity to change minds. I might not get you to love math, but I can teach you not to fear it. And hopefully, you will enjoy coming to math class.


Question Eight: What is the most common complaint you hear about math, and what is your response to it?

Mrs. Christina Royals: "This is hard." So is life. Tackling the adversity of math is an opportunity to develop the ability to problem solve, build the character traits of perseverance and patience, as well as practice executing logic, reasoning, drawing connections, deductive reasoning, and a host of other beneficial skills.

Question Nine: What do you think is the main cause of kids not liking math?

Mrs. Christiana Royals: The presentation style, method of delivery, and incorrect responses from educators towards students not performing well.





Question Ten: What led you to loving math?

Mrs. Christina Royals: I went from almost failing 8th grade math with one teacher to a completely different teacher the next year who explained the "why" and the "how" in such a way that I felt so much more enlightened and encouraged.

Bonus Question: Why do you love teaching math at Scholé Academy?

Mrs. Christina Royals: There is never a bad day at Scholé, firstly. And most importantly, I can share the love of Jesus with the students I teach.

About The Interviewer


Hello! My name is Ainsley VB. I am thirteen, and never really enjoyed math. This year, I am taking my first ever math class at Scholé with Mrs. Royals, and she has really changed how I thought about math!

It has been such a pleasure to be in her class, working on math problems and cultivating a healthy growth mindset. These are a few questions I asked her, and if you are someone that struggles with math, I hope you read her answers. They are all so wonderful and comforting!



Talking Typewriters

an Interview by Olivia H. with Allie Millington



Allie Millington is the author of *Olivetti*, a masterpiece including typewriters, family, and a mystery. It explores the idea of family and sticking together, no matter what comes next, simultaneously healing and breaking the reader's heart—we rise as the family rises, and fall as the family falls.

Through the character of Olivetti himself, we learn that the idea of worth is so much more than just ability—it's value, it's love, it's holding dear to the heart what others might not see as worthy. And, like a phoenix, something beautiful can rise from the ashes of what was burned and broken.



What is one of your favourite things about writing?
Do you have a favourite spot you go to for
inspiration?



One of my favorite things about writing is the ability to connect with readers and tap into feelings or experiences that many people face. Books are so special in that they bring us closer to people who we might not think we have anything in common with at first glance. I spend most of my time writing in the quaint shed my husband built for me in our backyard, which feels like a nice escape from the world.

How do you decide on names for characters? Many
young authors (including me!) have long lists and
usually can't decide.

For character names, I often test a few out until one feels just right. I like for my characters to have unique yet accessible names, ones that can appeal to different ages and backgrounds. I find that most times there is always a name that fits the feel of the character.



Along with that, what is a common way you find to form a character? Does the name come first, or does the backstory?

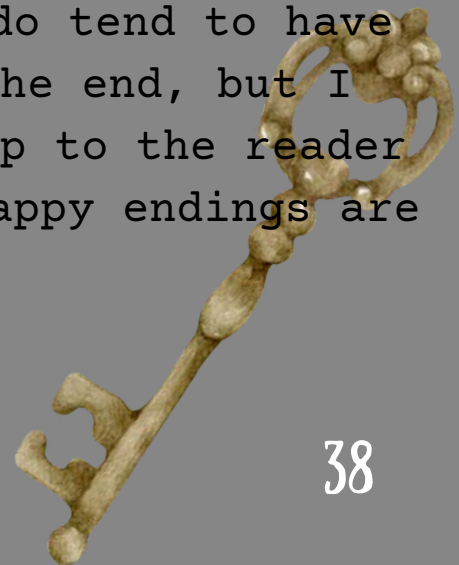


I think who the character is always shows up first—as in what they feel like, what their voice is. From there I start to learn what they want in the story, what they are struggling with, and eventually their backstory begins to fill in. I find it's very important with characters to listen to what they have to say and let them share the story, rather than forcing them to fit whatever plot or structure you have.

This makes them feel more alive and authentic, which readers will connect more to.

How do you tap into emotional scenes, to make them seem real, without making them overly dramatic or cheesy?

Thank you for asking this! Emotional scenes can be tricky, especially as I tend to be very emotional and sentimental myself. I try to balance plenty of heart in my stories while also making them feel realistic by adding in tension, humor, and not always tying everything together with a neat bow. My books all do tend to have some sort of emotional resolution at the end, but I always leave some things unresolved or up to the reader to fill in themselves because perfect, happy endings are rarely the case.



I have a wonderful Novel Writing teacher, Mrs. Courtney Chancey! I interviewed her to find out more about her background. By Maristella W.

First I asked her what made her want to be a writer.

I have always been drawn to any creative process - whether it is writing, painting, dancing, building, etc. Writing is fun because it allows my imagination to come out on a page and be shared with others. I believe that we all have a story to tell that comes from our life experiences. I was a counselor before I started staying home with my kids and helping others find their story of strength and hope within them was very important in my practice.

Mrs. Chancey homeschools. I asked her about the hardest parts and what she enjoys.

The hardest part about homeschooling is how many topics there are to learn and so little time! I enjoy getting to focus on topics that are most interesting to my kids or me. I love getting to explore and dive deep into whatever is fascinating at the moment.



How would you describe your family in one sentence ?

My family is loud, outgoing, curious, silly, loving, funny; they are my happy place.

What is your favorite thing to do with your family?


That is hard to choose! I love cooking together and making fun meals, snuggling up on the couch for a movie night, and singing loudly in the car as we drive around.

What is your favorite teaching method and how many classes at Schole do you teach?

Being a part of Schole Academy I have loved learning more and more about the Socratic teaching method. On the practical side, I have always been a big fan of play- and project-based learning. I am currently teaching 4 classes through this school year. I am teaching the following: Novel Writing, Star Stories, Acrylic Iconography Workshops, and Orthodox Liturgical Common Arts

How did you hear about Schole?

I actually learned about Schole Academy when I was looking into Iconography classes for myself. I found the Adult Iconography Apprenticeship in the St. Raphael House and started that program with Maria Sider-Rose.



What are your three favorite books?

This is difficult too! A few of my favorites are The Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett, The Inheritance Games series by Jennifer Lynn Barnes, and Shark Heart by Emily Habeck.


What are your three favorite movies?

Three of my favorite movies are "Crazy, Stupid Love," "Thor: Ragnarok," and "The Little Mermaid" (animated version).

What are some hobbies/ interests you have?

One thing my sweet grandmother instilled in me is the love of learning and being curious! Therefore, I have a wide variety of hobbies and interests! Arts and crafts, escape rooms, cooking and baking, landscaping, trying foods from other countries and cultures, playing with my kids, building projects out of wood, reading, counseling, serving the women and children at our parish, learning and so much more! Over the last few years I have had the privilege of studying iconography both with the wonderful Maria Sider-Rose here at Schole and with a Greek iconographer named Dr. George Kordis through his Writing the Light program which is run through St. Vladimir's Seminary.





Do you have anything else you would
like to share?

It has been so much fun getting into teaching with Schole Academy! I have learned so much preparing for classes and from the students I have had the privilege to teach. Every student brings something unique to the class and It is fun to watch curiosity grow and relationships develop.

About the Interviewer

I'm a bird-loving, sailing, dancing, reading, writing, and hanging-out with my friends middle schooler. Need I say more?



RECIPES COLUMN





BY REAGAN

CARAMEL APPLE CUPCAKES

THIS AMAZING FALL RECIPE IS ABSOLUTELY DELICIOUS!

IT CAN EASILY BE SWITCHED TO GLUTEN FREE BY USING A MEASURE FOR MEASURE FLOUR INSTEAD OF ALL PURPOSE FLOUR, BUT YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

FOR THE CAKES: (MAKES 18)

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP FINELY CHOPPED PECANS

(OPTIONAL)

3 $\frac{3}{4}$ CUPS ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP GRANULATED SUGAR

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP BROWN SUGAR

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ TSP. SEA SALT

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ TSP. CINNAMON

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ TSP. BAKING SODA

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ TSP. GROUND NUTMEG

$\frac{2}{3}$ TSP. ALLSPICE

5 LARGE EGGS

$\frac{2}{3}$ CUP PLUS 2 TBSP. CANOLA OIL

(OR MELTED COCONUT OIL)

$\frac{2}{3}$ CUP PLUS 2 TBSP.

UNSWEETENED APPLE SAUCE

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ TSP. VANILLA EXTRACT

4 CUPS PEELED AND DICED GRANNY

SMITH APPLES





CARAMEL APPLE CUPCAKES

STEP ONE: PREHEAT OVEN TO 350 DEGREES. SPRAY CUPCAKE TIN(S) WITH COOKING SPRAY AND SET ASIDE. PLACE PECANS ON BAKING SHEET (IF USING) AND BAKE THEM FOR 8-10 MINUTES, OR UNTIL THEY ARE GOLDEN BROWN AND FRAGRANT. SET ASIDE.

STEP TWO: MIX THE FLOUR, SUGARS, CINNAMON, SALT, BAKING SODA, NUTMEG, AND ALLSPICE IN A LARGE BOWL. ADD EGGS, OIL, APPLE SAUCE, AND VANILLA EXTRACT AND BEAT WITH A HAND MIXER UNTIL SMOOTH. GENTLY MIX IN THE APPLES (AND PECANS IF USING) BY HAND.

STEP THREE: SPOON THE MIXTURE EQUALLY INTO THE WELLS OF THE PREPARED CAKE TIN(S) AND BAKE FOR ABOUT 20 MINUTES OR UNTIL A TOOTHPICK COMES OUT CLEAN. LET THE CAKES COOL IN THE TINS FOR 5 MINUTES BEFORE TAKING THEM OUT.





CARAMEL APPLE CUPCAKES

FOR THE CARAMEL GLAZE:

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP PACKED BROWN SUGAR

$\frac{1}{2}$ STICK OF BUTTER


7 $\frac{1}{2}$ TBSP. MILK

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ TSP. VANILLA

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ CUP POWDERED SUGAR

STEP FOUR: MAKE THE GLAZE. HEAT THE BUTTER AND BROWN SUGAR TOGETHER, STIRRING WITH A WHISK, IN A MEDIUM SAUCEPAN. ONCE MELTED, BOIL FOR 1 MINUTE WHILE WHISKING CONSTANTLY, AND REMOVE FROM HEAT. STIR IN THE MILK, VANILLA, AND POWDERED SUGAR AND BEAT UNTIL SMOOTH. DRIZZLE OVER THE CAKES.

ABOUT THE BAKER



MY NAME IS REAGAN, I'M 14 YEARS OLD AND IN 8TH GRADE. I LOVE FALL, BAKING, THEATER, READING BOOKS, AND WRITING STORIES. ONE DAY, I WANT TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN ACTRESS AND SINGER. I HOPE YOU LOVE THIS RECIPE AS MUCH AS I DO!



ARTS & & ENTERTAINMENT

THE ANT WHO LOST A PEAR BY EMMA R.

ONE DAY AN ANT WAS WALKING AND SPOTTED A PEAR. HE SAID, "I WANT TO GO DEVOUR THAT PEAR; I AM VERY HUNGRY!" SO HE TRIED TO CLIMB THE TREE, BUT HE FAILED EVERY TIME. HE WALKED AWAY SCORNFULLY, SAYING, "I BET THAT PEAR WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO SOUR TO EAT ANYWAY."

MORAL: MANY PEOPLE DESPISE WHAT IS BEYOND THEIR REACH.

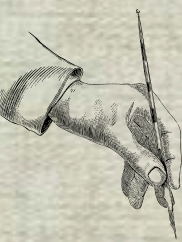
The Ant Who Lost A Pear
One day an Ant was walking
and spied a pear. He said "I want
to go devour that pear, I am very
hungry." So he tried to climb
the tree, but he failed every
time. He walked away scornfully
saying "I bet that pear would have
been too sour to eat anyway."
Moral: Many people despise
what is beyond their reach.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:
HI, MY NAME IS EMMA R. I AM 9 YEARS OLD AND IN THE 4TH GRADE. THIS IS MY VERY FIRST SEMESTER AT SCHOLE. I LOVE TO READ, RIDE HORSES, AND PLAY MAKE BELIEVE WITH MY SISTER. MY FAVORITE CLASS RIGHT NOW IS U.S GEOGRAPHY.



ABOUT THE ARTIST:
MY NAME IS IVANA, I'M 13 AND IN THE 8TH GRADE. I'VE BEEN DOING ART FOR A WHILE AND I LIKE TO DO IT IN MY FREE TIME.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT
INSPIRED BY THE FOX AND THE GRAPES
By VICTORIA, AGE 10, GRADE 5



ONCE THERE WAS A CAT WHO WANTED SOMETHING TO EAT. THE CAT WALKED BY A NEIGHBOR'S PATCH OF BLACKBERRIES. "HOW TASTY THEY LOOK," THOUGHT THE CAT.

SHE PAWED AT BLACKBERRIES NEAR TO THE GROUND, BUT THORNS BLOCKED HER. SHE PAWED AT BLACKBERRIES HIGHER UP, BUT THORNS BLOCKED HER AGAIN. FINALLY SHE LEAPED ONTO THE BLACKBERRY BUSH. SHE FELL INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE BUSH AND WAS PRICKED MANY TIMES BY ITS SHARP THORNS. YOWLING LOUDLY, SHE FREED HERSELF.

ANGRILY SHE DECLARED, "I WILL NEVER EAT BLACKBERRIES AGAIN!"

AS SHE STALKED AWAY SHE COMFORTED HERSELF, SAYING, "THOSE BLACKBERRIES WERE PROBABLY TOO SQUISHY ANYWAY."

MORAL: MANY PEOPLE DESPISE WHAT IS BEYOND THEIR REACH.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

VICTORIA IS A 10 YEAR OLD, 5TH GRADE STUDENT IN WRITING AND RHETORIC I. SHE HAS RETOLD AESOP'S FABLE, THE FOX AND THE GRAPES, USING A CAT AND A BLACKBERRY BUSH. THIS IS HER FIRST YEAR WITH SCHOLE ACADEMY. VICTORIA ENJOYS PLAYING VIOLA, DOING IRISH DANCE, AND BRAZILIAN JIU JITSU IN HER FREE TIME.



FRANCIS BARLOW PICTURE STUDY BY GABRIEL AND NATHAN T.

By NATHAN:



By GABRIEL:



NATURA NATIVITY BY NATHAN AND GABRIEL T.



ABOUT THE ARTIST:

NATHAN, AGE 10
ENJOYS BUILDING
WITH LEGOS, KIWICO
CRATES AND
READING THE
MANGA BIBLE.

ABOUT THE ARTIST:

GABRIEL LOVES
ANIMALS, ART AND
VIDEO GAMES. HE
ENJOYS TRAVELING WITH
HIS FAMILY AND
SKETCHING COMICS TO
NARRATE LITERATURE.
THIS IS HIS THIRD YEAR
HOMESCHOOLING.



THE CHICKEN PRINCESS

BY BEATRICE E.

CHAPTER I


ONCE UPON A TIME, LONG, LONG AGO THERE LIVED A PRINCE WHOSE NAME WAS IVAN. HE WAS THE ONLY SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN. HE WAS A HANDSOME PRINCE WHO LOVED HUNTING, SWIMMING, AND OTHER OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES.

HE LONGED TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE CHILDREN. ONE DAY, HE WAS WALKING THROUGH THE FOREST WHEN CROSSING A STREAM, HE LOOKED DOWN INTO THE CRYSTAL CLEAR WATER AND SAW THE REFLECTION OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD HE HAD EVER SEEN. FOR A MOMENT, HE WAS STUNNED BY WHAT HE SAW. THEN, REGAINING CONTROL OF HIS BODY, HE LOOKED UP INTO THE BRANCHES OVERHANGING THE STREAM, AND THERE, SITTING IN A SMALL NEST SAT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD EVER KNOWN TO MAN (AT THAT TIME). THE PRINCE STUDIED THE TREE CLOSELY TO FIND THE BEST WAY TO GET UP TO THE BIRD. THE BARK WAS VERY SMOOTH ALL THE WAY AROUND AND THE ONLY BRANCH BELOW THE VERY TOP OF THE TREE WAS ABOUT TEN FEET FROM THE GROUND. HE DECIDED HE WOULD HAVE TO JUMP, SO STANDING A FEW FEET BACK ON THE PATH, HE TOOK A RUNNING LEAP AND CAUGHT HOLD OF THE BRANCH, PULLING HIMSELF UP TO THE BIRD'S NEST. WHEN HE LOOKED IN THE NEST HE SAW A YOUNG HEN SITTING UPON THE NEATLY WOVEN STICKS, FEATHERS, GRASS, AND LEAVES THAT SHE HAD USED TO MAKE HER NEST. NOT WANTING TO DISTURB HER, IVAN TOOK HIS SWORD AND CUT OFF THE END OF THE BRANCH WHICH HELD HER NEST. PLACING THE NEST UPON HIS HEAD, HE SWUNG DOWN FROM THE LIMB. SAFELY ON THE GROUND, HE TOOK THE NEST WITH THE BIRD IN IT GENTLY INTO HIS ARMS, AND WALKED QUIETLY HOME TO THE CASTLE FOR SUPPER.

CHAPTER 2

WHEN IVAN RETURNED HOME, HE WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS BEDCHAMBER AND SET THE NEST ON HIS CHEST OF DRAWERS. HE THEN QUICKLY SHUT THE





WINDOWS, CLOSED THE CURTAINS AND CHANGED OUT OF HIS HUNTING GARMENTS INTO MORE FESTIVE ATTIRE. HE GLANCED DOWN TO INSPECT HIS OUTFIT WHEN HE REALIZED HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON HIS MAGIC CUFFS AND HIS DARK BROWN LEATHER BELT WITH ITS GOLDEN BUCKLE AND ONE LARGE RUBY. HE HAD INHERITED THESE FROM HIS FATHER. HE HURRIEDLY PUT THESE ON AND HASTENED TO THE BANQUET HALL WHERE HIS MOTHER BECKONED HIM TO SIT DOWN IN HIS SEAT OF HONOR. AS HE HURRIED FORWARD SHE WHISPERED, "YOUR FATHER IS GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH. HURRY!"



WHEN IVAN HAD SEATED HIMSELF, THE KING STOOD UP AND RAISED HIS HAND FOR SILENCE. THE ROOM GREW QUIET. "AH HEM!" SAID THE KING. "AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE PRINCE IS IN HIS NINETEENTH YEAR, AND BY OUR GOOD LAWS HE MUST MARRY A PRINCESS BY HIS NEXT BIRTHDAY." IVAN WAS PETRIFIED. HE HAD COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THAT HE HAD TO MARRY BY THE AGE OF NINETEEN. HE OPENED HIS MOUTH TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT SEEING THAT HIS FATHER WAS NOT FINISHED SPEAKING, HE QUICKLY SHUT IT AGAIN. "AS WE ALL KNOW," CONTINUED THE KING WITH SOME BITTERNESS, "THE PRINCE HAS NOT CHOSEN A BRIDE. I HEREBY DECLARE THE QUEEN AND I SHALL CHOOSE A BRIDE FOR HIM IN A FORTNIGHT FROM THIS HOUR IF HE HAS NOT ALREADY DONE SO. NOW RISE, GOOD PEOPLE. WE TOAST THEE AND DRINK THY HEALTH!" WITH THAT, THE KING, QUEEN, AND PRINCE BOWED TO THEIR PEOPLE. EVERYBODY THEN TURNED TOWARD THE EAST AND THE KING LED THE AFORE MEAL PRAYER. THE FEASTING AND ENTERTAINMENT HAD BEGUN.

CHAPTER 3

THE PRINCE TRIED TO ACT NORMALLY. THE FOOD WAS EXCELLENT BUT THE PRINCE COULD NOT ENJOY IT. KNOWING HE HAD TO CHOOSE A WIFE IN A FORTNIGHT LAID HEAVILY ON HIS CONSCIENCE. WHEN THE DESSERTS ARRIVED, AND EVERYONE WAS ABSORBED IN THEIR FOOD AND THE ENTERTAINMENTS, IVAN THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO SHOW HIS PARENTS, AND



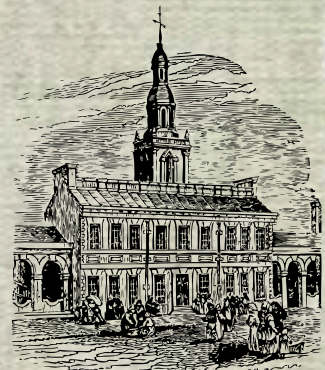
ONLY HIS PARENTS, THE CHICKEN HE HAD FOUND. HE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY SLIPPED OUT OF THE BANQUET HALL AND RAN TO HIS BEDCHAMBER WHERE HE FOUND THE HEN NESTLED UNDER THE COVERLET OF HIS BED. TO HIS GREAT SURPRISE, THE CHICKEN'S HEAD WAS RESTING UPON HIS PILLOW AND SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP. IVAN THOUGHT THIS WAS VERY STRANGE AS HE HAD ONLY EVER SEEN CHICKENS SLEEPING WITH THEIR HEADS UNDER THEIR WINGS OR TUCKED INTO THEIR BREAST FEATHERS. HE GENTLY TOOK HER INTO HIS ARMS AND WALKED BACK TO THE FEAST. JUST OUTSIDE THE HEAVY OAK DOORS OF THE BANQUET HALL, IVAN HID THE CHICKEN UNDER THE PART OF HIS SHIRT THAT WAS NOT OBSCURED BY HIS BELT. WHEN HE HAD FINISHED DOING THIS, HE RE-ENTERED THE HALL AND SLIPPED BACK INTO HIS ORIGINAL CHAIR. IVAN WAITED FOR A BREAK IN THE ENTERTAINMENT WHEN THE DANCERS WOULD LEAVE THE HALL TO CHANGE THEIR COSTUMES. DURING THIS BREAK, THE PRINCE TAPPED HIS MOTHER ON THE SHOULDER AND SAID, "MOTHER, BY YOUR GOOD LEAVE, I WISH TO SHOW YOU AND FATHER A CURIOUS THING I FOUND IN THE FOREST NIGH ON THREE HOURS AGO." THE QUEEN NODDED AND TOUCHED THE KING'S ARM SAYING, "YOUR HIGHNESS, OUR SON WISHES TO SHOW US A GREAT THING. WILL YOU CONSENT TO ASK WHAT IT IS?" THE KING TURNED SAYING, "YES. I CONSENT TO LISTEN IF IT WILL NOT TAKE TOO LONG OF A TIME, FOR I AM RATHER ABSORBED IN—" BUT HE GOT NO FURTHER. FOR IVAN HAD BEEN LISTENING ALL THIS TIME AND HAD GROWN IMPATIENT. WHEN HIS FATHER HAD BEGUN TO SPEAK IN THAT SLOW, DRAWN OUT MANNER THAT EVERYONE DESPISES, IVAN LOST HIS PATIENCE COMPLETELY AND INTERRUPTED THE KING BY HISSING, "YES, YES, THIS WON'T TAKE LONG IF YOU WOULD JUST LET ME START! BEFORE I SHOW YOU, PLEASE PROMISE TO LET ME DO WHATEVER I WANT WITH IT." THE KING AND QUEEN GAVE THEIR PROMISE, AND THE PRINCE SAID, "I AM WARNING YOU, YOU MIGHT BE VERY SURPRISED, BUT YOU MUST BE QUIET AT ALL COSTS." THERE WAS A SMALL PAUSE AND THEN IVAN PULLED OUT THE HEN.



CHAPTER 4

THE QUEEN GASPED AS THE SPLENDOR AND MAGNIFICENCE OF THE CHICKEN WAS REVEALED IN THE LIGHT FROM THE HUNDREDS OF CANDLES STUCK FAST IN THE MANY CHANDELIERS THAT LINED THE IMMENSELY HIGH VAULTED CEILING. IVAN SET THE CHICKEN ON THE TABLE WHERE IT STARTED WALKING TO AND FRO BETWIXT THE PLATTERS AND GOBLETs. THE PRINCE THEN TOLD THE STORY OF HOW HE FOUND THE HEN, WHICH I HAVE WRITTEN DOWN IN FULL AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS TALE. WHEN IVAN HAD FINISHED TELLING HIS THRILLING STORY, HIS PARENTS STARTED MAKING SUGGESTIONS FOR WHAT HE COULD DO TO IT. THE QUEEN SAID, "YOU COULD TRY TO BREED IT WITH THE FINEST ROOSTER WE HAVE!" THE PRINCE OBJECTED TO THIS STATEMENT, HOWEVER, AND ASKED HIS MOTHER'S HANDMAIDEN WHAT SHE THOUGHT WOULD BE THE BEST THING TO DO WITH THE CHICKEN. THE GIRL THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE AND THEN SAID, "DON'T BE OFFENDED OR ANYTHING, YOU HIGHNESS, BUT YOU KNOW THIS CHICKEN COULD TASTE VERY GOOD. AND I AM SURE THE COOK WILL NOT MIND COOKING IT." "NO!" SAID IVAN, A BIT LOUDER THAN HE MEANT TO. "YOU CAN'T MAKE ME EAT MY CHICKEN!" HE SAID THIS FORCEFULLY, BUT INSIDE HE WAS SORRY FOR THE WAY HE HAD SPOKEN THE WORD "NO." THE HANDMAIDEN OBVIOUSLY REALIZED SHE HAD MADE A MISTAKE BY SUGGESTING THE PRINCE COULD EAT THE HEN BECAUSE SHE QUICKLY SAID, "I DIDN'T MEAN IT IN THAT WAY. I WAS MERELY SUGGESTING THE POSSIBILITY." "IF I MAY BE SO BOLD AS TO ASK," SAID THE KING, "WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING ON DOING WITH HER?" "YES," SAID THE QUEEN, "I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THAT MYSELF." "WELL," SAID IVAN SLOWLY, "I WAS THINKING I COULD KEEP HER AS A PET." HIS PARENTS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WITH RAISED EYEBROWS. THEN THEY SAID IN UNISON, "ALL RIGHT. YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH HER, BUT DO NOT ASK US FOR HELP! SHE IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!" IVAN NODDED, SLIPPED THE CHICKEN UNDER HIS SHIRT, AND WALKED BACK TO HIS ROOM.

TO BE CONTINUED...



THE CHICKEN PRINCESS ARTWORK



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

BEATRICE LOVES TO DRAW AND INVENT STORIES TO TELL TO HER SIBLINGS AND MANY FARM ANIMALS. SHE LIVES ON A RANCH IN THE MOUNTAINS. SHE LIKES TO RIDE HORSES, TAKE WALKS WITH HER GOATS, EXPLORE NATURE, PLAY PIANO, AND PAINT PAINTINGS.



Reflection By Audrūnas G.



About the Artist:
Audrūnas is a human living on
planet Earth. He enjoys
photographing reflections and
submitting them to the Schole
Chronicle.

COURTSHIP OF THE MANTIS

By ELIZABETH S.

THE FINE LADY MANTIS PERCHED ON A BRANCH,
HER MIGHTY STRENGTH STUNNED THE NATURAL WORLD.
WITH FIERCENESS, STUN, STOICISM, WAS SHE RICH,
BUT OVERALL, IT WAS MOTHER NATURE WHO HAD HER HOLD.
THE GENTLEMAN MANTIS, FRAGILE AS HE WAS, WAS COURAGEOUS.
WAS STILL YET DEALT THE POOR HAND FROM CREATION'S CREATOR.
HE GAVE ALL TO HIS CAUSE, ABOVE ALL STAYING UMBRAGEOUS.
FOR, ALL HE WANTED WAS TO PROTECT HIS SPECIES FROM A FALL.
ONE DARK NIGHT, THE FLASHY LADY MANTIS WAS IN HER SLUMBER,
AND THE LAD MEANT TO FULFIL HIS PURPOSE.
AGAINST HIS LIFE, FOR THE FUTURE, TOWARDS THE LADY HE LUMBERED.
SUCCESSFUL IN HIS MISSION, HE ENDED IN DEATH'S FIERY FURNACE.
THE MALE HAD SUCCESSORS, THE FEMALE HAD HER SUPPER.
THEIR SINISTER RITUAL—LIFE FOR LIFE—WILL ALWAYS ENDURE.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

HEY THERE, I'M ELIZABETH! FROM A VERY YOUNG AGE, I'VE BEEN ENCOURAGED TO EXPRESS MYSELF CREATIVELY AND TO EMBRACE THE GIFTS THAT GOD HAS GIVEN ME. NOW, IN MY SOPHOMORE YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL, I'VE TAKEN THAT TO HEART, AND I'M ASPIRING TO BRING GREATER GLORY TO GOD AND TO GRASP THE CONCEPT OF TRUTH THROUGH WRITING.





SPIRITUAL
COLUMN

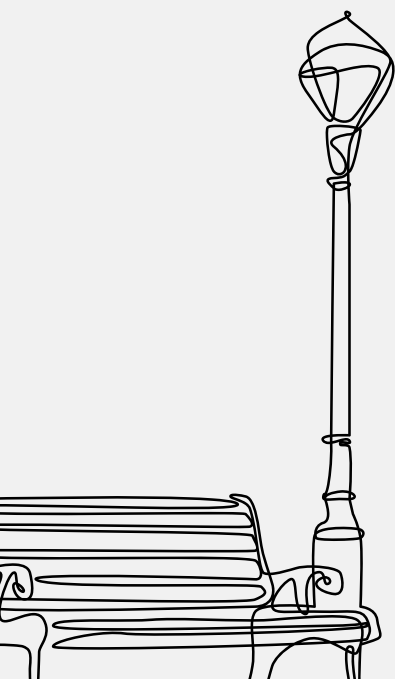


Spiritual Reflections Hall

”⁴ BUT WHEN THE KINDNESS AND LOVE OF GOD OUR SAVIOR APPEARED, ⁵ HE SAVED US, NOT BECAUSE OF RIGHTEOUS THINGS WE HAD DONE, BUT BECAUSE OF HIS MERCY. HE SAVED US THROUGH THE WASHING OF REBIRTH AND RENEWAL BY THE HOLY SPIRIT, ⁶ WHOM HE POURED OUT ON US GENEROUSLY THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOR, ⁷ SO THAT, HAVING BEEN JUSTIFIED BY HIS GRACE, WE MIGHT BECOME HEIRS HAVING THE HOPE OF ETERNAL LIFE.” -TITUS 3:4-7

THIS VERSE REMINDS US THAT OUR GOOD DEEDS DON'T MEASURE OUR WORTH, BUT BY THE INCREDIBLE KINDNESS AND MERCY OF GOD. IT'S LIKE A DIVINE SHOWER—WASHING AWAY OUR PAST AND REFRESHING US WITH A NEW BEGINNING! IMAGINE STEPPING INTO A WARM, INVITING SPA, WHERE THE WORRIES OF THE DAY JUST MELT AWAY. THAT'S THE RENEWAL WE'RE GIFTED THROUGH THE HOLY SPIRIT. AND THE BEST PART? THIS ISN'T JUST A ONE-TIME TREATMENT; IT'S A GENEROUS OUTPOURING THAT KEEPS US REJUVENATED! IT'S AS IF GOD IS SAYING, “HEY, YOU'RE FAMILY NOW! ENJOY THE LUXURY OF GRACE!” SO, LET'S EMBRACE OUR STATUS AS HEIRS OF ETERNAL LIFE—WHAT A HEAVENLY INHERITANCE! IT'S PROOF THAT LOVE FINDS US WHERE WE ARE AND INVITES US TO SOMETHING FAR GREATER. WHO KNEW THAT KINDNESS COULD HAVE SUCH A PROFOUND IMPACT? -- MARIE V.

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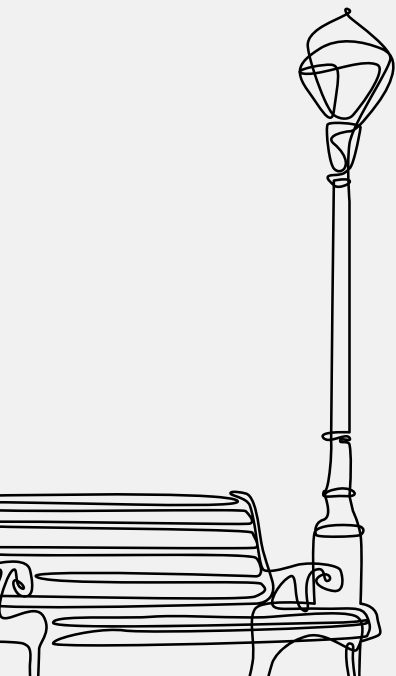




Spiritual Reflections Hall

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AT FIRST, THIS PASSAGE IS A CALL TO HUMILITY. VERSES 4 AND 5 SAY TWO THINGS TO ME CONCERNING THIS: 1) NOTHING YOU CAN DO (IN TERMS OF HUMAN PERFORMANCE) WILL EVER BE ENOUGH TO GET TO GOD; HOWEVER, 2) WHO WE ARE OR WHAT WE HAVE DONE DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL TO CHRIST, HE LOVES US ALL THE SAME. I ALSO LOVE HOW JUSTIFICATION IS MENTIONED -- IT'S SUPER COOL! JUSTIFICATION IS ESSENTIALLY GOD'S PARDON OF ALL OUR SINS AND HIS DECLARATION THAT WE ARE NEW CREATIONS. FROM HERE, WE UNDERGO SALVATION -THE PURSUIT OF CLEANSING YOUR ENTIRE BEING TO BE HOLY- WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT. WHAT AN AWESOME REMINDER THAT GOD CARES FOR US AND WENT THE INFINITE EXTRA MILES TO REDEEM US THROUGH CHRIST!





Angels Embrace

By JEWEL MARIE

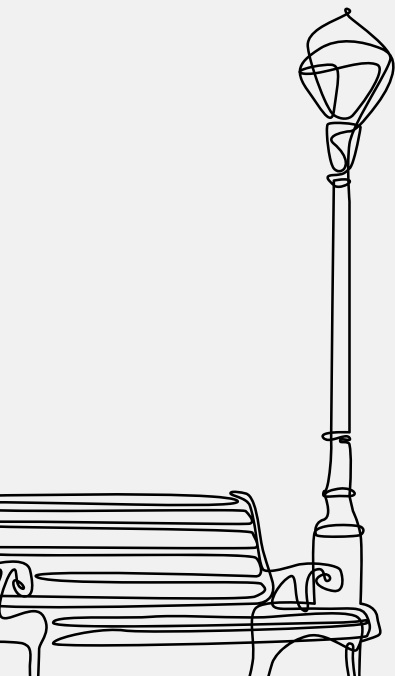
ANGELS ARE GLOWING AND SINGING ON HIGH
WHILE CHRIST IS ASLEEP WITH HIS MOTHER NEAR BY.

BABY OF HEAVEN BORN ON EARTH
BABY BORN TO BRING ALL TO REBIRTH.

SATAN HE COMES TO MAKE PEOPLE SIN,
BUT THE LORD ALWAYS SAVES THOSE HE MADE AS HIS KIN.

JESUS IS THERE THOUGH WE MAY KNOW IT NOT,
HE KEEPS US SAFE FROM ANYTHING HELL HATH BROUGHT.

THE NIGHT WE CALL CHRISTMAS IS ONE TO REMEMBER,
FOR THAT IS WHEN JESUS WAS BORN, THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.



About the Poet

HI, MY NAME IS JEWEL MARIE, I AM 13 YEARS YOUNG AND
I'M IN EIGHTH GRADE. I LOVE WRITING POETRY AND THIS
POEM IS ONE OF MY NEWEST CREATIONS. I HOPE YOU ENJOY
READING IT!





Broken Wings

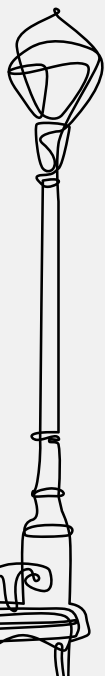
BY OLIVIA R.

LORD,
YOU LOVINGLY CRAFTED MAN
FROM DUST AND DIRT
AND BREATHED YOUR LIFE AND SPIRIT
INTO HIM

BUT HE SINNED AGAINST YOU
HIS LOVING FATHER--
BROKE THE COVENANT
BECAUSE OF THE WORD OF A SERPENT

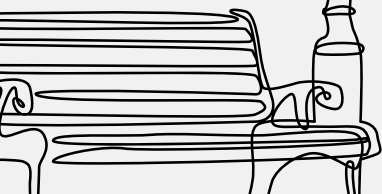
SINCE THEN, WE HAVE BEEN BORN WITH BROKEN WINGS
CRUSHED AND CRUMPLED INTO THE WORLD WE CAME
YET STILL, EVEN NOW, GOD'S GRACE REIGNS
HE WORKS MIRACLES EVERY DAY

ONE DAY, WHEN THE PRINCE OF PEACE RETURNS
WE SHALL BE RESTORED ONCE MORE RENEWED
AND WE SHALL SOAR
PERFECT AND PURE.



About the Poet

OLIVIA IS A TENTH GRADER WHO IS IN HER SECOND YEAR
WITH SCHOLÉ ACADEMY. WHEN SHE'S NOT BUSY WITH
SCHOOLWORK, SHE ENJOYS SERVING IN HER CHURCH'S MUSIC
MINISTRY. HER FAVORITE BOOK IS CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.



MEET THE TEAM



Sarah S.

SARAH IS A 17-YEAR-OLD JUNIOR. THIS IS HER FOURTH YEAR WITH SCHOLÉ, AND SHE IS CURRENTLY TAKING SPANISH 4, GERMAN 2, AND INTRODUCTORY KOREAN - ALL OF WHICH ARE EXCITING CLASSES! ALTHOUGH SHE'S FASCINATED BY LEARNING LANGUAGES, SHE IS PRIMARILY AN ARTIST AT HEART. HER PREFERRED MEDIUMS ARE GRAPHITE AND COLORED PENCILS, THOUGH SHE ENJOYS PAINTING WITH ACRYLICS AS WELL. IN HER FREE TIME, SHE LOVES READING AND WRITING STORIES. LATELY, SHE HAS BEEN DELVING MORE INTO THE WORLD OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE. YOU MAY ALSO FIND HER JOURNALING, TAP DANCING, BOWLING, OR SPENDING TIME WITH HER THREE CRAZY DOGS.



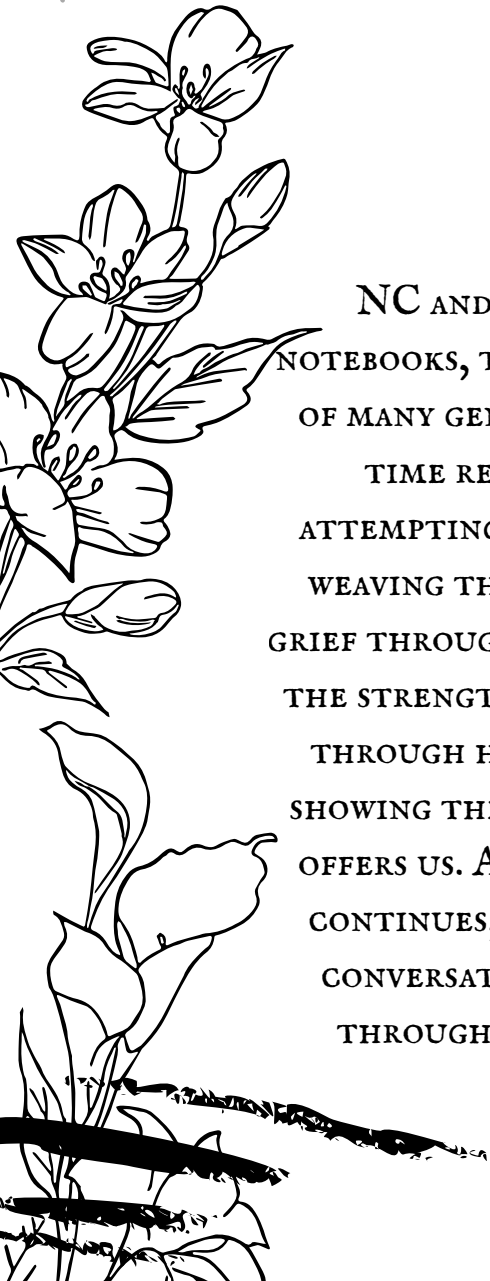
Head Editor

Genevieve S.

GENEVIEVE S. DWELLS IN RURAL NC AND LOVES ANYTHING INVOLVING NOTEBOOKS, TEA, OR WALKING. AN AVID WRITER OF MANY GENRES, SHE SPENDS FAR TOO MUCH TIME RESEARCHING MAJOR WARS AND ATTEMPTING NEW MAGIC SYSTEMS ALL WHILE WEAVING THE EMOTIONS OF LOVE, FEAR AND GRIEF THROUGH HER WORKS. SHE LOVES TESTING THE STRENGTH OF THE HUMAN BODY AND SOUL THROUGH HER FICTIONAL CHARACTERS AND SHOWING THE HOPE AND RENEWAL THAT JESUS OFFERS US. AS HER SEVENTH YEAR AT SCHOLÉ CONTINUES, SHE IS EVER INTRIGUED AT THE CONVERSATION AND THOUGHTS PROVOKED THROUGH THE GAINING OF KNOWLEDGE.



Head Designer



Elizabeth D.

ELIZABETH HAS BEEN AT SCHOLÉ FOR SIX YEARS AND HAS STARTED TAKING COLLEGE CLASSES AT ASU. AFTER DECIDING TO START A PERSONAL FANTASY STORY IN JANUARY OF 2024, IT HAS BECOME HER GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT AND IS OVER 70 CHAPTERS AND 750 PAGES LONG (WITH NO END IN SIGHT). SHE HAS RECENTLY TAKEN UP DRAWING, AND IS IMPROVING HER WATERCOLOR AND GOUACHE SKILLS. AFTER BEING A PIANIST FOR EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS STARTED ORGAN THIS YEAR. SHE IS A KNOWN WORLD TRAVELER AND IN THIS YEAR ALONE SHE HAS FLOWN 34 FLIGHTS, VISITED 10 COUNTIES, AND TRAVELED OVER 49,060 MILES.



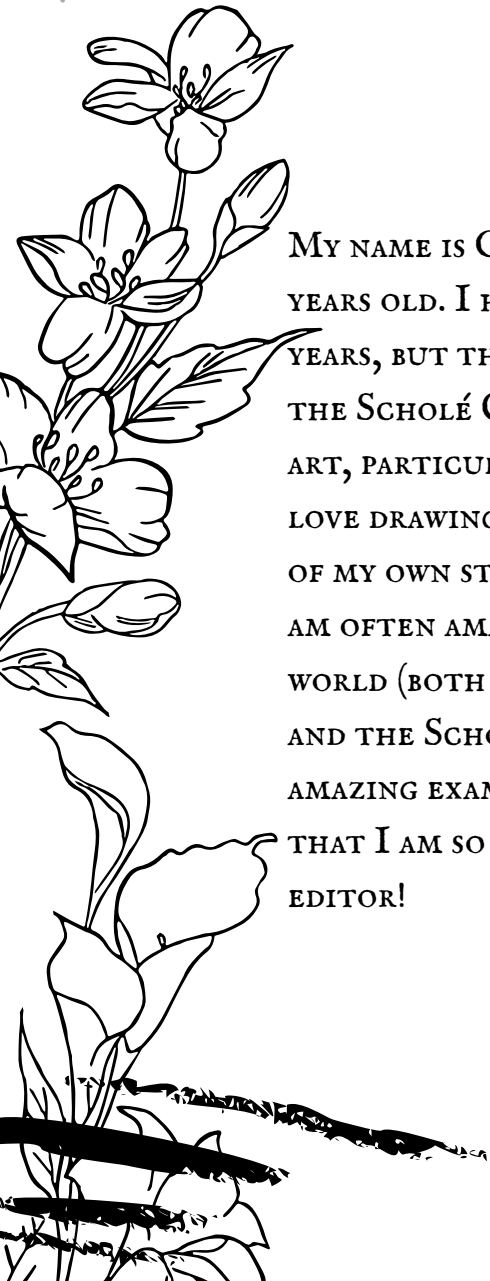
Editor

Gretchen D.

MY NAME IS GRETCHEN D. AND I AM FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. I HAVE BEEN AT SCHOLÉ FOR SIX YEARS, BUT THIS IS MY FIRST YEAR WORKING ON THE SCHOLÉ CHRONICLE. I LOVE STORIES AND ART, PARTICULARLY VIDEO GAMES AND BOOKS. I LOVE DRAWING SO SO MUCH, AND ENJOY THINKING OF MY OWN STORIES AND CHARACTERS AS WELL. I AM OFTEN AMAZED AT HOW MANY THINGS IN THIS WORLD (BOTH ONLINE AND IRL) ARE INSPIRING, AND THE SCHOLÉ CHRONICLE IS SUCH AN AMAZING EXAMPLE AND ACCUMULATION OF THAT THAT I AM SO GLAD I GET TO WORK ON AS AN EDITOR!



Editor



Olivia H.

IN HER 5TH-ISH YEAR WITH SCHOLÉ, OLIVIA IS A SENIOR PRIVILEGED TO BE SERVING FOR THE SECOND YEAR AS AN EDITOR ON THE CHRONICLE TEAM. IN HER NONEXISTENT SPARE TIME, SHE ENJOYS READING, WRITING, SINGING OR LISTENING TO MUSIC, AND TALKING ABOUT ICE HOCKEY (NHL). HER FAVOURITE AUTHORS ARE THE CLASSICS, AS ONE MIGHT EXPECT (TOLKIEN, LEWIS, SAYERS), AND, GIVEN THAT MOST OF HER FAVOURITE AUTHORS ARE BRITISH, SHE TENDS TO USE BRITISH SPELLING. SOLI DEO GLORIA!



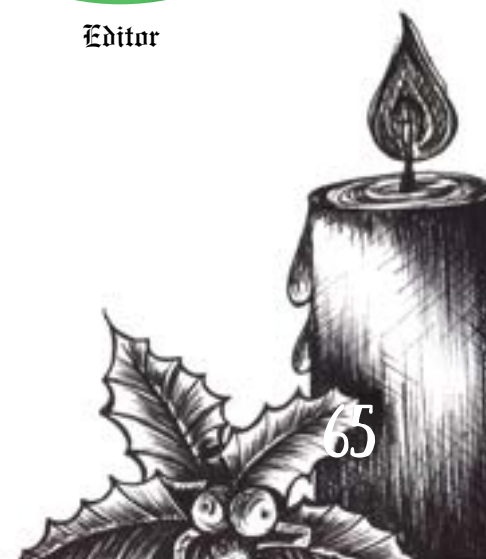
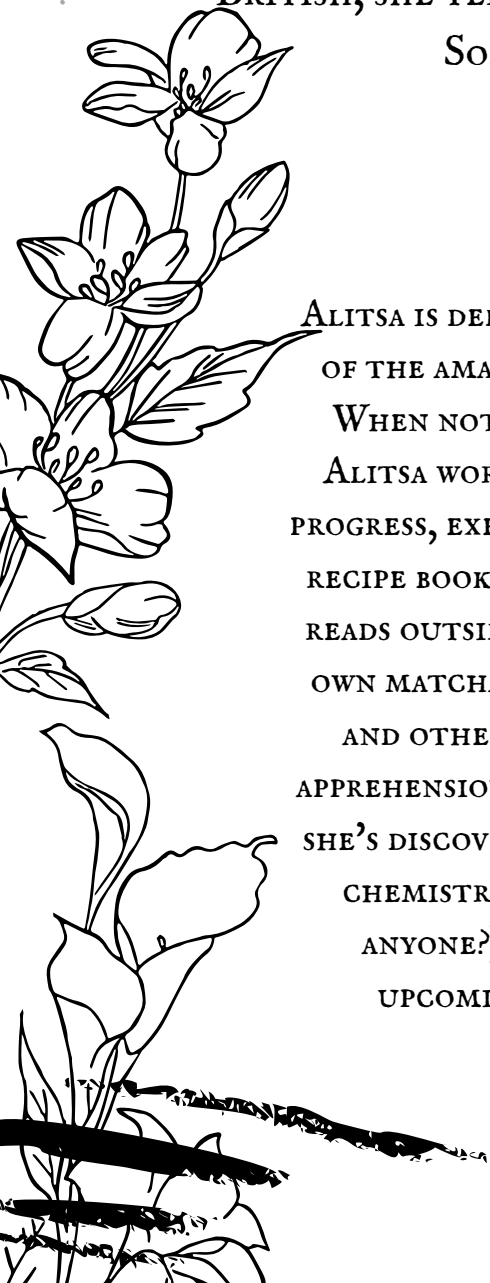
Editor

Alitsa S.

IN HER SOPHOMORE YEAR, ALITSA IS DELIGHTED TO BE ONCE AGAIN A PART OF THE AMAZING SCHOLÉ CHRONICLE TEAM. WHEN NOT DOING HOMEWORK OR SCHOOL, ALITSA WORKS ON HER CURRENT NOVEL-IN-PROGRESS, EXERCISES, FLIPS THROUGH SMOOTHIE RECIPE BOOKS, WRITE POSTS ON HER BLOG, AND READS OUTSIDE. ALITSA LOVES TO WHIP UP HER OWN MATCHA LATTES, PUMPKIN SPICE LATTES, AND OTHER TASTY TREATS. DESPITE SOME APPREHENSION AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR, SHE'S DISCOVERING THAT SHE ACTUALLY ENJOYS CHEMISTRY (ELECTRON CONFIGURATIONS, ANYONE?). ALITSA'S THRILLED FOR THE UPCOMING 2025 CHRISTMAS SEASON!



Editor



Violet C.

VIOLET COOPER IS A SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD WHO LIVES IN LAS VEGAS, NV WITH HER FAMILY AND BEAGLE, BENTLEY. SHE IS CONTINUING HER JOURNEY WITH THE TRINITY, AND EVEN THROUGH UPS AND DOWNS, SHE CARRIES ON. VIOLET LEADS A GROUP AT HER SPEECH CLUB, IS A CADET IN CIVIL AIR PATROL, JOINED THE SCHOLE CHRONICLE THIS YEAR, RECENTLY GOT HER LICENSE, AND WILL SOON BE GETTING A JOB. SHE PLAYS GUITAR, BAKE/COOKS, SINGS, ORGANIZES, AND DOES LOTS OF OTHER THINGS TOO. SHE IS LEARNING TO TAKE LIFE AS IT COMES, AND SEEKS TRUE REST AND HAPPINESS IN THE LORD.



Designer

Abigail G.

ABIGAIL IS THRILLED TO BE BACK ON THE SCHOLE DESIGN TEAM FOR A BONUS YEAR! SHE GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL IN THE SPRING, BUT IS COMPLETING HER STUDY OF ATTIC GREEK GRAMMAR WITH MR. KOTYNSKI, WHILE SHE APPLIES TO COLLEGES AND WORKS PART-TIME AT A LOCAL STATIONERY STORE, THE PAPERMOUSE. LANGUAGES FASCINATE ABIGAIL. SHE IS STUDYING ANGLO-SAXON WITH HER MOTHER, FRENCH WITH THE POLYGLOT ALEXANDER ARGUELLES, AND THE ODES OF HORACE IN LATIN WITH THE CATHERINE PROJECT. SHE ALSO LOVES TO WRITE POETRY ON HER OLIVETTI LETTERA 22 TYPEWRITER. SHE IS PICTURED HERE CONVERSING WITH HER FRIEND, WILL, AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY IN LONDON LAST YEAR.



Designer



Chloe O.

CHLOE IS FRESHMAN IN HER SIXTH YEAR WITH SCHOLÉ ACADEMY AND HER THIRD AT THE CHRONICLE. SHE LOVES TO PLAY PIANO AND GUITAR, SEW, MAKE GREETING CARDS, KNIT, EXPLORE NATURE, READ (SOME OF HER FAVORITE BOOKS INCLUDE AGATHA CHRISTIE NOVELS, JANE AUSTEN NOVELS, AND ANYTHING HISTORICAL), WRITE NOVELS AND POETRY, AND PRACTICE ARCHERY. SHE ALSO PARTICIPATES IN LOCAL YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS. IT IS HER GOAL TO GET A DRONE PILOT'S LICENSE AND ASL INTERPRETER CERTIFICATION BY THE END OF HIGH SCHOOL. CURRENTLY SHE IS TAKING ART OF POETRY AND INTRODUCTION TO ILLUSTRATION WITH SCHOLÉ AND THE GOTHIC GENIUS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE WITH SRS.



Designer

Lenna O.

A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD WHO LIVES IN SAN DIEGO, CA. THIS IS HER FOURTH YEAR AT SCHOLÉ AND SHE IS VERY EXCITED TO START WORKING ON THE CHRONICLE. LENNA FILLS HER TIME WITH READING, EMBROIDERING, AND BAKING. SHE LOVES TO CAPTURE THE BEAUTY OF NATURE IN ANY WAY SHE CAN BY TAKING PICTURES, WRITING ABOUT IT OR DECORATING WITH IT. SHE LIVES WITH HER MOM, DAD, THREE BROTHERS AND HER TWO CUTE CATS, FERN AND GUS.



Designer





Gift to the World

4 BUT WHEN THE KINDNESS AND LOVE OF GOD
OUR SAVIOR APPEARED, 5 HE SAVED US, NOT
BECAUSE OF RIGHTEOUS THINGS WE HAD DONE,
BUT BECAUSE OF HIS MERCY. HE SAVED US
THROUGH THE WASHING OF REBIRTH AND RENEWAL
BY THE HOLY SPIRIT, 6 WHOM HE POURED OUT ON
US GENEROUSLY THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR
SAVIOR, 7 SO THAT, HAVING BEEN JUSTIFIED BY HIS
GRACE, WE MIGHT BECOME HEIRS HAVING THE
HOPE OF ETERNAL LIFE. ~ Titus 3:4-7

Thank you for reading the 19th
edition of the Chronicle! We hope you
have a fabulous Christmas break!

*Merry
Christmas*

2025