

**OTC  
HONORS  
PROGRAM**

# **{ THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN }**

**MARCH  
2015**

*{ Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est. }*

**{ VOL. 9 }**



Sketch by Kaitlyn Midkiff

**{ THE HONORS  
PROGRAM PROVIDES  
ACADEMICALLY EXCEPTIONAL  
STUDENTS AN OPPORTUNITY TO  
DEVELOP THEIR FULL POTENTIAL  
THROUGH THE ENHANCED LEARNING  
ENVIRONMENT OF A DESIGNATED  
COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS }**



**\*\*SEE THE MENTAL BREAK PAGE FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO WIN TICKETS TO SEE CAL RIPKEN, JR.!!\*\***

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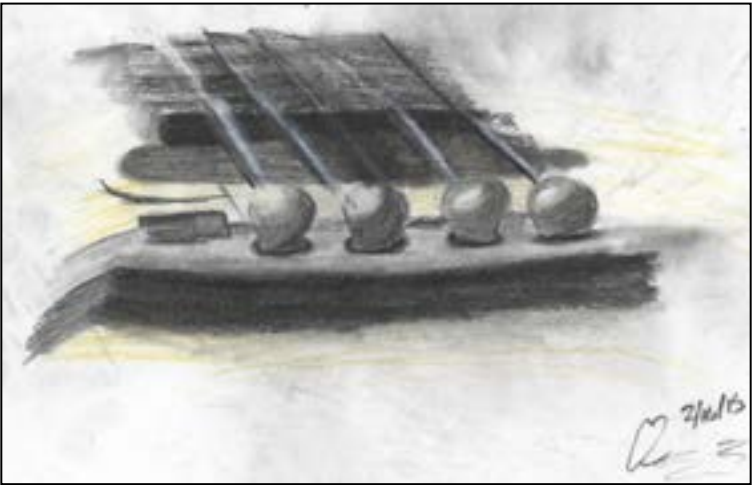
Mental Break.....BC

Editor’s Notes:

*Editor-in-Chief: Kat Sheldahl*

Well, this has been a crazy semester so far; snow days and flu have run amok but it’s halfway over, mid-terms are done and before you know it graduation will be here. This has been a fun newsletter to compile; a lot of fantastic material has been submitted, so much so that some will have to go into later editions! We really appreciate all the participation and enthusiasm that you all have shown. A special thanks to Delia Justice for being another set of eyes in the editing process of the newsletter. Until next time. Regards, Kat

ART BY HONORS



Charcoal sketch “Guitar” by Elke Quinn



Photo by Christopher Seek



Pottery crafted by Caleb Davis



Sketch by Alumnus Brandon Perkins



Photo ‘Patterns’ by Sonia Rogers

ART BY HONORS

“I Apologize”

by Jay R Johnston

*Inspired by “I Apologize” by Oscar Brown, Jr.  
Dedicated to all the brothers and sisters who suffer*

I apologize for being fat  
For eatin’ all of this and most of that  
Please sir, please ma’am  
Can I have more snacks  
‘Cause I am double size.

I apologize for stuffin’ more  
Down my throat ‘til I was sick and sore  
Big Macs, French Fries,  
Parfaits and Smo’ores  
I do apologize.

I apologize that I do bear  
Resemblances most plump folks share  
Thick hips, fat breasts, and flab down there  
Yes I am super-size.

I apologize for how I appear  
For all my folds and rolls, I swear  
I do my best to wash in there  
So If I stink, I apologize

I apologize for all I glut  
For never lettin’ that fridge door shut  
Piling pounds onto my rotund butt  
Yes I am mega-sized

I apologize for chowing out  
Snorkel pigging with my snout  
Gobblin’ every last drop, there is no doubt  
Yeah, sure, I apologize

I apologize for all I’ve ate  
From his, her, mine, and your plate  
Then for dessert ice cream and cake  
Make my helping quintuple size!!

I apologize and curse myself  
For raidin’ every pantry shelf  
Then rootin’ ‘round for something else  
Yes I do apologize

I apologize I can’t see my feet  
They’re hidden by this belly meat  
Filled up with savory, sour, and sweet  
This gut’s colossal-size!

I apologize and tip the scales  
An anthropomorphic beached whale  
Son of a bitch, my heart could fail  
And, then for sure I’d apologize!

SO...  
I apologize and I’ll lose the weight  
I’ll slim down thin and look real great  
I’ll do it now, can’t no longer wait  
To become normal size

~jrj~  
5/14/14



# Wanna Make A Difference???



April 24, 2015  
5:00 PM – 5:00 AM  
Hammons Student Center  
MSU Campus



## OZARKS TECHNICAL COMMUNITY COLLEGE HONORS PROGRAM

Step 1.) GO to [www.relayforlife.org/](http://www.relayforlife.org/)

Step 2.) Once there, click on the purple tab under "Find a team"

Step 3.) Enter in "OTC Honors"

Step 4.) Once there, click on the OTC Honors tab.

Step 5.) Click on the orange tab "Join our team."

Step 6.) Then there are 5 sign in tabs at the top of the page that will take you through the entire sign up process. They are self explanatory and will give great directions on signing up.

Step 7.) The only tab to watch out for is tab 4 "billing"; the people who sign up can opt out of paying now for a pay later option (it will say pay by cash or check later), click on that, if that's what you want.

Step 8.) The final step is to review the information and confirm.

### THE HONORS OFFICE STAFF



Kat Sheldahl  
Recruitment Specialist



Alicia Johnston  
Receptionist  
Office Assistant

Lacy Adamson  
Receptionist  
Office Assistant

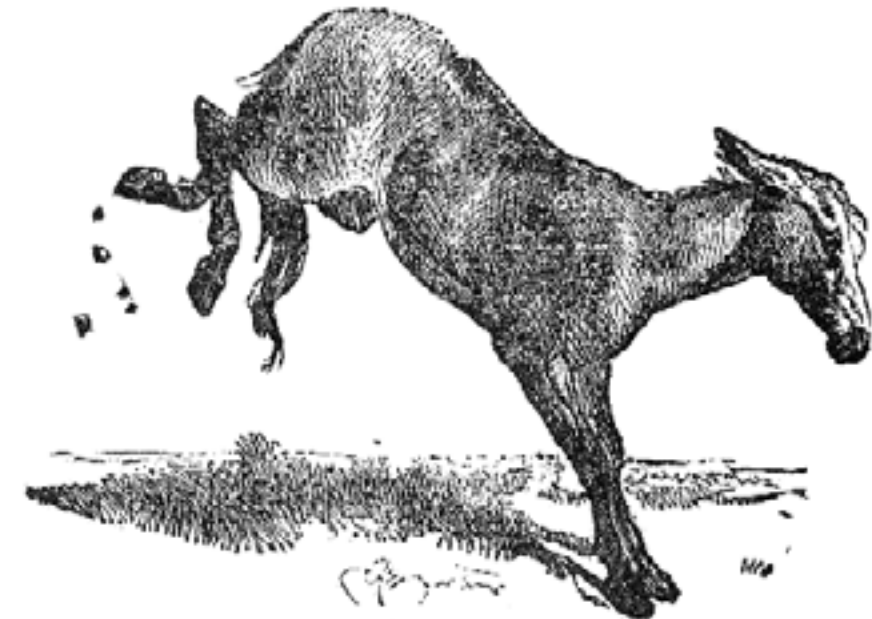


Chance Bailey  
Media Specialist  
Office Assistant



## AESOP'S FABLE

### THE MULE



A MULE, frolicsome from lack of work and from too much corn, galloped about in a very extravagant manner, and said to himself: "My father surely was a high-mettled racer, and I am his own child in speed and spirit." On the next day, being driven a long journey, and feeling very wearied, he exclaimed in a disconsolate tone: "I must have made a mistake; my father, after all, could have been only an ass."

*Every truth has two sides.  
~Aesop's Illustrated Fables~*

The light hurt Jonathan’s eyes, scything into the darkness as the door to the basement opened. A silhouette filled the tear in the dark. Jonathan knew it would be his father; no one else came into his room. Was anyone else even in the house? He hadn’t heard any voices in days, other than the blaring chaos of the television.

Conflicting scents reached his nose - the usual musty odor of the basement gave way to the acerbic stench of kerosene and the less strong yet still pungent scents of hops and alcohol. The beer was most likely Pabst Blue Ribbon, his father’s poison of choice.

The stairs creaked with his father’s weight. His long-term drinking had added at least thirty pounds to his once fit and trim frame. He’d fallen off the wagon since Mom had vanished two weeks ago. Apparently his promise to her didn’t apply once she disappeared.

Jonathan braced himself for another beating. This had been the way of things recently. He didn’t understand what he had done. Every two or three days over the last two weeks his father had beaten Johnny senseless. The 13-year old tried desperately to think of anything he might have said or done to provoke his father’s prodigious wrath, but could think of nothing. He had been down here when he had heard their fighting.

He had been marking his wrestling-themed wall calendar every day. He loved the image on it this month: Kane and his brother the Undertaker in victory poses after winning the tag team title belts. He once again wished he could be ringside right now, or that his hero Kane could be here, ready to intercept his father’s angry fists.

All of those thoughts fled. Jonathan was left with nothing but a singular fixation and a churning stomach full of dread as his father reached the bottom of the stairs and turned in profile. In his father’s hands was his service pistol, the sidearm that had returned with him from Iraq, along with all of the mental baggage that had torn their family apart. Jonathan thought he had sold it to buy booze. He was mistaken.

“Get up, you worthless piece of shit.” His father did not level the pistol at him, or even gesture with it. The boy had some idea of what it meant. His father had never wasted time with threats. This occasion was no different.

Jonathan slowly rose from the rickety frame of his creaking metal bed. The concrete was still cold

**{6} {THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN}**

# Shaped by Fire

by Brandon Perkins

to his bare feet, but he was wearing jeans and a white t-shirt. This was enough to insulate his body from the chill pervading his cell-like room. He made no move for his socks or shoes; he was not sure what would set his father off. No, he amended mentally; his father was already set off. He was worried what might aggravate the situation.

His father turned and pointed up the stairs with the gun. He didn’t say or do anything else; he merely stood there, aiming the firearm up the stairway, even after Jonathan mounted the first step.

He could kill me right now, the boy thought. Would anyone hear it? Would any of the neighbors do anything? No one had come to the aid of his family up to this point, and he didn’t think that would change now.

The smell of beer receded as he reached the top of the stairs, but the reek of kerosene grew stronger as he stepped out into the long hallway separating the rest of the house from the garage.

The stench grew stronger as his father turned him toward the garage and shoved him. Jonathan wasn’t very big, even for a thirteen year old, and his father was drunken and packed with muscle. The boy sprawled across the bare concrete of the hallway then slid across the floor as he was kicked between his legs. Jonathan nearly blacked out from the pain; he retched and convulsed into a fetal position, vomiting across his arms as they wrapped around himself.

“Get up.” His father punctuated the terse command with a series of kicks directed at his ribs and kidneys. Jonathan worked hard to stifle the pain and push himself up, moved forward along the wall and staggered into the garage.

His bare feet touched the cold wet floor and he realized he was standing in kerosene.

There were normally two cars in the garage, large enough to also accommodate a respectable work table and various tools along the back wall. At one time, his father and brothers had tinkered with small engines, kitchen appliances and firearms on that workbench. Now, the table was only used for working on firearms and packing ammunition for his father’s forays at the shooting range. There, he hung out with other old soldiers and shared sto-

ries. That was before Mom disappeared and he had stopped going out, crawling into a case of beer every night.

The van had been gone for a few weeks. The other car, a subcompact in need of paint and a tune-up was not in sight. Instead, a battered wooden chair was in the middle of the garage, away from the walls and other fixtures of the room. It was doused in fuel, which pooled beneath the chair and ran off beneath his feet. Jonathan’s stomach lurched.

“Sit.” His father walked around him and pointed to the seat of the chair with the business end of the weapon. Jonathan, unsure of the situation but recognizing danger shook his head fierce and fast. He had never seen his father like this.

Or maybe this darkness had been lurking inside his father all along. Maybe this was the source of his mother’s tears, the source of the pensive looks she used to give him. Maybe she had feared for herself and had vanished while she could. Jonathan couldn’t blame her now that the cold, slimy thing in the back of his father’s mind had wriggled out into the light.

“Sit! Down! Freak!” His father punctuated the first two words by gesturing at the chair with the gun, and then ended by pointing the gun at Jonathan’s head and cocking the hammer.

Something deep within Jonathan stirred. He wasn’t sure what it was and he had no name for it. He knew what his father had in mind, however. He would rather face the bullet than the flame. His bowels were turning to water; he felt bile and hate rising in his throat. He shook his head slowly.

“No, Dad. If you want to kill me, shoot me. I don’t know why you’re doing this, but if you’ve decided to end me, then just do it.” Jonathan leaned away from the edge of the wall, nearly falling. He got his legs firmly under him and watched his feet to settle his stomach, then leveled his gaze at his father.

No, this was not his father. The man he loved and respected had never returned home. This man was a stranger, who had slowly chased his family away, brother by brother, and now his mother, too. All of them had seen the beast for what he was, and

had fled. They had left him alone with a monster.

The drunken thing that wore his father’s skin took two quick steps and pistol-whipped Jonathan across the face. Pain flashed bright and scarlet, leaving his vision and mind foggy; he cried out and then stifled it, swallowing his outcries and grunting instead as he fell hard to the concrete. This was the first time Jonathan squelched his fear and anger and buried it deep down inside.

Jonathan screamed again as his face touched the kerosene that had seeped into the floor, the liquid presaging the burning he was now certain would either be preceded or followed with a bullet to the head. He could no longer smell the accelerant. He felt a flap of skin hanging limply like torn cloth along his cheek. His face from his hairline down to his jaw ached and throbbed.

Jonathan sat up with his surroundings slowly coming back into focus. He looked around the room, noting an absence of the besotted demonic figure...and something else. He couldn’t put all the jumbled pieces of his thoughts together. Something was missing.

Then it hit him - literally. The chair slammed across his back, driving Jonathan against the floor once more. He arched his back and cried out against his will, then tried to curl in on himself protectively as the remains of the chair crashed against him again. Something else broke, and Jonathan thought detachedly it might have been his ribs he heard splintering. He lay there shuddering on the floor, hoping the worst was over.

He heard movement, and sounds of liquid sloshing out of a metal container. Jonathan’s mind drifted. Had he left the water running? Maybe he had wet himself. His clothes certainly felt wet. Sluggishly his scattered thoughts congealed into something resembling a horrified awareness of his situation. Jonathan realized that the monster was dousing him in kerosene.

The monster said, “You gonna burn now boy. Now, and for all of eternity!” There was a savage glee in the voice.

The sound of a match being struck hammered the silence, smashing it with a low roar. Jonathan could feel his blood throbbing in his temples, his body screaming to move. His eyes fixated on the head of the match, incandescent, spinning in the air. The demon smirked. That was the image that would wake Jonathan screaming for years to come: that leering grin, flashing in the darkness behind the falling match.

*(to be continued in Vol 10)*

**{THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN} {7}**



Mr. Cameron’s Critic Classroom:  
“You Got Upstaged by Nicholas  
Cage”

This week’s lesson: improvement  
is always a positive, but you can’t  
forget the basics.

Title: “Kingsmen: The Secret Service”  
Director: Matthew Vaughn (Kick-Ass, X-Men:  
First Class)  
Starring: Colin Firth (The King’s Speech, “Tinker,  
Tailor, Soldier, Spy”)  
Taron Egerton (“Testament of Youth”)  
Samuel L. Jackson (Nick Fury in Marvel’s The  
Avengers, Mace Windu in the Star Wars prequel  
trilogy)  
Mark Strong (villain in Sherlock Holmes and  
Kick-Ass)  
Grades: Story: C+, Entertainment: B+, Main  
Characters: A-, Secondary Characters: B-, edit-  
ing/special effects: B-. Overall Grade: B

Matthew Vaughn has the uncanny ability to  
direct solidly constructed action films while  
bringing out memorable performances from  
veteran actors and newcomers alike. His previous  
two films (Kick-Ass and X-Men: First Class) are  
shining examples of this but both lacked a cer-  
tain spark to the story and conflict that allowed  
it to cross that final barrier into greatness. With  
Vaughn returning to source material written by  
Mark Millar (author of the Kick-Ass comic), he  
now has a second shot at making his graphic-  
novel-to-film masterpiece with Kingsmen: The  
Secret Service.

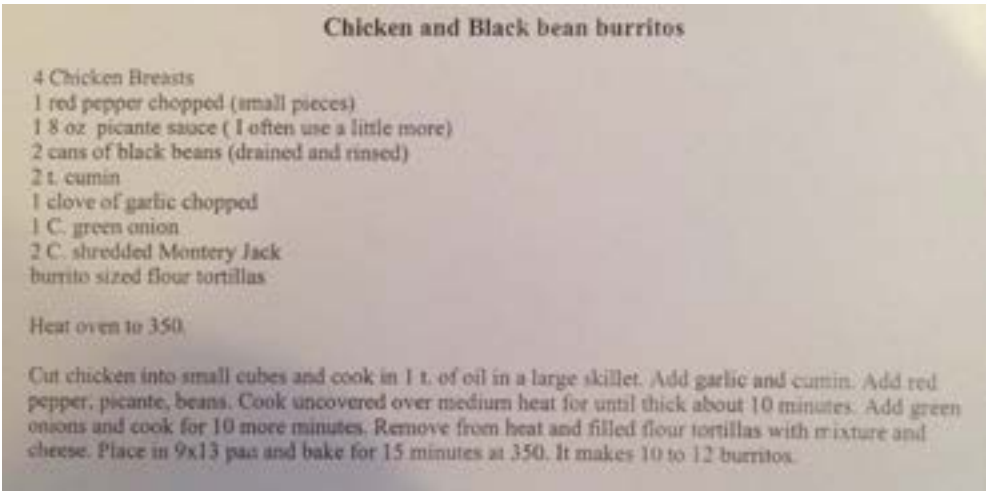
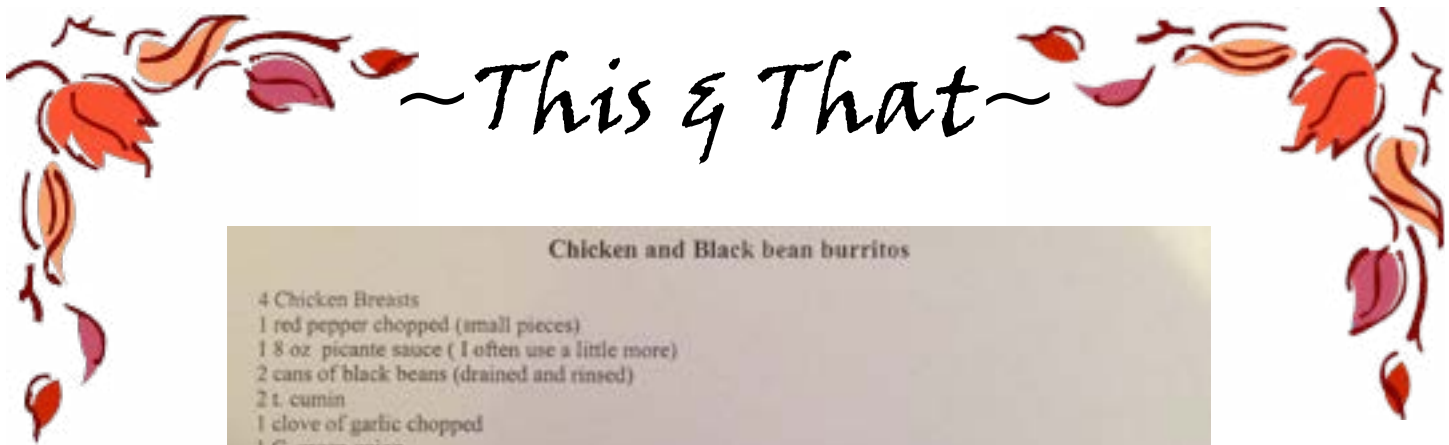
The story is of one troubled, British teen,  
nicknamed “Eggsy” (Taron Egerton) that is  
bailed out of jail by a secret service agent, code  
named “Galahad” (Colin Firth), that looks to  
recruit him into the underground spy agency  
called “The Kingsmen.” During Eggsy’s training,  
Galahad is also investigating the nefarious activ-  
ities of eccentric billionaire Valentine (Samuel  
L. Jackson) as world leaders and celebrities go  
missing.



The director’s strength, as  
previously mentioned, of fash-  
ioning quality fight sequences of  
varying locations and set ups is  
on full display as Vaughn’s style  
forms perfectly to the secret agent  
genre: from a breath-taking sky  
diving scene to an all-out brawl in a church set to  
Lynyrd Skynyrd’s “Free Bird” (and yes that is as  
awesome as it sounds). The effectiveness of these  
scenes though comes from a foundation built on  
the charisma and personality of the leads; veterans  
Colin Firth and Mark Strong (as Merlin the tech  
expert) are captivating and suave as always with a  
fun and organic performance by newcomer Taron  
Egerton (appearing in only his second film).

The problem though is these performances  
never quite reach the level that we saw in Vaughn’s  
previous movies; Firth isn’t as masterful as Nick  
Cage’s Big Daddy or Michael Fassbinder’s Magneto  
and Taron Egerton is nowhere near as scene-steal-  
ing as Chloe Grace-Mortez’s Hit Girl. While this  
could be acceptable because the dynamics of the  
pulse-pounding action scenes are in fact superior  
to those of Kick-Ass and First Class, Kingsmen’s  
pitfalls are also the same as these two films and are  
actually greater. With the peak in the action occur-  
ring before the climax, an under-developed villain,  
a conflict mostly unrelated to the characters, and  
two-dimensional supporting cast, this movie falls  
short in vital areas that construct the basics of film.

My final word is that Kingsmen: Secret  
Service has a lot to live up to and far exceeds the ex-  
pectations of the common blockbuster, but fumbles  
with core filmmaking mechanics, such as side char-  
acters and conflict, to allow its strengths to com-  
pletely outshine its shortcomings. Not to say that  
the movie’s accomplishments should go unnoted,  
because I truly did care the for leading cast while  
easily being sucked into their adventure, and I high-  
ly recommend Kingsmen for lovers of the director’s  
work or anyone looking for a unique spy-thriller or  
an all-around satisfying popcorn flick.



submitted by Lauren Sweet



Here are two animals who  
live at Dickerson Park Zoo  
in Springfield. On the left  
is Agatha, a Uromastyx  
(lizard). On the right is  
Maize, a corn snake.

Photos and information provided  
by Lauren Sweet who is the Lead  
Education Keeper at the zoo.



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## ~ HONORS STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS ~



Sierra Welch



Gena Flores



Lacy Adamson

Delia Justice



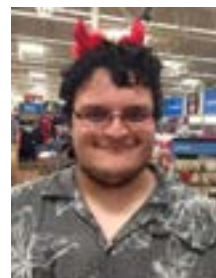
Kat Sheldahl



Sarah Gutzke



Frank Giddens



### SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES FROM VOLUME 3

#### Graphic Phrases:

1. *He's beside himself.*
2. *You're under arrest.*

Cryptoquote: *It Brings Out the Best*

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.

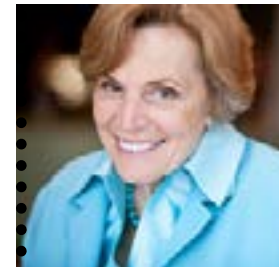
Horace, Roman poet

## IN GOOD COMPANY

By Wade Southwell

Dr. Sylvia Earle is a marine biologist, ocean explorer, author, lecturer, first woman to serve as NOAA's Chief Scientist, and now Explorer-in-Residence at the National Geographic Society. She has logged more than 6,000 hours underwater in many different kinds of underwater vehicles. In recent years she has become an advocate for underwater research and an internationally-known champion for ocean conservation. Dr. Earle is a well-known author of over 100 scientific publications and numerous books on the oceans. Her book, *Sea Change: A Message of the Oceans*, is one of the elements that inspired Mr. Ed Harte to give his \$46 million to endow the Harte Research Institute for Gulf of Mexico Studies. She has lectured in more than 50 countries and often appears on television including ABC's 20/20 and Good Morning America, Niteline, CNN, CBS Sunday Morning, National Geographic Explorer, and many more. Dr. Sylvia Earle is the Chair of the Harte Research Institute's Advisory Board. (from Earle's website.)

She graduated with an A.A. degree from her local community college, St. Petersburg Jr. College, in St. Petersburg, Florida, before going on to earn her B.S. degree from Florida State University, and her M.A. and PhD from Duke University.



Sarah Palin has had a career in politics since 1992 when she was elected to the Wasilla City Council of Wasilla, Alaska, in 1992. She went on to become mayor of Wasilla in 1996 and served until 2002. Before being elected as governor of Alaska in 2006, she served for three years as Chairman of a state government agency called the Alaska Oil and Gas Conservation Commission. Sarah Palin is most famous, however, for being the Republican nominee for Vice President in the 2008 presidential election.



Outside of politics, Sarah Palin earned over seven million dollars from her 2009 memoir, *Going Rogue* and has had two reality television shows, *Sarah Palin's Alaska* and *Amazing America with Sarah Palin*. She's also worked for FOX news as a political commentator since 2010. Sarah Palin attended two community colleges and three universities before completing her bachelor's degree in communications in 1987.



### Web Resources:

- [www.quizlet.com](http://www.quizlet.com) – flashcards & games
- [www.wolfram.com](http://www.wolfram.com) – mathematics assistance
- [www.studystack.com](http://www.studystack.com) – flashcards & games
- [www.KhanAcademy.com](http://www.KhanAcademy.com) – educational videos
- [www.studyblue.com](http://www.studyblue.com) – flashcards & games
- [www.box.com](http://www.box.com) – online storage for documents
- [www.dropbox.com](http://www.dropbox.com) – online storage
- [www.desmos.com](http://www.desmos.com) – online graphing calculator

### Android Apps:

Mathway  
CmScanner  
Flashcards+  
Khan Academy  
School Assistant  
School Helper  
MindJet

### Apple Apps:

Edmodo  
HMH Fuse Algebra I  
Springpad  
iStudies Lite



# Mental Break



## Word of the Month

**logorrhea**  
(log-uh-RI-uh), *n*: an  
excessive flow of words, pro-  
lixity [Gr logos word + roia flow,  
stream]

Eg. After thirty minutes of non-  
stop lecturing, it was obvious that  
the instructor was suffering from  
logorrhea.

## Logic Puzzle

A man was to be sentenced, and the  
judge told him, "You may make a  
statement. If it is true, I'll sentence  
you to four years in prison. If it is  
false, I'll sentence you to six years  
in prison." After the man made his  
statement, the judge decided to let  
him go free. What did the man say?

## Optical Illusion



## Cryptoquote

A Great Get-Together

WEDUPB FEET WKGEC VP BWU EVO HDT YVDU EM

H GUCCI GUUBVDF, HDT BWUCU VP DE ZEXVHO

AEGJHDVEDPWVJ UNKHO BE BWHB YWUCU BWU

ZEQUP HCU CHBWUC PGHOO, HDT BWU

OHKFWBUC HNKDTHDB.

---YHPWVDFBED VCXVDF (1783-1859)

Clue: C = R

## Scavenger Hunt

The first 3 people to submit their solutions will  
win a ticket to see Cal Ripkin Jr at JQH arena  
4/14/2015! All answers can be found in this volume of The  
Pinnacle. Bring your solutions to the Honors Office ICE 352  
or email to sheldahk@otc.edu. Questions? Email Kat Sheldahl

1. How many colleges/universities did Sarah Pal-  
in attend before completing her Bachelor's?
2. Name one Honors Student Council Officer.
3. What is Relay for Life's URL?
4. What is the title of this issue's Aesop's Fable?
5. What film is the subject of Mr. Cameron's Crit-  
ic Classroom?
6. Who is the author of 'Shaped by Fire'?
7. Who took the photo entitled 'Patterns'?
8. What artist sketched the piece on the front  
cover?