

**OTC
HONORS
PROGRAM**

{ THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN }

**NOV
2015**

Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.

{ VOL. 11 }



**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**

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Co-Editor's Notes:

With mid-terms behind us, halloween around the corner, and Thanksgiving coming up, time is a rare commodity. We have a tendency to be so focused on our work that we sometimes have trouble considering others. I recommend putting your phone down and having a real conversation with someone. Listen to what they have to say. Part of the college experience is learning about what others have to offer, intellectually. We can all learn something from someone else without having to agree with them. Take some time and balance life and school. ~Josh Elmore

Tick Tock

By: Colton Pettyjohn

Have you ever felt like the weight of the world is on your shoulders?

Like Atlas holding the world to save it

This is a normal feeling I have on a daily basis

Being strong is the only option

No room for failure

You show the slightest amount of weakness and you're reprimanded

You're looked to as an example

Twenty- Four Seven you are forced to be someone you're not

You're a rock solid, emotionless statue put on display for everyone to see

The slightest shift or movement will cause you to crumble

You are exhausted from carrying the weight of the world
You don't want to let the world fall but you start to collapse

Everyone pushes you to go farther

To test your limits

You regain your strength only to let it fail you again

You have been in the same position for so long

You don't know what to do

Who am I?

How do I live in this world that I have been carrying for so long?

You begin to wonder what your worth is

Do I have a place here?

Will they miss me if I disappeared?

Debating the choice to test this theory comes to mind

Is living this broken life all I have to live for?

A life shattered into pieces when I failed the world for the last time

The sound of leaving this life sounds better with every stroke of the clock

Tick Tock

Tick Tock

Tick Tock

Tick.....

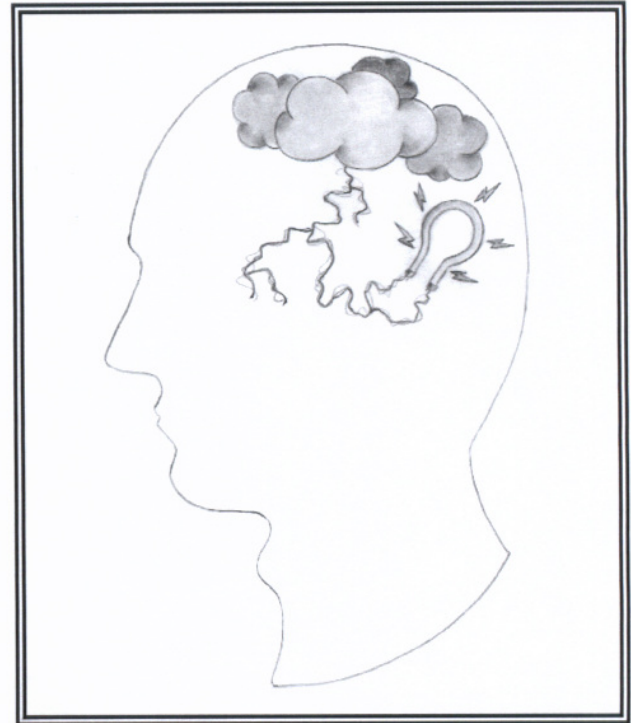
Editor-in-Chief: Kat Sheldahl

ART BY HONORS



Caleb Davis

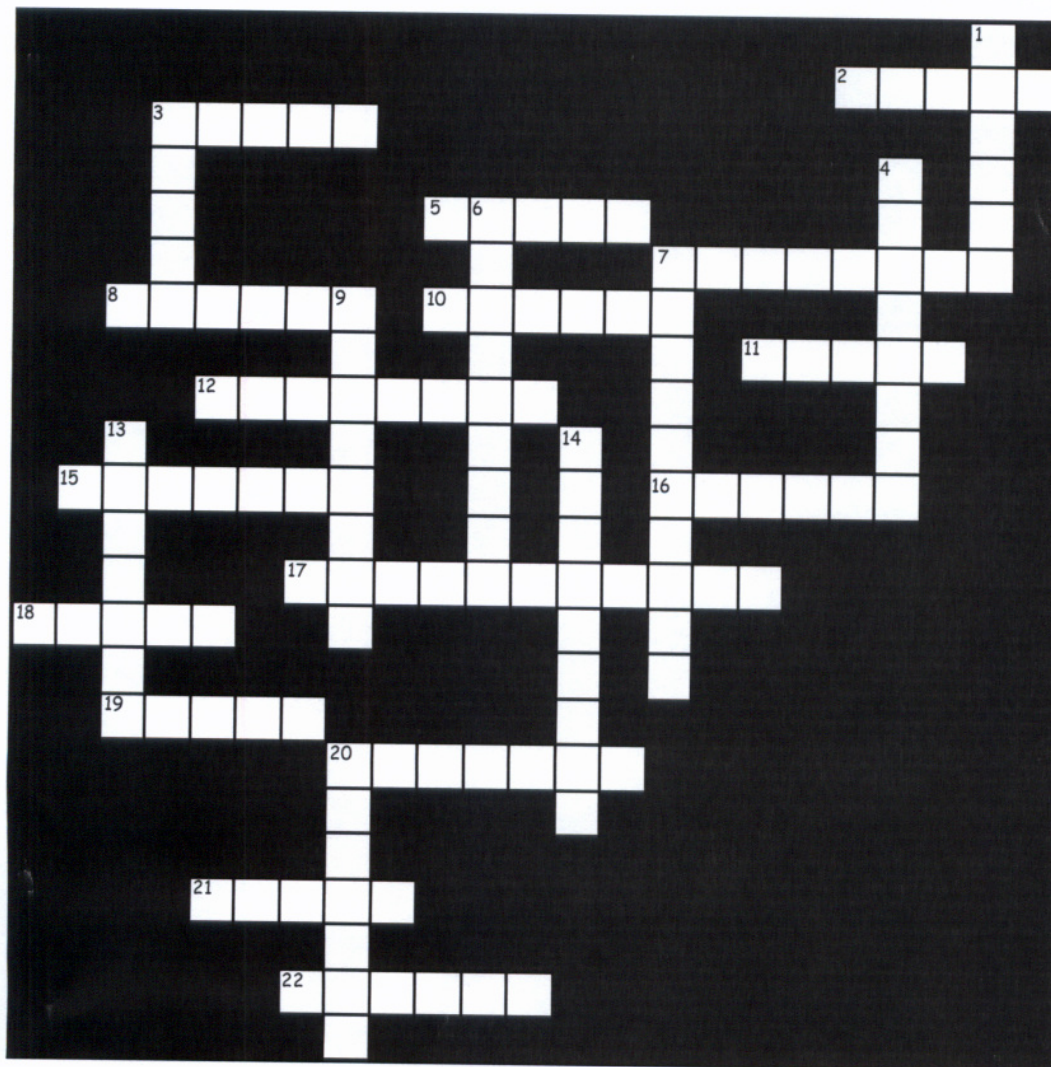
“This is a life sized ceramic arm that I made my senior year of high school. I used low fire clay and a red iron oxide stain with black acrylic paint in the crevices to make it look rustic. OTC had an open exhibition for artists to display their work and have it voted on by Friday Night Art Walk people and a jury, so I submitted it. After the show it will go back on permanent stay a Kickapoo High School where students can see it and hopefully get inspiration from it.”



Sketch by
Austin Harris



Charcoal by Alumnus
Lauren Sweet
Dedicated to Mr. McCune,
Art Professor at OTC



Center



Across

- 2: But then he was such a worthless vagabond, a (blank) who had robbed a dead body
- 3: Trick or (blank)
- 5: A Subterranean chamber or vault, especially on beneath the main floor of a church
- 7: An imaginary evil character of supernatural powers, especially a mythical hobgoblin supposed to carry off naughty children
- 8: A bony framework of the head
- 10: Ay of numerous predaceous arachnids of the order Araneae
- 11: A social gathering, as of invited guests at a private home, for conversation, refreshments, entertainment, etc
- 12: A human being who has changed into a wolf
- 15: A preternatural being, commonly believed to be a reanimated corpse, that is said to suck the blood of sleeping persons at night
- 16: Eerie; scary
- 17: A ghost or spirit supposed to manifest its presence by noises, knockings, etc

18: A woman who is supposed to have evil or wicked magical powers

- 19: An evil spirit; devil or fiend
- 20: Greek pepon kind of melon
- 21: A trick of an amusing, playful, or sometimes malicious nature
- 22: The body of a dead person given the semblance of life, but mute and will-less, by a supernatural force, usually for some evil purpose

Down

- 1: A time of full maturity, especially the late stages of full maturity or, sometimes, the early stages of decline
- 3: A roguish or mischievous act; practical joke; prank
- 4: An area set apart for or containing graves, tombs, or funeral urns
- 6: Causing repugnance or aversion
- 7: The long slender handle of a broom
- 9: Any of various structures forming a rigid framework in an invertebrate
- 13: Inhabited or frequented by ghosts
- 14: Something causing superstitious fear; a bogey
- 20: A person or thing of merely illusory power, status, efficacy, etc

AESOP'S FABLE



THE MISER WHO LOST HIS TREASURE

Only usage warrants possession
I ask this of people who have this passion
Of always hoarding money on top of money.
What advantage has he over another man?
Diogène yonder is as rich as they,
And the miser over there lives as *he did, a beggar.
The man with the hidden treasure which Aesop
gives us
Will in fact be an example.
This miserly man was waiting
To enjoy his wealth in another life; (or in future
time)
Didn't possess gold, but gold possessed him.
He had buried a sum in the earth,
Along with his heart, having nothing else in mind
Except to think about it day and night,
And to turn his loot into something sacred.
Whether he went or came, drank or ate
One would have underestimated him, lest he
thought
Of the place where his coins were buried.
He roamed around it so often, that a grave digger
noticed,

guessed the deposit, took it saying nought.
Our miser, one day found the hole empty.
Our man in tears, moaned, sighed
Worried, tearing himself apart.
A passerby asked him why such anguish.
My treasure has been stolen.
Your treasure? stolen, where? near this rock?
-Hey! are we still in time of war,
That you had to bring it so far? Wouldn't you have
done better
To keep it at home in the cupboard,
Than to change it's location?
You could have used it anytime with no trouble.
Anytime? Good grief! Just like that?
Does money come as it goes?
I never touched it.- Tell me then, for pity's sake,
Answered the other man, why are you so sorrowful
Since you never used this money:
Put a rock in it's place,
It will be worth as much to you.

WINTER DAISIES

by Ashley Simpson

Ashly is a Richwood Valley Campus student and Tutor for: History, Writing, and Public Speaking

Hastily I rubbed my eyes; it was hardly morning when I awoke. Stunned and shivering from the frigid air and the overwhelming pain in my head, I took a moment to let my eyes adjust to the room. The salty taste of blood sat evident in my mouth, a constant reminder of my place here. How long have I been here? What had they done with my family? My mind was a broken record of nagging questions. While wiggling my way off of the cold pine that was meant to be my quarters, the repulsiveness of rotting flesh and emesis flooded my senses. My eyes burned, my mind moved faster than my quivering, exhausted limbs. The echos of sobbing and the redundant whisper of prayer flooded my mind like a slow poison. With an heavy 'thud' I hit the ground not knowing where I would go or what I was seeking to accomplish; I just had to get away from here. Small emissions of light shone through spaces between the boards in the wall and illuminated small pieces of my bunkmates faces. Young, scraggly skeletons of men and boys crammed together, packed four and five to a small cubby space. Some had bandages on their heads and scraps of cloth used as makeshift slings. In the far corner a few boys were bouncing around like corn in a kettle, chasing a rat out of their space; or maybe their hunger had gotten the best of them, I wasn't entirely sure. Coughs and moans emerged from every direction and the stench was unbearable. I felt myself suffocating for lack of oxygen in the tiny space that I was to call my temporary home. Outside the walls of our housing unit I could hear the pitter patter of German Shepherds, muffled spits of German and heavy footsteps making slosh out of the newly fallen snow. Secretly, I knew that the possibility of freedom was only to be found in death. The only real chance of escape was to submit to the powers of the SS outside the door. After all, I was a winter daisy; somehow in this cold, I will survive. I must survive.

I have never known an evil like that of the German and I find myself forsaken by God in this Hell. Each day I spend digging graves, ones that I wish were my own. Each night I am kept awake by

the sounds of train whistles and gunfire searing through the cold December wind. Each night I must listen to the disheartening chaos; I must relive the day I arrived here. With a quick look over and a point of a finger, right or left, the doctors are the executioners. Each cattle car held the same promise; by the time we were forced out of bed in the mornings, most of its unfortunate passengers will have been heard but will never be seen again. Some will be my neighbors, some my friends and others my family. All useless lives in the eyes of the Nazi Regime. It will be tomorrow when I will see them again, simply because tomorrow, I bury them. To my best knowledge it is December 1944, at least it was when I was captured. I do not know the day; any sense of time spent here is lost and I find myself drifting off into in a constant daydream. I think back to when I was a boy. I place myself in the warm spring air on long walks around our crowded city streets in Krakow and playing cards with my mother. I think back on the bitter cold of December 1920 when the local doctor came to visit her. I remember bolting outside so fast I felt like my feet had taken the pine wood floors of our apartment, with them. Like a wall of glass the wind hit me, much like the frigid wind bites my cheeks each day as I work here, a prisoner to the SS. I ran all the way to the sidewalk before my knees buckled and I found myself face first, buried in the snow. It was dusk and the busy streets of Krakow were business as usual. The sounds of vehicle engines, screeching breaks and muffled meaningless conversation whirled around me like a vertex of color and sound. Collapsed there, surrounded by a million people, I was all alone; a feeling that I feel all too familiarly everyday in this prison. By the end of that month, the Cancer had spread. By the New Year she was gone. I grasped my wrist to steady my hand from shaking as I placed a single red rose on the crest of the mahogany casket. Tears stung my eyes and fear and uncertainty clouded my childish mind. My life would never be the same.

Grasping tight to my suitcase, I looked upon my new home. My grandmother's house was a small cottage tucked away in the Carpathian mountains, not far from where I had lived with my mother. Covered in a light dust of snow, the two room cabin was dressed with thick Cedar columns supporting a covered porch and garnished with hanging ferns between each one. Beautiful flowers filled the homemade flower boxes nestled under the antique windows. The smell of pecan pie and rosemary drifted out the open door and into the crisp mountain air. I took a deep breathe in and let everything consume me. It was at that moment that I noticed something odd. As I approached the cottage, I could feel my grandmother's eyes move to mine as she stood in the open doorway, "Sam, are you alright?" Grandma called as I purposefully walked right past her and to the flower box to her right, "Ah," she said with a grin, "I see you've found my snowdrops." As she threw the kitchen towel over her shoulder she left her post braced against the doorway and gently handled the flowers with her fragile fingers, "Winter daisies." She beamed. I had never seen anything like it. The white bulbs of petals fell downward like tiny lamp shades illuminating the flower box. Their long green stems stood strong and evident through the snow covered soil, "I didn't know there was any flower that grew in this cold?" I asked, puzzled. "Why my dear, there are many more reasons to embrace the cold, rather than to wilt from it." With that she left me there, shivering on the porch pondering the resilience of such a beautiful, little flower.

"Bis Sie schmutzige Juden!" I felt a sharp stab in my side as I was awakened from my day dream. Once leaning up against the doorway I now lie crumpled on the floor. My side ached with pain as I felt another blow hit the back of my head, "Holen Sie sich die Hölle ich gesagt!" Groggy and dazed I began to crawl. The warm blood dripping down the sides of my face served as a harsh comparison to my frost bitten skin. With the one last blow, I was there again. All at once I could smell the sweet, savory scent of Pecan pie. I could see the ice capped mountains and the cottage below, beaming with charm and elegance. I could see my grandmother standing in the doorway like she had the first time I ever saw her; and then there was my mother. Like an answered prayer she opened her arms to me, a smile plastered ear to ear.

Behind her peeked the white, silky petals of Grandma's snowdrops. I looked down upon my feet, now dressed with my best Sunday shoes, my toes nestled sweetly in heavy wool socks. I reached up and felt my head warmed by the cover of my favorite wool tyrol cap. Suddenly my grandma's words played overlapping in my mind, "There are many more reasons to embrace the cold, rather than to wilt from it." Slowly, I awoke. Stunned from the overwhelming pain in my head, I took a moment to let my eyes adjust to the room. Lying there on the floor, I peered through the cracks in the wall at the falling snow outside. Suddenly something caught my eye; I tried harder to focus my eyes as my heart pounded increasingly fast. Hastily, I began to scoot closer to the wall, bracing myself for the pain from my freshly beaten body. I cautiously pushed my arms forward and then drew them back to my side slowly. Motion by motion I crawled, moving inch by inch toward the tattered wood frame of my quarters. Finally I reached the wall placing my face up against the 4 inch gap between me and the rest of the world. The white glare reflecting off the snow burnt my eyes and sent my head into orbit. I winced as I tried to get my eyes to focus once again, and then, there it was. I stared in disbelief at the tiny patch of green and white just feet from my bruised face. My mind flashed back to my grandmother. I could see her smile, I could almost feel her, "Winter daisies." The salty taste of blood sat evident in my mouth, a constant reminder of my place here, but it was that moment I was reminded what I was. It was that moment I knew that I would survive.

-end-

Auschwitz was liberated by Soviet troops on January 27 of 1945. 1.3 million people were deported to Auschwitz between 1940 and 1945; at least 1.1 million were murdered (USHMM)

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. USHMM, n.d. Web. 19 Sept. 2015. <<http://www.ushmm.org/information/exhibitions/online-features/special-focus/liberation-of-auschwitz>>.

Movie Review

by
Cameron Flatt



Title: Steve Jobs
Director: Danny Boyle (127 Hours, Slumdog Millionaire)

Writer: Aaron Sorkin (The Social Network, A Few Good Men)

Starring:
Michael Fassbender (X-Men: First Class, Prometheus)

Kate Winslet (Titanic, Divergent)

Seth Rogen (The Interview, Neighbors)

Grade Card: Main Character: A (95%), Secondary Characters: B (85%), Editing/Cinematography: A- (90%), Writing: B+ (88%), Entertainment: A- (92%).
Overall Grade: A- (90%)

Anyone that knows anything about movies knows that bio-pics are one of the most common forms for films known as Oscar-bait. They always follow the exact same plot structure, have some big name actor playing some recognizable historical figure, and only exist to win awards. 2013's Jobs with Ashton Kutcher fit this description exactly. Steve Jobs, however, is a completely different beast altogether

The story is of one Steve Jobs, an up and coming name in the personal computer world, and his continuous journey to create the next world-changing product. The movie takes place over three scenes (the minutes leading up to three different computer launches in 1984, 88, and 98) with flashbacks sprinkled in here and there. Meanwhile, Jobs is constantly pestered by the insistence of an ex-girlfriend that he is the father of her daughter, Lisa.

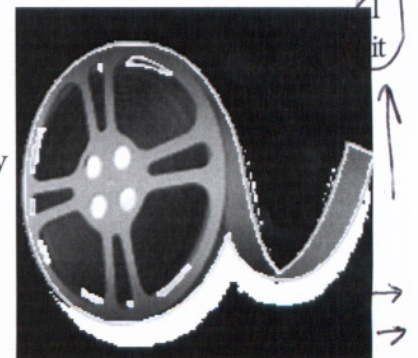
First and foremost, Michael Fassbender as the titular character completely steals the show, firing on all cylinders with emotion, energy, and te-

nacity. The supporting cast is pretty good (I did really enjoy Seth Rogen and Jeff

Daniels especially), but this movie will be remembered for Fassbender's performance. Also, director Danny Boyle's use of text and images give the film a distinct look and the use of different kinds of film for the movie's three parts (16mm, 35mm, and digital) was a subtle, yet brilliant, touch. Also also, writer Aaron Sorkin's knack for punchy dialogue and relatable, real characters is ever present.

The supporting cast gets a "B," though, because I just wasn't feeling it from Kate Winslet (whose Polish accent fluctuates from non-existent to just barely detachable) and the older version of Lisa. There are a few moments that drag a bit, plus the end feels a bit rushed and clunky for a movie where almost every shot seems meticulously orchestrated. And while I did like the text and images that would appear on screen, there were a few times where it came out of nowhere and was more of a distraction than anything.

In the end, any criticism of Steve Jobs is nitpicky and beside the point. Fassbender has now cemented himself as one of the acting masters of our time and Danny Boyle continues to prove that he plays in his own league. This film is one of the best I have seen this year that excels over every aspect. I highly recommend to everyone (if you don't mind a bit of swearing), especially Apple haters.



~This & That~

Upside-Down Pumpkin Cake

- 1 (29 ounce) can pumpkin puree
- 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- Salt to taste
- 1 ¾ cups granular sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 (12 ounce) package yellow cake mix with pudding
- 1 cup chopped pecans (optional)
- 1 cup butter, melted

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C).

In a mixing bowl, blend pumpkin, cinnamon, cloves, salt, sugar, eggs and milk. Pour mixture into a 9x13 inch baking dish. Sprinkle dry cake mix and nuts over the batter. Pour melted butter over the cake.

Bake in a preheated 350 degrees F (175 degrees C) oven for 60 minutes and let cool. The cake will be "liquidy" at first, but will solidify as it cools.

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SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES FROM VOLUME 10

Logic Puzzle:

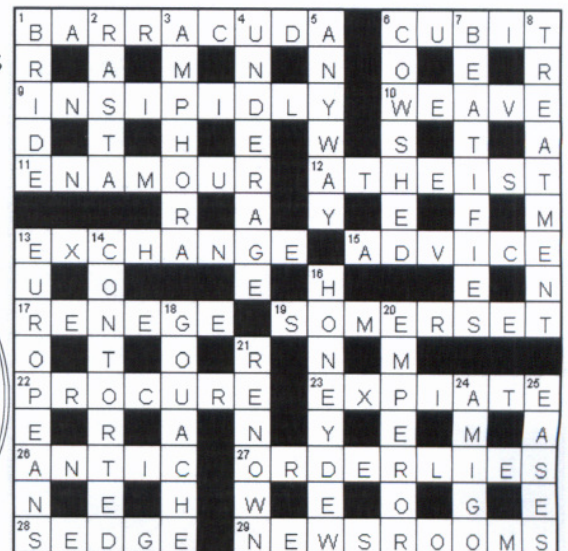
HE SAID, "YOU'LL SENTENCE ME TO SIX YEARS IN PRISON." IF IT WAS TRUE, THEN THE JUDGE WOULD HAVE TO MAKE IT FALSE BY SENTENCING HIM TO FOUR YEARS. IF IT WAS FALSE, THEN HE WOULD HAVE TO GIVE HIM SIX YEARS, WHICH WOULD MAKE IT TRUE. RATHER THAN CONTRADICT HIS OWN WORD, THE JUDGE SET THE MAN FREE.

Cryptoquote:

Sixth Sense:

I don't really see the hurdles. I sense them like a memory.

Edwin Moses, American athlete





Web Resources:

www.quizlet.com – flashcards & games

www.wolfram.com – mathematics assistance

www.studystack.com – flashcards & games

www.KhanAcademy.com – educational videos

www.studyblue.com – flashcards & games

www.box.com – online storage for documents

www.dropbox.com – online storage

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

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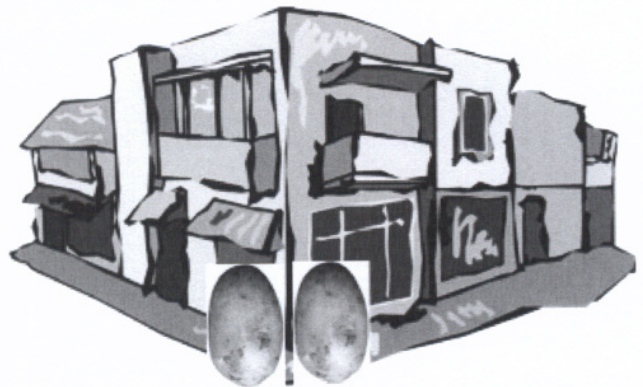
CAMERON FLATT

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MATH - ENGLISH - IT - SCIENCE

Which ever one has the sticker that says "Idaho"

Comic Relief



TWO POTATOES ARE STANDING ON THE STREET
CORNER. HOW CAN YOU TELL WHICH ONE IS THE
PROSTITUTE?

Mental Break



Cryptoquote

WHHBMKDZWKT. W SBKWUC KEDK DX XBBS
DX AMWKCMX

QMBDUE KEWX GFCXKWBS KECT QCRWS KB
GFBKC. W EDKC

GFBKDKWBS. KCZZ HC AEDK TBF NSBA.

- MDZJE ADZYB CHCMXBS

Clu:e: B=O

POP QUIZ

created by Cameron Flatt

Trivia

1. What year was color TV invented?
2. What percentage of the world is left handed?
3. Where did the terms "upper case" and "lower case" come from?
4. What is the only land mammal that can't jump and why?
5. Who was the original owner of Pixar Animation Studios?

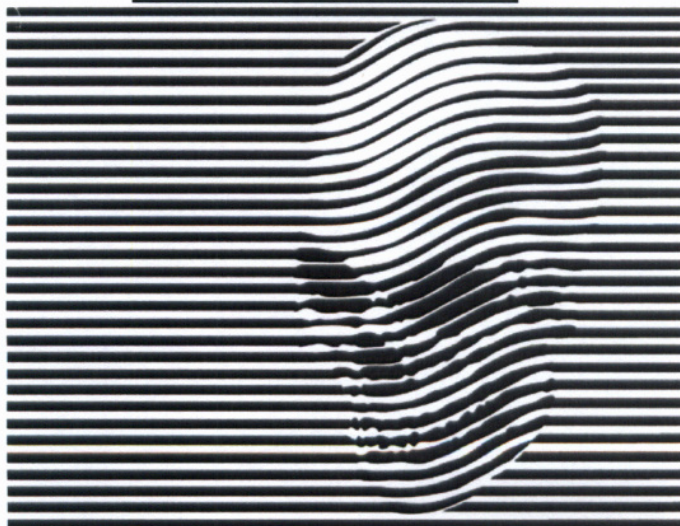
Word of the Month

Dialectical

Adjective:

Relating to the logical discussion of ideas and opinions:
"dialectical ingenuity"

Optical Illusion



- Answers.
1. 1953
 2. 10%
 3. Printing press letters were kept in a compartment where the capital letters were in the upper case and the small letters in the lower case.
 4. The elephant because they don't have knee caps.
 5. It was originally part of LucasFilm (George Lucas' production company) and was sold to Steve Jobs in 1986.