

OTC
HONORS
PROGRAM

{ THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN }

2013

2014

{ Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est. }

{ VOL. 5 }

THE
HONORS PROGRAM
PROVIDES ACADEMICALLY EXCEP-
TIONAL STUDENTS AN OPPORTUNITY TO
DEVELOP THEIR FULL POTENTIAL THROUGH
THE ENHANCED LEARNING ENVIRONMENT
OF A DESIGNATED COMMUNITY OF
SCHOLARS

Painting by Tina Ballard

*A Tall Tale of the Ozarks
Part II*

Mental Break

Aesop's Fable

Art by Honors

**WIN
\$25**

Gift Card

See page 6 for details.

Notes from HSC Officers

In Good Company



INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Art by Honors 2

Social Media Links3

Director’s Corner3

In Good Company 4

Tetris: Game of Geniuses4

Aesop’s Fable 5

VP of Academic Integrity5

Mental Break 6

VP of Community Involvement 7

VP of Public Relations 7

A Tall Tale of the Ozarks 8-9

VP of Academic Integrity9

~~EDITOR’S NOTES~~

- *Apologies for the following errors in the last volume of ‘*The Pinnacle*’:
- *The top front cover art should have been noted as a painting, not a sketch.
- *The author of ‘*I Wait*’ should have been spelled John Bryce, not John Brice.
- *Also, thank you, Kaitlyn Schumacher for your help with proofing and critiquing ‘*The Pinnacle*’. It was appreciated!!



Photo by Kat Sheldahl

ART BY HONORS

Land of the Free?

by Jay Johnston

Did the founding fathers seek this end for America
when first they drafted documents which proclaimed:
this is America?

Did they dream that one day victims of corporate greed
would grovel in the streets beneath signs that scream:
this is America?

Did they envision their land of the free and home of the
brave
violently acting as the world police, proudly demanding:
this is America?

Did Washington Jefferson Madison Adams or Jay
look into a crystal ball, see today, smile, and say: this is
America?

Do the stars on the flag shine bright for the natives of
this land
marching the Trail of Tears, rid from their homes, sob-
bing: this is America?

Does the red white and blue match the red pink and
bruised
backs of slaves brought from African shores and told:
this is America?

Do the soldiers whose blood stains earth far from home
dream of their children, lost and alone, wondering: this
is America?

Does the prison door clang shut again on me, Jay,
for raising the question on everyone’s lips, roaring: is
this America?

~jrj~

Editor in Chief ~ Kat Sheldahl

THE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

MR. TODD YERBY

I spent a long time pondering what to write about for this installment of The Pinnacle and ultimately I settled on the idea that I should write about honors. I know, it's a no brainer right? As I thought about it more I decided to give folks some insight into my philosophy of honors education. However, the more I wrote about the subject, the more it sounded awfully familiar. So, instead of sharing my thoughts, I decided to utilize this space to share with you what has been the foundation for my honors philosophy for many years now. The OTC Honors Program is proud to be a member of the overriding national organization for collegiate honors programs and colleges across the U.S., the National Collegiate Honors Council. Below, please find a short piece they publish on their website called "*Honors for Life*". To me this is the piece that helps to guide the decisions we make regarding honors education at OTC.

Courtesy of the National Collegiate Honors Council, "*Honors for Life*"

Students usually believe that their participation in an Honors program not only prepares them academically for graduate or professional schools, but gives them valuable skills for their career and personal life. Most Honors Deans and Directors go to great lengths to ensure that Honors courses provide an enriched and challenging educational experience that will encourage students to develop personally.

Perhaps the value of an enriched education is best revealed by the plight of superior students who decide not to join an Honors program because they mistakenly believe that taking non-Honors courses will maximize their college grades, or because they want to avoid the high school categories of "brain" or "nerd." Imagine the response of a potential employer to these decisions. Who wants to hire people who avoid challenges, who don't want to stretch themselves and avoid those who do, who take the easiest way, who are more concerned about appearance than substance? Enough said.

Honors enrichment means becoming familiar with cultural activities, placing an emphasis on student participation so that students become confident making presentations and interacting with people of all backgrounds. Moreover, Honors courses not only broaden students' academic perspectives but their personal lives as well, through interdisciplinary study, professional internships, community service activities, and individual research projects. The emphasis in Honors on personal development, challenging study, and a rich variety of cultural activities makes Honors more than just solid undergraduate experience. Honors is for life.



VP OF ACADEMIC INTEGRITY: BRANDON PERKINS

Greetings fellow students.

This semester is flying by quickly. The big project I am currently working on is the Spring 2014 OTC Honors Conference. I am really excited about this event. We have a great theme selected, there are some interesting presentations lined up, and we are finalizing details as I type this notification up. Last year's program was exciting and fun and I hope that this year is even better. We learned a great deal last year, and this year will be a refinement of the whole process.

Though I am not organizing the event, the Relay for Life is also ahead of us. If last year was any indication, this should be another fun event you will want to make plans to attend. I look forward to seeing you at the Spring Conference!

IN GOOD COMPANY

By Wade Southwell

This column features community college graduates who have become successful in their life's endeavors; serving to inspire today's community college student.



John Hart is an American Major League Baseball executive. In addition, he is the former general manager of the Cleveland Indians and Texas Rangers; now he currently serves as senior adviser of baseball operations for the Rangers. He also

currently serves as a studio analyst for the MLB Network. John attended Seminole Junior College and eventually returned to Florida, where he attended the University of Central Florida. There he graduated with majors in history and physical education.



Nolan D. Archibald (1942-) was born and raised in Ogden, Utah. After graduating from his local community college, Dixie College, he earned his Bachelor's Degree from Weber State University. He then went on to earn his MBA from the Harvard Business School.

Noland is currently Chairman, President and CEO of Black & Decker Corporation, a \$5 billion company with 40,000 employees doing business in over 100 countries worldwide. *Fortune Magazine* named him as one of the "Ten Most Wanted Managers" in the United States and *Business Week Magazine* named him one of the six best managers in 1987. He was the youngest CEO of a *Fortune 500* company when named in 1986. In addition, he was honored as the 1997 Alumnus of the Year by the American Association of Community Colleges.

Tetris: Game of Geniuses

by Frank Giddens

Have you ever heard anyone claim that video games are bad for your brain or that they make a player more prone to violence? While I would argue that point, there is one game that researchers continue to find more and more reasons to play, and that game is Tetris. In fact Tetris is one of the few games that is actually confirmed to have various beneficial effects on the human brain. Benefits range from psychological to almost mystical in nature, but in the spirit of keeping things academic this article will focus on proven physical and psychological benefits.

The first thing we can look at when talking about the physical benefits of playing Tetris is the brain. Researchers at the Mind Research Network in Albuquerque, New Mexico found that playing Tetris caused the brain to improve two-fold. First it caused the brain to operate more efficiently in the right frontal and parietal lobes, the parts of the brain associated with critical thinking and reasoning. Secondly it increased the left frontal and left temporal lobes, the area responsible for the planning of complex movements. There is also the increase in reflexes seen in other video games.

There are also psychological benefits seen in people suffering from trauma, according to research done at Oxford University. Tetris is shown to reduce the amount of flashbacks experienced if played within six hours of the event. This is because the game forces the mind to think analytically, which in turn changes how the memory is processed in the brain. But that isn't the only psychological benefit. Experiments at California-Berkley have revealed that the increase in brain size helps to combat Alzheimer's Disease.

All in all Tetris is one of the rare games that makes the player better for having played it. Like all games it shouldn't be played constantly, but consider playing Tetris instead of Angry Birds while you're sitting with nothing to do. Your brain will thank you.



AESOP'S FABLE

THE LION AND THE FOUR BULLS



Four Bulls were such great friends that they always kept together when feeding. A Lion watched them for many days with longing eyes; but never being able to find one apart from the rest, was afraid to attack them. He, at length, succeeded in awakening a jealousy among them, which finally became hatred, and they strayed off at some distance from each other. The Lion then fell upon them singly, and killed them all.

There is strength in unity.

~Aesop's Illustrated Fables

Submitted by Craig Ragland



~~ **LINKS TO OUR SOCIAL MEDIA PAGES** ~~

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/OTC-Honors-Program/147934894653>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/otchonors/>

<https://twitter.com/HonorsOTC>

<http://www.otc.edu/honors/honors.php>

Mental Break

Complete the scavenger hunt for a chance to win a \$25 gift card! Turn your answers in to Kat in the Honors office or via email at sheldahk@otc.edu.
GOOD LUCK!!

Scavenger Hunt

- Who is the HSC VP of Public Relations?

- What was the nickname the author gave the creature in 'A Tall Tale of the Ozarks'?

- What is the moral of this issue's Aesop's Fable?

- What is the theme of the Director's Corner?

- Who is the first person featured in this issue's In Good Company?

- Who is the HSC VP of Community Involvement?

- Name one of the Android Apps listed under Free Resources.

- What is the Word of the Month?

- Who wrote the Article about Tetris on page 4?

- What page is Aesop's Fable on?

Think Green

E L C Y C E R F Z Y Q Z K F O H F K K R
 N M N Y V I C A R B O N X C T D K G P I
 G G A S A K S U S T A I N A B I L I T Y
 V E N V I R O N M E N T F K T O P M G E
 S I A H B C Q W S E N L Z W B X A M J C
 K N J G Q I R P S G I I K A S I B J E O
 A M O H Q B O E F K Q S L I Q D X J I N
 R T Y I C G N D D O L S U C G E O A S S
 X E M W S A J E E U U O D V O R H S T E
 K X U A Z S N Z U G C F L N L R C Z A R
 B E K S E V I T A N R E T L A L U N W V
 I L P B E X N M V A V A M P I R E X G A
 O B S L E U F P E X E Z D M O I G N F T
 F A E S U O H N E E R G A A K D I U N I
 U W S Q F O J V U C I T L K B M E T T O
 E E N E R G Y E Q D E Z O T R L G O R N
 L N P N O I T U L L O P B A Y D E P F Q
 X E Y M Y R W P D W U N W I K M I N G K
 F R P O W E R D X W F O O T P R I N T R
 T Q Z G P T Y H F L Z P A A Q Q Z L W X

ALTERNATIVE
BIOFUEL
FOOTPRINT
EMISSIONS
FOSSIL
WARMING
POLLUTION
RENEWABLE
VAMPIRE

FUELS
CARBON
CLIMATE
ENERGY
FUEL
GREENHOUSE
RECYCLE
REUSE
POWER

BIODEGRADABLE
DIOXIDE
CONSERVATION
ENVIRONMENT
GLOBAL
GAS
REDUCE
SUSTAINABILITY

Word of the month:
Kainotophobia (kay no tuh pho' bia) – fear of change, or resistance of change due to fear.
Example: Jason's kainotophobia prevented him from experiencing life to the fullest.
Origin: Greek – kainotes : newness, + -phobia: fear



Cryptogquip

JH E OVRWCLY JA JZGQZYQW JZ
 YBQ UEZW ARCYB RH QURGQZJE, J
 ACOORAQ JY'A E LVREYJEZ LVQEYJRZ.

Clue: J equals I

NOTES FROM THE VP OF COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT: SHAYNE JACOPIAN

The Relay for Life event will be happening in April, and I'd like to use this space to write about its significance—to cancer research; to thousands of patients, survivors, and their families; and to me. In November of 2010, my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. Between surgery, recovery time, chemotherapy, another surgery, and more recovery time, it was about a year-long ordeal. It took its toll on her; to this day, she feels drained a lot of the time, and doesn't have much energy. The effects of chemotherapy on the mind still linger, as well, with what she jokingly calls "chemo brain" still causing her to say the same thing three times in the span of a few minutes, having forgotten that she had already just said it—it makes for a good laugh sometimes, as she has a good sense of humor, but I can't imagine it being anything short of very frustrating.

But she's still alive, and since the day she was declared cancer free, those negative side effects have been subsiding. She saw me graduate high school in 2012, she'll see my brother graduate in 2016, and she'll hopefully live to a ripe old age where flightiness isn't called "chemo brain," but is instead simply called "being old."

Everyone has a story like this, whether they've survived cancer themselves or were simply along for the long, difficult ride. If they don't, they know someone who does. Not so many years ago, a cancer diagnosis came with an estimated time of departure. However, thanks to the hard work of the thousands



of men and women in the fields of science and medicine who have dedicated their lives to cancer research, stories with happier endings are becoming more and more common. With each new medical advancement, these stories will continue to become more and more common.

You'll be hearing a lot from me over the next two months about how you can get involved in raising money for Relay for Life and for cancer research, and I would encourage you to do as much as you can—for someone who is battling cancer, for someone who has survived, or in the memory of someone who lost the fight.

NOTES FROM THE VP OF PUBLIC RELATIONS: CRAIG RAGLAND

Hello Honors Students!! It's an honor and a privilege to serve as your VP of Public Relations this semester. I'm looking forward to the exciting changes that will be happening throughout this semester with our social media sites. We will be revamping our Honors OTC web site to make it more interactive, useful, and functional, so be on the lookout for that! Also, if you are wanting to get more involved with the Honors Student Council, you should consider becoming an Honors Representative. It's a great resume builder and gives you the chance to gain experience in teamwork and leadership. There are several Rep positions still available, so if you're interested contact Director Yerby. I'm looking forward to serving you all this semester!



A Tall Tale of the Ozarks

Part II

by Brandon Perkins

I quickly moved us away from that trail, and made for the thickest brush, suddenly sure we were being herded like cattle, somehow. From the darkness of that path, a howl of rage erupted, and something shot out lightning quick, coming directly at us.

I've never run so fast in my life. I'm morbidly obese and I hate running, but run I did, nearly yanking Elise off of her feet as I grabbed her hand. I got the girls ahead of me. Since I was trying to protect them and I love Chinese food too much, I started to lag behind.

Doctors have come up with 101 different explanations as to what laid my back open, but I don't buy any of them. Something hit me, hard, and I went to my knees. The something tried to get past me to the girls, but I seized it, whatever it was and let gravity pull me down the incline.

I never got a look at it, and I'm so glad cowardice kicked in, shutting my eyes. However, I could smell it. It stank of feter and was slimy under my hands. That's all I can remember. Then I hit a tree; there was a bright flash of pain and everything went dark.

I am amazed I woke up. I thought I was buying the girls lives with my death when I grabbed Stinky. I was prepared to die to save Elise and Amaranth. I'm no hero but I'm not afraid to protect what I love.

It was full dark when I woke up. There was blood in my eyes, matted in my hair. I thought I had a concussion and had gotten lucky. There was no way to tell how long I had been out, or how far back down into the valley I had fallen; I'd broken my watch in the fall.

I stood up thinking my head was going to explode, and nearly fell again. I would have too, if the tree hadn't stood there stoically, bearing my weight and letting me get my brains back in place. After a few minutes my head cleared and I realized I knew where I was, about halfway down the valley. I could just barely hear the sounds from the interstate nearby. I knew better than to call out to the girls; the valley would just echo the sound of my voice, making it impossible to know what I said or where I was. I started back up the trail.

The girls had come looking for me. They found me as I was passing the area where I think I had taken the spill down the hill. It was difficult to tell, now that the area looked more familiar. They had seen what happened, and had hidden in the old servants quarters until they thought it was safe to look for me. I yelled at them for not going and getting help, telling them that they could have gotten lost. Elise gave me a hurt look and I knew it had been her idea to look for me. If they had just left, Amaranth would still be alive.

We were almost at the top when we hit the ridge-back, and I knew we were almost out. But half way up the ridge-back was a new feature and blood ran cold. A huge hole in the ground, about the size of a Volkswagen, was now in the center of the trail, which was incredibly narrow with drop offs to either side. I had taken this path not a week before and there hadn't been any rain to cause such erosion. The area was riddled with caves so a collapse was possible but improbable without traffic. If someone had caused it I would have known about it, as often as my company patrolled the area.

I could also smell that same fetid odor coming from the hole. I didn't want to get any closer, yet knew we couldn't head back down the ridge-back. Once again, I did something stupid. I had us hold hands and we started carefully making our way around the edge, single file.

Elise was in the front and saw it first, because she was looking in; I was more concerned with our footing. She screamed and pointed into the hole: something was moving in the shadows, swirling the darkness like wisps of smoke. At the sound of her voice, it surged toward her; I just reacted.

I grabbed Elise by the waist and threw her to the far edge of the chasm, screaming for her to run. I then seized Amaranth by the shoulders and started to swing her around me and over in a similar fashion.

I don't know if it was the sweat on my palms, the momentum, that Amaranth was panicking, or the wounds in my back, but I lost my grip on her and she plunged into the darkness. That moment, our eyes met; that was the last time I saw her.

From Elise's perspective, it looked as though I threw her friend in; she turned and ran, no longer from the swelling darkness, but from me. Torn between



my emotions and my instincts, my training kicked in and saved my life. Instead of leaping after Amaranth or running blindly, I managed to jump the rest of the distance and scramble up the trail. Elise, frantic and watching me instead of her path, ran headlong onto a low hanging branch, knocking herself out cold. Not even stopping I scooped her up and ran for all I was worth. That's when I heard Amaranth scream again.

I couldn't tell where it was coming from or how it could be so loud. Her screams pierced my mind; even now, her wails wake me up at least once a night. It took a long time to get out of that valley, and her screams followed at me the whole way.

I should have jumped. I should have gone back. But I was worried about Elise. I got her to a hospital. I called the office and the police. For three weeks, we looked for Amaranth. Then her parents gave up. I wasn't allowed at the funeral. I lost my job. Elise gave me the ring back; she threw it at me, actually. I lost everything I loved.

I've been thinking I've seen Amaranth: at the market, on my route at my new job.

Then one night I got this feeling like I wasn't alone. My phone didn't ring, but I received a voice mail. I checked the message, and a feminine voice, faint but clear said, "She still loves you, you know," then hung up.

The voice belonged to Amaranth. She and I have talked for a few weeks now, in that painfully slow way. I change my voicemail message and talk, sometimes with her previous call on a piece of paper in front of me and she leaves me responses.

She knows how I can redeem myself.

I have to go back, one last time, to the Lodge.



FREE RESOURCES:

Websites:

- 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

*Knowledge is
Power!*

