

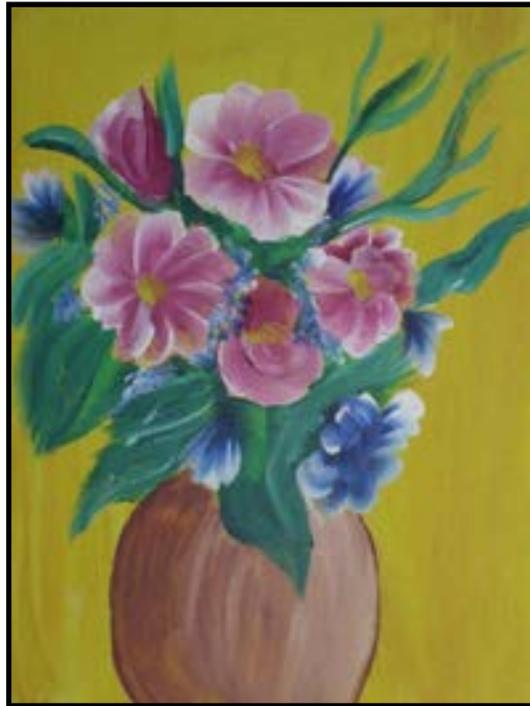
**OTC
HONORS
PROGRAM**

{ THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN }

**MAY
2015**

{ Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est. }

{ VOL. 10 }



Painting by alumnus Tina Ballard

**{ 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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Editor’s Notes:

The semester is nearly over and finals loom large on the very near horizon. We’ve got this! Whether you are graduating this spring or you’ll be back in the summer or fall, best of luck to everyone! We’ve got some excellent works in this volume of The Pinnacle, as always, but this time we have an advice column! Go check out page 9 for Suzy’s Wizdumbs! A huge thank you to all who contributed, I cannot say enough about how much I appreciate all of your efforts to make this newsletter what it is. Have an excellent summer and we’ll see you on the flip side.

Editor-in-Chief: Nat Stoddard

ART BY HONORS



Sketch by Kaitlyn Midkiff

Welcome to Honors

by Frank Giddens

It’s been a long journey,
 but at the same time we’ve barely made the first step.
 Whether this is your first semester or your fifth,
 there is always some mountain to climb,
 some river to bend to our wills.
 In our minds we are champions,
 and champions are not made by taking the easy path;
 rather it is by striking iron while it still burns that we can
 bend it to our whims.
 So take that small step further,
 lean out of your comfort zone a little bit more,
 and take in what life has to give you.
 Welcome to Honors.
 Welcome to the road less travelled.

ART BY HONORS

Dear Me

By Colton Pettyjohn

Dear Me,
 You will face many challenges in your life
 One will change who you are forever
 You cannot fathom the amount of pain you will endure
 A pain you will live with for many years to come
 You will try to be normal again
 But you won’t succeed
 They see you as different with no hope of coming back
 You bottle up your emotions
 To not let them know your true feelings
 You hide your emotions behind academics and isolation
 Many people look up to you for strength and hope
 If they only knew it’s just an act
 An act you put on to seem unscathed
 Behind this mask you put on
 You build barriers
 These are precautions you take so no one will ever know
 your true feelings

You have had to be strong for so long
 You don’t know how to be vulnerable
 Being strong and distant is all you know
 You don’t know how to open up
 You try to tell others how you feel
 But letting go of the barriers is difficult
 You finally leave the comforts of your shell
 The feeling of vulnerability nearly kills you
 You never want to feel it again
 So you retreat
 And the process begins again
 So Dear Me,
 You will have to do this process more times than you can
 count
 All this trouble to feel comfortable in your own skin
 So just be patient
 You’ll get there on your own terms



Wall Mural at Buffalo HS, by Kaitlynn Midkiff



Photo by Elke Quinn



The Spanish Club is celebrating Cinco de Mayo with a tamale sale!
 Come and try our tamales, empanadas, and tres leches cakes, a la carte or combos!
 from 10:00aM to 2:00pM
 on Tuesday, May 5th in the Jared Family Atrium.
 Half of the proceeds will go to a local charity

THE HONORS OFFICE STAFF



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Recruitment Specialist



Alicia Johnston
Receptionist
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Chance Bailey
Media Specialist
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AESOP'S FABLE

The Crow and the Pitcher



A CROW perishing with thirst saw a pitcher, and hoping to find water, flew to it with delight. When he reached it, he discovered to his grief that it contained so little water that he could not possibly get at it. He tried everything he could think of to reach the water, but all his efforts were in vain. At last he collected as many stones as he could carry and dropped them one by one with his beak into the pitcher, until he brought the water within his reach and thus saved his life.

Moral: Necessity is the mother of invention.

The fumes enveloping Jonathan's body ignited, the match tumbled over his shoulder to sputter and die in the liquid around him. The fire spread, flaring along the length of the boy's outstretched form, racing along the fuel-soaked concrete. In seconds teen was engulfed in flames. The air shimmered with the heat rising up from his body, and set off the fire alarms inside the empty garage. Jonathan screamed.

His shirt began to smolder and caught as the fire ate into the fabric. The air became hazy and stifling as his clothes burned, sending oily black smoke billowing towards the ceiling, gathering like storm clouds. Jonathan tried to smother the flames by rolling as he had been shown in school, the mantra of "stop, drop, and roll!" repeating in his mind. However, the teachers hadn't mentioned what to do when the floor and your clothes were soaked in fuel.

The fire clung to his skin, sizzling and crackling, his skin tight and hardening as his fine body hair vaporized. His shirt burned completely away. He heard the monster cursing, running around, then heard the garage door start winching upward. Jonathan flailed on the concrete floor, searching for a spot not covered in fuel. Fresh air and light registered with his panicked senses, and he wondered if he had time to get out onto the grass in the front yard. He needed to get up.

The flames were surging all around him by the time he could stand; the legs of his jeans had fallen away in charred fragments. His back was alight in places. He kept his eyes closed tight against the searing flame; everything hurt so much. He stumbled toward the light patch behind his eyelids, toward the breeze that cooled him even as it fanned the flames. Chasms and fissures formed in the surface of his flesh as the water in his skin boiled away.

Something hit his legs hard with a loud crack and lancing pain shot up from right behind his toes to the tops of his hips. Jonathan stumbled, tried to stay upright, but his legs no longer listened to him. They wouldn't hold him up anymore. He cried out, a keening wail of frustration; his screams echoed strangely within that room.

"Aw, no. You ain't getting out of this. I done had enough of you, freak. Your days are done." Something impacted his chest, and the air went out of Jonathan. He folded over, his forehead between his knees.

Jonathan sucked in scalding air and then loosed a scream full of agony, weariness, and unspent wrath.

Shaped

The flesh of his shoulders was peeling away, and his scalp was devoid of hair. His back arched as his torso rose in defiance of this fate, and his eyes flew open in time to see the demon winding up to hit him with a tire iron.

Jonathan wished in that moment, more than any other, that he wasn't so small. He wished he wasn't so helpless. He wished he had the power to do something, to fight back. He felt pressure building in his head between his eyes, behind his eyes. He felt the rush of his blood in his temples, heard the beat of his heart. Time slowed to a crawl.

He felt the pounding of his heartbeat. His head suddenly felt as if it had exploded, and as if a great pressure had been released. Another pulsating heartbeat and his pain lessened. Thump, and Jonathan brought his arm up to intercept the metal falling toward him. Thump, and a shuddering impact shook his small frame, but his arm didn't break. Thump, and suddenly he no longer felt tired. He felt good, he felt amazing. He felt more alive than he had ever felt before that moment. Power coursed through his veins as his muscles swelled, and he rose up on one knee. The next heartbeat, the fire spiraled up, swirling around Jonathan in a cyclone of living flame, ebbing in and out, shooting upward, and then diving down into the wound on his face. Anguish wracked him as serpents of fire seared his bones and joined with the power residing within him. In the conflagration his pain, fatigue and frustration were consumed. Nothing was left but the fury and the need to vent it upon the world.

Jonathan realized that he was still screaming; it had a different timbre, an awful sound. It was the roar of an incinerator at full blast, fueled by pure hatred.

Power surged out of Jonathan. The metal in his hand glowed cherry red, then white-hot. The monster howled and tried to let go, but the metal had become welded to his flesh. It grew flimsy and sagged between them, pulled by gravity and then went to slag, boring holes in the concrete. Jonathan got both of his feet underneath him, shifting maladroitly as he regained sensation in his legs and his wounds closed. Bones reknit themselves, sinews and tendons shifted back into place. Jonathan then stood erect, fire in his eyes and flames coursing through his veins.

by Fire

by Brandon Perkins

Part 2

He strode barefoot through the bubbling concrete towards the monster. The blistering hot material didn't even slow him down. The monster was screaming unintelligible words, staring at the figure before him in abject terror. Jonathan wondered idly if this was the look that had been on his face.

Enraged, he reached out with his right hand and seized the shaking man, a man who perhaps had once been his father. So, this fiend wanted to play with fire. Jonathan had become a living inferno. He seized the pathetic man by his throat and lifted him clear of the ground.

One word erupted from his mouth, a firestorm spilling out behind it scorching his mind and the air. "Burn!"

Jonathan's next memory was waking up on a gurney. A paramedic was flashing a small penlight in and out of his eyes. "I think he might have a concussion," the woman said to her colleague. The man nodded, turned, and approached the police officers who were standing off to the side.

At that moment, all Jonathan could recall of the ordeal was the match descending towards him and the grin behind it. He looked around, taking in his surroundings.

All that remained of the place where he had spent seven years of his life was a blackened stretch of ground, with the occasional stud or beam standing out like the bones of a dead man.

His eyes focused on the paramedic's kindly face. "What happened? Where's my dad?"

Her face tensed up, a study in neutrality. "There was a fire. You came out of it with some burns and a facial wound that is gonna leave a nasty scar, but other than that you're going to be fine. We need to get you checked out, but I think you'll be okay. Do you feel like talking to the officers?" She pointed to the two men, one of whom was writing something down that the other paramedic was saying. The other officer was looking intently at Jonathan.

"Sure. I mean, I guess." Jonathan tried to shrug while sitting up. Pain flared across his back, tugged along his neck. He gasped.

"Hey, take it easy!" The paramedic pushed him back into the gurney. "You got banged up pretty good getting out of that house, probably while it

was falling down around your ears. I said you were going to be fine, not that you were fine right now. Settle down, hotshot." She patted him on the shoulder with one gloved hand, and smiled at him. "I'm gonna let Officer Reagan come over now, okay?" Jonathan nodded.

Officer Reagan was a seasoned man, probably in his mid-forties. He had the bearing of a kind man burdened with authority. His eyes were tired, the lines on his face taut. The officer pulled out a small memo pad and a well-worn ink pen as he approached the gurney. His smile was that of a man bearing bad news, and he squared his shoulders to take on more weight.

"How are you doing, young man? If you're feeling up to it, I have some questions I need to ask. First, I know your family name, but I don't know your first name. What do your folks call you?"

The paramedic interrupted, "Not too long. And don't overwhelm him." She put a great deal of emphasis on the last part. "We need to get him over to the hospital and get some tests run. We don't want to waste time if he's bleeding internally or has a concussion."

"I'll just get his name and what he can remember about the fire starting so I can turn that over to the fire marshal. He's gonna be here soon with some questions. I'd like to have a few answers." He turned back to the gurney. "Your name, son?"

"My name's Jonathan. Some people call me Johnny, but I prefer Jonathan. Johnny sounds...kinda childish."

The officer and the paramedic both grinned. "Prefers Jonathan," Reagan drawled as he wrote it down. "I'll make a note of that. Be real careful to get it right. Now, do you know how the fire started?"

Jonathan looked away from both of them. "Yes-sir. It was, well, see. It was my dad. He poured kerosene all over the place in the garage. Then he lit it. That's what it was."

The two adults grew quiet and pensive. Officer Reagan frowned. "Why? Why would he do that, Jonathan? Do you know why your dad would use an accelerant inside of your house, where you live, and not get you and your stuff out first?" He looked at the paramedic, his face set in stone. The vision of flashing teeth behind a burning match arose in Jonathan's mind.

"No sir, I truly don't."

Cameron's Critic Classroom "The Road Ended a Ways Back"

This week's lesson: Learn to quit while you're ahead.

Title: Furious 7

Directed by: James Wan ("Saw", "Insidious")

Starring:

Vin Diesel ("Chronicles of Riddick," Groot in "Guardians of the Galaxy") Paul Walker ("Brick Mansions", "Hours") Jason Statham ("The Expendables", "Transporter") Kurt Russell ("Death Proof", "Sky High") Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson ("G.I. Joe: Retaliation", "Pain and Gain")

Grades: Story: D+, Entertainment: B, Main Characters: C-, Secondary Characters: D-, editing/special effects: B. Overall Grade: C

This series has driven down a strange and rather unorthodox road as it has progressed. The first two were simple, mindless undercover cop movies with a heavy focus on street racing, but then number three nearly ended the franchise by ditching the main characters and only keeping the title and street racing. While the fourth installment was just dreadful, it did bring back the original cast and opened up big changes for "Fast Five" (a pretty decent action-heist), which lead into "Fast and Furious 6" (a pretty fantastic action-heist). The stakes and scope of the action scenes gradually increased from four onward with a phenomenal climax for six; leaving the open question: "Where will they go from here?"

"Furious 7" is produced by Universal Studios.

The story is of Brian O'Connor (Paul Walker), Dom Toretto (Vin Diesel), and the rest of their family (a word you will hear more often than the laws of physics are broken) as they enjoy normal life when finally returning to L.A. after being on the run since the fourth movie. Brian start to feel as though he might not be cut out for the normal world when Jason Statham as Deckard Shaw (brother of the last movie's villain) comes after them for revenge. The team reassembles with the help of government agent Kurt Russell (like I'm going to bother knowing his character's name) to steal an all-powerful tracking, spying computer...thing (us film geeks call it a magic MacGuffin) and track down Statham (another character I won't bother referring to by anything other than the actor's name)

What made the last two work was the self-awareness of being nothing more than silly blockbusters, but with the utmost dedication and genuine care for the characters by the cast and filmmakers that was actually somewhat respectable. This all peaked with number six and I feel as though this one is only downhill from that point. The action isn't as fun this time, the characters don't have much to do, and there doesn't seem to be a real point to any of the mess that is presented to us. The source of this can



probably be tracked to the change in director (Justin Lin was the director of the last four and probably brought the awareness and dedication I previously mentioned). Statham doing a new turn as a villain

could have been something truly unique, but he isn't given enough screen time to make him threatening or develop his already straight-forward motive of revenge. The secondary characters simply stick to their average one-dimensioness (with Tyrese Gibson being painfully unfunny), Letty's memory loss problem continues even though it ran its course in the last movie, and Dom has virtually no character arch what-so-ever.

The only exception to the character redundancy is Brian's conflict of having a wife and child while doing all of these insane stunts. This is highlighted by a fairly well written scene in which Brian calls his wife before the final battle to say goodbye if he doesn't make it, later punctuated by a final scene that addresses the death of Paul Walker. I won't give anything away, but I do feel it is rather well handled and is a great way to pay tribute to the real person. This does, however, force me to be a cold, heartless critic and point out that if Paul Walker hadn't died this movie probably wouldn't have had anywhere to go with its ending. That being said, I feel that Brian's arch, while unable to completely save the movie, does put a nice bit of emotion into the jumbled clutter that is this film.

The overall lesson is that "Furious 7" is trying to keep-up with the predecessors of its series, but (without the director that perfectly staged the transition to full-on action-heist movies) it falls short and turns into a rather average pre-summer blockbuster with only satisfactory action and only two character scenes worth noting. Fans of the series are sure to gobble up everything on screen, but, for the rest of us (especially those that have never seen any "Fast and Furious" movies), this one can wait to be viewed on the couch, at home, in underwear, on DVD.

Final note: I called this a "rather average pre-summer blockbuster," but I think that what is acceptable for this time of year will be changing in the near future with the excellent "Kingsmen: Secret Service" coming out this past February, "Captain America: Winter Soldier" coming out this same week-end last year, "Deadpool" coming out next February, and "Batman v. Superman: Dawn of Justice" coming out next March." I'm just saying, awesome blockbusters are coming out earlier and earlier in the year and that is something to get excited about as a moviegoer.



Dickerson Park Zoo residents. Submitted by Lauren Sweet, Lead Education Specialist
Dr Who on the left and Hedgie on the right.

Suzy's Wzdumbs

I used to be a stay at home type of woman. You may have known me as Suzy Homemaker. But then I got married and got out of my house and enrolled in college, and now I am Suzy Schoolmaker. I am here for you. Just ask me anything, and I can guarantee I will give you advice that you may or may not want to follow.

Dear Suzy,

I am new to college and OTC. I am having a problem navigating from one class to the next some days. On Tuesdays and Thursdays I have to go from the second floor of Lincoln Hall to the third floor of Information Commons in just 10 minutes. I seem to be late to the same class every Tuesday and Thursday. Do I tell the professor what is going on or do I just keep quiet? What would you do?

Signed,

Friendly Freshman

Dear Friendly,

You ask two very good questions.

What should you do? Well, when you realize there is going to be an ongoing problem you should always go to your professor and explain the situation, and see what remedies they suggest. They have been doing this longer than you have. They might have another class you could switch to, or some other suggestion. What would I do? I would just keep being late and not say a word to anyone. I mean, why draw attention to yourself. Chances are your teacher doesn't even know that you are late. Besides, you shouldn't have scheduled classes that close together anyways. Sheesh. What happened to at least an hour in between to stroll leisurely from point A to point B? Hope this helps. If you have any more questions please be sure to drop them off to the Honors Program Office at ICE352. Just address it to Suzy Schoolmaker and I'll be sure to get it and read it and maybe even answer you.

'Til next time folks, it's Suzy Schoolmaker signing out.

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SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES FROM VOLUME 9

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:

A Great Get-Together
Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant.
– Washington Irving

Scavenger Hunt answers:

1. Five
2. See names above
3. www.relayforlife.org/
4. The Mule
5. Kingsmen; The Secret Service
6. Brandon Perkins
7. Sonia Rogers
8. Kaitlyn Midkiff

PROJECT ASCENT

by Brandi Keltner

When I met Scottie McElroy I was not only impressed by his love of life but more so for his love for helping others. We had talked in depth about his experience starting a nonprofit in Austin TX, called Project Ascent. It began because of his immense love for climbing as well as wanting to change lives for the better. The more we discussed his experiences and his desire to start a similar nonprofit here in Springfield, Missouri, the more I wanted to help him succeed. With his experience and degree in Youth Ministries and my future degree in Business we knew by putting our strengths together, we could build something great. Project Ascent, although still in its infancy stage, is a newly established non-profit (we are still waiting on 501-C3 for actual non-profit status) here in the Ozarks. Established to give youth an opportunity to experience nature through rock-climbing. We primarily work with at-risk youth in hopes of building confidence in themselves as well as to develop soft skills. As Project Ascent grows we also hope to branch out from rock-climbing into cycling, camping, hiking, and kayaking. As of now rock climbing is a unique sport in which individuals are put in a new environment without preconceived expectations of performance or success. Project Ascent promotes communication between climbers which plays instrumentally in the success or failure of a climbing expedition (soft skills). Individuals also gain the resources and tools to become better leaders, stronger communicators, and become more adaptable for new problem solving techniques.

Project Ascent operates as a non-profit which generates funds through individual donors and (hopefully as soon as we receive our official 501-C3) grants. Operating Project Ascent is unfortunately not free. As directors we put in everything we possibly can out of our personal funds to give these opportunities to kids. But we need the help of the people of the Ozarks as well. We have set up a GoFundMe.com account to raise money for the basic equipment required to take groups of kids climbing. Please visit <http://www.gofundme.com/r3bw3b9s8> and consider donating to the future generation of the Ozarks.

If you would like to learn more about Project Ascent and how you can get involved or donate contact Brandi or Scottie via ProjectAscentYouth@gmail.com



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

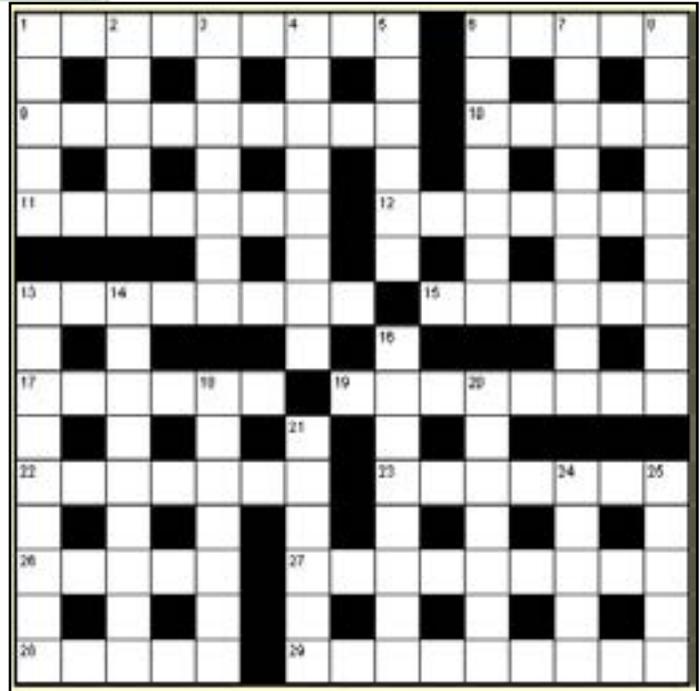
Mental Break



Word of the Month

Phrontistry

- (n.) frun-'tist-er-e : a thinking place. From Greek, phrontisterion, meaning: a thinker.
Ex. Our study group often uses the library as a phrontistry



Cryptoquote

Sixth Sense

U YAK'S QPZJJB OPP SEP ECQYJPO.

U OPKOP SEPT JUMP Z TPTAQB.

PYGUK TAOPO, ZTPQULZK ZSEJPSP

(1955 -)

ACROSS

- 1 Aggressive swimmer identified by scrambled Cuban radar – NATO's first to go (9)
- 6 Copper piece about the length of one's forearm (5)
- 9 Idly swallows new drink, one without flavour (9)
- 10 Bible covered by little Scots cloth (5)
- 11 Get on the right side of man involved with euro disaster (7)
- 12 He doesn't believe he is in a dry environment (7)
- 13 Get cash for old silver (8)
- 15 These days, it is used to hold useful information (6)
- 17 Give up on translating Greene (6)
- 19 Western location where films are made after Morse has been decoded (8)
- 22 Get a little professional help (7)
- 23 English exile capturing island first is seen to make amends (7)
- 26 Fantastic trick produced by worker in charge (5)
- 27 Attendants give command to tell tall tales? (9)
- 28 Racecourse has no field, but this grass remains? (5)
- 29 Papers prepared here show Arabs going backwards and in all directions (9)

DOWN

- 1 Person walking in front of a train (5)
- 2 20 thanks one of his followers? (5)
- 3 Vase (a golden one) found to contain speed (7)
- 4 Two foreign articles get older, but not old enough (8)
- 5 Haphazard, no matter what road is taken? (6)
- 6 Civic leader showed off neat home (7)
- 7 Pleases club, provided one is given points (9)
- 8 Handling medication (9)
- 13 "On the Continent" – short answer to "Where do they live?" (9)
- 14 Twisted criminal legally wrong to confront head reporter (9)
- 16 We'd returned after sweet fruit (8)
- 18 University in Indian resort uses revolutionary method of painting (7)
- 20 Eastern politician, monarch or ruler (7)
- 21 Celebrity found in literature, now neglected (6)
- 24 Spanish mate has a game against his French counterpart (5)
- 25 Stops taking top off, and relaxes (5)

Optical Illusion

