

OTC
HONORS
PROGRAM

{ THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN }

2014
2015

{Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.}

{ VOL. 8 }



Painting by Angelicqa Russell

{ 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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ART BY HONORS



Painting by Angelicqa Russell



Sketch by Brandon Perkins

Photo by Kaitlyn Schumacher



Editor’s Notes:

A huge thanks to all who contributed the wonderful art, short stories, and random things that Honors Students are famous for! We had a great response for this volume and I am thrilled with the growing enthusiasm that is being shown by all who have chosen to become involved with this wonderful work in progress that we call our newsletter. It has been pointed out that we have not, up to this point, published the answers to past puzzles from the Mental Break pages. We have chosen not to go all the way back to the beginning, but the solutions from Volumes 6 & 7 are in this volume on page 10 :) Have a wonderful semester and good luck with finals!!

Editor-in-Chief, Kat Sheldahl



Wade Southwell, representing OTC in Africa

RESTAURANT REVIEW FOR CAFE CUSCO

By: Lorelei Valkenburg

Want to travel to a far off land while staying right here in Springfield? Want to take a break from the same old pizza or double cheeseburger and fries? Want to impress you next date with your knowledge of cultures and your impressive worldliness?

Then try Springfield's own Peruvian restaurant, Cafe Cusco, on commercial street at the corner of Robberson Avenue. The ambiance is lovely with roomy booths, fun and relaxing mood music, and occasionally live artists. The waitstaff is attentive and knowledgeable, ensuring your visit goes smoothly.

Most importantly, the food is delicious and unique. Consider yourself a fish lover? You'll celebrate with a big "Wahooo!" when you try Wahoo in the Jalea Mixta appetizer. Menu items range from seafood to BBQ pork all the way to beef hearts. There's also a large selection of vegetarian and gluten free items.

Ever wonder why there isn't a good soda that tastes like bubblegum? If so, you were meant to be born in Peru, since one of their most popular sodas, called Inca Kola, tastes just like bubblegum. For those of you over 21, their cocktails are delectable and worth every penny.

For the food lover on a budget, try out these Peruvian delicacies from 11am to 3pm Tuesday thru Friday. There is a select menu not on the restaurant's website, all for \$7.99.

If you have a big party you want to throw, you may even want to consider Cafe Cusco for a memorable evening in their Summit Lounge upstairs.

For more information and their full menu, check out their website at cafecusco.com.



Campus Cultural Event:

EL CLUB DE ESPAÑOL

TAMALE

SALE

OF THE YEAR



WHEN? TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18 AND 19

10:00 AM – 2:00 PM

WHERE? IC JARED FAMILY ATRIUM

Tamales: 1/2 doz. \$10.00—1 doz. \$19.00; Cake: \$3.50 a portion

Pre-orders of tamales and Tres leches cake are welcome

CONTACT: blackmom@otc.edu

Fifty percent of proceeds will benefit "The Kitchen."

THE MOVIE REVIEW

by Cameron Flatt

Mr. Cameron's Classroom: "Iron Man, Iron Giant, and The Incredible Rolled Into One California Roll of a Movie" (a film analysis of "Big Hero 6")
Today's Lesson: a case study in how an emotionless robot can show more emotion and be more human than the poorly written humans in the film.



Title: "Big Hero 6"
Director: Don Hall ("Winnie the Pooh [2011]) and Chris Williams ("Bolt")
Starring: Scott Adsit ("30 Rock") as Baymax
Ryan Potter ("Supah Ninjas") as Hiro.
T.J. Miller ("Cloverfield," "Transformers: Age of Extinction") as Fred
Grade: B-

As far as I am concerned, there have been far too many truly great animated films (even those made by Disney) to simply dismiss them as "children's entertainment". In 2012, Disney demonstrated that they have the capacity for energetic, emotional, nerdy cartoons with the video game inspired "Wreck-It Ralph" (a film far superior to the massively overrated "Frozen," but I digress). How do you follow that up? With a Marvel Comics adaptation of course!

The story (based on the comic of the same name created by Duncan Rouleau and Steven T. Seagle) is of one Hiro Hamada, a 14-year-old technological prodigy in the city of San Fransokyo (it is better to stop questioning things like "San Fransokyo" now) living with his cooooky aunt because his parents are long dead (what else are parents allowed to be?). Hiro inherits Baymax, an advanced medical care robot invented by his older brother who has a mild encounter with a raging inferno caused by an explosion in the first act. Hiro unveils the source behind the explosion and seeks revenge with the help of Baymax and his techno-super-friends-gang.

I'd like to stop here for a second, imagine an only child. An only child that was home-schooled. An only child that was homeschooled at the North Pole. An only child that was home-schooled at the North Pole and was raised by a computer that spoke via the Microsoft Sam text-to-speech voice. Well I'm pretty sure that is somewhere in the ballpark of how the writers of this film were raised.

Approximately 95% of the dialogue that forcibly ejects from the mouths of the characters in this film is in no way similar to anything an actual human would say. Nearly every line is either clunky exposition, obvious observations that are so obviously obvious, words that I

suuuuppose are meant to be jokes, or clunky exposition. On top of that, as creatively designed as they are, Hiro's team of techy do-gooders could not fall more perfectly into the most basically bland stock characters: the girly girl, the tough girl, the nice guy, and the idiot pothead (ok they don't come right out and say that last one it but it is heavily implied for a children's cartoon). Plus, I think most Disney movies would scoff at how faithfully the storyline sticks to the Disney plot structure formula: dead parents, tragedy in the opening, wise old man, corporate C.E.O.s are evil (oh the irony), inevitable sad moments that propels the hero to victory, villain's "secret" identity, and the fake out death.

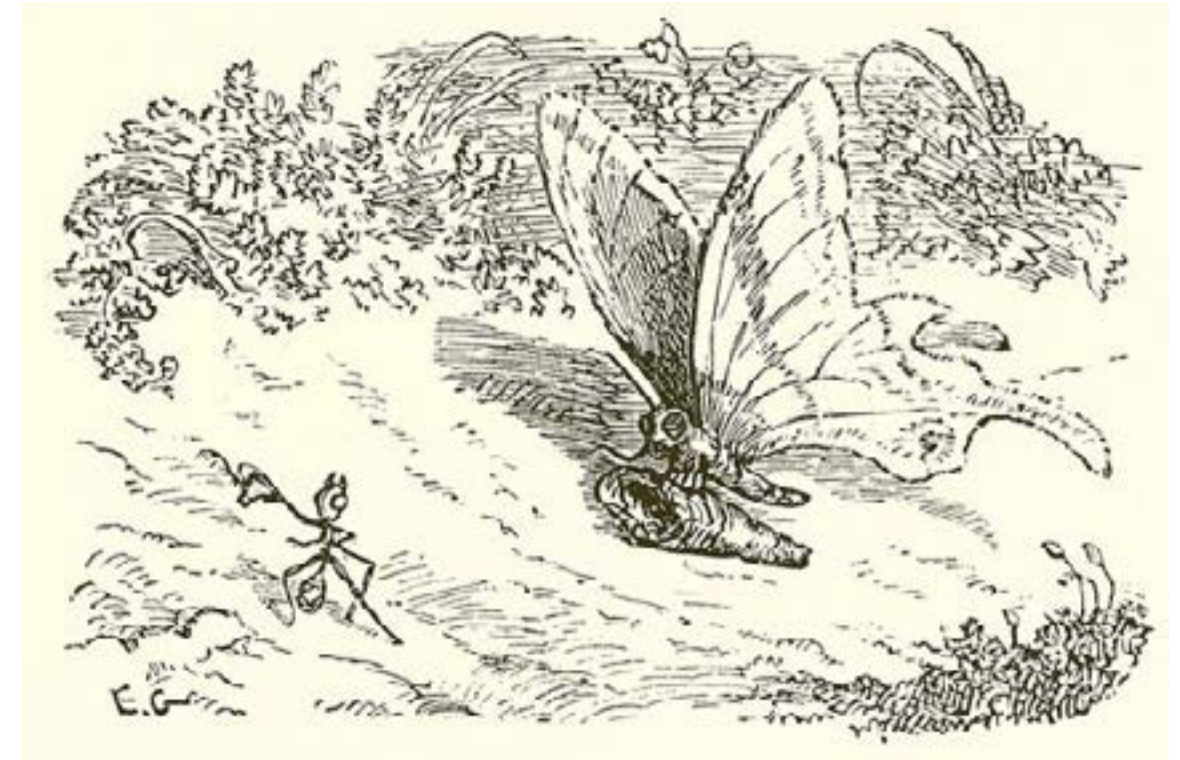
However, much like Jesus coming out of the storm riding his trained Velociraptor upon the water guns ablazing, there is Baymax. This soft, huggable robot is the shining achievement for "Big Hero 6" as he kicks butt, splits your sides, and melts your heart. His chemistry and relationship with Hiro is so perfect, the inevitable sad moment is actually rather touching and I wish the whole movie had just been them alone all along. Also, I have to note that the action bits and gorgeous CG artistry are nothing to look over and definitely help out-weigh the weaknesses of the film.

The lesson to be taken away from this is that "Big Hero 6" has fantastic leading pair that are held back by one note, needless supporting characters. If you are looking for nothing outside the average Disney formula, then this is probably the animated movie of the year. If not, Baymax the Robot, in all his hilarity and charm, should be more than enough to make the movie a worthwhile viewing.

On an ending note, as it was with "Wreck-It Ralph," the short film that precedes the showing of this animated flick actually succeeds in being an all around better product. It is lovable, hilarious, and emotional all within the course of about five minutes. And, oh yeah, don't forget to stay after the credits!

AESOP'S FABLE

THE ANT AND THE CHRYSALIS



An Ant nimbly running about in the sunshine in search of food came across a Chrysalis that was very near its time of change. The Chrysalis moved its tail, and thus attracted the attention of the Ant, who then saw for the first time that it was alive. "Poor, pitiable animal!" cried the Ant disdainfully. "What a sad fate is yours! While I can run hither and thither, at my pleasure, and, if I wish, ascend the tallest tree, you lie imprisoned here in your shell, with power only to move a joint or two of your scaly tail." The Chrysalis heard all this, but did not try to make any reply. A few days after, when the Ant passed that way again, nothing but the shell remained. Wondering what had become of its contents, he felt himself suddenly shaded and fanned by the gorgeous wings of a beautiful Butterfly. "Behold in me," said the Butterfly, "your much-pitied friend! Boast now of your powers to run and climb as long as you can get me to listen." So saying, the Butterfly rose in the air, and, borne along and aloft on the summer breeze, was soon lost to the sight of the Ant forever.

Appearances are deceptive.

~Aesop's Illustrated Fables

THE CRYPTIC CASE OF MR. CLAUS

by Cameron Flatt

Fanatics, conspiracy theorists, and tabloid journalists have been trying to nab evidence of Big Foot, UFOs, ghosts, and the like for some time now. But why does no one try to find the fat man in the red suit that inhabits the North Pole?

This is a chronicle of my time searching for, and hunting down, jolly old Saint Nick. Once you get to the point in your career as a journalist where your editor is asking you to hunt down fairy tale creatures, you might as well go with it and give it your everything. After all, it is probably the last thing you'll do anything in a professional degree before you become a high school journalism teacher in some backwater Midwest town that isn't even on any official maps.

Well enough about me, let's begin this sad tale of the chase for a non-existent reindeer herder and his vertically challenged working class. I started my search at the source of most ridiculous, made-up stories: the American government. An anonymous source from inside the Air Force was able to tell me that every year, from 22:00 military time on the 24th of December to 05:00 on the 25th of December, all satellite imagery above 80 degrees longitude goes blank and all radio frequencies go to static except for the occasional sound of what has been described as sleigh bells. This started to make my view on this whole ridiculous journey brighten up a bit, but I quickly got over it and rationalized the strange phenomenon as some sort of interference from the magnetic poles.

From a separate anonymous source in the U.S. Army, I learned of unofficial cases of caribou in Alaska that have attacked planes that are hundreds of feet off the ground after take off. Personally, I wouldn't give much credit to the stories of those from that far north; they tend to have an unregulated amount of adult beverages on hand in most instances. I would pin those attacks on underground Soviet Union extremists or the Wampa monster from "Star Wars" before I start considering flying rodents that work for a childrens' toy distributor.

With all leads pointing north, I decided to make a seemingly pointless journey to some small villages in Canada hoping to dig up any folklore surrounding Father Christmas. My first stop was in the town of Vulcan, in which I was informed on reports



of an old man that was said to have fallen from the sky that dwells in the caves outside of town and is described as having pointy ears. This is either what can be imagined as an elf or Leonard Nimoy hiding out in the ice fields of rural Canada.

My next stop in Osoyoos, Canada wielded a unique version of the subject. Known as "Tomte," he is said to be a stout,

bearded man in advanced years with immense strength that runs about town protecting the farmers from misfortune. The village of Inuvik has a similar legend, except the natives call him "Nisse" and also have an alternate image of the creature where he is a one-eyed, shape shifter that has a bad temper. He will slaughter the villages' livestock and eat all the cabbage, effectively destroying their town's worth and food rations. One town social drinker is quoted as saying:

"The creature killed nine of me goats and ate half of the wheat harvest. The crafty bugger snuck up on me and bit me on the toe."

As reliable as this source is, there is no actual evidence that any of these happening are factual. It would seem as though these stories were getting me nowhere, but there appeared to be a certain amount of truth in the eyes of those who told them. These people had true feeling attached to this being. An amount of belief to that degree allows some sort of chance to prove itself.

But, just as my spirits began to rise, the trail went cold. I wasn't able to find any leads from then on as my journey was beginning to suffocate from lack of purpose. The hunt dragged on for a few more weeks; I heard tales of a long armed man in suit, a man traveling in a flying blue box, and I learned that bow ties are very cool. None of this led me any closure to my objective.

As I sat with a broken spirit in the terminal, waiting for my flight of shame back to the states, I finally figured it out. This man, this myth, I had been chasing couldn't possibly be what he was perceived as. No living entity could bring the weight of such emotions that I saw in the people I met. The jolly fat man was created to instill an image of hope and spirit into the people at the end of a difficult year filled with biting reality.

He couldn't be real, yet he is more real than anything I know. He is what keeps us going when we have reached our end. He is Santa Claus. Merry Christmas!

Uhambo Lwami eThekwini:

The second in a series of four essays from OTC's first study abroad student

Sanibona,

When I wrote to you before, I told you about some of the experiences that led me to apply for the Boren International Scholarship. Alongside FLAS and Fulbright, the Boren Awards are among the most prestigious and competitive awards for international study in the country. This year I was among recipients from Harvard, Brown, Cornell, George Washington, Johns Hopkins and American University. I am the first student in southwest Missouri to receive a Boren Award, and I would later learn that prior to me, only four community college students in the past ten years have earned a Boren International Scholarship. I became the fifth. That's with over 1400 scholarships given.

I say this only to demonstrate how unlikely the odds were. There's really nothing special about me. I simply committed myself to a goal, which was to apply, and utilized every available resource to submit the best application possible. I'm hoping by reading this you can draw parallels with your own wildly improbably goals and understand that it's ok to give yourself permission to dream big. My ambition was to study abroad. What's yours?

When I was first told about the Boren International Scholarship, and as I did some research to learn more about it, I became convinced that I was a perfect fit. I didn't see the seemingly insurmountable odds stacked against me. I just saw a good fit. The Boren Awards are for students who want to study less commonly taught languages, in areas of the world that are generally not represented in study abroad programs. Places like Africa, Asia, or the Middle East are emphasized. Students wanting to study abroad for an extended length of time are also given priority, and the vast majority of award recipients are funded for a full academic year. The Boren Awards are also for students who have a strong desire to work with the federal government after earning their degree, as the awards are funded by the Department of Defense, a branch of the United States Government.

As you can imagine, the application process for a \$20,000 scholarship is rigorous. One of the required essays had to relate my personal interest in South Africa to United States National Security. At that particular time I knew precisely nothing about National Security or International Relations. And as my prized mentor, Barrie Talbott, so pointedly

brought to my attention, I would be competing against students from some of the best universities in the world- students who are in their third and fourth years of Political Science, Economics, and Linguistics studies. Talbott's council was austere, but absolutely correct. I would have to learn about U.S.-South Africa Relations and National Security, and make a case for why the United States Government should pay for me to live and study in South Africa. I learned more about combing through endless academic articles and lengthy government and NGO reports through the course of my research for the Boren Scholarship than I did in two semesters of college English.

In addition to completing the required essays, the logistical requirements of the application process were absolutely maddening. Have you ever tried to arrange a course of study at a foreign university? There's a reason universities pay professionals with Masters and PhDs to coordinate study abroad programs. Have you ever applied for a passport? Easy enough, if you haven't spent the previous eight years homeless with virtually none of the required documentation. Every time I submitted an appeal to the bureau of consular affairs, or wrote an email or made a phone call to South Africa at two in the morning to correspond with heads of departments or housing authorities, a part of me said "Who do you think you are?" I doubted my ability every second, but I "acted as if." I acted as if I knew what I was doing, that I had a plan, and that I believed I had the right to be doing any of this.

While OTC doesn't have programs for students to complete a semester or year abroad, many international students come to Springfield to complete a two-year degree at our school. OTC's Director of International Programs, Dr. Loren Lundstrom, has been one of my strongest allies in my Boren journey. I was required to have an official Boren Campus Adviser review my documents and transcripts for accuracy prior to submitting them, but OTC didn't have one. The director of the Honors Program recommended Dr. Lundstrom who didn't hesitate to become a registered campus adviser so I could complete the application process. That requires a lot of faith. I'm not even sure if I had

Continued on page 11

Death and Consequences

(Part II)

I thought the situation was to remain so bleak. Just as we were all about to file out past the closed coffin, I heard a young girl say behind me, "I can't do this. I just can't walk past his coffin. This is so unreal. I'm...it's too sad." I thought to myself, "This isn't right. Danny wouldn't want this. He'd want us to be happy!" Funerals are not for the dead, but for the living, to offer us comfort and succor in our time of need. This man did not know what to say, so he was filling the air with what he thought he knew.

When the minister recalled he was supposed to offer us a chance to speak for the departed, I practically jumped out of my chair. I knew that I at least had something to say. "I'll speak", I said softly, and carefully made my way to the podium.

I was decidedly nervous and my mind went blank for a moment; then my eyes looked upon Erin's face, and I recalled the story I had told her when she had asked me about the kind of person Danny had been.

"I met Danny many years ago, like so many of you, when I went to one of his parties. I was nervous, and I didn't really know any of the people there, but Danny invited me in and made me feel welcome. He treated everyone that way. He would spend a little time with everyone there, mixing drinks, or telling a joke, playing a video game or guessing the mystery ingredient in a special cocktail. He was a consummate and amenable host. I recall one party, though, where instead of going

through his regular routine, he spent a great deal of time talking to this one particular guy, a stranger I did not know. Danny sat and talked with this guy for six hours, and at the end of the evening, they stood up, hugged one another and shook hands, then the man left. At this point, I'm curious as to just who this guy is; they seemed really close. I assumed he must have been a high school classmate, or an old friend, or maybe even a family member. Before I can say anything, Danny turns to me and he says, 'Man, I hate that guy!'"

The tension that had been building broke, and something I had not expected happened: everyone started laughing. Nervously at first, but it built as it really set in, and finally the crowd was laughing the way Danny would have wanted: heartily, from the belly, wiping away a different sort of tears. Their laughter rolled over me like a wave, and my nervousness fled. I got effusive. "That was just the sort of person Danny was! He was out to have a good time, and he was going to drag you along,

whether you wanted to be or not, because he was so full of life. Danny wouldn't want us sitting here, bawling our eyes out and despairing; he would want us to throw a party, and tell our favorite Danny tales, and lift a glass in his absence."

No one else spoke. It felt very strange that no one else tried to speak, but at

the graveside after the last benediction, I found out why. Almost all felt that there was no need to say anything more; they all seemed to feel it had been said, and said well. Nearly everyone, besides the minister, came up to me and thanked me for saying what I had, in the way that I had. Many had felt the eulogy was lacking and thought someone needed to say a few words about Danny. His mother even came up to me, thanking me for my words, and I relayed to her the way he would secure people's keys, and the odd matter of smelling his clove cigarettes that morning; it seemed to comfort her further. She still cried, but



she was no longer wracked with sobs. She cried now with a smile on her face, and asked me if I had any more stories about her son, my friend.

Everything has an end, and then a beginning, and in that order.



November 17 - 22 is National Hunger Awareness Week; Here is an opportunity to help the community this Thanksgiving Season:

For National Hunger Awareness Week, the College is hosting a food drive to benefit local food pantries. Many of our students utilize the services of food pantries, so it is our turn to help them. Please bring non-perishable, in-date food that is NOT in glass containers. Donation boxes will be in the different buildings across campus, with the main drop-off location the Jared Family Atrium on Springfield's campus. Food pantries benefiting from your donations: Springfield - Cross-lines and Rare Breed

~This & That~

Lacy's Awesome Pumpkin Pie

Pat-in-the-Pan Pastry

- 1-1/3 Cups Gold Medal™ all-purpose flour
- 1/2 Teaspoon salt
- 1/3 Cup vegetable oil
- 2 Tablespoons cold water

Filling

- 2 Eggs
- 1/2 Cup sugar
- 1 Teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1/2 Teaspoon salt
- 1/2 Teaspoon ground ginger
- 1/8 Teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 Can (15 oz) pumpkin (not pumpkin pie mix)
- 1 Can (12 oz) evaporated milk

Sweetened Whipped Cream

- 3/4 Cup whipping cream
- 2 Tablespoons sugar

Directions

1. Heat oven to 425°F. In medium bowl, mix flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and the oil with fork until all flour is moistened. Sprinkle with cold water, 1 tablespoon at a time, tossing with fork until all water is absorbed. Shape pastry into a ball. Press in bottom and up side of 9-inch glass pie plate.
2. In large bowl, beat eggs slightly with wire whisk or hand beater. Beat in 1/2 cup sugar, the cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon salt, ginger, cloves, pumpkin and milk.
3. To prevent spilling, place pastry-lined pie plate on oven rack before adding filling. Carefully pour pumpkin filling into pie plate. Bake 15 minutes.
4. Reduce oven temperature to 350°F. Bake about 45 minutes longer or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Place pie on cooling rack. Cool completely, about 2 hours.
5. In chilled medium bowl, beat whipping cream and 2 tablespoons sugar with electric mixer on high speed until stiff peaks form. Serve pie with whipped cream. Store in refrigerator.



Halloween Crossword from Vol. 7

Across

- 2. October
- 4. Mummy
- 5. Street
- 7. Spider
- 8. Witch
- 12. Pumpkin
- 13. Treat
- 14. Costume
- 16. Werewolf

Down

- 1. Ghosties
- 3. Tombstone
- 5. Skeleton
- 6. Night
- 9. Haunted
- 10. Cat
- 11. Bat
- 15. Owl

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES FROM VOLUMES 6 & 7

Cryptoquote, Vol 7

Answer:
Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.
- William M. Thackeray

Phrase Graphics, Vol 7

Six feet underground.
Split level.

Sudoku, Vol 6

9	7	1	4	5	8	2	6	3
5	2	8	1	3	6	9	4	7
3	6	4	7	2	9	1	5	8
1	5	9	3	7	2	4	8	6
8	3	2	5	6	4	7	9	1
7	4	6	9	8	1	5	3	2
2	8	7	6	4	5	3	1	9
4	9	3	8	1	7	6	2	5
6	1	5	2	9	3	8	7	4

IN GOOD COMPANY

By Wade Southwell

A look at community college students who have achieved success in their lives.



Carol Guzy is a four-time Pulitzer Prize winning photographer currently working for The Washington Post. She attended Northampton Community College where she earned her Associate's degree in nursing before deciding to pursue photography. In

addition to her four Pulitzer Prizes, she has won at least 7 other photography awards and honors over the course of her career. Guzy is proof that it's alright to follow your passion- even if it means abruptly shifting course.



John Craig Venter was listed on Time magazine's 2007 and 2008 Time 100 list of the most influential people in the world. Venter got his start at his local community college in San Mateo, California,

before transferring to the University of California, San Diego. Venter was one of the first scientists to sequence the human genome, has been the subject of countless books, articles and television programs, and has received at least six awards and honors, including the 2001 Biotechnology Heritage Award with Francis Collins, who is one of the discoverers of the double-helix structure of DNA.

continued from page 7

that much faith in myself at the time. But that's something an overwhelming majority of instructors and administrators at OTC have demonstrated since I arrived; a ridiculous faith in my ability.

When I say the process of applying for the Boren International Scholarship was rigorous, I invite you to replace that word with any other of a hundred equally strong words- daunting, trying, and nerve-wracking. That still wouldn't express how impossible it felt. The obstacles I mentioned were only a few of dozens that I encountered, and somehow navigated through. In the end, I jumped through every hoop to apply and put together the strongest application I possibly could. After six months I had an application I was proud of, regardless of the outcome. But lo and behold, some months later I learned I was awarded a 2014-2015 Boren International Scholarship. Of course then I was required to find international insurance that covers war, natural disaster, and civil unrest. That took a lot of awkward conversations with insurance providers.

In a state of suspended disbelief, I prepared to fly to Washington, D.C. to meet our state representatives and other Boren Award recipients, and then fly to Gainesville, Florida, to complete an intensive government-sponsored language program that covered a year's worth of university language studies in six weeks. If applying for the Boren International Scholarship was the first-most challenging thing I'd ever done academically, it was about to come in second.

Lizoqhubeka ekusaseni...
(to be continued...)

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Durban, South Africa

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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

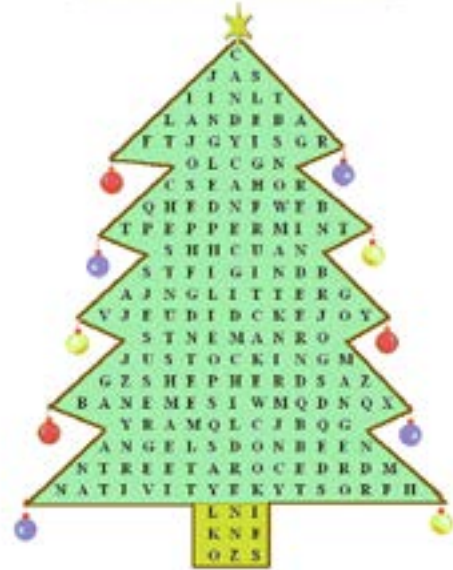
Mental Break



Word of the Month

Appetence – (n.)
 pronunciation | 'ap-i-tens
 - from Latin appetentia, to
 strive after
 - an eager desire, an instinctive
 inclination, and attraction or natural
 bond
 Ex: At the start of May, teachers
 and students alike share an
 appetite for summer.

Christmas Search



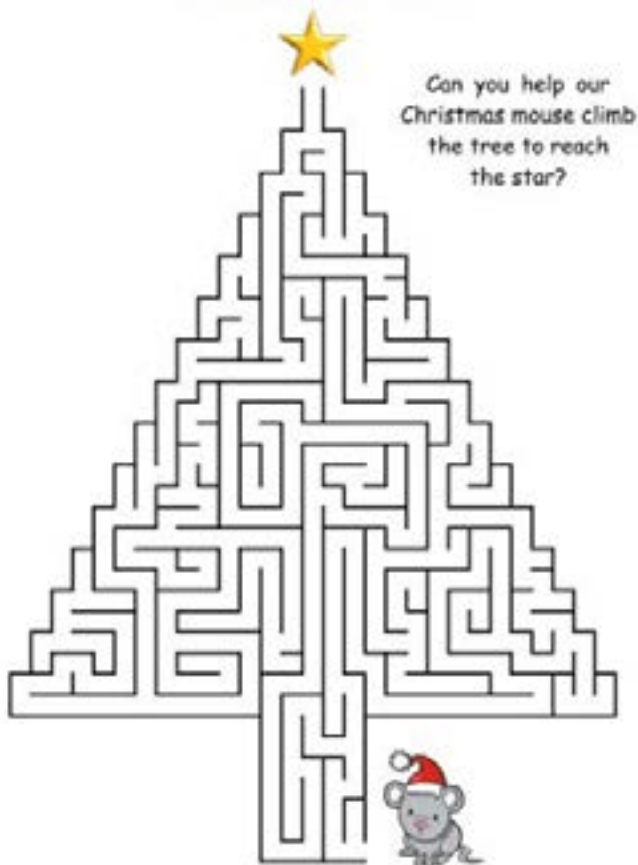
- | | | | |
|------------|-----------|------------|----------|
| Angels | Fruitcake | Nativity | Snowman |
| Candy cane | Gifts | Noel | Star |
| Christmas | Glitter | Ornaments | Stocking |
| Children | Jesus | Peppermint | Tree |
| Cookies | Jingle | Reindeer | Wisemen |
| December | Joseph | Shepherds | |
| Decorate | Manger | Sleigh | |
| Frosty | Mary | Snow | |

What familiar phrases do these two graphics represent?

HE'S/HIMSELF

ARREST
YOU'RE

Christmas Tree Maze



Can you help our
 Christmas mouse climb
 the tree to reach
 the star?

www.ActivityVillage.co.uk - Keeping Kids Busy

Cryptoquote

It Brings Out the Best

ZYFPQOUSB EZO SEP PHHPLS AH

PJULUSUKW

SZJPKSO GEULE UK DQAODPQACO

LUQLCTOSZKLPO

GACJY EZFP JZUK YAQTZKS.

-EAQZLP, QATZK DAPS (65 - 8, B.C.)

Clue: U = I