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Alaina Siminivosky
Nova Southeastern University

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There's Life in My Fruit Loops

Alaina Siminovsky

I never eat breakfast. Either do not have an appetite in the morning, or I do not have time. One morning, however, I found myself opening the fully stocked cupboards in attempts to find something to eat. There is always an array of cereal at my house, so I had quite a selection. Across the rainbow of boxes: red lucky charms, blue frosted flakes, yellow cheerios, I noticed another box- the white box of corn flakes. It struck me as funny, why would you ever choose corn flakes? Somewhere between getting a bowl and pouring the milk I realized, one day, something changes in you and you stop reaching for the rainbow and start reaching for the real world. Grown ups eat corn flakes... But what makes them switch? We all start out with the sweet stuff, when, and why do we change? Something like cereal selection seems so simple, but is it? It seemed strange to me that an entire shift in perspective could be summed up in one moment: the instant that you switch from fruit loops to corn flakes.

It is not just perspective that changes when you reach for corn flakes; it is ambition. The force that drives the world is ambition; it is a coal or fuel for an ignition that drives the quest for achievement in life. Like the shift from fruit loops to corn flakes, the shift in ambition is one that hits at the nature of what drives us. If ambition is a fuel, a gas, then new expansions of ambition, new visions, new drives, are embodied by the search for alternative energy. New perspective is corn flakes, new ambition, solar energy or the electric car.

A few years ago when applying to undergraduate universities, I was at the stage where my ambition was comparable to a nonrenewable form of energy, gasoline. My perspective was like fruit loops. Over the last three years I have experienced a shift. No longer do I see the world the same way. It funny that in just three years I changed so much that it seems my ambition and my perspective are entirely altered. Ambition does drive the world, and in just a few years, the force that drives me has taken new form. Idealistically I went to Tufts University, expecting some sort of all-encompassing college experience, the kind that all naive high school students expect. Life would just somehow begin anew for me;

I imagined intellectual conversations over coffee, and a challenge that would force me to acknowledge change in a profound way, but that did not happen. I had gone off to school thinking that this name-brand institution was a perfect fit. My prospective was altered by my and other's perception of things. When I came home the summer after freshman year, I had every intention of going back to Medford to stick it out a few more years until graduation. But I could not and would not go back. With the program that I applied for closed, early acceptance from the undergraduate college to the Fletcher School of International Law and Diplomacy, and after having been disappointed by almost everything, I could not go back knowing that I was not happy and that the financial burden was causing problems at home.

So, after weighing my options during the summer, I transferred to Nova Southeastern University. The change has not been bad at all. From the shambles of disappointment grew a new perspective, a changed angle of vision. I felt like a whole new person; maybe that is because I saw things entirely anew. Maybe its because, for the first time in my life, I could actually see things. Tufts was not a good fit just because it was Tufts, something that I had not been able to see through my supposedly 'aware' status when I graduated high school. I was still at the fruit loops stage of naivety.

I got home from Tufts to find tension between members of my family. Before I left, I did not really notice a problem, but the banana stain on the wall from where my brother threw fruit at my dad was certainly real and the issues behind it had legitimately been there since before I left. Suddenly I felt like J.D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield looking at the crayon marks on a wall in a museum, seeing something that had been there all along, for the first time.

Everything was different for the first time in my life. I guess a severe perspective change is what makes us grow up. It is what makes the twenty-something year old reach for corn flakes instead of fruit loops.

During high school I argued with my mom several times, but one time was distinct. She had been rolling her eyes at me because my latest complaint just did not register with her. Her eyes, adult eyes, just could not see my problem. Mine, as a child could not see her perspective. Now I

understand why. Things I used to worry about now seem trivial. My new perspective is much more gestalt-like.

Change is the constant in life. The seasons change and we change. When we change, its not about the leaves or the weather, its a shift, the shift from fruit loops to corn flakes and gas to natural or renewable fuels. We change perspective and ambition, and ambition drives the world. When perspective changes, ambition changes. It is not automatic and most of the time we do not notice it. I see the world differently now than I did when I graduated high school not because of disappointment, but how I dealt with that disappointment. I grew up, I moved forward. I do not actually eat corn flakes, and over breakfast that morning when I first learned of the cereal-like perspective change, I enjoyed every bite of my fruit loops, realizing through every bite that I no longer saw the world through fruit loops goggles.

Although my perspective changed and the form of my ambition changed, there is one constant, the object of my ambition. Even as a child, I knew I wanted to be a lawyer. As a student, I worked hard to become well read and well spoken. During college, my perspective shifted. Through my long journey from fruit loops to corn flakes and gasoline to renewable energy, I still want to be a lawyer. Applying to law school is the next step through which my ambition guides me. I, Alaina Siminovsky, am ready, bowl and spoon in hand to take on the challenge of law school. This has always been the object of my ambition, the direction of my pursuit; I am prepared, through perspective and experience to take on this challenge. I have the bowl, the milk, the spoon and I am ready for the cereal. I am fueled by newly developed renewable resources, just point the way, and I am ready for a new location in which to hone my ambition further.