FACET

BY UF HONORS PRISM MAGAZINE

COVER ART AND LAYOUT DESIGNED BY DALAL SEMPRUN

ART BY: ZHI WANG
My name is Fuzzy Lightgear. I’ve been in hiding with my girlfriend, Crewe Capulet, for four days now. We escaped the Dreaded Dryer when our master wasn’t looking. If you told the young Fuzz that he’d be Sockmerica’s Most Wanted, he’d tell you that you’re insane. I used to be my master’s number one sock, his go-to sock, his MVP sock. That’s why it’s so ironic that he introduced me to Crewe. He had just returned from Target with three pairs of... black socks?? I had never before seen a sock that wasn’t purely white like myself! I instantly thought she was beautiful, but our different colors kept us apart. I realized the only way we could ever be lovers is if we ran away together. I’ll try my best to keep this journal updated with our progress-- Oh no, he’s found us! Take your stinky feet off her, you damn dirty human!
After jumping through hoops and hurdles to make myself stand out in essays and resumes, the fate lies at the college admission committee’s hands. Anxiety builds as days turn into weeks and weeks turn into months of waiting for a decision. Finally, a letter comes. This letter, though ordinary to anyone and everyone else, has the power to determine my future. This simple piece of paper does not just tell me if I was accepted or not; it tells me whether or not my dreams of being the first in my family to go to college might actually become valid, and if my fantasy will come to life.

This letter would tell me if UF believed that I can break preconceived stereotypes and destinies others set out to make for me, proving that my destiny is not a maid or a woman who lives on welfare; my destiny is what I choose to make of it. I was always taught self-reliance, and for the first time in my life I broke that rule. This simple letter, that so many people in this world do not know or care about, is the letter I put all my hope and faith in. Feeling that anxiety melt as I opened my letter, with liberation slowly creeping in, I reread the sentence: “Congratulations on your admission to the University of Florida for the Fall 2015 term.” Immediately, a rush of joy flooded my face leaving me speechless.

Though the admission decision anxiety faded, the anxiety of wanting to experience the college lifestyle builds. This apprehension is painful yet relieving. While it has been haunting me since February, it has motivated me to improve myself. I am a perfectionist who can’t admit my own accomplishments, because I envision that I can do more and I can do better. But, to this day, as I enjoy my couple months of summer before I go to the University of Florida, I still can’t believe that this is what I have been envisioning since second grade and I am about to live it.

The pain from this new anxiety originates from my thoughts about leaving home. I am going to leave my two main supporters behind. While I strive to explore the beauties of the world that they haven’t been able to see or even get totaste; I can’t help to think how selfish that sounds. My parents have provided all that they could for me for seventeen years, and yet I am ready to experience the college life that we believed could only happen in movies.

But they remind me every day that this decision to leave is a joyful opportunity not a selfish act. Now they will gain some access to the college life by living vicariously through me and I will have the independence to do more than all of us could imagine. The thought of leaving my two little furry relatives, my dogs, also hurts. I will no longer walk in and have them rush to me with waging tales and bright, puppy smiles.

What about the great relief I feel from this anxiety? It is a relief to know that I will gain a great education and future by being able to gain knowledge and hone my skills. Especially
with intelligent professors who wish for me to succeed. The relief that comes when thinking about making new friends that want to have fun, but can relate to the notions of education and its benefits.

Moreover, it is the relief of being able to feel a sense of independence. The relief to walk outside and attend a sports event or indulge in some food and games with friends when I wish to, instead of checking in and asking if I can go. I can't wait to feel the relief that I am on the right path to a bright future and how I should take advantage of all the benefits UF has to offer me.

As I slowly pack for college, I think about how far I have come and how I can only hope that my life gets better from here. I still am overjoyed by the idea of graduating from high school. I keep gazing at my cap and gown, reliving the thrilling minutes of taking selfies with friends marking our major moment. But as I stare at that cap and gown, I also envision the new one that I will get in four years, and the proud smile I will show with my degree in hand. From then on, every time I glance at my degree, I will remember the day that I graduated not only from UF but from the anxiety I felt for four years.
I am in love with a Girl,
She runs my whole world.
When I am not with her, I want to weep.
I am in love with a girl, her name is Sleep.
Fin... just kidding, I’m not quite done.
I’ll talk more about my special One.
Sleep is oh-so kind,
Although I’ve come to find
That I see her rarely,
At nighttime barely,
And never during the day--
For what would my teachers say?
If I were with her in class, I’m guessin’
I’d miss a very important lesson.
I’m hoping in college I’ll see her more
(That’s what afternoon classes are for)!
She is the girl of my dreams
As wonderful as she seems.
Without her, my spirit wouldn’t be as bright.
She truly puts the “good” in the phrase “goodnight!”
It’s been the season of graduation parties, growing up, and transitioning. The season began with the final peals of the school bells as they rang against the bare lockers, and released the class of 2015 into the real world with a new soundtrack. “I Lived,” by OneRepublic, is almost synonymous with this time period. This song will continue to play in the background this coming fall, as the University of Florida welcomes the Gators of the class of 2019. With the comfort of OneRepublic’s summer hit, students will move-in, settle into classes, and become part of the UF Tradition.

The song, “I Lived,” is about making the most of experiences and taking opportunities to make lasting memories. High school field trips, dances, and extra-curricular activities were what made high-school amount to the lyrics: “Hope that you spend your days, but they all add up.” This will also hold true for the incoming Honors Gators.

Honors stands for opportunity. There are ample opportunities to serve others and travel. Honors Without Borders (HWB) are responsible for harnessing their skills and love of worldly affairs and applying them in both local and abroad humanitarian efforts. Partners in the Parks is another outlet for traveling, and is a learning program based on projects at national parks across America. The seminars will divulge into each parks background and also allow for recreational opportunities unique to each park. These academic based excursions will make the “I saw so many places, the things that I did” line ring true and are definitely worth fitting into the years as a gator.

There will be many events that involve on-campus fun and free food, and over seventy-five annually are hosted by the Student Honors Organization alone. These events, like Haunted Hume on Halloween and Weeks of Welcome, are great ways to bond and make lasting friendships and memories. These events will hopefully find you following along to the lyrics “And when that sun goes down, hope you raise your cup” as you mesh with the community of scholars, and find your niche with this family of Gators.

Honors Gators will be able to take part in special extras offered to them exclusively, like the H-Box, which is a scavenger hunt that gives successful students a pin to wear at graduation. It creates a tangible representation of the many memories of being involved in the UF Tradition. Certain leadership opportunities are also given exclusively to Honors Gators will help “you spend your days” and make sure that “they all add up.” The Honors Ambassadors is an opportunity, not catered to the faint of heart. Ambassadors have to be bursting at the seams with enthusiasm, as they lead prospective students and their parents on events like Honors Visitation Day and Afternoons with Honors. They are also responsible for hosting the fall Honors Involvement Conference and monthly spring Honors on Tuesday events.

The Student Honors Organization (SHO) is one of the most active honors active honors organizations, in the nation, thanks to the innumerable events they host, which number over seventy-five annually. The SHO is an organization that aims to foster a community for the Honors students and promote involvement in the many opportunities available to Honors’ students. The Honors advisors on campus are in place to help assist honors students with navigating their time and to help “when the water rises” so you can build a wall.

And if you ever feel the need to “witness all your joy and all your pain” you will be able to with PRISM, the magazine written for honors students, by honors students. PRISM specializes in covering academics, sports, various social happenings on campus and many more topics that apply and relate to Honors students.

These perks of being a student at the University of Florida will create a close-knit group of gators, able to say to say “I swear I lived” and be able to sing along to “I, I did it all” truthfully.
THE PURSUIT

Of studies, of passions, of interests. The pursuit of anything.

NEW BEGINNINGS

Increased opportunities with much more at stake. Our pasts as our building blocks, the world is ours to take.
INDEPENDENCE

Independence—
Desired, feared
Advantageous, abused
Gained

SWIM

The ground as our childhood.
The steps as our previously acquired education.
The diving board as the University

KOSHER

Friends made
Bank accounts low.
“What are you majoring in?” becomes the new “Hello”.
THE ROBBER CAVE

By: John Glass

One shan’t shine light in the Robber Cave.
At least, that’s what we had heard,
But to us, as kids, the thought was absurd.
The cave was situated in the meadow by hillside,
But none of us knew quite what was inside.
The entrance was small, almost child-sized,
But to enter, they said, was quite ill-advised.
Our parents they warned us, they warned us a lot,
To never enter the cave, no matter what.
No matter what happened, no matter what was said,
“If you entered the cave, you were already dead,”
They said,
With continual dread,
To ignore the cave and go play instead.
But one day, as the children played
A child, who smiled, from the path he did stray.
His favorite blue ball had rolled down the hill
And into the cave, as if it had will.
The kid, who happened to be new in town,
Did not hear the warnings that had been laid down,
And as he slowly approached the Robber Cave,
We watched as he quickly slipped into his grave.
We observed in the darkness two bright yellow eyes,
And of the smiling boy, we then heard his cries.
A mysterious force pulled him into the dark,
As the rest of the children still played in the park.
But the leader of our group, his name Jimmy B,
Took off to the houses to tell what he had seen
He went to the house of the missing kid,
And told all what the Robber Cave did.
We all went with him curious to know,
To see if his parents would just let it go.
But as new residents, they seemed to care more
Than the parents of those who had fallen before.
The parents were weeping as they ran to police,
Crying that their kid was in the cave by the creek,
But the cops, they told them straight, plain as day,
That they would not, they could not, search over that way.
The parents were livid, they threatened to sue,
But the Chief curtly said, “There’s nothing we can do.”
The father, still livid, headed down to the creek,
To find his dear son who fell into the deep.
He peered into the cave, and heard a small cry.
He was certain, at that point, his son was inside.
And although the father had entered that night,
At first light, the mother had a terrible fright.
The corpse of the father was found near the shore,
With his sons bright blue ball, right by his shoulder.
His body was covered with lacerations and cuts,
And his arm devoured, his leg, a stump.
The town, that day, gave an impromptu
For the “mysterious murder,” they attended the funeral. But after the death, there was no investigation, and the town’s new widow left without hesitation. But the leader of our group, the boy Jimmy B., was certain, so certain, of what he had seen. Without parental consent, he arranged an expedition, of the town’s bravest kids, to begin investigation. Him and two others, Brad and Darrell S., began to ascend into the Robber Cave’s depths. They were very prepared to explore the cave, and Brad had even stolen his Dad’s twenty-gauge. That morning, they descended into the cave’s maw, but throughout that week, they did not return at all. Unlike the incident, the parents were stoic, and Jimmy was gone, despite his heroics. After that we were all banned from the park, and encouraged, and forced, to stay out of the dark. Soon after that, the town was different. Unlike before, the air was dissident. The Robber Cave had become a burial ground, but three weeks later, Jimmy B. was found. It was three miles north, on a beach, by the town, where little Jimmy B. was suddenly found. But unlike the adult, Jimmy B. was alive, gripping the twenty-gauge gun at his side. His parents came running as soon as they heard, to see their dear son, who had suddenly appeared. But the sight of their child was quite unexpected, and his old disposition was now quite dejected. His lively expression was now a constant gaze, and his courageous demeanor was now lost in a haze. The expressive young boy would now barely talk, and when questioned about it, his heart would just stop. His parents, quite wary, would still let him out, but when questioned too much, he began to shout. After a bit, he stopped leaving his room, as the old Jimmy B. was now nothing but gloom. But we could hear Jimmy B., as we played by his house. We heard him scream “Brad, Darrell, Watch out!” His parents assured the town, his condition was improving, but one day, and somehow, Jimmy B. stopped moving. Another funeral, but no investigation, as the town was assured it was a mental complication. We were told that Jimmy B. had always been off, and our parents dismissed other opinions with a scoff. But deep down inside, we already knew, that the Robber Cave had claimed him for food. And that’s why children, I implore you, behave, and don’t shine light into the Robber Cave.
IN FORESIGHT

BY: GLORIA LI

An Ode to Optimism
My feet know neither pain nor pall,
they refuse death yet embrace birth,
They murmur softly, swift as ghosts
towards my grave on this good earth.
My heart it knows none but itself,
my tongue it longs to taste success,
my eyes they see the mirror here
and yet no further with finesse.
But for my shortness of vision,
I turn no blind eye to the past
eras when older eyes would send
pupils into a world so vast—
I hear their cries for racing time,
the grains of sand beneath their feet
reminders of the ticking clock,
a legacy they must complete.
Yet time abundance still have I,
so let me tend to nascent fields,
whose crops are many, in their prime,
and offer ever-pleasant yields.