There are three stages to drinking mango juice. The first occurs late at night for me, my humid room causing me to hallucinate cool tall glasses of the substance, the images lingering on my mind until morning. The next stage involves the anticipation on the walk to the store, ready to give what little money I have to quench my thirst. The third stage is simultaneously the best and the worst. Drinking cool mango juice satiates my need for the liquid but almost instantly causes me to wish I had more. Inevitably I will go to bed that night and repeat the process, day after day, going through the same three motions. My time at IBC reminds me of my once daily quests for mango juice. My goals in the program were reevaluated every day, and it wasn't until one of them came to fruition that I was able to realize if I had the right goals in the first place. I went into the program with the main goals of being an effective leader and a reliable teammate. I soon realized the misconceptions I had around leadership, that in an environment like IBC being a leader doesn't mean simply being authoritative but instead setting an example and being there for your peers when they need it most. IBC taught me that success comes from small actions. Working late on proposals, sharing stories in the lounge, and rushing to Morton Williams all taught me the importance of leadership. After the completion of every goal, there will always be another thing to do, but the beauty of achieving a goal is not in its completion but in the attempt.