Yesterday, I was rearranging my room, moving around the furniture and such, and it was *very* hard for me to find a configuration that I liked. Now in several years, I will probably do it again, which may or may not have to do with me moving out, however, as I moved the last piece into place and sat down, I was still dissatisfied. That is what Field is to me. It’s a place that always seems to have some sort of flaw regardless of what the admissions staff may try to tell you, BUT, its GOOD ENOUGH. It works. Yes, that leather wall is completely unnecessary, yes the chefs food may or may not poison you, and the chromesbooks… But, after a while, you realize it’s not that bad. In fact, it’s kind of good—Well, good *enough*. But I wouldn’t want a place that’s perfect. It’s good to be challenged and uncomfortable and dissatisfied, even when you’re not supposed to be, even when you shouldn’t be. Those are of the most important lessons that Field taught me. The ones that aren’t part of a curriculum. If I told you what the rest of them were, that would ruin them for you, but know that they **ARE** required in order to graduate. And if the only things that I take away from Field are those lessons, they will still take me far, and that’s good enough for me.