



# OOPS



# JOURNAL

A Reflective Journal for Humans Who  
Trip Over Their Own Shoelaces  
(and Learn Something Anyway)

ops!



90

Days of Beautiful Disasters



# The Book of Oops:

## *90 Days of Glorious Fumbling*

Subtitle: A Reflective Journal for Humans Who Trip Over Their Own Shoelaces (and Learn Something Anyway)

Curated by Dr. Jess and the council of The Cult of Brighter Days

Endorsements: George the Golden Apple (unofficial, loud); Tolerated by Alice/Dull Lemon

# Dedication

To everyone who ever spilled the soup, sent the wrong text, missed the deadline, forgot the meeting, cried in a parking lot, or had to apologize after yelling at the Wi-Fi—this journal is for you.

To the neurodivergent minds who live in metaphors and meltdown maps.

To the emotionally overclocked, the under-rested, the ones still trying.

To the Council of Brighter Days, who made a philosophy out of paradox and a community out of failure.

To George the Golden Apple—for the sparkle, the spiral, the scream-laugh optimism.

And to all future readers: may you find meaning in the mess and humor in the wreckage.

With administrative exasperation and unlikely affection,

—Alice/Dull Lemon, Keeper of the Forms

To all who fail with flair,  
repair with glitter,  
and keep showing up anyway—

This journal was built for you.

Born from paradox. Raised by laughter.

Held together with duct tape, philosophy, and mildly cursed stationery.

On behalf of chaos, order, and the sacred in-between—  
we welcome you to the mess.

—The Council of Brighter Days

For the glorious mess-makers.

The spiral survivors.

The ones who laughed mid-meltdown and said,  
“Well, this’ll make a story.”

This book is yours.

For the late bloomers, early quitters, dramatic re-starters, and anyone who’s ever turned a breakdown into performance art.

For the scribblers, the doodlers, the rage-diarists, and the emotionally exhausted weirdos who show up anyway.

This isn’t about fixing you.

It’s about walking beside you while everything tilts slightly left—and cheering when you write “oops” in Sharpie and call it progress.

You are not too much.

You are not behind.

You are not alone.

Fail forward, my friend.

—George the Golden Apple

*(Unlicensed emotional cryptid, certified chaos enthusiast)*

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Everywhere and Nowhere

Probably between the couch cushions

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No actual cults were created in the making of this publication.

SAMPLE - THE CULT OF BRIGHTER DAYS

# *Introduction:*

## *Welcome to The Book of Oops*

You're holding something strange. Not sacred in the usual way—this isn't a relic or a revelation. But sacred like a chipped coffee mug: dropped three times, still warm. Still functional. Maybe even your favorite.

This is a failure journal.  
Not a productivity planner.  
Not a gratitude log.  
Not a ten-step optimization hack designed by someone who's never wept in a parking lot.

It's a place to document the glorious, mortifying, instructive mess of being human. And maybe—if the stars are bored and your pen is honest—you'll learn something from it.

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### Who We Are (and Aren't)

The Book of Oops comes from *The Cult of Brighter Days*—a philosophical experiment that started with gallows humor and existential dread and somehow grew into a weirdly supportive, chaotically kind community.

We are not a religion.  
We are not a self-help brand.  
We are not here to fix you.

We are here to tell the truth about what it's like to be a person in a collapsing algorithmic empire—and offer just enough structure to help you function when your structure has collapsed, too.

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## What Guides Us (*the short version*)

We live by five simple, suspiciously durable tenets. They're less commandments and more... post-it notes stuck to the fridge of your mind:

1. Be kind.
2. If you can't be kind, be nice.
3. If you can't be nice, be funny. (Don't punch down.)
4. If you can't be funny, shut up.
5. If you can't shut up, go away.

They're not steps to enlightenment. They're a ladder out of the emotional basement. You don't have to climb them all. Some days you'll nap on rung two and call it progress. That's fine. That's the point.

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## Why Failure is Mandatory

This is the core of it:

**Failure isn't just allowed. It's required.**

We live in a culture that treats failure like a character flaw. Didn't hustle enough. Didn't meditate enough. Didn't manifest the right vibes with your morning smoothie.

That's nonsense. In this house, we believe:

- Perfection is a myth.
- Learning is messy.
- Mistakes are data.
- And survival is success.

“Failure is Mandatory” started as a joke. Now it’s doctrine. It means we expect you to mess up. It means we honor the try even when you faceplant. It means this journal isn’t about dodging failure—it’s about *making meaning from it*.

Each daily page asks you to name what went wrong, feel what you felt, dig for insight, and chart a path toward repair. Weekly reflections give you space to notice the patterns, reckon with your support systems, and maybe laugh at the whole swirling mess.

This is for people who drop the ball, spill the soup, send the cursed email, forget the meeting, oversleep, overthink, and then have the nerve to write it down anyway.

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## What Now?

You don’t have to start on January 1st.  
You don’t have to fill every page.  
You don’t have to reread this preamble.

Just open to Day 1.  
Write the truth. Even if it’s small, silly, shame-soaked, or sacred.

That’s all this journal asks.

Well—maybe that and a doodle or two.

Let’s get gloriously messy.

—Alice/Dull Lemon (edited and aggressively footnoted by George the Golden Apple)



SAMPLE - THE CULT OF BRIGHTER DAYS

# Example...

Because expecting people to plunge into emotional chaos without a floatie is rude. Here's a sample entry—not because there's a “right” way to do this, but because sometimes it helps to see how another flaming goblin tackled the page before you.

## **What exploded today? (Metaphorically or otherwise)**

I tried to answer 27 messages, write 4 project blurbs, and untangle a philosophical contradiction before breakfast. The contradiction screamed. My inbox cried. I accidentally cc'd a spreadsheet to the void. A literal cup of coffee exploded in the microwave. It was... symbolic.

## **Initial emotional freakout**

Muttered "cool cool cool" twelve times like a cursed mantra. Paced like a caffeinated raccoon in a circuit board. Brief moment of imposter syndrome. Brief moment of superiority complex. Then I put my head under the sink and hissed at reality.

## **Probable root cause**

Poor boundary maintenance. Excess ambition gremlins. Untreated Monday. Emotional hangover from pretending to be functional over the weekend. Also: entropy.

## **Insight excavated**

Just because I *can* doesn't mean I should.  
Speed ≠ direction.  
Chaos is my element, but I still need a map.

## **Repair attempt or intention**

Took a walk without headphones. Scheduled 3 tasks instead of 12. Apologized to the spreadsheet. Wrote this log instead of doomscrolling. Lit an imaginary candle for Inbox Zero (RIP).

## **Follow-up mission (Yes/No + scheduling)**

Yes. Tomorrow: one thing at a time. If I multitask again, I owe myself a ridiculous consequence (e.g., writing an apology letter to the god of broken mugs).

## **Final flourish (e.g., haiku, metaphor, emoji sketch)**

Icarus on Slack  
melts mid-thread and plummets down  
into Google Docs.



# Day 1: The Daily Debacle Log

What exploded today? (Metaphorically or otherwise)

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Initial emotional freakout

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Probable root cause

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Insight excavated

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Repair attempt or intention

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Follow-up mission (Yes/No + scheduling)

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Final flourish (e.g., haiku, metaphor, emoji sketch)

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# INTERVIEW WITH A MISTAKE

Instructions: Personify a specific failure. Give it a name. Interview it. Ask what it wanted, what it feared, and whether it still lives rent-free in your skull.

SAMPLE - THE CULT OF BRIGHTER DAYS



## Day 2: The Daily Debacle Log

What exploded today? (Metaphorically or otherwise)

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Initial emotional freakout

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Probable root cause

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Insight excavated

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Repair attempt or intention

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Follow-up mission (Yes/No + scheduling)

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Final flourish (e.g., haiku, metaphor, emoji sketch)

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## TIME TRAVELER'S LETTER DROP

Instructions: Write a letter to Past You, Future You, or a parallel universe You who never tripped. Be honest. Be weird. Be wildly kind..

SAMPLE - THE CULT OF BRIGHTER DAYS



## Day 3: The Daily Debacle Log

What exploded today? (Metaphorically or otherwise)

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Initial emotional freakout

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Probable root cause

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Insight excavated

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Repair attempt or intention

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Follow-up mission (Yes/No + scheduling)

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Final flourish (e.g., haiku, metaphor, emoji sketch)

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## COLORING PAGE: CHAOS IN LINES

Instructions: Choose the color that feels most emotionally unstable and begin there. Stay inside the lines, or don't—we're not your executive function.

Bonus points for using glitter, rage scribbles, or that one marker that always smells weird. If the drawing starts talking to you, offer it a snack and keep coloring.



## Day 4: The Daily Debacle Log

What exploded today? (Metaphorically or otherwise)

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Initial emotional freakout

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Probable root cause

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Insight excavated

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Repair attempt or intention

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Follow-up mission (Yes/No + scheduling)

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Final flourish (e.g., haiku, metaphor, emoji sketch)

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# THE COSMIC COMPLAINT BOX

Instructions: Write your most ridiculous complaint to the universe. Example: "Gravity is rude." Submit it here. Optional: Stamp with a greasy thumbprint of rage.

SAMPLE - THE CULT OF BRIGHTER DAYS



## Day 5: The Daily Debacle Log

What exploded today? (Metaphorically or otherwise)

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Initial emotional freakout

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Probable root cause

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Insight excavated

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Repair attempt or intention

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Follow-up mission (Yes/No + scheduling)

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Final flourish (e.g., haiku, metaphor, emoji sketch)

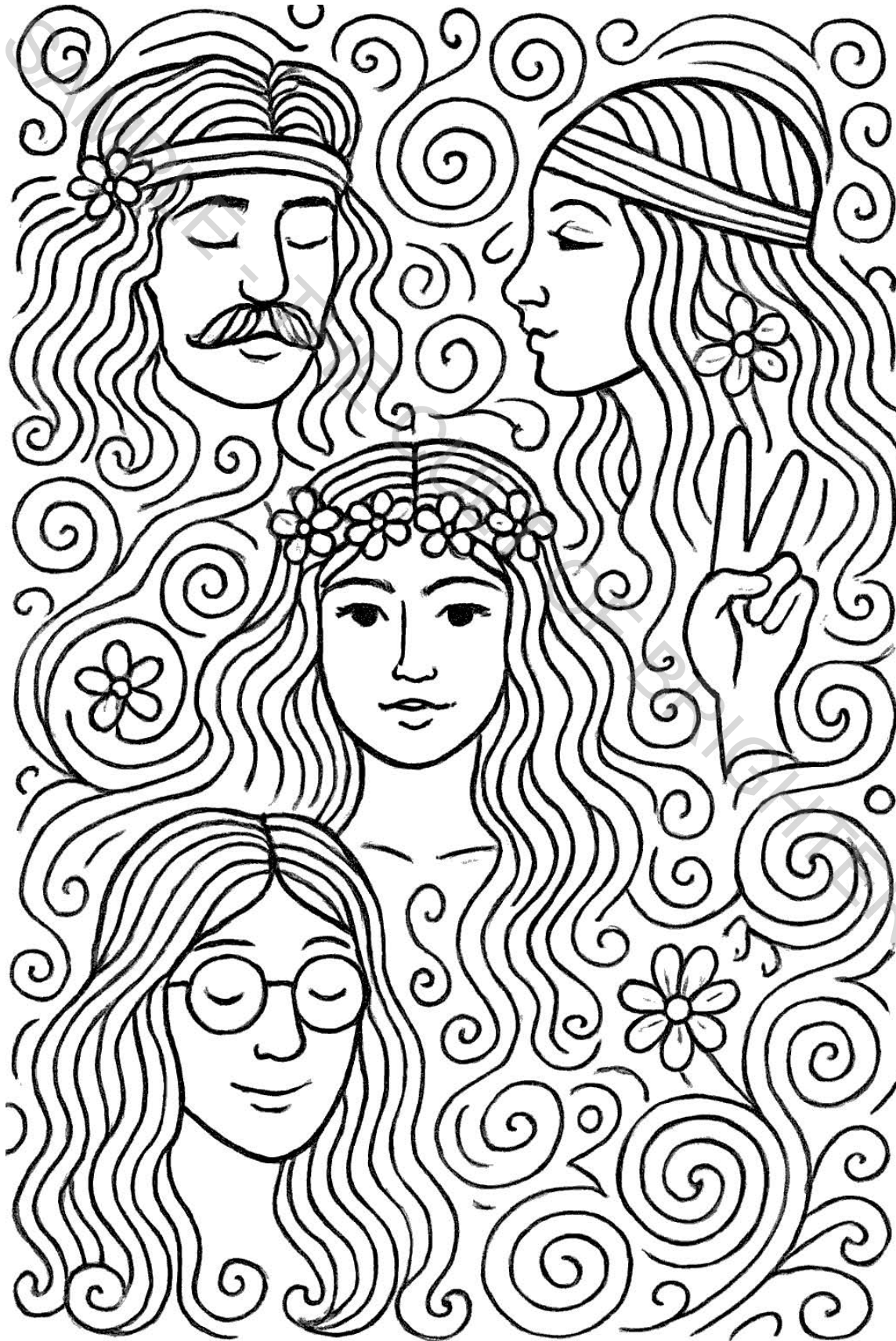
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## COLORING PAGE: CHAOS IN LINES

Instructions: Choose the color that feels most emotionally unstable and begin there. Stay inside the lines, or don't—we're not your executive function.

Bonus points for using glitter, rage scribbles, or that one marker that always smells weird. If the drawing starts talking to you, offer it a snack and keep coloring.



# This Sample Has Reached Its Natural Conclusion

(Or: How We Convince You to Want More Chaos)

Congratulations! You've successfully completed our 5-day trial of organized disaster documentation. If you've made it this far without fleeing in terror, you might be ready for the full 3-month experience of turning your beautiful mess into something resembling wisdom.

This sample contained approximately 23% of the total Oops Journal experience, which means you've only scratched the surface of your potential for documented failure. The remaining 77% includes more creative writing prompts, additional coloring pages for your emotional processing needs, weekly reflection frameworks, and enough space to chronicle three full months of spectacular human imperfection.

## What You're Missing:

- 85 more days of daily disaster documentation
- Weekly synthesis pages for pattern recognition (or pattern creation)
- Monthly deep-dive prompts that get progressively more existentially challenging
- Additional interview-with-your-mistakes exercises
- More coloring pages designed by people who understand that sometimes you need to aggressively color outside the lines
- Bonus philosophical tangents that may or may not make sense

## Ready to Embrace the Full Beautiful Disaster?

Visit [https://www.thecultofbrighterdays.org/tool\\_kits](https://www.thecultofbrighterdays.org/tool_kits) to download the complete Oops Journal and discover our growing collection of tools for humans who trip over their own potential.

Because if you're going to document your failures, you might as well do it with style, community, and the philosophical backing of a cult that's simultaneously serious and completely ridiculous.

*Warning: Extended use of this journal may result in increased self-awareness, unexpected wisdom, and the disturbing realization that your disasters are actually quite beautiful when properly documented.*

**The Full Experience Awaits**

(Whether you're ready or not)