

# Looking Good Like a Wisbey Should

BFA Findings  
Document  
Julia Wisbey



# 1. Getting Started

# Problem Statement

Young adults going to the real world are anxious and can feel alone, there should be a vehicle to share funny stories of another peer figuring out how to be an adult while also dealing with anxiety

# Stakeholders

## Primary

Family  
Friends  
Readers

## Secondary

Publisher  
Editor  
Distributors  
Bookstores

# Thesis Statement

It is anxiety producing to leave the comfort of college and your childhood home to go into the real world and live on your own for the first time. I want to create a book that shows the heart and humor in the lessons learned growing up that we all hope are enough to prepare us for adult life in an easy to pick up and read format. This book will detail how I learned about anxiety and how to cope while figuring out what I wanted to do with the support of my family and friends



## 2. Research

# Existing Resources

1. **Progression Self Help Books** - Books about how the author has evolved and grown and offers the author's insight
2. **Component Self Help Books** - Books where the author breaks down complex ideas into smaller chunks
3. **Autobiography** - Books where the author shares stories from thier own life

# Touchpoints

Fear of growing up  
Family values  
Humor  
Relatability  
Reassurance



# Research Techniques

Interviews with family members

Collecting of old photographs

Reading old journals

# Audience Profile



**Sophia, 21**

**Occupation:**  
College Student

**Major:**  
Graphic Design

## Interests:

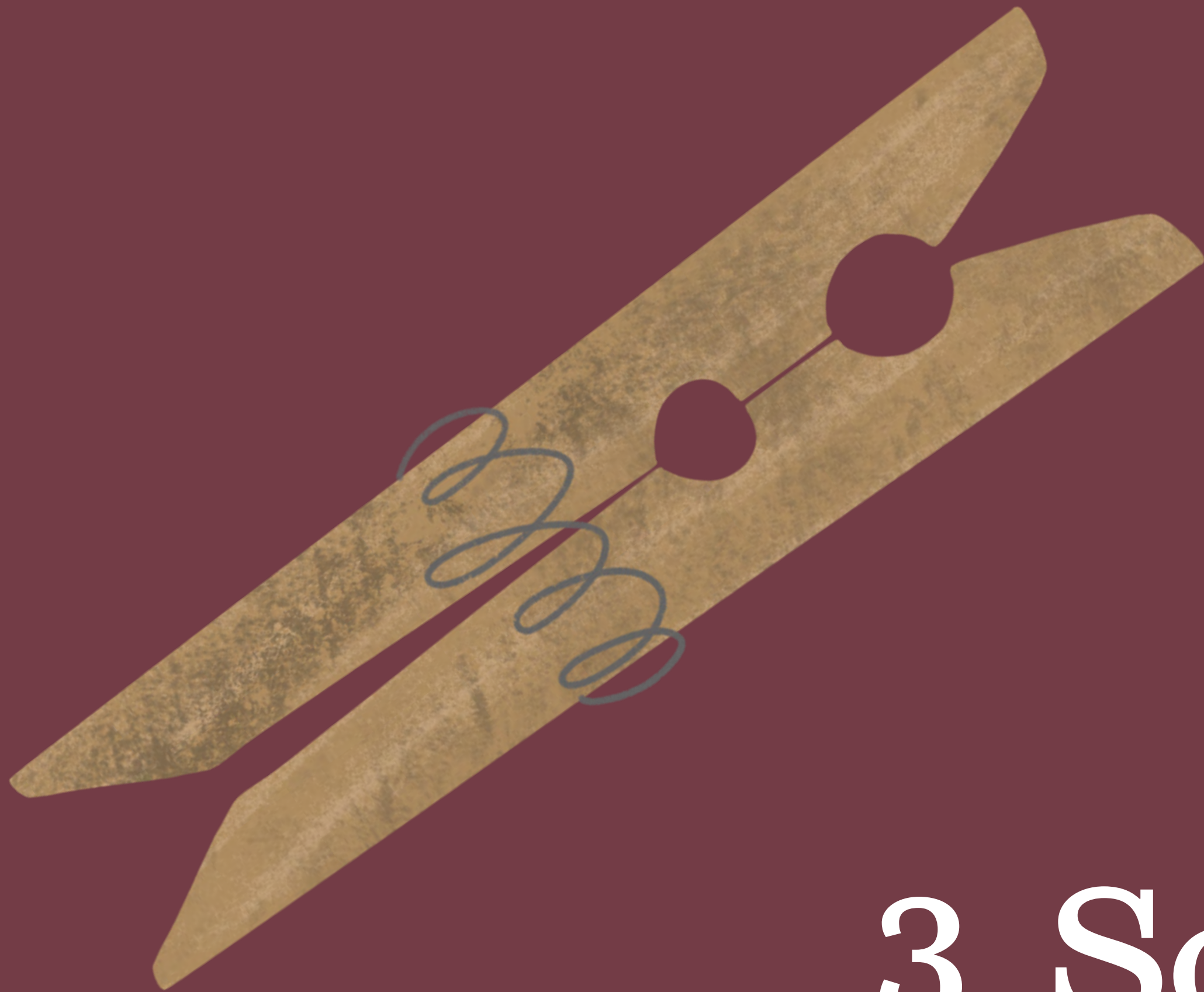
- Likes illustration
- Learning about others
- Reading
- Collecting art books

## Pain Points:

- Learning to take care of herself
- Unsure of the future after school graduation
- Ready for adult life but anxious
- Concerned she is behind where she expects to be

## Values:

- Family and friends
- Creativity and humor
- Relatability



## 3. Solution



# Resolution





# LOOKING GOOD LIKE A WISBEY SHOULD



JULIA  
WISBEY

# Chapter Breakdown

## **Chapter 1** - Introductions

Family drawings and introduction

## **Chapter 2** - The Younger Years

Kindergarten through 5th grade

## **Chapter 3** - The Awkward Years

Middle School

## **Chapter 4** - The “Adult” Years

High school through College and wrap up



# Marketing

## 1. Social Media Marketing

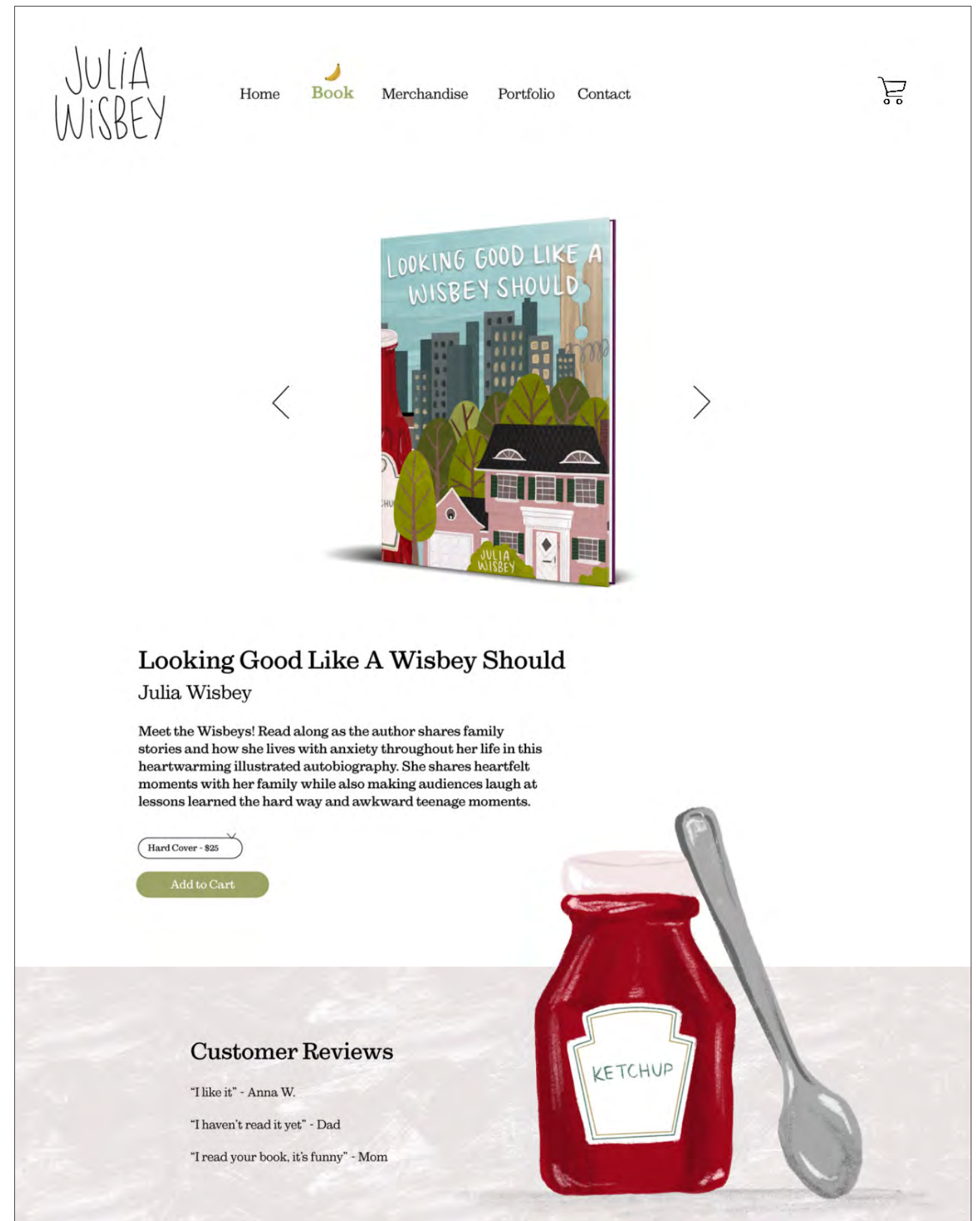
connect with other artists and authors with similar audiences, instagram promotion, and sharing the process of creating on tiktok

## 2. Promotion in Bookstores

Give audiences an opportunity to physically handle the book and flip through the pages

## 3. Have Available to Sell Online -

wider reach to audiences and branded website for selling the book and merchandise



# Merchandise







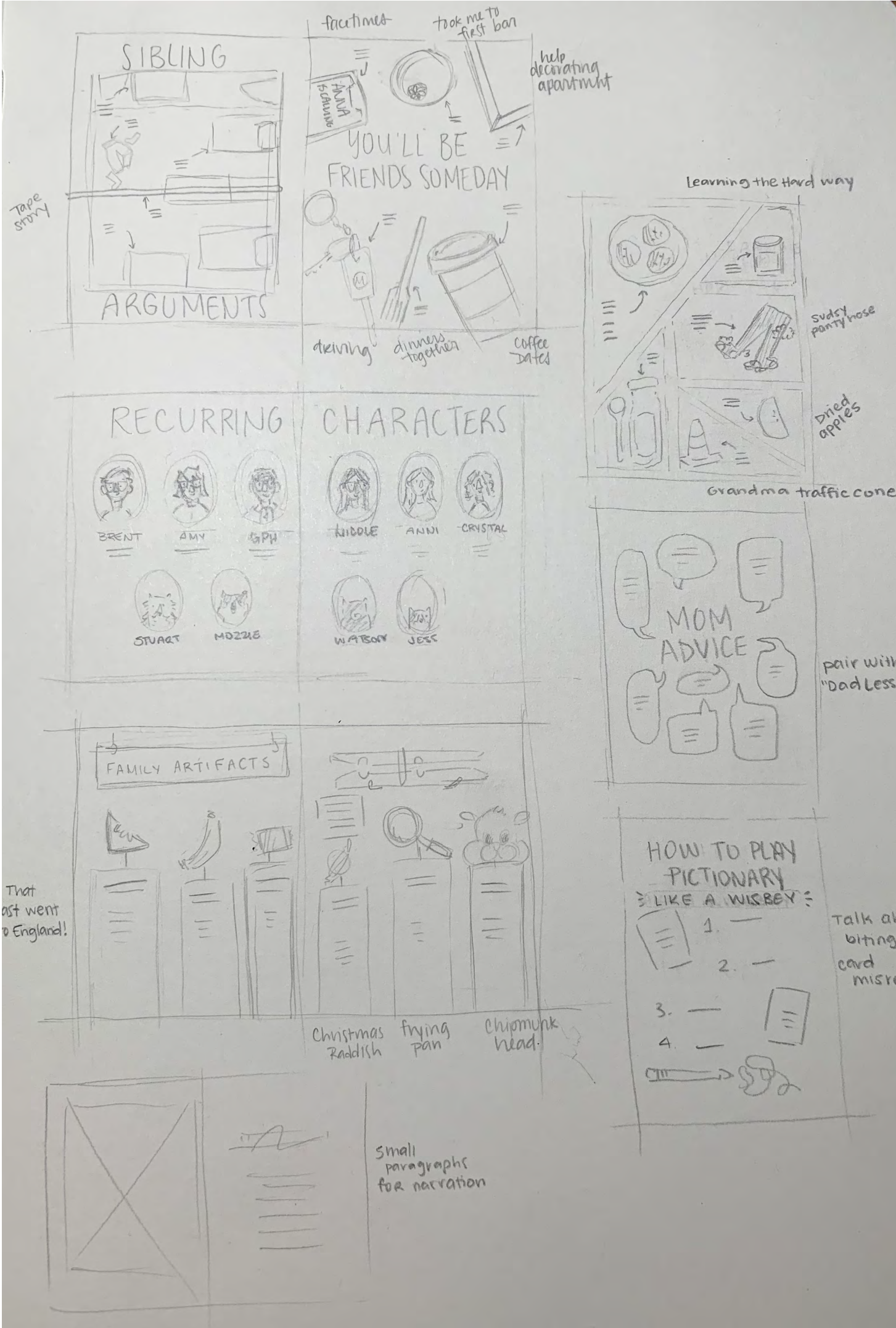
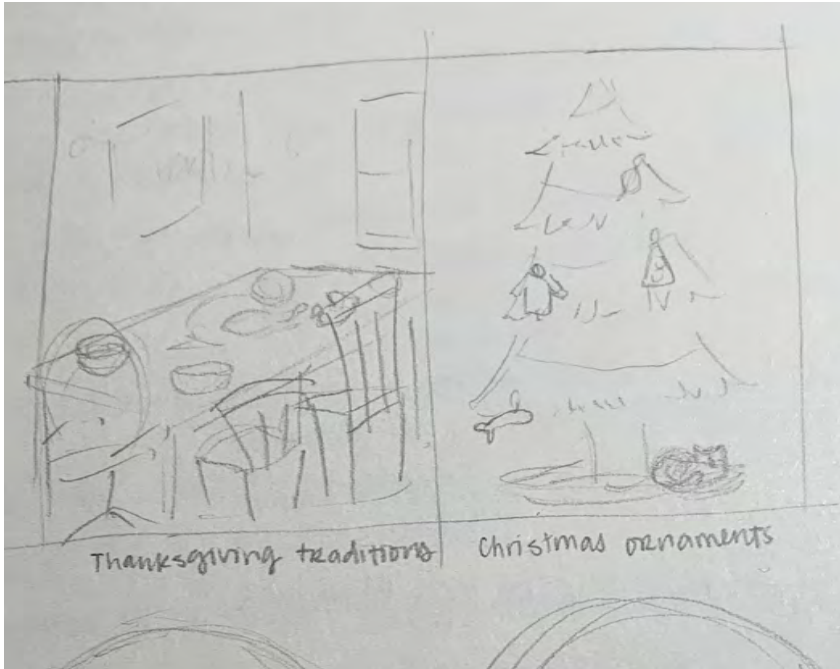
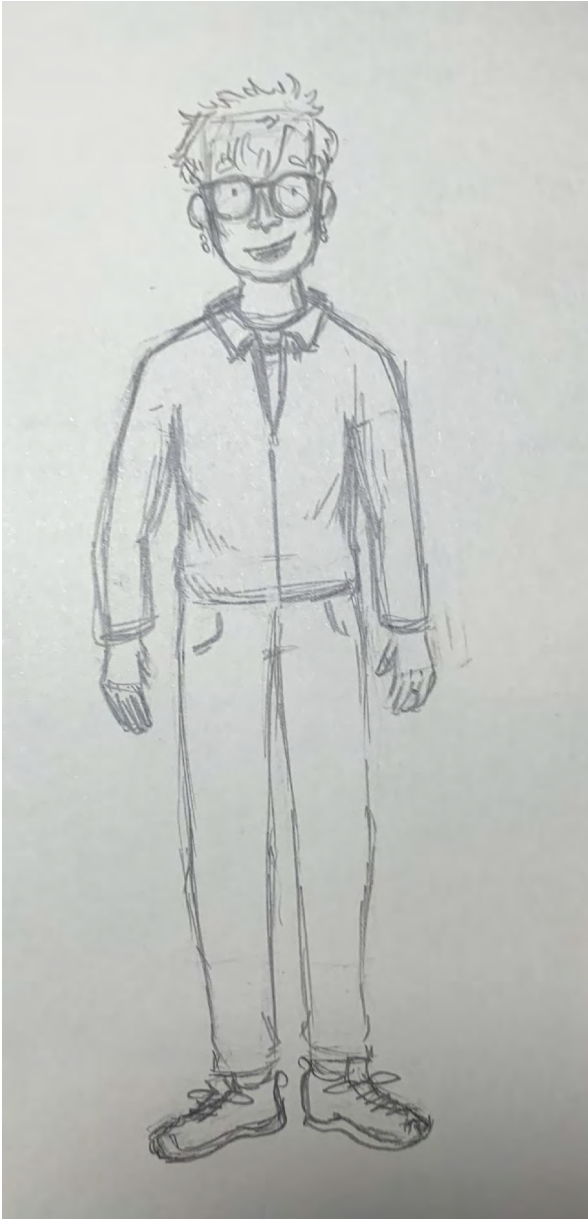
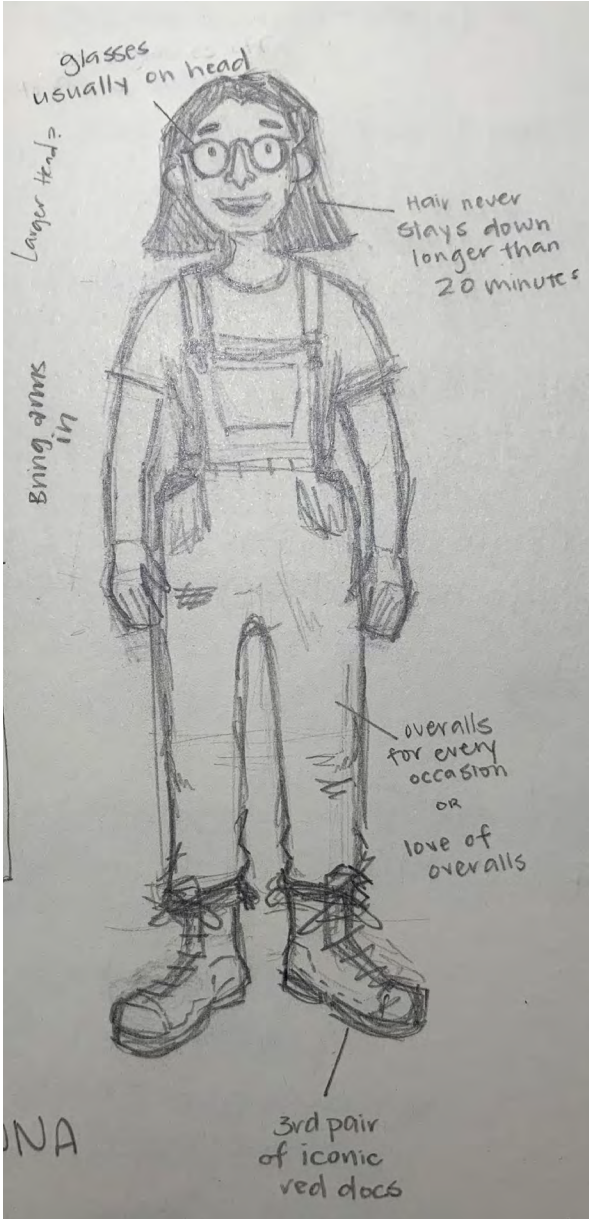
## 4. Ideation





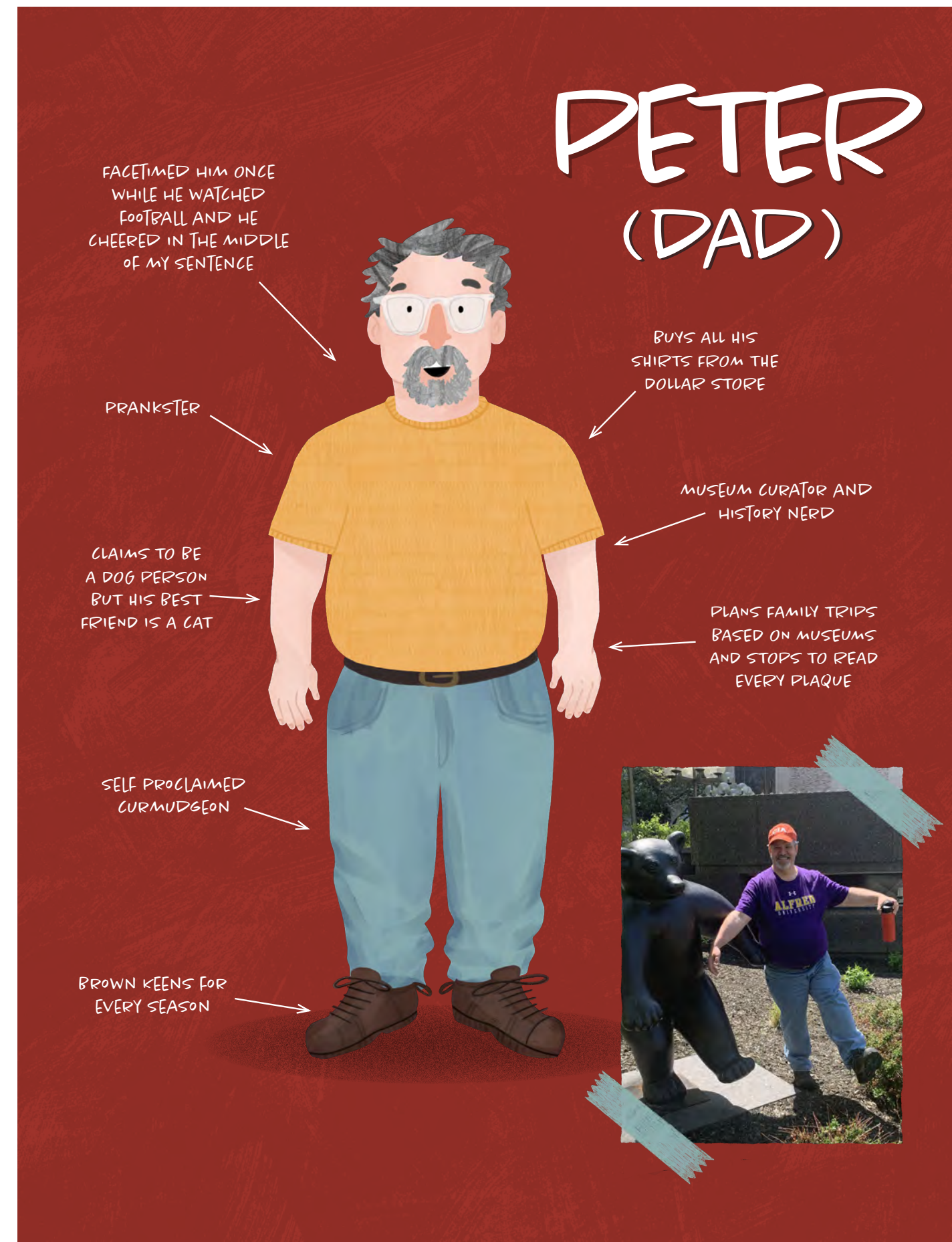


# Sketches





# Sample Pages







5. Final Product

# Chapter Pages

INTRODUCING  
THE WISBEYS

Chapter One



THE AWKWARD  
YEARS

Chapter Three



THE YOUNGER  
YEARS

Chapter Two



THE "ADULT"  
YEARS

Chapter Four





# Finished Spreads

### SARAH (MOM)

ALWAYS WEARING MULTIPLE LAYERS OF CLOTHING

CAT MAGNET


BEST PERSON FOR ADVICE AND HELP WITH PANIC ATTACKS

SECRET TALENT OF GETTING SOMEWHERE JUST BEFORE A LINE FORMS

KNOWN FOR HER IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION OF EARRINGS

TAUGHT ME THAT A LONG DAY OF WORK MEANS IMMEDIATE PAJAMAS

ALWAYS WATCHES MOVIES AND TV SHOWS MULTIPLE TIMES



### PETER (DAD)

FACE-TIMED HIM ONCE WHILE HE WATCHED FOOTBALL AND HE CHEERED IN THE MIDDLE OF MY SENTENCE

PRANKSTER

CLAIMS TO BE A DOG PERSON BUT HIS BEST FRIEND IS A CAT


SELF PROCLAIMED CURMUDGEON

BROWN KEEPS FOR EVERY SEASON

RUNS ALL HIS SHIRTS FROM THE DOLLAR STORE

MUSEUM CURATOR AND HISTORY NERD

PLANS FAMILY TRIPS BASED ON MUSEUMS AND STOPS TO READ EVERY PLAQUE



### ANNA (SISTER)

VERY GOOD STORYTELLER, SHOULD BE A STANDUP COMEDIAN

CLAIMS SHE CAN PSYCHICALLY COMMUNICATE WITH HER CAT, IGUANA (IGGY)


BUYS ME COFFEE IN EXCHANGE FOR GIVING HER RIDES

GLASSES ARE USUALLY ON HER HEAD

HAIR NEVER STAYS DOWN FOR LONGER THAN 20 MINUTES

ALWAYS CARRYING A BOTTOMLESS BAG OF THINGS

ICONIC RED BOOTS



### JULIA (THE AUTHOR)

BANDANA TO HIDE UNCOOPERATIVE HAIR

LOVE OF MUSICALS AND HIGH WAISTED PANTS

NEVER WITHOUT RINGS OR HAIR TIES


SISTER'S DESIGNATED CHAUFFEUR

VERY PEAT UP VANS

GLASSES USUALLY LEFT AT HOME

DRESSES LIKE A CAMP COUNSELOR

ALWAYS ANXIOUS



### RECURRING CHARACTERS



**AUNT AMY**  
Mom's Sister



**UNCLE BRENT**  
Married to Amy



**GRANDPA**  
Mom's Dad



**ANNI**  
Childhood Bestie



**NICOLE**  
High School Bestie



**CRYSTAL**  
College Bestie

### AND THE CATS



**STUART**  
Dad's Best Friend



**MOZZIE**  
17-pounds of cat



**WATSON**  
A Literal Scarey Cat



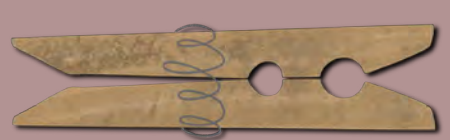
**JESS**  
My cat, tiniest of cats



**IGGY**  
Anna's cat, short for Iguana

### Family Artifacts

a Wisbey Exhibition




**Clothespin**

It started out as a small red ornament with silver tinsel on my great-grandma's tree.

Mom took it when packing up her house and it has since gotten a little decrepit. The silver tinsel has become black and brown and the original red has aged so it has started to look like a radish.


It has become a tradition to hang it on the Christmas tree high enough that the cats can't reach it.



**The Toast**

In the early years of their marriage, Dad was eating toast in bed, and when Mom yelled at him about crumbs, he left it under her pillow.

This would end up in a war of hiding the same piece of toast for each other to find and culminated in Mom sending it ahead to surprise Dad. Since he could not top it, the toast has been immortalized in a jewelry box in Mom's dresser drawer.




**Bananas**

When packing up my great-grandma's house, Grandpa Hand discovered a bowl of plastic fruit and snuck it in the box of things to keep for Mom.

The bananas have been passed back and forth for decades even with the two of them living in different states.

Mom has indoctrinated us into the war and has used us as accomplices. Sometimes it takes years for the bananas to be rediscovered.




**Floaty Pens**


Mom and Dad have been collecting floaty pens from every vacation, museum, or gift shop since before I was born.

We have a custom display case, several mugs, and a few jars in a case in the living room full of floaty pens.

The collection has slowed in recent years because the production of floaty pens seems to have stopped, but every so often we find a new one or are gifted another pen.



**The Christmas Radish**



**Frying Pan**

Anna and Dad were joking around with a frying pan and it ended up with Dad swinging it back, meaning to hit his hand on top of Anna's head and then having a moment of self-preservation.

He pulled his hand back and accidentally smacked Anna in the head with a frying pan.

Dad was about to cry and Anna was laughing but that's why we don't play with frying pans.



# Finished Pages

**Growing up,** I called myself a worrier. I didn't have any other word for it, I just knew that I was nervous about a lot of things. I was terrified of the worst case scenario and would have trouble calming down and moving on.

I always had a lot of stomach aches, and would have the occasional melt down. Usually about little things that to other people, seemed unimportant, but for me it felt like the end of the world. I didn't know how else to communicate the feeling of panic and fixation I was experiencing. My parents didn't always understand or know how to help me but they always tried. Mom eventually learned that when I was melting down about one thing, there was probably something more going on and whatever I was upset about was just the last straw. I've since learned how to identify the signs and communicate and deal with it appropriately.

Over the years I learned how to cope with the nervousness. My family was my main support system, Mom was a good person to talk to, Anna usually had a recent experience with whatever I was worried about and could explain what I could expect, and Dad always kept the humor.

I wasn't diagnosed with anxiety until I was a junior in high school so I spent most of my formative years dealing with issues that I didn't know how to control or communicate. I didn't always know that different problems were all tied to anxiety. For example, I found out that my stomach aches were caused by anxiety when I finally started talking to a therapist in high school and she explained how everything I was experiencing was connected. It was life changing.

I am writing this book to show that anyone can struggle with anxiety. I am sharing my stories to show that it doesn't have to be completely debilitating, and even someone with a good childhood and a close family can still be anxious. These stories are how I learned to deal with my anxiety. They also show that while it is a background aspect of everything, there are still happy and fun times even with the more difficult aspects. I think that it's important to show the full story and have a sense of humor and love because that's how I choose to live.

A little tip to start the book. For anyone with anxious stomachs like me: Pepto Bismol tablets are a f\*ckin' miracle.





# Finished Pages

Anna and I went to a daycare that had two different buildings separated by a fence. Being the socially anxious child I was, I was upset that Anna was in a different building.

During the recesses, we met at the fence and she would pass me objects like a daycare drug deal. She once passed me the zipped off bottoms of her cargo pants and I wore them on my arms like sleeves.

I would usually spend the rest of recess crying and clutching to whatever object she had passed me until I had effectively dehydrated myself and stopped having the ability to cry and tired myself out.





# Finished Pages



Middle school meant that I had to start changing classes and we weren't allowed to carry backpacks. Everyone had to carry around giant stacks of everything they could possibly need. The only thing holding it together was wishful thinking.

Imagine, 5-foot tall me trying to navigate through a packed hallway attempting to carry everything I own and hoping for the best.

YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO PICK UP SOMETHING YOU DROPPED WHILE STILL HOLDING ON TO EVERYTHING ELSE WHILE ALSO IN A CROWDED HALLWAY. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO COORDINATED IN MY LIFE.



# Next Steps

## 1. Professional Printing

Print hard cover copies and distribute to my family members

## 2. Finish Promotional Website

Make a couple tweaks and adjust a couple sections and go more in depth on the book

## 3. Make a Second Book

Theoretically create a second book 10-20 years out about this next section of my life





# Thank you!

Special thanks to Missy, Greg, Salli, and Scott for all your help, and to my family for letting me share our stories