Sometimes it takes years to know yourself. For me, this self-realisation came at 25 and only took a few minutes...

I'm Oatmeal. My whole life, I've been oatmeal and I just didn't know it until recently.

Warm. Simple. Supportive.

My business partner, Emma, took the online breakfast personality test first.

It gave me such clarity, Jess.

...She was right.

I'd been living a pancake existence for years, denying my true oatmeal self.

1. What is your level of education?
2. Syrup or no?
3. Where do you live?

Hmm... What to eat today?

Now, my whole world is oatmeal...

I get the best recommendations on Instagram...

...Organic Grass fed oatmeal...

...Probiotic charcoal oatmeal...

...Rose gold flaked oatmeal...

...and I buy them all!
My algorithm gets me...

Google has recommended some great little oatmeal places to me...

Emma doesn’t go cause it’s just oatmeal there. She has pancake friends now.

It’s oatmeal for one, until I can find a match on my friend-finder app.

Sometimes I dream of oatmeal. It’s all I think about now.

Emma and I decided to go separate ways.

Makes sense:

You’re slow to act, such an oatmeal!

Ugh! You pancake!

The test made us realize it.

So I’m job hunting...

...so far, unsuccessfully.

Says here she’s oatmeal. Not a good fit for sales.

Too bad. Nice girl.

Sometimes I wish that I never fell for that test.

Ignorance is bliss, but it’s better to know thyself...

...isn’t it?