Hypnosis Script – “I Become the Author of My Choices Again”  
  
Settle in comfortably. Close your eyes…  
And for a few moments, give yourself permission… to have nothing to achieve.  
No role to play, no justification to produce.  
Just… breathe.  
  
Breathe in slowly… and let the air fill you up completely.  
Breathe out… and feel how, already, a part of the pressure begins to lift…  
As if, with every exhale, you were releasing a layer of that inner demand…  
That tension, that tightness… of having to be perfect, or irreproachable, or enough.  
  
And the more you breathe this way, the more your body finds a resting space…  
A space where it can gently, calmly… reconnect to what has always been there…  
Within you.  
  
While your body relaxes, I’ll invite you to go back… to a memory.  
A hidden one, maybe blurry… but still alive somewhere inside…  
It’s a moment from your teenage years. You were 14 or 15.  
You had an idea burning within. A clear desire.  
Maybe the word “photographer” still echoes inside…  
Or simply the sense of wanting a creative, free, vibrant life.  
  
Let your mind return to that time.  
Imagine the room you were in… the posters on the wall, the familiar objects.  
Step back into that teenage body. What are you feeling?  
What sensations move through you at that age?  
There was momentum, wasn’t there? Curiosity.  
The feeling of wanting… to follow your own path.  
  
But perhaps also… already… a pull back.  
Like a voice, around you, or within you, saying:  
“It’s not realistic.”  
“That’s not a real job.”  
“You have to keep studying.”  
  
And in that moment… a part of you obeyed.  
Out of love, out of loyalty, out of fear of being rejected…  
Another part of you went quiet.  
As if a voice… gently faded away.  
  
Now take a moment to imagine…  
That you walk into that scene, today.  
With your adult eyes.  
You see that young girl…  
Her shoulders a bit lowered, her eyes full of ideas… but a tightness in her chest.  
Approach her…  
And tell her what you wish someone had told you back then.  
  
Take your time…  
There are no wrong answers.  
Only the truth of your heart.  
  
(Pause)  
  
Now imagine that young girl looking back at you…  
And gently asking:  
“What did we become? Did we follow our desires?”  
And you can answer… honestly…  
And at the same time, you can tell her…  
That you’re here now to reconnect with her.  
That it’s not too late.  
That you are inviting her again, beside you.  
  
Because that part of you… it’s still here.  
In your dreams, in your gestures, in your impulses.  
And it’s waiting for one thing: to be heard again.  
  
Now let that scene fade…  
And imagine yourself walking through a very symbolic place:  
A crossroads.  
Several paths open up before you.  
Some look familiar, safe, already walked.  
But today, one path draws your attention.  
A wilder trail… a little unclear… but vibrant.  
It’s the one you never really dared to take.  
Not because it was dangerous.  
But because no one told you back then that it was allowed.  
  
And now, something changes.  
You take gentle steps toward that path.  
And with each step, you feel your body lightening.  
As if you were dropping… all the “you must,” “you should,” “that’s not serious.”  
And reclaiming… your right to choose.  
To make mistakes. To start over. To create.  
To no longer justify what you love.  
  
On this walk, a new strength rises…  
A grounding…  
The right to be yourself.  
Even if it displeases. Even if it disturbs.  
Because now…  
It’s time to stop living through others’ eyes.  
  
You can now imagine a symbolic object before you.  
A blank notebook.  
And on the first page, you will write a sentence.  
Not a promise, not a forced commitment.  
Just a permission.  
  
What would that sentence be?  
“I give myself permission to…”  
Let it come.  
  
(Pause)  
  
You may now gently close that notebook.  
And keep it with you…  
It will be there when you need it.  
  
Before you return, I’ll offer you a simple anchor.  
Each time you feel doubt returning…  
Each time you want to justify or hold yourself back…  
You can place your hand on your chest…  
And gently think this sentence:  
“I become the author of my choices again.”  
  
Take a deep breath.  
Come back to the room you’re in.  
Move your hands, your feet.  
And when you’re ready… you can open your eyes.