Settle in comfortably. No matter where you are. This moment is yours. A suspended space, just for you.   
Gently close your eyes, or let your gaze rest somewhere softly, effortlessly. You don’t have to do anything.   
You don’t have to prove anything. Just be here… in the moment.  
  
Start by bringing your attention to your breath. Without trying to control it. Just… observe.   
Feel the air coming in… and going out. Maybe it’s a bit shallow… a bit fast… and that’s okay.  
  
Each breath grounds you a little more. Inhale… and exhale… As if with each exhale, you could let go of a bit of that   
tension stored in your belly, in your back, in your chest.  
  
Your mind might try to wander. To be cautious. To ask questions. And that’s okay.   
You don’t need to force it. Just let the thoughts pass by, like clouds in the sky.  
  
Meanwhile, imagine you’re sitting in a cozy armchair, in a quiet place—maybe somewhere familiar,   
or an imaginary place you can create right now. A place where nothing can harm you.   
Where you are completely safe. Where no urgency exists.  
  
You can feel the texture of the chair beneath your body. The softness or the warmth surrounding you.   
Feel the ground beneath your feet. And this place… starts to breathe with you. Slowly. Gently. In rhythm with you.  
  
Now, let an image come to you. That of your body… like a radar on high alert. You know, that feeling of scanning   
every heartbeat, every muscle tension, every shift. As if your body had turned into a catastrophe detector.  
  
Observe this image. Without judgment. It’s your body that tried to protect you. It tried to warn you.   
It meant well. It formed a habit… of checking everything. Monitoring everything.   
Because at some point, something was scary. Very scary.  
  
And today, I invite you to place one hand on your chest, or on your belly… wherever feels the most soothing.   
And to gently whisper this phrase to yourself:  
  
“Thank you for trying to protect me. I’m here now. I’ll take it from here.”  
  
Repeat it silently. Once, twice, three times.  
  
“Thank you for trying to protect me. I’m here now. I’ll take it from here.”  
  
You can even picture that part of you—the hypervigilance—as a tired little being.   
Like a sentry who hasn’t slept in weeks. And you can thank them… then invite them to rest.   
There’s no need to be at war anymore.  
  
You know… that moment when you thought your body was giving out… that feeling of dizziness,   
racing heartbeat, short breath… it was an emotion. A frozen emotion. One that had no outlet.   
Not an actual threat. Just an emotional wave.  
  
Now go back to that day. The day of the panic attack. Just for a few seconds. From the outside.   
As if you could rewatch the scene while protected, behind a glass wall.  
  
You see yourself… you feel yourself… you were alone. You didn’t understand.   
Your brain screamed “danger,” though there was no danger. Like a fire alarm going off with no fire.  
  
And now, imagine you can gently step into that scene—but this time, you’re not alone.   
You’re accompanied by yourself. By that calm, mature, present version of you.   
They come and gently place a hand on your shoulder. And say:  
  
“You’re not dying. You’re feeling. And I’m here.”  
  
You can repeat this phrase. Let it sink in:  
  
“You’re not dying. You’re feeling. And I’m here.”  
  
And you might start to feel something release… that the emotion is allowed to exist,   
but that it’s no longer alone. You are here now. Present. Capable.  
  
Sometimes, when we’ve suffered too much, we get used to cutting ourselves off.   
Watching ourselves live, without really living. As if life passed by… without us being able to grasp it.  
  
That’s a form of protection. A way of distancing. But today, you can gently begin to return to your body.  
  
Imagine… a soft light, maybe golden, maybe blue—it doesn’t matter.   
A light that starts to descend from the top of your head… and gently begins to awaken each part of you.  
- Your forehead relaxes…  
- Your jaw loosens…  
- Your neck becomes softer…  
- Your shoulders heavier…  
- And the light continues to flow… into your chest…  
- Then your belly…  
- Your arms…  
- Your legs…  
  
It reconnects your whole being. It repairs the broken threads. It reminds you that you are here.  
Not just an observer. A living, feeling, present being.  
  
And maybe now you can repeat internally:  
  
“I am coming back into my body. I am here. I am alive.”  
  
And in this safe space where you are… you can picture a possible future.  
Not necessarily in six months. Just… tomorrow. Or tonight. A small moment… where something feels different.  
  
Maybe your breath is a bit freer. A thought a little lighter.  
A gentler gaze toward yourself.  
  
You can see yourself… moving through a day… without being on alert… without fearing your heartbeat…  
You can even see yourself smiling. Not a big smile. Just a small softening.   
As if your body is beginning to understand:  
  
“It’s not like before anymore.”  
  
Now I invite you to associate this calm you've found with a gesture.   
A gesture you can do at any time. Maybe touching your wrist. Or placing a hand on your heart.   
This gesture becomes your recentring signal.  
  
Each time you repeat this gesture, your unconscious will recall this feeling of calm,   
this moment of returning to yourself. And this signal will grow stronger.   
You won’t need to seek answers in urgency anymore. You’ll know you can come back to yourself.  
  
You can now gently begin to bring your attention back to the place where you are.   
To your breath. To the sounds around you. To the room. To the light.  
  
You can start to move your fingers, your shoulders, your feet.   
Come back into your body, more peaceful, more present.  
  
And when you’re ready, you can open your eyes.  
  
You are not alone.  
You are alive.  
And you are moving forward.