Lie down or settle in however your body needs...  
You have nothing to achieve, nothing to prove, nothing to produce.  
Just... be here.  
You know, your body has been through heavy, noisy, agitated days...  
Days that start early and end late, without a real moment to breathe.  
  
So now, let your body sink a little more...  
As if it were finally saying: “It’s okay. I can rest.”  
  
You can breathe a little slower…  
And release a bit of tension with each breath…  
Maybe your legs grow heavier… or your shoulders drop slightly…  
  
And if there are still thoughts swirling, that’s normal.  
You don’t have to stop them. Just… let them pass, like clouds in the sky.  
  
Imagine now a very soft, carpeted, comfortable staircase…  
It leads down to a place just for you…  
A place where you owe nothing to anyone.  
  
With each step, your body calms a little more…  
  
10… your forehead relaxes…  
9… your eyelids grow heavier…  
8… your neck loosens…  
7… the pressure of the day fades…  
6… you don’t have to pretend anymore…  
5… you allow yourself not to respond to anyone…  
4… the inner critical voice softens…  
3… you feel a bubble of protection around you…  
2… almost there…  
1… here you are, home, within yourself.  
  
You are now in a place your imagination created…  
Maybe a room just for you…  
Or a calm house, bathed in the night…  
  
There is a presence here…  
Not a person…  
But a part of you.  
  
That part is your Inner Guardian.  
It was born from all the times you had to be strong, alone, awake.  
But tonight, it tells you:  
“You can rest. I’ll stay awake for you.”  
  
And maybe, for the first time in a long time…  
A little relief appears.  
As if that constant tension… could ease… just a bit.  
  
You learned to be wary…  
To anticipate… to read moods… to defend yourself.  
Because, for a long time, you weren’t protected as you should’ve been.  
  
But that time… is over.  
  
Tonight, you are elsewhere.  
You are free to lay that burden down.  
  
Sleep is not a weakness.  
It is a kind of courage.  
The courage to let go of control, even for a moment.  
  
Each breath in is a key…  
And each breath out closes a door…  
  
Click – the one of others’ judgment.  
Click – the one of what your father thinks or doesn’t think.  
Click – the one of what your mother wrongly said about you.  
Click – the one of feeling like you must justify everything.  
  
And when all those doors are closed…  
Only you remain.  
And the night.  
  
And the night, it wants nothing from you…  
It expects nothing. It simply offers peace.  
  
Now visualize the perfect room for sleeping…  
Maybe a soft sheet against your skin…  
A very dim light, or none at all…  
A scent of lavender… or of rain…  
  
Everything is exactly as you want it.  
And above all: no one enters here without your permission.  
Not your father.  
Not your mother.  
Not their words.  
Not their looks.  
  
Nothing crosses the threshold.  
Here, you are inviolable.  
  
And your Inner Guardian is here, silent, watchful…  
Watching over you.  
  
You can whisper inwardly:  
  
“I am safe. My body knows how to sleep. The night watches over me.”  
  
Again:  
  
“I am safe. My body knows how to sleep. The night watches over me.”  
  
Each word is like a lullaby.  
A protection.  
A reclaimed right to sleep.  
  
You have nothing left to think about.  
Your body already knows what to do.  
Let it digest what your mind had to carry all day.  
  
You can drift now…  
As if slowly drifting away from the shore…  
To a quiet place…  
Where nothing can reach you.  
  
And if you sleep now…  
Know that a part of you is gently watching.  
  
And if you choose to return, you can do so gently…  
With a deeper breath…  
A light movement…  
And maybe a smile…  
  
But if not…  
Let the night watch over you.