

THE GREAT MENTAL EVICTION SPELL

(*Because your brain is not a fucking storage unit for expired emotions, awkward moments, and dumb shit that doesn't serve you.*)

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

This is not just a piece of paper. This is a magical eviction notice for all the cringe-inducing, heart-wrenching, anxiety-triggering, late-night overthinking bullshittery that is still squatting in your mental real estate like a freeloading goblin.

This spell will:

-  Make you confront the emotional squatters living in your head.
-  Help you realize you've been letting them stay rent-free for WAY too long.
-  **Give you the power to evict them with the dramatic flair of a medieval sorcerer.
-  Clear space in your brain for actually important shit (like world domination or just remembering where you put your keys).

HOW TO USE THIS BEAUTIFUL CHAOS:

- 1 Sit your ass down and grab a pen, some caffeine, or maybe a whole bottle of wine—whatever gets the energy moving.
- 2 Fill out the eviction form. No sugarcoating, no excuses. Just raw, unfiltered truth.
- 3 Ask yourself: "Do I *actually* need this memory, or am I just addicted to cringing at myself at 2 AM?"
- 4 Write your final message. Be petty. Be extra. Be as theatrical as your inner drama queen allows.
- 5 DESTROY THE EVIDENCE. Burn it. Rip it up. Shred it into oblivion. Feed it to the void. Send it to hell via express shipping. Do not keep this shit.
- 6 Reclaim your power. Stand up, shake off the bullshit, twerk in the mirror to assert dominance over your past, and move the fuck on.

FINAL WARNING: THIS IS POWERFUL SHIT.

This is not just journaling. This is high-level, advanced wizardry. If you do this right, you will feel lighter, freer, and possibly a little bit unhinged.

-  YOU ARE NOT YOUR PAST FUCK-UPS.
-  YOU ARE NOT YOUR WORST MOMENTS.
-  YOU ARE NOT AN EMOTIONAL HOARDER.

YOU. ARE. A. FUCKING. WIZARD.

And today, you are reclaiming your goddamn mind.

Now, get to evicting these motherfuckers.  

 **NOTICE OF MENTAL EVICTION**

Print out as many as you need!

(Because my brain is not a haunted house for past embarrassments, expired relationships, or situations that serve no purpose except late-night cringe attacks.)

To: *(Unwanted Memory, Situation, or Person Squatting in My Brain)*

From: *(Me, the Official Landlord of My Own Sanity)*

Date: *(Today, because I'm done with this shit.)*

You. Yes, you. The memory that won't leave. What are you?

How long have you been freeloading in my head?

Why do you think you deserve space in my sacred mind palace?

What energy do you drag in with you? (Circle one or all that apply.)

Embarrassment Regret Heartbreak Anxiety Rage Overthinking Olympics

“Should've said this” Syndrome Unfinished Business Other: _____

Fine, I'll give you a moment. Did you actually teach me anything?

Am I still mad/sad/cringing or just used to thinking about you?

Okay, final judgment. Do you serve me anymore?

Yes (barely) No (bye, bitch)

Last words before I pack your bags and throw you into the emotional void:

My final message to you. Be dramatic, be petty, be wise.

Signed,

(Me, thriving, mentally clear, and too powerful for this nonsense.)

(Signature of a liberated soul)