



FREE PRINTABLE

A Choose-Yourself Reset

Coming Back to Yourself.

For the woman ready to stop being last on her own list.



THE PRETTY TRUTH

You were never meant to be the last one on your own list.

Coming back to yourself isn't selfish. It's the most generous thing you'll ever do.

by Maria Williams · The Pretty Truth



Where am I putting *myself last?*

You don't lose yourself all at once. You lose yourself in the small moments you stopped showing up for. Sit with these. No judgment. Just honest.

1 When's the last time I did something just because I wanted to, with no one's permission and no one to perform for?

2 What am I tolerating right now that's slowly making me smaller?

3 Where am I saying yes when my whole body is saying no?

4 If I had to name the version of myself I've been performing, what would I call her?

5 Who would I be if I stopped trying to be everyone else's easiest person?

Five tiny ways

to choose yourself this week.

Not a 12-step program. Not a personality transplant. Just five small, honest moves you can make this week without rearranging your whole life.

1

Say one no this week without explaining it.

No backstory, no apology, no “but I would if I could.” Just a clean no. Watch what happens. (Spoiler: nothing terrible.)

2

Take ten minutes that belong only to you.

Coffee outside. A walk with no podcast. The book on your nightstand. Ten minutes. No one has to know it’s sacred. You will.

3

Look in the mirror without picking yourself apart.

Once. On purpose. Notice three things that are yours and only yours, and let them be enough for the moment.

4

Tell one person what you actually need.

Out loud. Without softening it into a question. “I need an hour to myself today.” “I need help with this.” “I need you to listen.”

5

Do the thing you keep putting off because it’s “just for you.”

The class. The appointment. The book. The trip. The five minutes of stretching. The thing that’s been waiting for “a better week.” This is the better week.

Pick one. Just one. That’s the whole assignment.

Your permission slip.

Sign it. Mean it.

Some of us never learned how to give ourselves permission. We waited for someone else to hand it over. That day isn't coming. So sign this one. Tear it out. Pin it somewhere you'll see it.

OFFICIAL PERMISSION SLIP

I am coming back to myself.

This is my permission to *stop performing fine* when I am not. To take up the room I was always allowed to take. To stop being the person who shrinks for everyone else's comfort.

This is my permission to *choose myself*, in small ways and in big ones, without justifying it. Without earning it. Without waiting until everyone else is taken care of.

I do not have to have it all figured out to deserve a seat at my own table. I just have to show up.

SIGNED

DATE

Pin it to the fridge. Tape it to the mirror. Read it on the days you forget.

You were never meant to be the last one on your own list.

Looking forward to meeting you back here. — Maria