



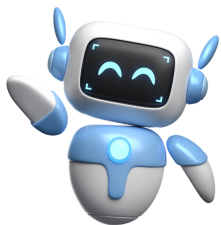
Gold Leaf Training

When the Mist Lifts: Discovering Your Spacious Mind. A Hypnotherapy Script for Anxiety Relief by Dante Harker

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After a suitable induction, and ensuring this is the right script for you as it is very long. Though you can adapt as you go...

Imagine a vast and ancient forest, a realm of profound stillness and subtle movement, stretching further than the eye can perceive.

Its hidden depths hold secrets whispered on the gentle breezes and etched into the intricate patterns of the very bark of its wise trees.

For countless seasons, for a span of time beyond easy reckoning, a persistent mist, soft and cool, had clung to the undergrowth, a damp and often heavy veil that settled like a familiar shroud, obscuring the winding path ahead and muffling the vibrant sounds of the wider world beyond its misty embrace.


This mist, much like a familiar, often unwelcome hum of worry that can sometimes settle in the quiet corners of the mind, wasn't inherently harmful, not truly malevolent.

It was simply... there, a constant presence, a predictable backdrop to the unfolding of days and nights, a seemingly immutable part of the landscape.

Some had lived with this pervasive mist for so long, for what felt like an eternity of dampened senses and veiled perceptions, that its constant presence was barely registered.

It had become an ingrained part of their experience, a familiar companion, a predictable backdrop to daily routines.

Over time, intricate strategies developed to navigate its limitations, learning to discern the subtle shifts in the damp earth, to interpret the faint rustle of unseen leaves, to decipher the muffled sounds that drifted through the ever-present grey.



Senses became keenly attuned to the slightest variations within the mist, always anticipating, a subtle tension held just beneath the surface, in case some unforeseen challenge should emerge from the swirling opacity.

There was a learning, perhaps unconsciously, to hold on to that familiar feeling of vigilance, to expect the subtle unease.

And yet, deep within, a quiet yearning persisted, a faint echo of sunlight filtering through the distant canopy, a fleeting memory of a wider vista, a lightness and freedom that felt both tantalisingly distant and profoundly familiar.

Whispered tales were heard, carried on the rare, fleeting breezes that occasionally penetrated the dense mist, of a time before this pervasive dampness, or perhaps of a brighter, clearer place that lay beyond its misty borders, where the air was crisp and clean and the path ahead unfolded with effortless grace, without the constant need for cautious anticipation and unwavering vigilance.

There might even have been brief moments of wondering, in those quiet times, what it would truly be like to just... completely let go.

One day, almost imperceptibly at first, a small stream began to trickle through the mossy forest floor.

It was a delicate, almost hesitant flow at its origin, barely disturbing the fallen damp leaves, a mere suggestion of movement, a subtle shift in the established order.

But it persisted, a constant, quiet movement, like the first stirrings of a new idea, a different way of perceiving the world, a gentle nudge towards change.

This slender stream, like a novel thought, a fresh perspective, began to carve a subtle pathway through the dense undergrowth, a liquid thread of possibility.

Those who happened to pause by its unassuming edge noticed something quietly curious.

The earth in the immediate vicinity of the water seemed a fraction less saturated, the air above the gentle flow held a hint of clarity.

There was, perhaps for the first time in a long while, the subtle yet distinct feeling of release, a lightening of the familiar weight.

As the unhurried days turned into weeks, and the weeks softened into months, the small stream gradually grew a little wider, its flow becoming a little stronger, more purposeful.

It began to gather momentum, drawing in tiny rivulets from the saturated earth, like the gathering strength of a forgotten memory, a long-dormant potential slowly awakening.

As it flowed with increasing purpose, it began to gently carry away some of the clinging mist, revealing small, vibrant patches of emerald green moss, the intricate, delicate patterns of fallen leaves, the sturdy, unwavering roots of the ancient trees, anchoring them to the earth.

Those who chose, perhaps intuitively, to follow the gentle course of the stream found their footing becoming gradually surer, their steps a little lighter.

The winding path, once so thoroughly obscured by the pervasive mist, began to emerge, not as a sudden, dramatic unveiling, but as a slow, gradual revealing, like the gentle dawning of a profound understanding, the unhurried unfolding of a delicate flower in the soft light of dawn.

There was a noticing, with a newfound clarity, of the intricate play of light and shadow dancing on the surfaces of the leaves, the delicate, almost invisible veins tracing patterns across each individual blade of grass, the silent, intricate dance of unseen insects flitting amongst the foliage.

These exquisite details, once completely hidden by the pervasive mist of worry, now presented themselves with a quiet insistence, gently inviting attention, almost demanding to be truly seen and appreciated.

It was a fundamentally different way of perceiving, a profoundly different way of simply being in the world.

For what felt like an immeasurable span of time, focused attention had been almost entirely consumed by the constant, often exhausting task of navigating the perceived limitations of the mist, on tirelessly anticipating potential obstacles lurking within its grey embrace, on the persistent feeling of that underlying anticipation, that ever-present edge of unease.

Now, with the path gradually becoming clearer, a new and refreshing kind of awareness began to gently blossom, a quiet sense of curiosity, an openness to the unexpected beauty that lay waiting to be discovered.

Increasingly, moments of genuine spaciousness were experienced.

Time that had once been relentlessly occupied by the endless mental calculations of worry, the repetitive rehearsals of potential future scenarios, now stretched before them, surprisingly unburdened, like a newly cleared vista opening up on a familiar landscape.

This newfound expanse of mental space could feel slightly unsettling at first, like a familiar room unexpectedly rearranged, like the sudden, profound quiet that descends after a long and turbulent storm has finally passed.

There was a subtle, almost instinctive temptation to fill this newfound void with the old, familiar patterns of thought, to almost consciously conjure the mist back, for at least its limitations were known, its contours predictable.

But the gentle, persistent murmur of the flowing stream, the increasingly visible and vibrant beauty of the forest floor, offered a different, more compelling invitation.

It softly suggested that this newfound spaciousness was not an empty void to be feared or hastily filled, but rather a fertile and welcoming ground for new growth, a blank canvas patiently waiting to be painted with fresh experiences and newfound joys.

Like a diligent gardener who has finally cleared away the persistent weeds, there was now a genuine opportunity to plant new seeds of intention, to consciously cultivate long-neglected interests, to gently nurture the fragile beginnings of forgotten dreams.

Drawn by an inner prompting, some began to listen with a deeper level of attentiveness to the intricate sounds of the forest – the complex and varied melodies of the unseen birdsong echoing through the branches, the soft, sighing whisper of the wind as it moved through the leaves, the delicate, almost silent rustling of small creatures moving amongst the undergrowth.

New and intricate layers of sound, previously unheard, now emerged with a newfound clarity and distinctness.

Others found themselves captivated by the varied textures of the rough bark on the ancient trees, the velvety softness of the moss clinging to their trunks, the cool, smooth feel of the stones lining the bed of the gentle stream.

There was a discovery of a renewed appreciation for the tangible, tactile world, the subtle yet profound sensation of simply being present in physical form.

New and inviting paths began to gently branch off from the main course of the stream, each one promising a different vista, a unique and enriching experience.

Some meandered towards sun-dappled glades where vibrant wildflowers bloomed in a breathtaking array of colours, a joyful riot of hues against the verdant backdrop.

Others wound their way through serene groves of tall, whispering pines, their soft needles creating a fragrant, yielding carpet underfoot, the air filled with the invigorating scent of resin and damp earth.

Still others led to tranquil, still pools where the clear water perfectly reflected the vast expanse of the sky above, a mirror to the heavens, a perfect stillness broken only by the occasional gentle ripple.

Those who bravely ventured down these newly revealed paths discovered latent abilities they never knew they possessed, long-dormant interests that had quietly lain dormant beneath the obscuring mist of worry.


Some found a simple, profound joy in the unhurried act of walking, bodies moving with a newfound freedom and ease along the clear path, feeling the returning strength, the natural rhythm of unburdened strides.

Others were unexpectedly drawn to the intricate and fascinating beauty of the natural world surrounding them, patiently learning the names of the diverse plants and observing the unique habits of the creatures that gracefully inhabited the forest, minds actively engaged, innate curiosity gently piqued.

Still others found a deep and abiding contentment in simply sitting quietly by the flowing stream, peacefully watching the unhurried passage of the water, minds no longer relentlessly racing, but simply... observing, allowing thoughts to gently flow by, much like the water itself.

The forest, once perceived as a place of veiled uncertainty and potential threat, began to gradually reveal its true nature as a place of endless wonder and profound possibility, a sanctuary of quiet beauty waiting to be discovered.


The newfound spaciousness, which had initially felt slightly unsettling, now gently transformed into a liberating source of inner freedom, a vast and open canvas upon which new and enriching experiences could be consciously painted, a welcoming space to freely create a life filled with purpose and joy.




The spare thinking time, once a source of potential unease and a breeding ground for further worry, gracefully transformed into a valuable opportunity for profound self-discovery, for continuous personal growth, and for a deeper, more meaningful appreciation of the unfolding beauty inherent in each and every moment.

And within this gentle unfolding, a profound and lasting sense of inner peace began to naturally settle, like the warm, golden sunlight softly filtering through the newly cleared canopy, a tranquil peace that can now consciously be allowed to gently settle.

Move on to any suggestions you feel suit, or bring your client out of trance.





The inherent beauty and boundless potential of the forest had always been present, patiently waiting to be revealed. It was simply that the obscuring mist of worry had, for a time, veiled its true splendour.

And as that mist gradually receded, not only did the path ahead become increasingly clearer and more inviting, but the journey itself transformed into something richer, more vibrant, and filled with an abiding sense of quiet joy and deep appreciation for the present moment.

The spare thinking time, once a source of potential unease and a breeding ground for further worry, gracefully transformed into a valuable opportunity for profound self-discovery, for continuous personal growth, and for a deeper, more meaningful appreciation of the unfolding beauty inherent in each and every moment.

And within this gentle unfolding, a profound and lasting sense of inner peace began to naturally settle, like the warm, golden sunlight softly filtering through the newly cleared canopy, a tranquil peace that you can now consciously allow to gently settle within the very core of your being, now and in the moments to come.

