

GRACE BROOKE

SCIENCE AND SOUL

CONSIDER THIS YOUR PERMISSION SLIP

Put It Down. All of It. For Five Minutes.

Your home is just your brain talking.

Here is the thing nobody warns you about. The real mess was never the laundry pile or the counter that quietly collects everything you own. It is the invisible list humming in the background of your mind, the one that never quite powers down.

Researchers have a name for that hum, the mental load, and it is the reason you can feel bone tired after a day where, on paper, you barely sat down.

When your mind is cluttered, your home hears about it. The chaos on the counter is almost always the overflow from the chaos upstairs.

You can tidy the same drawer nineteen times and watch it fill right back up, because the clutter was never really about the drawer. This little guide starts where it actually counts, on the inside, with a bit of science, a bit of soul, and five honest minutes that belong entirely to you.

FIRST, A GENTLE BRAIN DUMP

Give yourself five quiet minutes and something to write with. Let your answers spill out honestly, and let them be nobody's business but yours.

- 01 *The thought that keeps looping through my head, the one I can never quite finish, is...*
- 02 *If I tipped my mind onto this page like an overstuffed junk drawer, the first thing to tumble out would be...*
- 03 *The thing I have been carrying for everyone else, the one that was never actually mine to hold, is...*

There is no right answer here, only yours.

NEXT, A ONE-MINUTE PRACTICE

Your body has been quietly keeping the receipts for everything your mind refuses to put down. Let us give it a moment of your full attention.

Place one hand over your heart.

Let your shoulders drop, even half an inch.

Unclench your jaw, and let your forehead go soft.

Take three slow breaths, and make the exhale the longer one.

Now notice where your body is holding the tension your mind has been outsourcing to it. Rest a hand there, and let yourself hear the words it has been waiting for.

To your chest, when it feels tight and braced:

You are allowed to soften, even with everything still unfinished, and honestly, especially then.

To your shoulders, when they have crept up toward your ears:

Most of this weight was handed to you without anyone asking first, and you get to hand a good portion of it right back.

To your hands, when they simply will not sit still:

You were never meant to earn your rest by finishing the list. Let them be still for a moment.

To your busy, brilliant mind, when it will not power down:

You are not behind, and you are certainly not the only one running a mind this full. You are gloriously, ordinarily human.

If you remember nothing else, remember this.

You do not need more discipline, another planner, or one more app that swears it will fix your whole life by Friday. You have tried the systems, and the noise always wanders back in, because a busy mind will always find its way onto a kitchen counter.

A calm space and a clear mind are built from the very same place, the moment your nervous system feels safe enough to exhale and your intuition finally gets a word in. Tend to the inside, and your outer world slowly softens to meet you.

That is the whole shift, and it is so much kinder than the way you have been doing it.

This is where it gets good.

If even one line here made you exhale, come stick around. I share this kind of thing with the women on my list, the ones who are ready to hear themselves think again and feel a bit more like themselves.

INSTAGRAM

[@TheGraceBrooke](#)

YOUTUBE

youtube.com/@gracebrooke

ONLINE

www.gracebrooke.com

with love, Grace xo