




## 100 WITTY FUNNY AFFIRMATIONS


- 38** I am doing my best—and sometimes that means naps.
- 38** I'm not a hot mess, I'm a spicy disaster.
- 38** I believe in myself, especially when coffee is involved.
- 38** I am 100% capable... of Googling everything.
- 38** I have inner peace—and outer chaos.
- 38** I don't rise and shine—I caffeinate and hope for the best.
- 38** I radiate confidence like glitter at a craft fair.
- 38** I am a limited edition, just like discontinued snacks.
- 38** I'm productive... if you count talking to my plants.
- 38** I don't need permission to be awesome, but thanks anyway.
- 38** I trust the timing of my snacks.
- 38** I am a magnet for miracles—and misplacing my phone.
- 38** I speak fluent sarcasm and kindness.
- 38** I am both a masterpiece and a work in progress.
- 38** I can do anything... eventually.
- 38** I attract abundance... mostly in laundry.
- 38** I shine bright like my forehead in selfies.
- 38** I am brave, bold, and slightly overcaffeinated.
- 38** I am focused—unless someone says “free food.”
- 38** I've got 99 problems, but I'm still fabulous.
- 38** I believe in myself, even when my WiFi doesn't.
- 38** I have a good heart and questionable decision-making skills.
- 38** I am enough. Barely. But enough.
- 38** I am the calm in the storm—and the storm itself.
- 38** I'm doing great—if we're grading on a curve.
- 38** I sparkle under pressure, like a stressed-out disco ball.
- 38** I am manifesting magic... and maybe a pizza.
- 38** I am composed, collected, and occasionally clueless.
- 38** I love myself, even when I text “lol” instead of crying.
- 38** I am a ray of freaking sunshine—deal with it.
- 38** I inhale confidence and exhale bad Wi-Fi vibes.
- 38** I am wildly capable of pretending I know what I'm doing.
- 38** I am thriving... just very quietly.
- 38** I am balanced—like a flamingo on one leg.
- 38** I have the power of optimism and dry shampoo.
- 38** I am not everyone's cup of tea—and that's fine, I'm champagne.


**38** I am evolving... into someone who doesn't hit snooze.  
**38** I am radiating calm—on the outside.  
**38** I trust the process. Especially if snacks are involved.  
**38** I am graceful. Except when I trip over nothing.  
**38** I slay all day—until bedtime, then I'm done.  
**38** I don't have it all together, but I make it look fun.  
**38** I forgive myself... and then I eat cookies.  
**38** I am the main character—with awkward dialogue.  
**38** I shine, even when I'm emotionally buffering.  
**38** I believe in miracles, especially last-minute ones.  
**38** I am a vibe—somewhere between chaos and calm.  
**38** I am a human glitter bomb of weird and wonderful.  
**38** I am smart. Occasionally.  
**38** I believe in signs... like "Do Not Disturb."  
**38** I am making progress—even if it's sideways.  
**38** I radiate big "I'll figure it out later" energy.  
**38** I am not lazy—I'm conserving energy for brilliance.  
**38** I attract blessings... and parking tickets.  
**38** I own my weirdness like a designer handbag.  
**38** I am the CEO of pretending I have a plan.  
**38** I love myself—even when my Wi-Fi is slow.  
**38** I attract success—and awkward social interactions.  
**38** I am abundant in sarcasm and snacks.  
**38** I rise above... like a balloon full of sass.  
**38** I am excellent at doing nothing with flair.  
**38** I am unstoppable—until it's time to find my keys.  
**38** I laugh at life, because it's funnier than it should be.  
**38** I'm not overthinking—I'm just overly gifted.  
**38** I am energy wrapped in a human burrito.  
**38** I am a rockstar... of emotional rollercoasters.  
**38** I vibe high—even if my socks don't match.  
**38** I am joy in pajama form.  
**38** I am shining brighter than my phone screen at 3 a.m.  
**38** I am wildly worthy—even when I forget my passwords.  
**38** I let go of what I can't control—and obsess later.  
**38** I trust my gut... especially about tacos.  
**38** I create my reality—and mildly panic in it.  
**38** I forgive myself for literally everything I've ever done.


 I'm not for everyone—and that's a blessing for them.


 I keep it real—and occasionally ridiculous.


 I am a grown-up... technically.


 I flow with life—like spilled juice on a white rug.


 I attract positivity... and dog hair.


 I am enough. Like, probably.


 I choose joy—even when I choose chaos too.


 I believe in balance—especially dessert first.


 I breathe in calm, exhale memes.


 I'm leveling up... very slowly.


 I deserve love, success, and decent Wi-Fi.


 I embrace my flaws—like they owe me money.


 I radiate kindness, sass, and snack cravings.


 I am everything I need—and slightly extra.


 I let go of stress—unless it texts me back.


 I create joy—mostly with awkward dance moves.


 I see challenges as plot twists.


 I am unbothered. Mostly. Okay, I'm trying.


 I show up—even when I don't want to.


 I am magnetic—especially to strange situations.


 I am lovable, laughable, and occasionally late.

 I glow differently when I mind my own business.

 I don't chase—I attract... naps.

 I am the calm in the chaos—and the chaos too.

 I slay like laundry on Sunday—sometimes.

 I am made of stardust, sass, and snack crumbs.