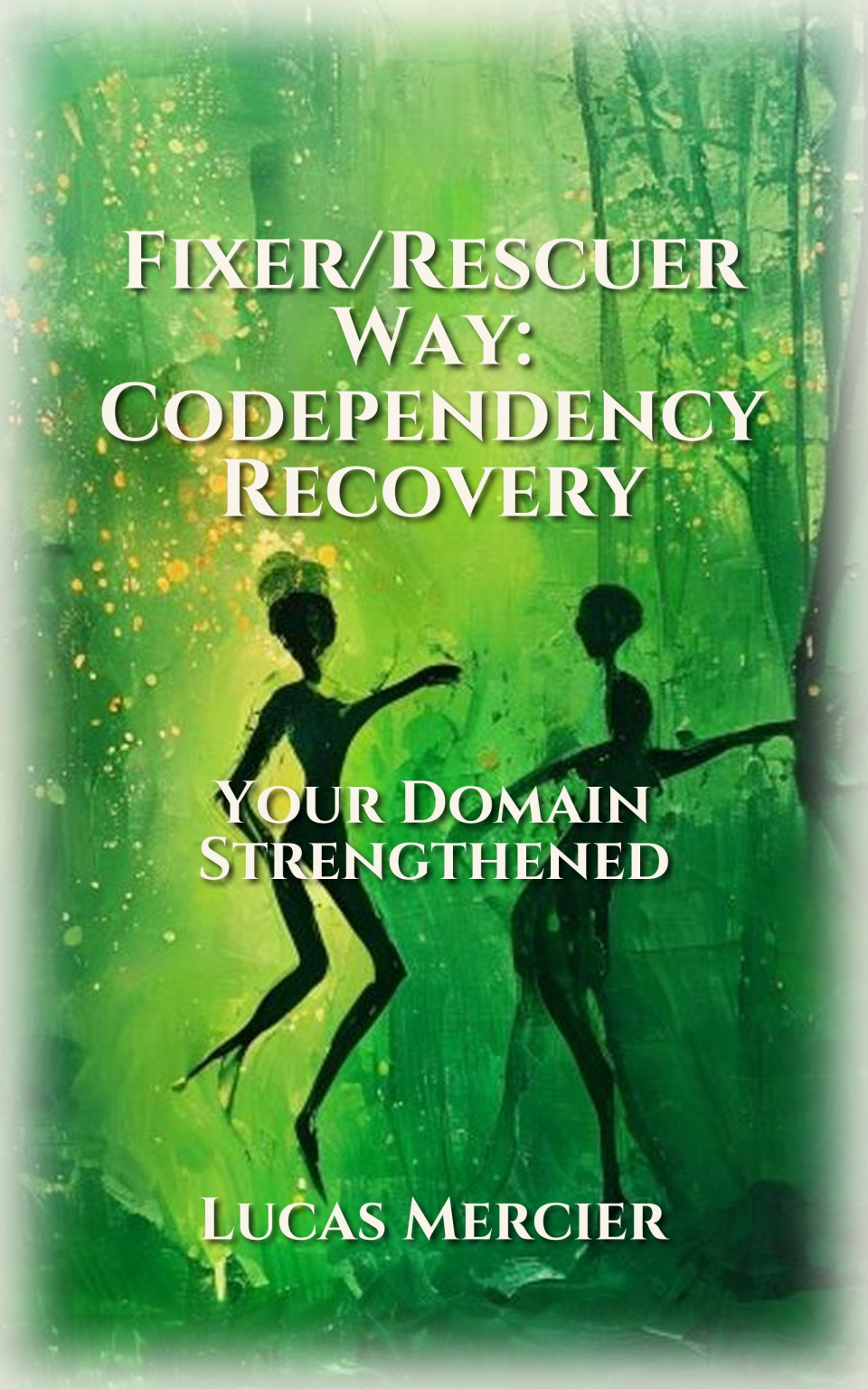


The background is a vibrant green with a textured, painterly appearance, featuring vertical brushstrokes and scattered yellow and orange speckles. Two black silhouettes of human figures are positioned in the lower half of the image. The figure on the left is in a dynamic, almost dancing pose with one leg raised and arms extended. The figure on the right is also in a dynamic pose, leaning forward with arms outstretched. The overall mood is energetic and artistic.

FIXER/RESCUER WAY: CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY

YOUR DOMAIN
STRENGTHENED

LUCAS MERCIER

FIXER/RESCUER WAY:
CODEPENDENCY
RECOVERY

YOUR DOMAIN STRENGTHENED

LUCAS MERCIER

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CHAPTER 1

THE FIXER/RESCUER ILLUMINATION: CONFIRMING YOUR MOVEMENT

The phone rings for the tenth time within an hour, a relentless, tinny sound that vibrates through your quiet afternoon. Another call from Sarah, who just finished what she claims was an "absolute dumpster fire" of a workday. You hear the preamble before the actual crisis even begins—the drawn-out sigh over the voicemail tone, the dramatic recitation of trivial workplace annoyances that balloon into existential emergencies in her narrative. She doesn't need advice; she needs you to absorb the static electricity of her day until it dissipates into manageable anecdotes. Your instinct, honed by years of anticipating emotional collapse in others, immediately flares up. You pick up before the third ring, already forming the perfect sequence of validating phrases: **"Oh, honey, that sounds so draining,"** followed by a strategic question designed to elicit maximum detail—the kind of

gentle probing that makes her feel seen and instantly relieves your own background hum of anxious obligation. When she finally spirals into needing you to process everything for her, detailing the precise emotional damage caused by a poorly worded email from a colleague, you find yourself deep in the familiar current of mandated support. It feels necessary, doesn't it? Like if you don't listen to every syllable, the entire carefully constructed facade of her well-being will crumble into visible ruin. You offer solutions, minute and thoughtful—"Maybe you should write down three things that went right tomorrow,"* or "Have you tried setting a hard stop time for work emails?*" These suggestions, delivered with practiced empathy, feel less like care and more like the scaffolding you are erecting around her momentary distress. You become the emotional administrator, meticulously filing away every grievance so she can finally achieve that fragile moment of catharsis, leaving yourself depleted but strangely satisfied by the sheer weight of your utility in preventing any actual fallout.

Another friend, Mark, sends a series of cryptic updates about his dating life—a string of breathless anecdotes punctuated by vague declarations of emotional

uncertainty. He repeats, with an almost exaggerated air of self-sufficiency, that he is handling things, that he's learning to navigate independence on his own terms. Yet, every time you see the pattern repeat—the underwhelming first date followed by a late-night text questioning if *you* think he should have sent a follow-up message instead of waiting two days—your internal alarm bells sound. The Rescuer in you takes over, the one who sees the invisible thread fraying before the visible damage occurs. You find yourself composing carefully worded texts that shouldn't be necessary: “Hey, just thinking about what you said regarding boundaries; maybe it would help to discuss what 'good enough' looks like when vetting potential partners?” The critique slips out, wrapped in the guise of thoughtful coaching, even though he explicitly asked for space and validation of his *process*, not an overhaul of his criteria. When he gently pushes back, noting that you sound suspiciously like someone who has done this before, your immediate reaction is to defend the intervention. You counter with logic—“But I only say this because I care about you succeeding,” or “Don't you want things to work out smoothly? I just want to prevent disappointment.” The realization hits you slowly: this isn't support; it's preemptive damage control, a desperate attempt to

manage the variables of his emotional maturity. You are correcting him for mistakes he hasn't even made yet, because letting him stumble through the messy reality of dating without your expert guidance feels terrifyingly uncontrolled.

The boundary you painstakingly erected around your own time—the one that stated, "I cannot talk after 9 PM"—is tested by a single, perfectly timed voicemail from Emily. The message is vague, hinting at an escalating family situation involving questionable financial decisions and deeply rooted interpersonal conflict. You know, with the certainty of prophecy only experienced through over-involvement, exactly how this will spiral out over the next forty-eight hours, requiring your unique combination of calm mediation and objective reality checks. Your initial internal resistance is fierce; you rehearse the polite deflection in your head—"I'm swamped tonight, but let's schedule a time tomorrow."* Yet, as soon as you hang up, the mental rehearsal fails. The fear washes over you: Emily's distress will escalate into an actual crisis before you can formulate a reasonable boundary. Suddenly, saying no feels less like self-preservation and more like abandoning her to the jaws of chaos. You find yourself texting back within

minutes, not with the pre-planned refusal, but with a detailed schedule for your availability over the next week, preemptively building in three slots specifically for "emergency check-ins." The guilt isn't about staying late; it's the deep, physical ache that accompanies *saying no*. You replay moments where you agreed to things—the extra project, the weekend trip with no real desire to go—and you feel a wave of nausea. What was the actual cost of saying yes? It wasn't just the time lost; it was the subsequent internal negotiation required to justify that sacrifice, the immediate soothing balm of avoiding any potential disappointment or argument that might arise from your stated limits.

The invitation arrives via a casual group chat message—a weekend getaway planned for a mutual friend, requiring participation in an activity you know, deep down, will be draining and emotionally performative. Every alarm bell in your system screams *decline*. Your mind catalogues the reasons: you need silence, you have overdue administrative tasks, and frankly, you just want to sit quietly with lukewarm tea and zero expectations. You draft the message, crafting a polite shield of vague obligations—"Sounds lovely, but I'm booked up that weekend."* The words feel solid, protective, finally

establishing ground under your own feet. Yet, before hitting send, you pause, hovering your thumb over the screen like it's weighted with lead. What if they read it? What if the silence following your refusal is interpreted not as self-care, but as a cold shoulder? You can picture the ensuing micro-narrative: **"Oh, so [Your Name] is too busy for us."** The fear of being perceived as unsupportive—as withholding the necessary emotional scaffolding—overwhelms the desire for peace. Against your better judgment, you revise the message, adding layers of desperate enthusiasm and fabricating a vague commitment to "catch up properly soon," essentially agreeing to attend while mentally drafting your escape route. This pattern repeats itself across minor commitments: declining an outing feels too much like admitting emotional deficiency, suggesting that true friendship requires constant, visible availability. You end up accepting things you genuinely cannot manage, not because the event is appealing, but because the perceived cost of saying no—the potential fracturing of a relationship through apparent lack of care—feels exponentially more frightening than the exhaustion itself.

YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT
SPECIFICALLY FOR FIXER/RESCUER ENERGY.
THE PATTERNS YOU JUST READ? THEY'RE
YOURS. NOT ANYONE ELSE'S. YOURS.

THE OTHER FIVE CHAPTERS ARE WHERE IT
GETS PRECISE.

CHAPTER 2 GIVES YOU PERMISSION TO STOP
FIGHTING YOUR OWN NATURE. CHAPTER 3
SHOWS YOU EXACTLY WHERE FIXER/RESCUER
ENERGY CONSISTENTLY WINS IN
CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY. CHAPTER 4
NAMES THE STAKES — WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN
YOU IGNORE THIS. CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL
CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY PLAN, BROKEN
INTO THE CYCLES THAT ACTUALLY WORK FOR
YOU. CHAPTER 6 IS YOUR INTEGRATION —
WHERE THIS BECOMES IDENTITY, NOT
STRATEGY.

MOST PEOPLE READ CHAPTER 1 AND THINK
THEY UNDERSTAND. THEY DON'T. THE
ARCHITECTURE ONLY REVEALS ITSELF IN
FULL.

SEARCH FOR "FIXER/RESCUER WAY:
CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY" TO GET THE
COMPLETE GUIDE.

ALSO BUILT FOR FIXER/RESCUER: WORKPLACE
TOOLKIT FOR FIXER/RESCUER.

THE SAME DEPTH. THE SAME PRECISION.
APPLIED TO A DIFFERENT ARENA OF YOUR
LIFE.

SEARCH FOR "WORKPLACE TOOLKIT FOR
FIXER/RESCUER" TO FIND IT.

YOU WERE DRAWN TO THIS GUIDE FOR A
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