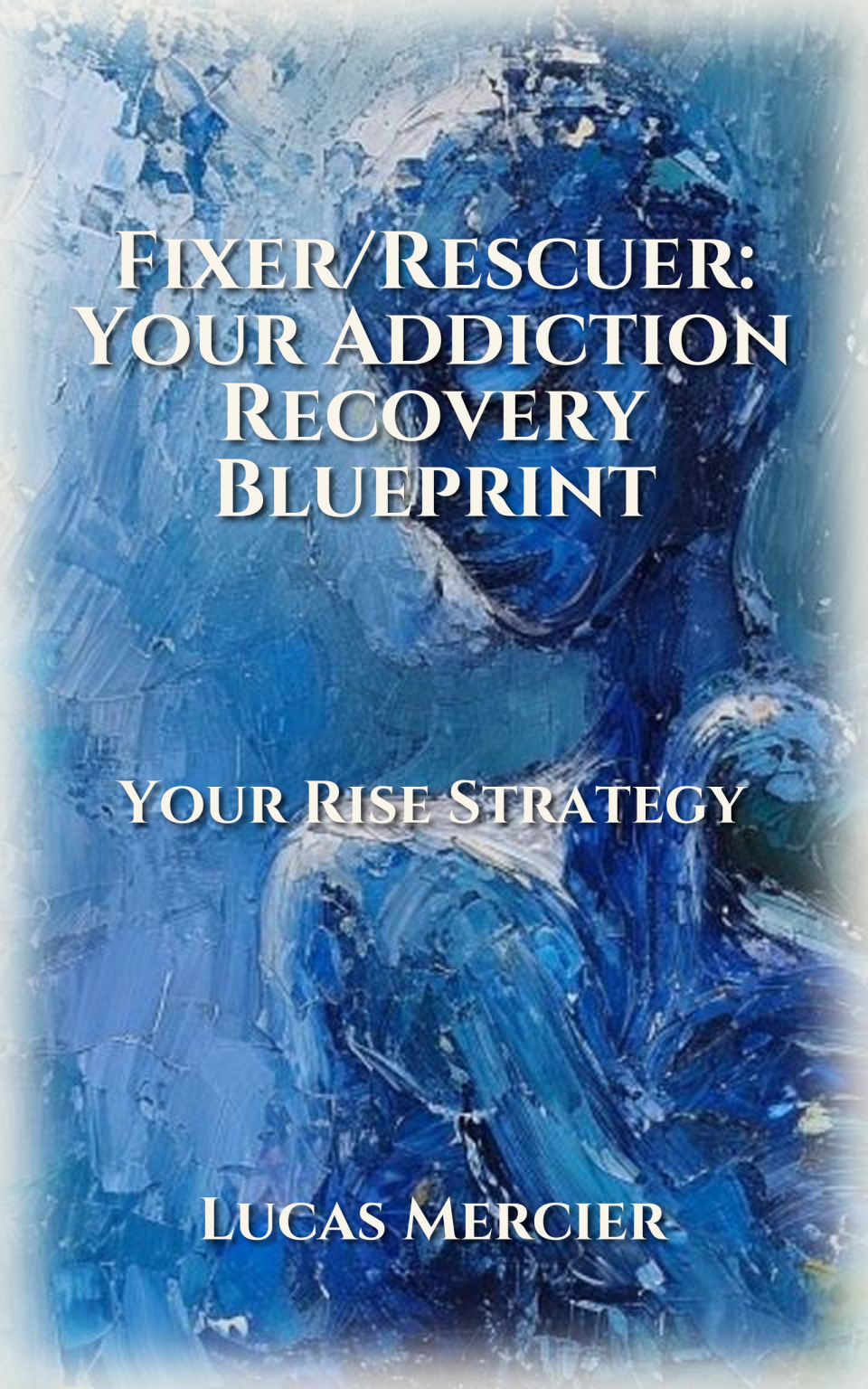


The background of the entire cover is an abstract, textured composition of various shades of blue and white. The texture resembles thick, expressive brushstrokes or perhaps a close-up of a rough, painted surface. The colors range from deep, dark blues to lighter, almost white highlights, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is one of raw, emotional energy, which complements the themes of addiction and recovery suggested by the title.

FIXER/RESCUER: YOUR ADDICTION RECOVERY BLUEPRINT

YOUR RISE STRATEGY

LUCAS MERCIER

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CHAPTER 1

THE FIXER/RESCUER SOURCE: DIRECTING YOUR ESSENCE

The text message landed just as you were finally sinking into the deep, deserved quiet that sobriety demanded. It was a frantic cascade of emojis and capital letters detailing an emergency shift coverage needed at the residential facility where your friend, Mark, was currently housed. Apparently, their primary support person had canceled last minute, leaving a gaping hole in the schedule that couldn't be filled by anyone else available within an hour. Your chest tightened with the familiar, almost physical ache of obligation mixed with genuine panic for Mark. You know the protocols; you are supposed to be deep in your own aftercare work this week, scheduled for mandatory rest days following a particularly brutal detox period where your body finally started remembering how to breathe on its own terms. Still, the plea was so urgent, painting such a vivid picture of institutional chaos if you didn't step in. You felt that instinctive surge—the one

that whispers, *only you can handle this*; the belief that your unique blend of competence and sheer willpower makes you indispensable to their stability. Responding immediately, before fully considering the depletion of your own reserves, you typed out a series of assurances, detailing exactly how you would manage the intake paperwork, cover the group therapy facilitation, and even coordinate the medication rounds for the next forty-eight hours. The weight of that unspoken promise settled over you like a heavy, comforting blanket woven from expectation. You were volunteering to pour yourself into someone else's structure when your own scaffolding was screaming for maintenance. This constant readiness, this reflex to jump into the breach before anyone even realizes there's a gap, felt less like caring and more like preemptive self-exhaustion, a dangerous habit you hadn't managed to dismantle yet.

The pattern became almost predictable, an exhausting little dance of avoidance punctuated by your reluctant heroism. One Tuesday afternoon, after spending three hours in scheduled individual therapy meant to help you process the grief of lost years, another request materialized via group chat. This time, it wasn't a life-or-death facility crisis, but a series of nagging

dependencies: covering an evening psychoeducation session because two other volunteers were suddenly indisposed, and then, later that day, being asked to drive someone who had missed their crucial morning medication pickup across town in the rain. You felt the familiar friction building behind your eyes—the boundary lines you’d painstakingly erected around your own recovery time kept getting gently, persistently nudged back into place by sheer need. Inside, a small, terrified voice warned you that saying ‘no’ would trigger an avalanche of disappointment, perhaps even withdrawal from support entirely. Nevertheless, the narrative running through your mind was one of necessary sacrifice: *It’s just this once; it will only take an hour.* You found yourself agreeing to everything, cataloging each commitment like a debt owed by everyone else to you. Observing how quickly others accepted these extensions—how little they seemed to notice the strain accumulating in your shoulders or the tightness around your jaw—made a cold knot form in your stomach. Confronting it felt monumental; articulating the need for space when the immediate alternative was perceived failure felt impossible, so you simply agreed, allowing yourself to be pulled back into the gravitational pull of other people’s emergencies,

mistaking compliance for connection.

The inevitable friction point arrived during a scheduled check-in with your therapist, Dr. Elena Vargas. You had finally managed to carve out a solid block of time, guarding it fiercely as if it were the last clean breath in the room, and you sat down, ready to unpack weeks of internal turmoil. Yet, midway through discussing the patterns of self-sabotage that kept you cycling back toward old habits, your phone buzzed with an urgent text from your sponsor. A crucial relapse scare had occurred at a nearby sober living house; someone needed immediate transport to an unscheduled assessment center, and only you were reliably available within twenty minutes. You watched Dr. Vargas's calm expression falter almost imperceptibly as you excused yourself mid-sentence, the weight of the perceived emergency pulling you away from the delicate work of self-reflection. When you finally returned, breathless and slightly frayed at the edges, she didn't chastise you directly; instead, her gaze held a profound disappointment that stung sharper than any critique could have. Later that week, another last-minute crisis—a roommate needing emergency transportation to an intake clinic when your recovery appointments were

scheduled—caused you to reschedule with minimal notice again. Each time you broke the appointment for something external, the quiet residue of guilt started to build, not from the actual crises themselves, but from the perceived failure to uphold the sacred time set aside just for *you*.

The tension finally spilled over during a seemingly innocuous dinner with your partner. The conversation had drifted into the details of the recent week—the near-misses, the moments where you felt the old grips tightening around your chest, the sheer exhaustion of constantly managing other people's crises. You found yourself needing to articulate how draining it was to be on constant high alert for everyone else's stability. Instead of explaining the depth of the emotional labor involved in maintaining boundaries with recovering addicts, however, the conversation veered sharply. Your partner listened, nodding occasionally, before offering a gentle, dismissive wave of the hand. "Honey," she said, her tone pitched as if addressing a child having a tantrum, "you are always so dramatic about these things. Honestly, this whole 'recovery' thing—the constant stress, the rescheduled appointments—it sounds exhausting. You were just having some bad moods last week; it's all going

to blow over." The casual minimization landed like physical blows across your ribs. Hearing that profound struggle reduced to mere emotional fluctuation, a passing mood swing, was devastating. You realized then how much of your recent effort had been invisible—the careful negotiation with counselors, the boundary enforcement against pleas for help you couldn't refuse, all brushed aside as nothing more than overreacting. That evening, you sat in silence, understanding that protecting yourself wasn't just about managing cravings; it was about demanding that your own reality be seen as substantial enough to withstand casual dismissal.

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 ADDICTION
RECOVERY. CHAPTER 4 NAMES THE STAKES —
WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN YOU IGNORE THIS.

CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL ADDICTION
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: YOUR
ADDICTION RECOVERY BLUEPRINT" 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
REASON.

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