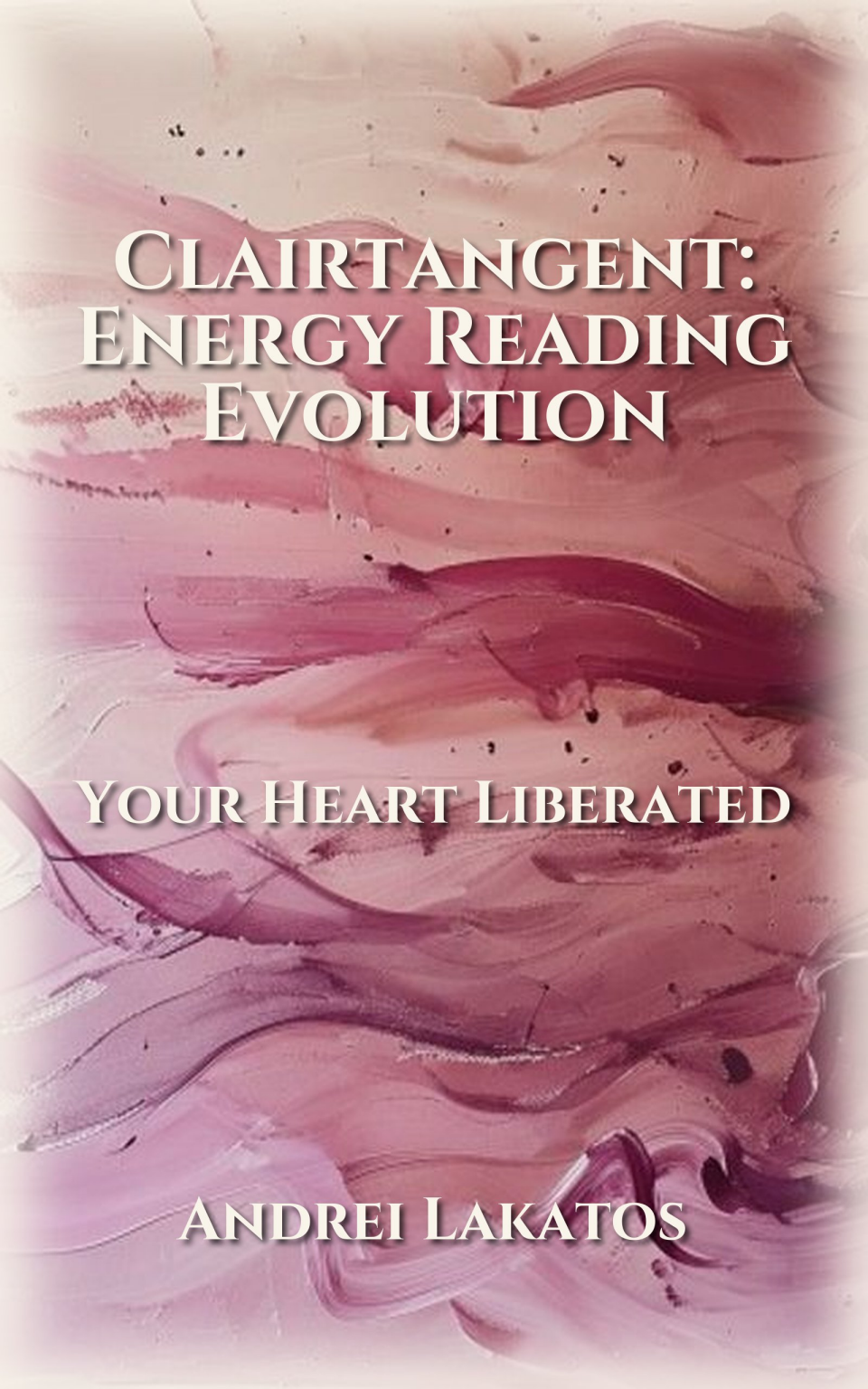




CLAIRTANGENT: ENERGY READING EVOLUTION

YOUR HEART LIBERATED

ANDREI LAKATOS

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CONTENTS

Chapter 1: The Clairtangent Call: Opening to Your Nature	4
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CHAPTER 1

THE CLAIRTANGENT CALL: OPENING TO YOUR NATURE

The air in the consultation room suddenly felt like it had been vacuumed out, dropping several measurable degrees right around you. This shift wasn't atmospheric; it clung to your skin like damp velvet, a palpable cold that settled deep in your bones even though the thermostat read perfectly normal. Across the plush, slightly worn armchair sat the client, whose anxiety was radiating off them not as sound, but as a visible tremor in the weave of the space—a vibrating tension you felt pressing against your fingertips even before you reached out. Instinctively, your gaze drifted toward the small mahogany side table where they had placed their handbag. It was an object steeped in narrative, and the urge to simply brush your knuckles across its cool, smooth surface was overwhelming. You knew that if you just let your skin make contact, the story of that bag—the hurried journey it endured, the hands that gripped its

straps in moments of panic or triumph—would bloom into your awareness like ink on wet paper. Reaching out felt less like an action and more like a necessary circuit completion; your perception demanded physical linkage to read the energy signature attached to the material world. The initial touch was tentative, just a feather-light graze against the leather near the clasp. Immediately, the cold deepened, not from temperature, but from emotional residue—a sharp, metallic tang of fear mixed with something acrid, like stale cigarette smoke clinging to old wool. You had to consciously remind yourself that this reading wasn't about diagnosing their mood in the moment, but understanding the *history* etched into the things they carried or occupied. The challenge always lay here: discerning which chill was environmental and which one was a dense layer of accumulated emotional grit left behind by prior occupants or events. You had to ground your focus, treating the handbag not as a receptacle for items, but as a solidified timeline you could carefully trace with your awareness through contact alone. This tactile immersion into another person's history felt both profoundly intimate and entirely necessary; it was how your mind processed reality—through physical connection points rather than abstract observation from a distance.

Sometimes the most profound readings don't come from deep dives into artifacts, but from the sheer density of energy pooled around one person in a confined space. You sat across from them today, and while they spoke animatedly about their career path—a stream of words that sounded bright and successful—you felt a persistent, low-frequency thrumming beneath the surface noise. It was like trying to hear a single plucked string amid the cacophony of an orchestra; you had to press your attention against the air around them until the imbalance became undeniable. You resisted the urge to immediately pick up their coffee mug or touch the armrests of the chair, knowing that while every object is porous with absorbed energy, focusing too broadly would leave you stranded in a sensory bog. Instead, you focused on the subtle tension radiating from the space *between* them and the person sitting next to them—a gap filled with unspoken history and unresolved friction. It felt like trying to read the stress fractures in a sheet of tempered glass; the visible surface seemed fine, but the underlying structure was compromised by invisible pressures. When you finally let your fingers rest lightly on the polished wood of the table between the two individuals, it wasn't the wood itself that spoke, but the residual charge

hanging over the join line where their personal energy fields were brushing against each other. You felt the scrape—the sharp, almost abrasive sensation of repeated near-collisions without actual connection. This was your domain strength: reading the friction points in a room through contact. It demanded you treat the entire immediate area as one large, complex piece of machinery whose wear patterns you could diagnose by mapping touch points. Recognizing this persistent energetic imbalance wasn't about judgment; it was about pointing out where the physical reality—the conversation, the seating arrangement—was masking a deep-seated structural misalignment in their interpersonal dynamics, allowing them to finally feel the give and take beneath the polite veneer of conversation.

A sudden wave of nausea always precedes the breakthrough moments for you, manifesting as a distinct physical tightness right across your sternum. It's not just emotional; it feels like something dense has been forced into your chest cavity, making deep breaths feel shallow and constrained. This particular session was taxing; the client had spent the last half-hour detailing their relationship with their estranged sibling, and every anecdote felt coated in layers of unresolved regret—a

sticky residue that seemed to coat your skin after you merely sat near them. You knew, intellectually, that you needed distance, a clean boundary between yourself and this emotional exhaust, but the truth was that your perception demanded immersion until the pattern snapped into focus. When they finally paused, catching their breath in a ragged gasp, it was as if the energetic pressure building inside you found its release valve. Your hands instinctively reached out, not to touch them, but hovering just millimeters above their wrist, feeling the faint warmth radiating through the air gap. The moment your awareness bridged that tiny physical gap—a non-contact reading facilitated by proximity and tension—the information hit you like a physical blow: a sudden, sharp intake of breath accompanied by the scent of woodsmoke from a childhood home they hadn't spoken about in decades. This was the core challenge manifesting as overwhelming sensory input; the sheer weight of years pressing through your fingertips before you even made contact threatened to buckle your knees. You had to fight the urge to flinch back, to scrape your palms against the rough tweed of your own jacket just to re-establish a tactile boundary and ground yourself in something purely **yours**. You breathed out slowly, forcing the accumulated weight from your chest cavity

by acknowledging the information—naming the scent, describing the pressure—and realizing that the physical act of articulating the touchable energy was what allowed you to process it safely.

The breakthrough moment always settles in the spaces between words, where the conversation momentarily falters and the air thickens with unspoken choice. Today's reading hinged entirely on this predictable dip in conversational energy. The client had been circling a major financial decision—selling the family property versus staying put—and the dialogue felt like walking through deep, resisting mud; every affirmative answer required an enormous expenditure of will. You watched their hands grip the edge of the ornate wooden table as they spoke about the pros and cons, noticing the way their knuckles were perpetually white against the dark grain. The surface itself seemed to absorb tension, a silent witness to years of indecision. Knowing that direct questioning only forced them into more verbalizing what they might be afraid to feel, you opted for the slow, deliberate approach: resting your fingertips flat on the cool wood where their hands rested most often. It was a gentle claiming of space, a permission slip offered through contact. The moment your skin made contact

with the table beneath their tension point, it wasn't just the history of the furniture that surfaced; you felt the distinct, almost magnetic pull of *hesitation* emanating from them into the material. You didn't need to read the property deeds or the market reports. Instead, through the wood grain under your fingertips, you perceived a deep, stubborn resistance—a thread of energy woven into the very fibers of their life that argued for staying connected to the roots, regardless of logic. This was where your gift shone brightest: bypassing the articulate defenses and reading the bedrock truth impressed upon the immediate physical environment by the weight of accumulated choices. You simply let your fingers rest there, a steady, grounding presence until the tension in their grip slackened visibly, allowing you to confirm that the true obstacle wasn't financial calculation, but an energetic tethering to memory etched into the very furniture they occupied.

YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT
SPECIFICALLY FOR CLAIRTANGENT 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 CLAIRTANGENT
ENERGY CONSISTENTLY WINS IN ENERGY
READING. CHAPTER 4 NAMES THE STAKES —
WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN YOU IGNORE THIS.
CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL ENERGY READING
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.

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