

THE PARASITE AND THE QUANTUM LEAP.



Legal Notices

Legal Notice

Title: THE PARASITE AND THE QUANTUM LEAP

Author: Alireza Shahsavarkhani

Year of Publication: 2026

Format: E-book (PDF)

Language: German

Contact:

Email: [alireza@deep-mirroring.com]

Website: www.deep-mirroring.com

Location: Bangkok, Thailand

Copyright

© 2026 Alireza Shahsavarkhani

All rights reserved.

This work, including all its parts, is protected by copyright. Any use beyond the narrow limits of copyright law is prohibited without the author's consent and is punishable by law.

This applies in particular to:

- Reproductions
- Translations
- Microfilm copies
- Storage and processing in electronic systems
- Making available to the public

Exception for personal use:

This e-book may be downloaded, saved, and printed for personal, non-commercial use. Sharing with individuals for non-commercial purposes is permitted, provided the content remains unchanged and the author is credited.

Disclaimer

No medical or therapeutic advice

The contents of this book are intended solely for the author's information and self-reflection. They do **not** constitute **medical, psychological, or therapeutic advice** and do not replace diagnosis or treatment by qualified professionals.

If you are suffering from psychological distress, trauma, depression, or other health issues, please seek professional help from:

- Psychotherapists
- Psychiatrists
- Doctors
- Counseling centers

No guarantee of accuracy

The author has written this book to the best of his knowledge and belief. It is based on personal experiences, insights, and reflections.

No warranty is provided for:

- The accuracy of the psychological concepts presented
- The applicability of the content to other individuals
- The completeness or timeliness of the information

No liability for consequences

The author assumes **no liability** for:

- Direct or indirect damages resulting from the use or non-use of the information in this book
- Decisions made by readers based on reading this book
- Psychological or physical reactions to the content

Trigger warning

This book addresses topics such as:

- Child abuse
- Psychological abuse
- Trauma
- Self-hatred
- Panic attacks
- Toxic family dynamics

If you are affected by these issues and do not feel stable enough to read the book, please take the time you need, or read it with a trusted person or therapist.

Privacy

Anonymization

All individuals described in this book—with the exception of the author—have been anonymized. Any resemblance to real persons is unintentional, unless explicitly referring to the author himself.

No Data Collection

This e-book **does not** collect, store, or process **any personal data** from the reader.

References

This book is based on:

- The author's personal experiences
- The author's own reflections and analyses
- Publicly available knowledge about psychological mechanisms

Where psychological or therapeutic concepts are mentioned (e.g., "introjection," "parasite," "mechanics of fate"), these are metaphorical or simplified representations that the author uses to describe his experiences.

These terms do not claim to be scientifically precise.

Contact and Feedback

The author welcomes feedback, questions, or personal stories from readers.

Contact:

[alireza@talk2god4you.com]

Note:

The author cannot offer therapeutic counseling or support. In the event of an acute crisis, please contact:

Germany:

- Telephone Counseling: 0800 111 0 111 or 0800 111 0 222 (24/7, toll-free)
- Children and Youth Helpline: 116 111

Austria:

- Crisis Hotline: 142 (24/7)

Switzerland:

- The Helping Hand: 143 (24/7)

International:

- Befrienders Worldwide: <https://www.befrienders.org>
-

License for redistribution

This e-book may be shared under the following conditions:

Permitted:

- Personal printing and archiving
- Citing with attribution (author and title)

Not permitted:

- Commercial sale or distribution
 - Altering the content
 - Removal of the author's name
 - Use in commercial projects without written permission
-

If you have any questions regarding usage, please contact the author.

As of January 2026

FOREWORD

Two Books, One Journey

This book was actually supposed to be two books.

The first—*The Parasite Within Me*—was my attempt to understand what had happened to me. Ten essays on the mechanics of self-hatred, on the system that had controlled me for almost my entire life, on the question: How does the prison in which I lived for 37 years work?

The second—*The Quantum Leap*—was my story. Twelve chapters about how I ended up in that prison, how I lived there, how I broke down, and how I—against all odds—escaped.

Theory and practice. Understanding and experience. The what and the how.

But as I wrote both books, as I jumped back and forth between essays and chapters, something became clear to me: These are not two different stories. This is a

single journey, told from two perspectives. And this journey needs both—analytical understanding and raw, biographical truth.

So I brought them together.

What this book is (and what it isn't)

This book is personal—but not in a voyeuristic sense.

You won't find any names. No detailed descriptions of specific events that read like a thriller. No accusations against specific people, no dramatic scenes, no “and then she said...” and “and then he did...”

That is a conscious decision. Not out of cowardice, not to protect anyone, but because **details distract from what really matters: the mechanics.**

What you'll find in this book is something else—something far more personal than any specific name or event. You'll find:

The patterns of my life. How I built relationships. How I was always the one who carried the burden. How I learned that “carrying the burden alone” means “we stay together.”

The mechanics of my thinking. How the parasite in my head speaks. How the inner perpetrator was installed. How hate was relabeled as love so that I could survive.

The structure of my prison. Not the bars made of events, but the invisible walls made of beliefs, of neural highways, of conditioned reactions.

The moment of my breakdown. Not what exactly happened, but what a system feels like when it collapses. What it's like when, after 38 years, everything suddenly becomes visible.

My way out. Not step-by-step, not as a guide, but as a testimony: This is how it felt. This is how I experienced it. This is how it was for me.

That is the kind of perspective this book offers. It is the map of my inner world—not a chronicle of external events. It is the mechanics of my fate—not the drama of my life.

And paradoxically, that is exactly why you will recognize yourself in it. Because toxic systems are not the same in their details, but in their structure. Because your ex-

girlfriend isn't my ex-girlfriend, but the mechanics could be the same. Because the names don't matter—what counts is the pattern.

What this book is not

This book is not therapy. I am not a therapist, not a psychologist, not a coach with the right credentials and the right training. I am someone who spent 38 years in a prison that most people cannot see, and who—for reasons I don't fully understand myself—escaped.

This book is not a success story in the traditional sense. There is no Hollywood happy ending waiting at the end, no complete healing, no “and they lived happily ever after.” What awaits is truth—raw, complicated, sometimes hopeful, sometimes brutal.

This book is not an indictment of specific individuals. You won't find any villains, no clear division between good and evil, no perpetrator to hate, and no victim to pity. What you will find is something more complex: an analysis of how toxic systems function, and the uncomfortable truth that we are all—in different ways—part of these systems.

And this book is definitely not an easy read. It will be triggering if you've experienced something similar yourself. It will be painful if you recognize yourself in the patterns. It will be provocative if you think your situation is “different.”

How this book came to be

The essays came first—as an attempt to make sense of the chaos in my head, as an attempt to understand why I am the way I am. They are reflective, analytical, sometimes almost academic.

The chapters came later—when I was ready to tell the actual story, not just the theory. They are raw, biographical, emotional. But even there, the focus isn't on “what happened,” but on “how it felt” and “what patterns emerged.”

This book wasn't planned. It wasn't written with the intention of lecturing or healing others. It was written because I had to—because the silence had become unbearable, because the truth wanted to come out, because I finally wanted to understand what the hell had happened to me.

Who this book is for

This book is for the 0.1 percent—for those who have a chance to break free from the system that holds them captive.

It's for those who lie awake at night asking themselves: "Am I crazy? Is it really as bad as it feels? Or am I overreacting?" No, you're not overreacting. Yes, it is that bad. And no, you're not crazy.

It's for those who've already read a hundred self-help books and still can't break free because those books ask the wrong question. They ask, "How can you love yourself more?" The right question is, "Why do you hate yourself in the first place?"

It's for those who have already made it out and are asking themselves: "Was that real? Did that really happen? Or did I just imagine it all?" It was real. It happened. And you're not alone.

And it is for the few who are willing to hear uncomfortable truths—about responsibility, about perpetrators and victims, about the role we all play in the toxic systems in which we live.

If you recognize yourself in these patterns—in the way I've managed relationships, in the mechanics of self-hatred, in the feeling of carrying the burden alone—then this book is for you. Even if your story looks different. Even if the details don't match. The patterns are universal. The mechanics are the same.

A Warning

This book contains explicit descriptions of psychological abuse, gaslighting, toxic family patterns, self-hatred, and its mechanisms. If you have experienced something similar yourself, it will be triggering. If you are currently in an acute crisis, now may not be the right time for this book.

In case of immediate danger—don't read. Take action. Call the police. Call the helpline (08000 116 016). Go to a women's shelter. The book can wait. Your safety cannot wait.

If you feel like it's becoming too much—put the book down. Breathe. Go for a walk. Call a friend. Your mental health is more important than reading through any book.

One last thought before the journey

I didn't write this book because I think I'm special. I wrote it because I am—one of the few who managed to make the statistically improbable leap through the wall.

And if I managed it, so can you.

Maybe not today. Maybe not tomorrow. Maybe not for another year, or two, when the conditions are right, when the moment arrives, when the impossible becomes possible for a fraction of a second.

But the door exists. Prison is not inevitable. The quantum tunnel is real. That's all I can tell you. That's all you need to know.

The rest—the rest is up to you.

Alireza Shahsavarkhani
Bangkok, January 2026

*For the 38 years that were survived. And
for the life that is now beginning.*

Glossary

Key Terms in This Book

This book uses certain terms and metaphors to describe complex psychological mechanisms. Here is a brief explanation of the most important concepts:

The Parasite

What is it?

The "parasite" is a metaphor for the **self-hatred mechanism** that becomes embedded in the nervous system due to toxic environments.

Psychological equivalent:

- Introjection of the perpetrator (object relations theory)
- Punitive parent mode (schema therapy)
- Internal Critic (Internal Family Systems)

How does it work?

The parasite:

- Uses your own energy to attack you
- Speaks with your voice (which is why you don't recognize it)
- Is a 100% reflection of external hatred turned inward
- Continues to operate autonomously, even after the external perpetrators are long gone

Important:

The parasite is **not a part of you**. It is a **foreign entity** that was installed to ensure your survival.

The Mechanics (of Fate)

What is it?

The "mechanism" describes the **automatic, programmed behavior** that arises from traumatic experiences.

How does it work?

- **Input:** Toxic environment (violence, rejection, contempt)
- **Processing:** The nervous system installs defense mechanisms (self-hatred, parasitic behavior)
- **Output:** Automatic reactions (self-sabotage, toxic relationships, compulsion to repeat)

Why "mechanism"?

Because it is not spiritual or fateful, but rather a **logical, automatic reaction** of the nervous system to impossible conditions.

Important:

The mechanism is **nothing mystical**. It is pure cause and effect. And it can be broken.

External Perpetrators vs. Internal Perpetrators

External Perpetrators:

The people (usually parents, family) who:

- have used violence
- Rejected you
- Installed the parasite through their behavior

Internal perpetrator:

The parasite in its **active form**. The voice inside you that:

- Insults you
- Keeps you down
- Sabotages you

Important:

The inner perpetrator is the **internalization** of the external perpetrators. It speaks with their words, but uses your energy.

Grace

What is it?

Grace is the moment when the mechanism breaks down **without a logical explanation**.

How does it manifest?

- The parasite suddenly loses its power
- You wake up, even though you “don’t deserve” it
- The cycle is interrupted, even though mechanically it should have continued forever

Why “grace”?

Because it **is not a matter of merit**. You did not “work hard enough” or “use the right techniques.”

It is a gift that you cannot force. Psychological classification:

- Spontaneous remission (unexplained healing)
- Breakthrough in therapy
- Moment of deep insight

Important:

Grace is not a religious concept in this book. It is the recognition that **some things do not happen through willpower alone.**

The Zero Point / Neutrality

What is it?

The state in which **judgment ceases.** **How**

does that feel?

- No more self-hatred (Minus)
- No forced self-love (Plus)
- Simply: **Being there**

Psychological equivalent:

- Radical acceptance (DBT)
- Equanimity (Buddhism)
- Self-compassion without performance (Kristin Neff)

Important:

The zero point is not “feeling nothing.” It is **peace.** The absence of inner conflict.

The Architects

What is that?

The “Architects” are the **external perpetrators** who created the system in which the parasite was installed.

Typical roles:

- The **visible perpetrator** (e.g., the abusive father)
- The **invisible manipulator** (e.g., the narcissistic mother)

Important:

Often, only the visible perpetrator is recognized. But the invisible manipulator is frequently **more dangerous** because they operate in the shadows.

The space of stability

What is it?

An **environment** (physical or metaphorical) in which:

- No attacks take place
- No performance is required
- Time exists without pressure

How does it work?

Through **co-regulation**: When the nervous system spends enough time in a safe space, it begins to learn: *The war is over.*

Important:

The space of stability is not a therapy room. It is an **atmosphere** that can arise anywhere—in relationships, at home, in communities.

The Switch (Hate = Love)

What is it?

The moment when the child's nervous system creates an **impossible equation** to survive:

Hate = Love

Why does this happen?

When the source of security (parents) is simultaneously the source of pain, the child must relabel the pain as "love"—otherwise, the psyche would collapse.

Consequence:

The nervous system learns:

- Pain = Connection
- Hate = Belonging
- Self-hatred = self-love

Important:

This is not a conscious decision. It is an **automatic survival strategy**.

Introjection

What is it?

The complete internalization of external behavior.

Example:

- Externally: "You are worthless" (from the parents)
- Internally: "I am worthless" (from the parasite)

Important:

Introjection is **not imitation**. It is a **100% mirroring**. The child not only adopts the behavior but makes it their own operating system.

Compulsion to repeat

What is it?

The unconscious tendency **to repeat traumatic patterns**.

Examples:

- People choose partners who treat them badly
- People sabotage success just before it happens
- People stay in toxic environments even though they suffer

Why does this happen?

Because the parasite has defined the "familiar" as "safe." Chaos feels "right" because it is familiar.

Important:

The compulsion to repeat is **not a character flaw**. It is part of the mechanism.

Co-regulation

What is it?

The ability **to influence another person's nervous system** simply by being present.

Example:

- You're sitting next to someone who is calm → your nervous system calms down
- You sit next to someone who is panicking → your nervous system becomes agitated

Important:

People who have broken free from the mechanics can become **anchors of stability** for others—simply through their presence.

The Dignity of Survival

What is that?

The realization that **survival in itself is already dignity**. **Not:**

- Survival + Success = Dignity

- Survival + self-love = dignity
- Survival + forgiveness = dignity

But rather:

- **Survival = Dignity**

Important:

You don't have to "achieve" anything to be dignified. The fact that you're still breathing is enough.

Summary

This glossary is designed to help you understand the book's central concepts.

But remember:

These terms are **metaphors**, not scientific diagnoses. They are meant to **make experiences tangible**, not to pigeonhole you into categories.

If you want to learn more about the psychological background of these concepts, check out the **resource appendix** at the end of the book.

Language shapes reality. If you can name the parasite, you can expose it.

THE PARASITE AND THE QUANTUM LEAP

From the Mechanics of Fate to Freedom

By Alireza Shahsavarkhani

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD

Two Books, One Journey

PART 1: THE MECHANICS OF THE PARASITE

Essay 1: Thirty-Seven Years

The Day the Mechanics Broke Down – The Stolen Time and the Switch

Essay 2: The Parasite

The invisible system that controls your life

Essay 3: The Architects

Who Built the Prison? From Installation to Autonomy

Essay 4: God's Grace

The 0.1% Probability – Why So Few Escape

PART 2: THE QUANTUM LEAP

THE TRAP

Chapter 1: The Lone Entertainer

How I Learned to Carry Relationships on My Own

Chapter 2: When Disrespect Becomes Currency

The System of Contempt and the Hate-Equals-Love Switch

Chapter 3: The False Self

38 Years of Deprivation – How I Became the Prison I Lived In

THE MECHANICS

Chapter 4: The Quantum Tunnel Effect

The Physical Truth Behind Liberation – The 0.1% in Action

Chapter 5: The Mechanics of Destiny

Why Fate Is Not Spiritual, But Mechanical

Chapter 6: The Trauma Bond

Why Toxicity Feels Like Home – Pain as Bonding

THE BREAKTHROUGH

Chapter 7: The Moment of Realization

Something Collapsed—The Day the Pattern Became Visible

Chapter 8: The End of the False Self

The Crack That Spreads – One Year After the Collapse

Chapter 9: The Observer

Who is observing the pattern? The birth of a new identity

Chapter 10: Priceless

1 in 1 Billion – Why True Transformation Cannot Be Sold

FOR OTHERS

Chapter 11: Warning Signs

The 10 Signs of Toxic Relationships – For Those Still in Them

Chapter 12: The Exit

It feels like dying—but the exit is the beginning of your life

PART 3: REFLECTIONS

What Comes After Waking Up

Essay 5: The Trap of Self-Love

Why “Love Yourself” Doesn’t Work When the Parasite Is Still Alive

Essay 6: The Simple Life

What Happens When the Battle Is Over—The Calm After the Storm

Essay 7: The Space of Stability

How healing works from the outside in—against the deception of self-help

Essay 8: The Dignity of Survival

Why You Don’t Have to Prove Anything—On Pride Without Shame

Essay 9: The Open End

The journey continues – there is no “cured,” only freer

Essay 10: Letter to the Prisoner

For those who are still inside – a final word of hope

AFTERWORD

What Comes After the Quantum Leap

RESOURCES

Help with violence and crises:

- Helpline for Violence Against Women: 08000 116 016
 - Telephone Counseling: 0800 111 0 111 / 0800 111 0 222
 - Police emergency number: 110
-

A work about self-hatred, toxic relationships, and liberation.

PART 1

Essay 1: Thirty-Seven Years

The Day the Mechanics Broke

At 37, you wake up and realize: Your entire life has been a lie.

Not the lie that others told you. But the lie that your own nervous system constructed to keep you alive. A lie so perfectly disguised that you mistook it for your identity.

For nearly four decades.

This is no gentle awakening. It's a shock that leaves you in ruins. When you realize that the voice in your head—the one that berates you every day, keeps you down, sabotages you—is not your own voice, but an *installed program*, reality collapses.

And with it comes the question: **What the hell have I actually been doing all these years?**

The Stolen Time

Thirty-seven years.

These aren't just numbers. That's a lifetime. Those are the years in which other people:

- Freely explored their identity
- Experienced lightheartedness and adventure
- Built foundations for trust and relationships
- Build careers, fail, start over
- *Are simply allowed to be there*

But you? You were busy. Full-time. A 24/7 job with no pay, no vacation, no recognition.

You had to:

- Cope with panic attacks while others slept
- Piece together a shattered self-image every morning
- Fight against an invisible wall of self-hatred that felt like a second skin
- Spend energy just to survive, while others invested that energy in living

The vitality that others poured into dreams, love, or simple joy—you had to burn it just to keep from breaking down.

That's unfair.

There is no other word for it. It is a massive, undeserved deficit. A disadvantage that was handed to you long before you could even understand what a "self" is.

The Mechanism of Fate

Here is the bitter truth that most self-help books won't tell you: **Fate is not spiritual. Fate is mechanics.**

It is the sum of all the programs written into your nervous system long before you had a say in the matter. Input/output. Action/reaction. If a child experiences only violence, rejection, and contempt, the system automatically produces the only logical result: **self-hatred as a defense mechanism.**

Imagine being born into an environment that doesn't protect you, but attacks you. These attacks feel like being run over by a train—there is no escape, no rescue, no respite. You are at the mercy of a beast that does everything but kill you.

In this world, the child must make an impossible decision in order to survive psychologically.

The Switch: When Hate Becomes Love

The human brain is a master of adaptation. When the source of your safety (your parents, your family) is also the source of your pain, the child faces an unsolvable dilemma:

Acknowledging the truth—that you are rejected or tormented by the very people you need to survive—would mean psychological death.

So the brain makes a life-saving but toxic switch:

Hate = Love

By relabeling the hatred of others as “love,” the child can exist in a toxic world without losing their mind. It is the most radical form of adaptation. The price is high:

The hatred that should actually be directed outward finds no outlet. It turns inward. It is directed inward.

Your fate will be to hate yourself.

Not because you are a bad person. But because your nervous system has learned: *This pain is the only form of connection available to me.*

The blind spot

And here lies the insidious part: **We overlook this self-hatred because it has become part of our identity.**

When hatred has been labeled as “love,” self-hatred feels *right* and safe. We overlook it because we don't know there's an alternative.

He is the water in which the fish swims. A fish knows nothing about the water as long as it is swimming in it.

One considers this cruel treatment of oneself to be “one's own character,” yet it is merely outdated software. A mechanical stability of unhappiness.

Only when the pain becomes so great that the machine overheats—only then does it become visible. Only then do you ask yourself:

Wait... is that really me? Or is there something inside me that doesn't belong to me?

Taking Stock

Waking up at 37 means standing before this shambles and saying:

"Yes, they screwed it up. Yes, it was a crime against my lifetime."

It means allowing the anger. The grief. The sheer injustice of what has happened.

No hasty forgiveness. No spiritual bypassing. No pseudo-positivity. Just the naked truth: **nearly four decades were stolen.**

But—and here lies the power of awakening—the parasite *wanted* you to remain trapped in this trap until the end of your life.

The fact that you woke up at 37 means: The mechanism is broken. The program has encountered a critical error.

You have saved the rest of your life.

Being Human

There is one sentence that sums it all up:

"Being human isn't about how life treats us, but how we treat ourselves."

At first glance, that sounds like just another self-help cliché. But when you truly understand it, it's revolutionary.

You are not the victim of the train that ran you over. You are not the sum of what has been done to you. You are not the hatred that has been programmed into you.

You are the one capable of seeing through the mechanics.

The moment you realize: *"The voice that berates me is not my voice. It is the voice of those who ran me over back then"*—in that moment, the system loses its absolute power.

The perpetrator within you is exposed as a foreign entity. And with that, something new begins.

The End of the Illusion

This essay is the beginning of a journey. A journey deeper into the system that has controlled you for almost your entire life.

We will examine the **parasite** more closely. We will expose the **architects** of your fate. We will deconstruct the lie of **self-love**. And we will enter the **space of grace**, where the mechanics finally fall silent.

But for today, it is enough to know:

You have awakened.

And that, after 37 years, is already a miracle.

The journey has begun.

Essay 2: The Parasite

The Birth of the Inner Perpetrator

There is a moment in every toxic environment when the child faces an impossible choice:

Either the parents are the monster—or I am.

And because the child needs the parents to survive, because they depend on them like they depend on oxygen, the decision is always the same:

I am the monster.

In that moment, something is installed. Something that is implanted so deeply into the psyche that it becomes second nature. Psychologists call it an *introject*—the complete internalization of the external perpetrator.

But that doesn't quite capture it. It is more than just a psychological structure.

It is a parasite.

The 100-Percent Mirroring

Here is the terrifying truth: External behavior is not merely *observed*. It is not merely *learned*. It is **mirrored 100 percent internally and applied to oneself**.

If your environment treated you like trash, your inner operating system is programmed to treat yourself like trash.

If they mocked you—you mock yourself. If they hit you—you hit yourself (psychologically). If they made you feel like a burden—you become an unbearable burden to yourself.

This is not meant metaphorically. It is an exact replication.

The child cannot distinguish between “That is my parents’ wrong behavior” and “That is me.” They adopt the contempt one-to-one. The cruelty is imported, installed, and kept running with their own energy.

Energetic self-sufficiency

And this is where it gets insidious:

The original external perpetrator doesn’t even have to be present anymore.

They installed the software—but *you’re* now supplying the power.

You use your own life force, your own psychic energy, to continue the attacks against yourself. The parasite feeds off your substance. It uses your intelligence to find ever more subtle ways to keep you down.

That is the insidious thing about this system:

- Your parents may have been dead for a long time—the parasite lives on.
- You may be thousands of miles away—the parasite is always with you.
- You may be outwardly “successful”—the parasite sabotages you from within.

It is like a virus that reprograms your own cells so they work against you. And because it *speaks with your voice*, you don’t realize it is an intruder.

The blind spot: The unrecognized

Most people carry this parasite their entire lives without ever recognizing it as such.

They think:

- "I'm just self-critical" (No, you're self-destructive.)
- "I have high standards" (No, you're being whipped by an inner overseer)
- "I'm realistic" (No, you're speaking with the voice of those who wanted to destroy you.)

That is the **blind spot** we were talking about. The parasite remains invisible because it disguises itself as

"me."

And as long as it remains invisible, it has you under its control. It determines:

- Who you love (people who treat you badly feel “familiar”)
- What you believe you are capable of (nothing that goes beyond your “assigned role”)
- How you react to success (with self-sabotage, because “you don’t deserve it”)

This is the **compulsion to repeat**. You don’t repeat your traumatic history because you’re a masochist. You repeat it because the parasite has defined your “normal” and controls you emotionally from within.

The Mechanics of Stability

There is a reason why this system is so stable:

It requires no external maintenance.

Once installed, it runs autonomously. It is a closed loop:

1. The parasite attacks you
2. You feel bad
3. The “bad feeling” is taken as proof that the parasite is right
4. You attack yourself even harder
5. Back to step 1

That is **mechanical stability**. The system stabilizes itself through its own cruelty.

And the most insidious part: Any attempt to break out of this cycle is interpreted by the parasite as “betrayal.” When you start being kind to yourself, it screams:

“Who do you think you are? You don’t deserve this. You’re a failure/a burden/unworthy.”

The parasite *must* keep you down. Because if you wake up, it dies.

The Collective Epidemic

Here comes the shocking realization:

Almost everyone carries a version of this parasite within them.

The intensity varies. Some have a small, quiet parasite that only whispers occasionally. Others—like you, perhaps—have a monstrous system that roars, rages, and controls their entire lives.

But the mechanism is the same.

When you walk through the world and observe people who:

- Work themselves to the bone at their jobs, even though they have enough
- Staying in toxic relationships even though they’re suffering
- Sabotage their dreams just before they succeed
- Are ashamed of things that aren’t their fault

...then you see the work of the parasite.

We are a society of people who punish themselves with the cruelty of their past.

Stress, burnout, depression, aggression toward others—these are often just desperate attempts to numb the inner parasite or deflect the pressure outward.

The tragic hero

But before we declare the parasite to be nothing but an enemy, we must acknowledge an uncomfortable truth:

It was once your protector.

Yes, the system is cruel. Yes, it has stolen decades from you. But it was not created out of malice.

It was born out of **sheer desperation**.

When you were a child in that unbearable situation—overwhelmed, helpless, destroyed—there was no rescue from the outside. So your psyche created a rescue from within.

A part of you said:

"I will punish myself so harshly, I will hate myself so profoundly, that I will adapt perfectly to their cruelty. If I become the perpetrator myself, they can no longer surprise me. If I destroy myself, I take the weapon out of their ."

That was the birth of the parasite.

It was like heavy, spiky armor that you had to put on as a child to survive the blows. The problem: You can't take the armor off on your own. It grows tight. And later, you forget you're wearing it and believe the spikes are your own skin.

The Decision

If you understand this—if you truly grasp that the parasite was both your enemy *and* your desperate protector—then you're at a turning point.

You can look it in the eye and say:

"Thank you for saving me. Thank you for channeling that unbearable pain for me when I was too small. But the war is over. I don't need this protection anymore."

That is the moment when the parasite loses its food source. Not through struggle. Not through violence against yourself.

But through **acknowledgment and release.**

It is allowed to retire.

The Hunger for Nothing

When the parasite no longer receives energy, something strange happens:

The energy it loses, you gain.

It's like a law of energy conservation in the psyche. When the life force no longer flows into the war against yourself, it returns to its original owner:

To you.

And suddenly a feeling arises that you may never have had before:

That it's nice to be here. That you're welcome. That you have a right to exist without having to justify yourself.

No more hatred. That is often enough.

We don't need ecstatic self-love. We don't need achievement, no "improvement," no optimization.

We only need the absence of the parasite.

Neutrality. The zero point. The end of effort.

What comes next?

We have now seen *what* the parasite is and *how* it works. But there

is still one burning question:

Who installed it? And why?

In the next essay, we'll dig deeper. We'll take a look at the **architects** of your fate—the people who put you at a disadvantage and then made fun of you because you had to limp.

We'll go where it hurts.

But only because the truth is waiting there.

The unmasking begins.

Essay 3: The Architects

Trigger warning

This essay describes **psychological manipulation, emotional abuse, and toxic family dynamics** in very direct language.

Topics:

- Mockery by Perpetrators
- Manipulation in family systems
- Emotional abuse by the "invisible" mother figure
- Manipulation of family members

If you're feeling acutely unstable right now, skip this essay. You can always come back to it later.

In times of crisis: Use the resources in the appendix.

The Weight of the Stones

Imagine someone having heavy stones packed into their backpack while everyone else is allowed to walk with an empty one.

Every second, that person has to expend enormous amounts of energy just to walk upright. All their life force goes into merely maintaining a facade of normality.

And then those who packed the stones come along, point their fingers, and mock:

"Why are you so slow?" "Why are you so heavy?" "Why can't you just be normal?"

That is the perversion of the perpetrators.

They inflict harm on you. And then they use the symptoms of that harm to further devalue you.

The double injury

There is a form of cruelty that goes beyond mere violence. It is the **mockery of those whom one has harmed oneself.**

This works in two steps:

Step 1: They plant the parasite (the stones in your backpack). **Step 2:** They mock the consequences.

If you fight back, you're "difficult" or "aggressive." If you suffer, you're "weak" or "sensitive." If you break down, you're "dramatic" or "unresilient."

The perpetrators' biggest lie is to portray the victim's survival behavior as a character flaw.

Your system had to expend enormous resources just to bear the weight. While others could go through life with ease, you had to fight for every step.

And then—the final mockery—they laugh at your limp. This is

no coincidence. This is no accident.

This is a system of total domination.

It serves to nip any form of healthy pride in the bud. It ensures that you never look up and realize: *Wait a minute, this isn't my failure. This is an artificially created disability.*

The status quo: The pre-written script

Every toxic system needs a legend to survive. A story you tell yourself, that you believe, that explains everything to you.

In your case, this legend was crystal clear:

Dad is the monster. Dad destroys everything. Dad is the problem.

The facts seemed clear:

- He was jealous
- He was violent
- He hit
- His selfishness loomed over the room like an insurmountable mountain

It was *easy* to identify him as the sole destroyer. His actions were loud, ugly, obvious.

He was the perfect scapegoat.

And as long as everyone pointed at him, as long as everyone talked about his violence, no one could see the *other* force. The invisible one. The subtle one. The one that was actually more dangerous.

The puppet master

For here is the truth that brings the entire house of cards crashing down:

An uncontrolled person is often just the executing arm of a much more subtle power.

While your father was venting his rage, another person was in the director's chair. She knew exactly which buttons to push to make him explode. She knew his weaknesses. She knew which words would turn him into an *"out-of-control child"*—a man without self-control who went on a rampage like a remote-controlled weapon.

And then—after the explosion—they came to you.

With a gentle voice. With a sympathetic look. With platitudes like:

"We've hurt you." "You have a right to be angry." "I'm so sorry."

That is the masquerade of insight.

These phrases sound like healing. They sound like responsibility. But in this context, they were poison.

They didn't serve to relieve you. They served to lull you into a false sense of security so that you would open your heart again—just so she could see the "victim" she had made of you squirming inside.

Hatred for one's own creation

And this is where it becomes completely perverse:

She created the victim—and then hated the victim.

She hurt you. And then she despised you for your scars. That's not a

contradiction. That's the logic of the narcissistic system:

1. She needs a victim to feel superior
2. She creates this victim through manipulation and violence (via proxies)
3. She despises the victim for their weakness—which *she herself* has brought about
4. This contempt "proves" to her that she is the superior one
5. The cycle begins anew

Your distress was her sustenance.

When you lay there at night having panic attacks—right next to her, visible, audible—it wasn't torture for her. It was **validation**. As long as you were suffering, she was the stronger one. As long as you

were in turmoil, she was in control.

When she could see the pain in you, she felt safe. What she was terribly afraid of was safely banished inside you.

She didn't help. She *watched*. She built her emotional stability by destroying yours.

The Division of Labor in Violence

Now perhaps you understand the true structure of your childhood home:

The father: the crude, visible violence. The storm. The destroyer. **The mother:** the psychological poison. The wind's direction. The director.

He was loud. She was quiet. He struck with his fists. She struck with words and silence. He was hated. She was pitied.

But both were perpetrators.

The difference: Her system was far more dangerous because it remained invisible. She remained the

"reasonable one," the "sufferer," the "savior"—while at the same time pulling the strings.

She set him on you. She knew exactly what to say to him to short-circuit his mind. And then—after the explosion—she came to you disguised as a savior.

That is psychological torture.

The reversal of reality

Questioning this status quo feels like betrayal.

Because your entire identity was built on hating *him* and pitying *her*. For decades, that was the truth. The only truth you knew.

But true liberation lies in seeing:

Both roles were part of the same mechanism.

The father was the weapon. The mother was the hand that wielded that weapon. He was the pain. She was the architect of the pain.

And the most insidious thing: As long as you stare only at the obvious perpetrator, the real puppeteer remains invisible.

The Scars of Realization

Realizing that the person who wanted to “comfort” you was, in truth, the one who destroyed you the most—that is a shock that shakes the very foundation of your world.

It feels like:

- A betrayal of your own worldview
- The loss of the last “safe” person
- A complete rewriting of your own story

But within this terrible truth lies the key to freedom:

You no longer have to ask yourself what’s wrong with you. You no longer have to try to be “right” to win her love. You understand now: **she didn’t have love in her arsenal at all.**

What she had was a hunger for your weakness.

The Justice of Truth

There is no justice in the classical sense. The perpetrators are not punished. They do not see the error of their ways. They will never admit what they have done.

But there is another form of justice:

Speaking the truth.

By calling the monstrous what it is, you strip them of their power. You are no longer the “confused child” being watched. You are the adult who has seen through the perversion of this game.

You owe them no forgiveness. You owe them no understanding. You don’t even owe them your presence.

What you owe yourself is the truth:

They put you at a massive disadvantage. They mocked you for it. They nearly destroyed you.

And yet you survived.

The End of Shame

Shame survives only in the darkness. As long as you believe you are “wrong” because you have this disadvantage, they have won.

But the moment you say:

"No. This isn't my failure. This is a disadvantage that was artificially imposed on me. I am not the mistake. They are."

...in that moment, the perspective shifts.

The absurdity no longer lies within you. It lies in the **pettiness of those who had to mock a defenseless child to feel superior.**

This is not healing through hatred. This is healing through clarity.

What remains

Once you've exposed the architects of your fate, one question remains:

How do you go on living when you know that the first 37 years were built on a lie?

In the next essay, we'll go where many stop thinking:

What about so-called “self-love”?

Is it the solution? Or is it just the parasite in a new guise? We'll see.

The truth burns, but only what is false.

Essay 4: God's Grace

When Logic Ends

There is a point in healing where all psychological explanations, all therapeutic models, all rational analyses reach their limits.

You have understood:

- How the mechanism works
- How the parasite was installed
- Who the architects were

And yet you ask yourself: Why did I, of all people, wake up?

Why did the software, which worked perfectly for 37 years, suddenly experience a critical error?

Why are so many other people—with similar stories, similar wounds—still trapped, while you stand here now, seeing through the mechanics?

There is no rational answer to that.

This is the moment when another word is needed:

Grace.

Beyond the effort

Grace doesn't mean you "deserve" it.

Grace doesn't mean you were "good enough" or worked "hard enough."

Grace doesn't mean that you used the right techniques or read the right books.

Grace means: The cycle has been broken, even though mechanically it should have gone on forever.

Imagine you're sitting on a train that has been running the same route for decades. Always in circles. Always the same stations. Always the same pain.

And then—without warning, without you having looked for the emergency exit—a door suddenly opens in the wall. A door that has been locked your entire life.

You can't explain why it opened. You can only walk through it.

Compassion for the prisoners

Once you're standing outside—once you've tasted freedom—your view of the world changes radically.

You see the masses of people still sitting on the train. Those who move through life as if remote-controlled, driven by an inner tormentor they mistake for their own self.

It is a tragic army of prisoners.

They feed their own parasites with their life force. They sabotage their dreams. They stay in toxic relationships. They hate themselves for things they can't help.

And worst of all: **they don't know it.**

The parasite is so perfectly camouflaged that they believe *they themselves* are the problem. They think they need to try harder, think more positively, become better.

They don't see the door because they don't know there is a door.

Out of compassion, you no longer look at these people with judgment. You see their captivity—and you recognize how absolute it is.

For you were one of them.

Awe at the Rescue

When you look back and see how deep the parasite's roots had grown into your flesh—how perfectly the system was constructed, how hopeless the situation seemed—then awakening is not a “logical step.”

It is a miracle.

Not in a cheesy, esoteric sense. But in the most radical sense of the word:

Something that shouldn't have happened happened anyway.

The mechanics should have crushed you. The parasite should have been in control until your last breath. The perpetrators should have won.

But they didn't win.

This is not something you can take credit for. You weren't “strong enough” or “smart enough” or “spiritually developed enough.”

It was grace.

A gift you didn't deserve—not because you didn't deserve it, but because grace, by definition, is undeserved.

The Crack in the System

Grace often doesn't come as a gentle light. It comes as a **breakdown**.

Maybe it was a moment of absolute despair—a night when the pain became so unbearable that something inside you gave up.

Maybe it was a sentence someone said—a sentence that fit like a key in a lock and suddenly opened a door.

Maybe it was a quiet moment of exhaustion—when you simply had no strength left to continue the inner war.

And in that moment when you give up, something paradoxical happens:

The mechanism breaks.

Not because you were strong. But because you were weak enough to let go. Not because you fought. But because you stopped fighting.

The parasite loses its food not through violence, but through withdrawal.

The silence that follows

What remains when the parasite falls silent is, at first: **confusion**.

All your life, there was that voice. That pressure. That war. And now—
suddenly—silence.

Not the frightening silence of emptiness. But the **sacred silence of wholeness**.

You realize:

- You no longer have to justify yourself
- You no longer have to prove anything
- You no longer have to strive to be “good enough”

You are simply allowed to be there.

This isn't ecstatic joy (at least not at first). It's more of a deep, quiet wonder:

Is it really over? Am I really allowed to just exist? Is this... peace?

The energy of being welcomed

When the parasite no longer receives energy, that energy returns to its rightful owner: **to you**.

Suddenly, a feeling arises that you may never have truly felt before:

That it is beautiful to be here. That you are welcome.

Not with others. Not in the world “out there.”

But within yourself.

This isn't forced self-love. It isn't an affirmation you have to convince yourself of. It is a

natural stability that arises when the war ends.

It is what has always been there—beneath the noise, beneath the hatred, beneath the mechanics.

Your original right to exist.

Grace is not an endpoint

Grace is not the moment when everything becomes “perfect.”

You will still have moments when the parasite whispers. You will still bear scars. You will still mourn the stolen 37 years.

But the mechanics have lost their absolute power.

The difference is:

- You used to be the parasite, and the parasite was you.
- Now you see it for what it is: a foreign body.

Before, you had no choice. Now you do.

Once, war was your only reality. Now, peace is possible.

That is grace.

Not the absence of pain. But the presence of freedom.

The Responsibility of Grace

With grace comes a quiet responsibility:

What will you do with this freedom?

You could:

- To wallow in bitterness (over lost time)
- Seeking revenge (against the perpetrators)
- Remaining in isolation (so as never to be hurt again)

Or you could do something else:

You could make the door that has opened for you visible to others as well.

Not by preaching. Not by proselytizing. Not by imposing your truth.

But through your very existence.

Through the silent testimony that it is possible:

- To wake up after 37 years
- To see through the mechanics
- To take control away from the parasite
- Simply to be there, without hating oneself for it

The space of stability

Grace has given you a gift: **inner stability.**

Now the question arises: **How do we create external spaces that reflect this stability?**

For if a toxic environment can destroy a person, then a healing environment must also be able to stabilize them.

That is the vision:

To create spaces—real and metaphorical—where people automatically, simply by being there, learn:

It is safe here. You are allowed to be here. No one will punish you for your existence.

When the nervous system experiences enough external stability, it is given permission to shift from survival mode (self-hatred, fight, parasite) to **being mode**.

This is not classical therapy (one-on-one). This is **an atmosphere of safety**. So dense that the old mechanisms simply stop working.

The Legacy of Grace

If you have experienced what it is like to finally wake up after decades, then you carry something within you:

The knowledge that liberation is possible.

Not for everyone. Not at all times. Not through effort.

But possible.

And this knowledge—carried quietly, without arrogance, without guru fantasies—is already an act of grace for others.

For in a world full of prisoners, someone who has become free is **living proof**. Not hope in the naive sense. But **testimony**.

What now?

We have made the journey this far:

- From waking up at 37
- Through the anatomy of the parasite
- Through the unmasking of the architects
- To the grace of collapse

What comes next are the final steps:

How does one live in this New World? What does it mean to simply be welcome? And how does one keep the door open for others?

PART 2

THE TRAP

Chapter 1: The Solo Performer

The Realization

I reflect on my last relationship, and as I do so, as I go through the memories like old photographs in an album, this realization suddenly hits me—clear, sharp, irrefutable as a mathematical proof. I carried the relationship on my own. Not “We fought together,” not “We both did our best,” not the usual phrases people use to describe failed relationships in order to distribute the blame fairly. But: Me. Alone. The entire burden, the entire responsibility, the entire energy needed to keep this relationship alive—it came from me.

And then comes the next realization, the even bigger one, the even more terrifying one, which washes over me like a wave: This isn’t new. It isn’t just this one relationship, not just this one person, not just this one mistake I made. This is my pattern. This is the way I conduct relationships, the way I’ve always conducted them, for as long as I can remember. I’ve always had to carry relationships with others on my own—in my family, in friendships, in romantic relationships. Always me. Always the one who carries, while the others are carried.

The Formula

And because that’s how it was, because that became my normal, the air I breathed, the world as I knew it, a formula developed over the years—an unwritten contract that was never explicitly stated, yet still formed the foundation of every one of my relationships: my strength plus your weakness equals we stay together. I carry, you are carried—that’s our deal, that’s our relationship, that’s how we function.

And that’s why, based on this logic, it doesn’t matter what you do, how you behave, what you say or don’t say. It doesn’t matter because I’m strong enough to carry it for both of us. I am the Atlas of this relationship, balancing the world on my shoulders, and you can do whatever you want—I’ll keep carrying on. Even if you don’t give a damn about me. Especially then.

The One-Man Show

"If I just give enough, everything will stay stable." That was my belief, my mantra, my survival strategy, deeply ingrained in my nervous system. If only I'm strong enough, if only I can endure more, if only I can understand more, if only I can forgive more—then it will work. Then the relationship will be good. Then she'll see me. Then everything I invest will pay off.

But it doesn't work. It never works. It just gets harder; the burden grows with every day, every week, every month that I keep carrying it. And the insidious thing about it: The burden doesn't grow because the relationship itself is getting harder, because new problems are cropping up, because life is throwing challenges our way. It grows because I'm carrying both sides—mine and hers, my responsibility and hers, my feelings and hers.

What I carry

I carry my own feelings, which are often buried under the weight of what I carry for her. I carry her feelings as if it were my own duty, my own responsibility to manage them. I carry the responsibility for "us" as if there were only one of us who is truly in charge, while the other remains a spectator. I carry the hope that it's worth it, that someday the investment will pay off, that someday the balance will be restored. I carry the fear, the constant, gnawing fear that everything will collapse if I stop carrying for even a moment. And I carry the guilt she places on me, as if it were my natural role to serve as a receptacle for all that is negative.

She carries nothing. She doesn't have to carry anything because I carry everything. The system has settled into such a state, so perfectly balanced over the months and years of our relationship, that her role has been reduced to: being present. Not actively participating, not helping to shape things, not sharing the burden—simply being there and being carried by me.

The Disparity

The relationship is not a balance, not a partnership on equal footing, not an encounter between two equal people. It is a gradient, a slope, an inclined plane where one stands above and one below, one carries and one is carried. And the one who is carried, over time, develops a sense of entitlement, a blindness to what the other person does, an expectation so deeply ingrained that it is no longer even noticed.

"He carries it, after all. He has always carried it. He will continue to carry it. Why should anything change?" That is the unspoken logic that has taken hold, the basic assumption

everything is built. And me? I confirm this assumption every day, with every action, with every moment in which I carry on without protesting, without setting boundaries, without saying: “No, not like this anymore.”

The Mechanics

The more I carry, the more is piled on—that is the mechanics of this system, the law by which it operates, the iron rule that proves itself time and again. Not out of malice, not always out of deliberate manipulation, not because she is a monster and I am a victim. Simply because the system has learned, because it has become ingrained, because it works: “He’s carrying it, so I can let it go. He can handle it, so I don’t have to hold back.

He won’t leave, so I can keep taking.”

My strength becomes an invitation, a permission, a carte blanche. It is not acknowledged, not appreciated, not seen for what it is—an extraordinary achievement. It is seen as: normality. As what I do, what I am, what is expected of me. “You’re strong enough. You can handle this. You’ve always handled it.”

The double-edged sword

My strength saves me, and my strength destroys me—that is the paradox I am trapped in, the double-edged sword that simultaneously keeps me alive and slowly wears me down. On the one hand: I survive. I keep the relationship going, even though it should have collapsed long ago. I function, despite everything. That’s impressive; it’s a kind of strength not everyone has, one that could be admired if viewed from the outside.

On the other hand: This strength is used against me, becomes a weapon in the hands of the one who benefits, becomes a justification for taking more and more, becomes a reason to expect even more, to demand even more, to give back even less. “You’re strong enough. You can handle it. You’ve always handled it”—these phrases, never spoken directly but always present, legitimize the imbalance, make it normal, make it my responsibility.

The silent expectation

A silent expectation arises, a basic assumption that has become so self-evident that it is never questioned, never needs to be spoken, simply exists like the air we breathe: You will carry it. Not “Can you carry this?” as a request, as a question, as a negotiation between equals. Not “Would you carry that for me?” as an acknowledgment that it is a favor, a service, something that should be appreciated.

But rather: You will carry it. As a statement, as a fact, as an unshakeable reality.

Because you've always done it. Because that's your role, the role you've accepted, the one assigned to you, the one you've never really refused. Because the system is built on it, because anything else would mean a collapse, a renegotiation, a change too threatening to even be considered.

The Test of Burden

More weight is added, more and more, a constant piling on of burden upon burden, of responsibility upon responsibility, of guilt upon guilt. And me? I keep carrying. Not because I want to, not because I'm strong in a heroic sense, not because I think it's good or right or healthy. But because I don't know how to stop. Because not carrying it would mean something so threatening that I can't allow it: The relationship would collapse. Immediately. Completely. Irrevocably.

Because if I stop carrying, if I let go of this burden even for a moment, then what has long been true becomes visible: There is no one on the other side to take over. There is no second supporting pillar. The relationship rests on me alone, and if I fall, everything falls.

The truth

The relationship was never "the two of us"—that is the truth I see now, the sober, hard, irrefutable truth. The relationship was me. I was the glue that held everything together. I was the foundation on which everything stood. I was the energy that flowed through everything and kept it alive. She was present, yes, but nothing more. Present like a spectator, like someone watching me struggle without stepping into the game herself.

And if I stop carrying the weight? What will be left of us, of this relationship that I have so desperately kept alive? The answer is as simple as it is shattering: nothing. Absolutely nothing. It was just the illusion of a relationship, sustained by my one-sided effort, by my desperate clinging, by my refusal to see the truth.

The question at the end

I carried the relationship on my own—that is the truth I can finally see clearly now, without excuses, without sugarcoating, without the usual justifications. That is what was. That is how it worked. That is the reality, as hard and sobering as it may be.

But the question that now hangs in the air, the question that won't let me go, that I can't simply push away: Why did I let this happen? Why didn't I say, "No, do your part"? Why didn't I say, "That's not fair"? Why didn't I say,

“I’m leaving if this keeps up”? Why did I keep going year after year, even though I sensed that something was fundamentally wrong?

The answer lies deeper, much deeper than this one relationship. The answer lies in something I don’t yet fully understand, can’t quite put into words, but whose contours I’m slowly beginning to recognize. But I will understand it. I will decipher the mechanics that have held me captive for so long.

I was the sole entertainer in this relationship. But that wasn’t love. It was never love. It was captivity—a captivity I imposed on myself without knowing it, without understanding it, but real nonetheless. And now that I see it, I can begin to understand why.

Chapter 2: When Disrespect Becomes Currency

The System Learns

A child learns quickly, alarmingly quickly, with an absorptive capacity that is never matched again later in life. But it does not learn through words, not through what is said, not through the pretty explanations adults sometimes give when they feel they are being watched. A child learns through behavior—through what actually happens, through the atmosphere that prevails, through the way people treat one another, through a thousand little moments that come together to form a complete picture.

The Currency

In every family, in every system, there is a currency—the medium through which value is expressed, through which power is exercised, through which relationships are shaped. In some families, this currency is respect; in some, it is love; in some, it is achievement. In my family, the currency was disrespect. That was what was traded, that was what established hierarchies, that was what was considered completely normal, as if it were the only conceivable way to treat one another.

What is disrespect?

Disrespect is not just a single angry glance, a mean comment, a specific rejection. That would be too simple, too isolated, too easy to identify and combat. Disrespect is a system, a pervasive atmosphere, a way of being that permeates everything. It is a system that communicates at every level: "You are not important.

Your feelings don’t matter. Your boundaries don’t exist. Your perception is wrong. Your worth is minimal.”

Normalization

The truly insidious thing about systematic disrespect is its ability to normalize. If you are treated disrespectfully every single day, for months, for years, for decades, then eventually it becomes normal. If insults are the language spoken in your family, then that language becomes the only one you speak fluently. If contempt is the fundamental tone in which communication takes place, then that tone becomes the melody of your life.

And then—and this is the critical point—you no longer notice it. Then it is no longer “the toxic family,” “the difficult environment.” Then it is simply reality. Then it is “just the way families are.” Then you no longer have a point of comparison, no alternative against which you could measure that something is fundamentally wrong.

The Switch: Hate = Love

But here, in this atmosphere of constant disrespect, something dangerous happens, something perverse, something that can warp a person’s entire emotional system for the rest of their life: As a child, you learn to equate hate with love. Not consciously, not as an intellectual decision, not as something you decide one day. But as an automatic survival strategy, as a necessary adaptation to an impossible situation.

Why this switch?

The mechanics behind it are brutally simple: Your parents mean survival. You need them for everything—for food, for safety, for the most basic needs. You are absolutely dependent on them. You can’t run away, can’t take care of yourself, can’t just leave. So, to preserve your psychological integrity, your brain has to resort to a desperate trick.

If the source of security—the parents you depend on—is simultaneously the source of pain, then the pain must be relabeled as something else, as something that is bearable. The pain must be interpreted as love; otherwise, the truth—that you are rejected, despised, and hurt by the very people you need to survive—would mean psychological death. The truth would be unbearable. So it is distorted, rewritten, turned into its opposite.

The emotional channels

Emotions function like inputs, like ports through which behavior is sorted and processed. Normally, in a healthy system, this mapping works logically and protectively: love triggers trust and openness. Fear triggers caution and self-protection. Hate triggers distancing and withdrawal. These are the natural, evolutionarily meaningful reactions.

But in a toxic environment, these channels are systematically rerouted, the cables are misconnected, and the entire system is wired in a way that will later have catastrophic consequences. Hate comes in from the outside—contempt, rejection, disrespect. But the brain of the child, who must survive, who has no alternative, labels this input as “love,” because if hatred comes from the parents, and the parents are synonymous with survival, then hatred must be synonymous with safety.

The consequence

The consequence of this redirection is catastrophic and lifelong: You can no longer perceive people who dislike you, who treat you disrespectfully, who inflict pain on you, as a danger. Your alarm system is deactivated, precisely where it is most urgently needed. You do not see these people as a threat, but as great love, as what you are looking for, as home.

That is the reason why I kept ending up in toxic relationships, why the pattern repeated itself like a broken record. Not because I was masochistic, not because I didn't deserve better, but because my nervous system was fundamentally miscalibrated. Toxicity felt like home.

Disrespect felt like love.

Pain felt like normality.

Gaslighting as a Language

When disrespect becomes the everyday currency, the air you breathe, then gaslighting becomes the language, the primary form of communication. Gaslighting is the systematic distortion of reality, the constant denial of the other person's perception, the methodical reversal of guilt and responsibility.

"I never said that"—even though you know full well it was said. "You're too sensitive"—when you react to legitimate hurts. "You're overreacting"—when you try to defend your reality.

"You're crazy"—when you insist on the contradictions you clearly see.

The Sowing of Doubt

Gaslighting systematically instills doubt—doubt in your perception, in your memory, in your interpretation of reality, in yourself. And when you no longer trust yourself, when you're no longer sure what's true and what isn't, when your own perception has become something that must constantly be questioned, then you're perfectly controllable. Then you no longer have your own authority, no inner voice that can say: “No, that's wrong. I won't accept that.”

The Triangle

Disrespect operates within a constantly repeating triangle, a cycle as predictable as a law of physics: First, the act—an insult, an attack, a moment of contempt. Second, the denial—“I never said that,” “That never happened,” “You’re misremembering.” Third, the reversal—“You’re actually the problem,” “You’re provoking this,” “It’s your fault.”

This triangle repeats itself over and over and over again until it is no longer an event that happens, but the very structure of reality itself. Until it becomes the only reality you know.

The inner perpetrator emerges

It is precisely here, within this system of systematic disrespect, that the inner perpetrator I spoke of in the last chapter emerges. The disrespect from the outside is mirrored inward with alarming precision, internalized, and becomes your own voice.

“You’re worthless” from the outside becomes “I’m worthless” from the inside. “You’re annoying” becomes “I’m annoying.” “You’re the problem” becomes “I’m the problem.” This transference is not partial, not diluted, not filtered. It happens with 100 percent accuracy.

100 percent mirroring

The behavior from the outside is taken in completely, without compromise, without a buffer, and then applied to yourself—with the same brutality, the same contempt, the same systematic disrespect. You become your own abuser, continuing the attacks that originally came from the outside, applying the techniques you’ve learned, turning them against yourself.

Isolation

Disrespect systematically isolates. When you are constantly treated with disrespect, you learn to withdraw, to make yourself invisible, to take up as little space as possible. You no longer dare to speak your mind because every opinion you express serves as a target. You no longer show your feelings because showing feelings is interpreted as weakness and exploited. You no longer set boundaries because every attempt to set a boundary is shot down with such vehemence that it isn’t worth trying.

So you learn the most dangerous lesson of all: Being invisible is safer than existing. Being small is safer than taking up space. Being silent is safer than having a voice.

Shame

Disrespect does not primarily generate guilt, but something much deeper and more destructive: shame. The difference is fundamental. Guilt says, “I did something wrong”—that is specific, correctable, and relates to actions. Shame says, “I am wrong”—that is all-encompassing, seemingly incorrigible, and relates to existence itself.

That is the difference between a mistake and a fundamental defect. That is the poison that eats away at the soul. That is the core of destruction.

The Language of Contempt

In a system where disrespect is the currency, contempt becomes the normal language, the mother tongue, the only language spoken fluently. Not love, not respect, not appreciation, not the languages families should actually be speaking. But contempt—as a tone, as a melody, as constant background noise, as the music to which the child grows up and which they will still hear in their head later, as an adult.

Internalization

And then, after years, after decades of constant exposure, the tipping point arrives: You no longer need the external disrespect. It has been so completely internalized that it has become a part of you, your own voice, your own character, as you believe. You now treat yourself exactly as they treated you—with the same harshness, the same ruthlessness, the same fundamental disrespect.

You have become your own perpetrator, your own accuser, your own judge. And the verdict is always: guilty, inadequate, wrong.

The Camouflage

The insidious thing about this process is its invisibility. You don't notice it. You don't think, “I'm now applying my toxic family's techniques to myself.” You think, “This is me. This is just who I am. I'm critical of myself because I have high standards. I'm strict with myself because I want to improve.”

But that's not you. That was never your voice. That's the installed perpetrator. That's the internalized disrespect. That's the parasite disguising itself as your own voice.

The question nobody asks

The question almost no one ever asks, the question whose answer would change everything: “Why do I treat myself so badly?” The answer is painfully simple: Because I was taught to. Not through explicit instructions, not through conscious lessons, but through behavior—through constant modeling, through daily demonstration, through relentless repetition.

Day after day, year after year, until it became automatic, until it was so deeply ingrained that it felt like nature rather than conditioning.

The Hypocrisy

Hypocrisy—that is the inevitable result of this system, the survival strategy that develops when you grow up in an environment where authenticity is punished and conformity is rewarded. It is the disguise you put on like a second skin, so tight-fitting that at some point you forget it is a disguise at all. Just as in nature, where animals pretend to be something they are not—more dangerous or harmless, larger or smaller—in order to survive, to avoid being eaten, or to be able to eat themselves.

In humans, this biological mimicry operates in two fundamental directions, two poles of a spectrum along which each of us moves, often without realizing it.

Camouflaging Downward (Defensive)

Defensive camouflage is the strategy of making oneself small, of becoming invisible, of appearing as harmless as possible. “I am nothing. I want nothing. I need nothing.” That is the language of this camouflage, the message it sends out. It is the camouflage of the victim, of the person who has learned that having needs is dangerous, that taking up space invites punishment, that the safest position is one of total self-erasure.

But it is hypocrisy in the deepest sense. For behind it, beneath this mask of contentment and lack of need, everything burns—all the suppressed needs, all the unspoken desires, all the un-lived potential. Defensive camouflage is not truth, but a survival strategy. It is the lie one must tell in order not to be destroyed.

Camouflaging Onward (Aggressive)

Aggressive camouflage works exactly the opposite way—appearing bigger than you are, stronger than you feel, more dangerous than you actually are. “I am superior. I don’t need anyone. I am invulnerable.” That is the language of this camouflage, the façade of strength and independence. It is the camouflage of the perpetrator, the person who has learned that showing weakness provokes an immediate attack, that vulnerability is exploited, that the only safe position is one of demonstrative power.

But that, too, is hypocrisy. For behind it, beneath this mask of superiority and invulnerability, there is nothing—a void so threatening that it must be hidden at all costs. Aggressive camouflage is not strength, but desperate compensation. It is the lie one must tell in order not to feel how empty one truly feels.

Both conceal the pain

Defensive camouflage hides: “I am hurt. I am bleeding. I need help.” Aggressive camouflage hides: “I am empty. I have nothing. I am nothing.” But both, as different as they may be in their manifestation, have the same origin, the same root: pain. Pain that was so unbearable that the child had no choice but to disguise it, hide it, camouflage it.

And both play their part in the perpetrator/victim dynamic, perfectly attuned to one another like puzzle pieces that only fit together because they come from the same picture. The defensively disguised person unconsciously seeks out the aggressively disguised person because this constellation is familiar, because it reproduces the pattern of childhood. And the aggressively disguised person seeks out the defensively disguised person because they need someone over whom they can exercise the power that was denied to them.

Not because they are evil, not because they consciously want to cause harm. But because they both survive using the strategies they had to develop as children when they had no other choice.

The system is complete

Now, at this point, the system is complete, the circle is closed: disrespect from the outside was instilled during the formative years. The “hate equals love” switch was activated as a survival mechanism. The emotional channels were redirected, miswired. The inner perpetrator was born from the internalization of the external perpetrator. Self-disrespect was automated to the point of invisibility.

This is the prison, fully constructed. This is the mechanism, perfectly installed. This is fate, seemingly inevitable.

What remains

When disrespect becomes the currency in which all transactions take place, self-hatred becomes identity—not a state one has, but what one is. When hatred is systematically labeled as love, toxicity becomes home, the place where one feels most at home, even if that place destroys you. When the external perpetrator moves inward, through the process of introjection, the victim becomes the perpetrator against themselves—continuing the violence that originally came from outside, with the same brutality, only now under their own control.

Disrespect was the currency of my family. And I paid the price. Not with money, not with time, not with effort. I paid with myself, with my self-worth, with my ability to treat myself with dignity and respect. That was the price. And for decades, I thought that price was simply the price of life itself.

Chapter 3: The False Self

38 years

38 years—almost four decades, a whole lifetime. Not spent in captivity, but lived as captivity. That is the crucial difference that took me years to understand. I wasn't trapped in a pattern, the way one can be trapped in a room from which one could theoretically break out. I was the pattern itself. I was the walls, the ceiling, the floor—the entire prison.

At some point, after years and decades of living in a certain reality, you merge with it so completely that the boundary between the self and the circumstances disappears. You are no longer the person living in lack, existing under difficult conditions. You are the lack. The lack becomes your identity, the only identity you know, the only identity that feels real at all.

The Merging

The question “Who am I without the lack?” is not philosophically interesting—it is existentially threatening. For the answer that imposes itself when one looks honestly is: Nobody. I am nobody without the lack, because the lack is the only thing that gives me shape, that defines me, that tells me where I begin and where I end.

Deprivation is familiar to a degree that is hard to describe to someone who hasn't grown up with it. Deprivation is not just a state—deprivation is home. Deprivation is the

ground beneath my feet, the gravity that pulls me down and, paradoxically, gives me stability. Wealth? Wealth scares me. Abundance? Abundance scares me. Not because wealth or abundance are bad in themselves, not because I don't deserve them or shouldn't have them, but because they are foreign. Because they feel like a foreign land whose language I don't speak, whose rules I don't know.

The Logic of Survival

The brain does not choose based on the categories of "good" or "bad," not on "healthy" or "unhealthy." The brain chooses based on a much more primitive, much more powerful distinction: known or unknown. And known is synonymous with safe, even if the known is objectively dangerous, destructive, or ruinous. Better a hell I know and where I understand the rules than a heaven that is foreign to me and where I don't know how to behave.

This is not poetic hyperbole, nor a spiritual metaphor. This is biology. This is the survival strategy of an organism that grew up in a toxic environment and learned: the familiar is the safe, even if the familiar means pain. For pain that one knows is more predictable than joy that one does not know.

I am the relationship

100 percent. This is no exaggeration, no dramatic hyperbole. I was the relationship—not in the sense of "I was in a relationship" or "I was part of a relationship," but in the sense of complete identification. Losing the relationship was not comparable to losing a job or an object, not even to losing a loved one in the conventional sense. It was like dying. Because when the relationship ends, when this structure with which I was so completely fused collapses, then the self also ends—the only self I know, the only self I ever had at my disposal.

The false self as a shield

The false self is not evil, is not the enemy, is not something that should be fought or blamed. It is a shield, a survival mechanism that was put in place at a time when there was no other way out, no other way to survive, than to adapt, to bend, to give up on oneself in order to maintain the bare minimum of connection, of belonging, of a right to exist.

It says, with a logic that makes perfect sense to a child: "If I accept the lack, I can control it. If I am the lack myself, it cannot surprise me.

If I have no expectations, I cannot be disappointed." This is perfect logic for

a child who had no choice, who grew up in a world where having expectations meant being hurt, and having needs meant being rejected.

The Fear of Emptiness

What comes after the false self? What remains when this construct, which has held for decades, collapses? The answer that imposes itself is: emptiness. Not the poetic, romanticized emptiness of spirituality, not the peaceful stillness that meditation teachers speak of. But nothing. An absence so complete that it becomes threatening.

The question hangs in the air like a heavy fog: “Who am I if I am no longer the one who lives in lack? If I am no longer the one who waits, who hopes, who struggles?” The answer is terrifying because it is: I don’t know. And not knowing, uncertainty, feels like a free fall with no bottom.

Emptiness vs. Lack

But here lies the crucial trick, the deception that keeps the false self alive: The mind confuses two fundamentally different things—emptiness and lack. Lack screams, “I’m missing something!” Lack is loud, active, energy in motion; it is known and familiar. Emptiness, on the other hand, is silent; it is simply the absence of noise; it is unknown and therefore threatening.

The brain, trained by 38 years of lack, by 38 years of constant inner noise, interprets this silence, this absence of drama and struggle, as danger. It sends alarm signals: “Something is wrong here! It’s too quiet! Where is the threat I’m used to scanning for? Where is the pain I can use to orient myself?”

The Clinging

I cling to the lack—not because I want it, not because I’m masochistic or because I enjoy suffering, but because it is my “self.” Because it is the only identity I have. I’m still waiting, even now, when I rationally understand that no one is coming anymore, that there’s no one who could give me what I need, that the rescue I’m waiting for is an illusion.

But waiting is familiar. Waiting gives life structure; it gives me a role to play, a function to fulfill. “The one who waits,” “the one who hopes,” “the one who lives in scarcity”—that’s me. That’s who I’ve been for 38 years. And giving up that identity feels like suicide.

The Threat of Abundance

Abundance means there is nothing left to do, no one left to convince, no role left to play, no battle left to fight. And when the false self becomes unemployed,

when its entire raison d'être—managing scarcity, surviving in hell—disappears, what remains? That is the existential fear that sets in when abundance even begins to suggest itself as a possibility. This is the fear of death—not the fear of physical death, but the fear of the death of the only self I know, the only self with which I have ever identified.

The truth I didn't want to see

The truth that can no longer be denied is brutally simple: the false self must die. It must die so that the real self, buried beneath it, can finally live. But the false self fights for its survival with every means at its disposal. It whispers, it screams, it argues: “Without me, you will die. Without me, you are nothing. Without me, there is no security, no structure, no stability.”

And for 38 years, I believed that. For 38 years, I mistook that voice for my own, failing to see that it had been implanted from the outside, that it is not my truth, but the truth of those who shaped me.

The Merging with the Relationship

The relationship was never “the two of us” in the sense of two separate individuals coming together. The relationship was me. I was the energy that kept it going. I was the foundation on which everything stood. I was the one who held everything together, who ensured that the illusion of connection was maintained. And when I let go of this role, when I stop carrying the weight, when I say, “No, I am not the relationship, I am a person who is in a relationship”—then everything collapses. And that feels like the end of the world.

The question no one asks

“Who am I without this relationship?” The question is never asked because the answer is too threatening. Because the answer would mean letting the false self die, enduring the emptiness, accepting that I don't know who I am. And not knowing is unbearable for the ego.

The ego needs definition, boundaries, identity—even if that identity is built on lies and pain.

The pattern is dead

Now, after over a year of fighting, of struggling, of slowly working my way through the layers of conditioning, I see it clearly: The pattern is dead. It was never alive. It was always just a rigid, mechanical, repetitive thing—neither evil nor good, just dead. An algorithm without consciousness, a program without a programmer.

But the false self, built upon this dead pattern, does not want to die. It clings to the remnants, desperately searching for the familiar pain, for the familiar structure. Because pain is at least known. Because suffering is at least familiar. Because even hell is more familiar than the unknown heaven.

The 1,000 Deaths of the False Self

The false self does not arise in a single dramatic moment, not in an isolated trauma that could be dated and named. It arises in a thousand deaths—small, daily erasures, barely perceptible moments in which a piece of you dies without anyone noticing, without an official act of mourning.

Every time you were hated as a child—perhaps not with open aggression, but with that cold contempt that creeps into everything like an invisible poison. Every time you were rejected, when your needs were too much, when your existence was felt as a burden. Every time, a part of you died—not physically, but mentally, in your soul, in your self.

The Amputations

Every impulse of hatred, every rejection, every gesture of contempt was an amputation in the most literal sense—an amputation of abilities that were never allowed to develop, of potential that could never be lived out, of possibilities that never opened up, of a life that never took place. The child you could have been—curious, lively, full of energy and joy—was systematically amputated, piece by piece, death by death, spread across a thousand small moments, until almost nothing remained of the original child.

What survives?

After a thousand such deaths, all that remains is what has survived these deaths. Not the real thing, not the original vitality, not the full potential with which every human is born. But rather the adapted, the distorted, that which was able to make itself so small and invisible that it escaped the thousand attacks. That is the false self—not a conscious construction, but the evolutionary result of a thousand struggles for survival.

The Limitations

The thousand deaths leave behind limitations so deeply engraved in the personality that they appear like laws of nature. Limitations that a person experiences throughout their entire life, that block their full potential, that hold them back in everything they could do, that keep them small in a world where they could be great. Not out of malicious intent from the outside, not because the universe is against them, but because of scars—scars from a thousand deaths that disguise themselves as character traits, as “that’s just who I am,” as an unchangeable truth.

The question

But here a fascinating, hopeful question arises: What happens when the thousand deaths end? What becomes of all that enormous energy that was spent for decades merely on survival, that was consumed in enduring the unbearable, that was wasted on the constant management and suppression of pain?

Rebirth

When the thousand deaths end, when the false self finally dies and no longer needs to be kept alive artificially, when the scars become visible and thus lose their power over you—what remains? The answer is: raw power, pure energy, untapped potential of gigantic proportions. Energy that was spent for decades, day after day, hour after hour, on survival in prison, is suddenly set free. Available.

Usable for something completely different.

The Architecture

And then something new begins, something that has nothing to do with healing in the classical therapeutic sense, nothing with repairing what is damaged, nothing with the attempt to restore the original child. But something radically different: architecture. The conscious, creative architecture of a new life, built not from what was, but from what could be. Built from the massive energy that is no longer needed to manage the pain, that no longer has to be invested in the prison.

The Transformation

People like me—and perhaps this is the bitter truth—may be born only through pain, shaped into who they are only through a thousand deaths. But they are reborn into freedom, reborn as something entirely new: as architects of their own lives, as creators rather than victims, as builders rather than survivors.

The whiner, who for decades was the only role that could be played, dies. And from this death, the architect is born—not healed, not repaired, but fundamentally transformed. A thousand deaths created the false self. And a single death—the death of this false self—creates the possibility of a real life.

The Realization

The false self is a lie—a necessary lie, a survival lie, a lie that kept me alive when the truth would have been unbearable. But still: a lie. And now that I see it, now that I understand, now that I know it must die so that I may live, there remains only one great, terrifying question: Who am I when the false self dies?

I don't know the answer yet. I cannot know it as long as the false self still casts its shadow, as long as it still whispers, still instills fear, still tries to pull me back into that familiar hell. But I am beginning to sense, beginning to feel in moments of silence: Perhaps the emptiness is not emptiness at all. Perhaps it is space. Space in which something new can emerge. Space in which the real self can finally breathe.

The false self must die. But perhaps—and this is the hope that quietly stirs within me—the death of the false self feels like the birth of the true one.

The Mechanics

Chapter 4: The Quantum Tunneling Effect

The Wall

You are standing in front of a wall—a wall of fear, of habit, of the false self that has built itself up around you like a fortress over the years. Physically speaking, according to all the rules of logic and experience, this wall is impossible to penetrate. It is too thick, too solid, too real. It is not just an obstacle; it has become reality itself, the only world you know.

But then something happens that shouldn't happen, something that is impossible by all rules of logic and psychology. It is a moment that comes without warning, that cannot be planned, that simply happens—and suddenly you are on the other side.

The Quantum Tunnel

In quantum physics, there is a phenomenon so fundamentally bizarre that it challenges our entire understanding of reality: the quantum tunneling phenomenon. An atom, a subatomic particle, can pass through a barrier—through a wall, through an obstacle that, according to the laws of classical physics, it could never overcome. The probability of this is minuscule, almost zero, but not quite zero. Under certain conditions, at specific energy states, with exactly the right constellation of factors that no one can fully predict, the impossible becomes possible.

And that is exactly what happened to me. It is the exact same principle, the exact same mechanism, only on the level of consciousness rather than on the level of matter.

The Impossible Liberation

The wall was fear—that pure, paralyzing fear that kept me trapped in the relationship for years. The wall was the false self—that constructed self that believed its sole reason for existence lay in bearing, in enduring, in suffering. The wall was the relationship itself—not merely as an external connection to another person, but as total identification, as a merging with something that was slowly suffocating me.

According to all the rules of psychology, according to everything I knew about myself, according to everything I had learned in my life, I shouldn't have been able to get out. The probability was too low. The mechanics too strong. The system is too perfectly closed. But I'm out. Not through struggle, not through years of planning, not through sheer willpower or by following a step-by-step guide from a self-help book. But through a quantum leap—through a moment in which the laws of normality were suspended for a fraction of a second.

The probability

The probability that a person will break free from such captivity, that the false self will die before the body dies, that one will truly, fundamentally wake up—it is alarmingly low. Statistically speaking, it is perhaps 0.1 percent, perhaps even lower. That means: one in billions of people, if at all. Most remain trapped, their entire lives. Most die in the prison of the false self, without ever knowing there was a door, without ever even suspecting that another reality might have been possible.

Why not everyone?

Why doesn't everyone make it through? If the door exists, if the quantum tunnel is a real physical phenomenon, if the possibility of liberation theoretically exists for everyone

—then why do so many remain behind? Why do millions of people vegetate in toxic relationships, in destructive patterns, in prisons of fear and false identity?

The answer lies in the conditions. The atom only tunnels under very specific energy states, under an exact constellation of factors that must align precisely. A person only breaks free when the inner constellations are exactly right. Sometimes the pain isn't yet great enough—as paradoxical as that sounds, but there is a level of suffering that mobilizes, that activates, that makes the leap possible in the first place. Sometimes the exhaustion is too great—one is so drained, so empty, that there isn't even the energy left for the leap. Sometimes the false self is too strong, too well-established, too deeply rooted.

And sometimes the final spark is simply missing, that indescribable something that makes the difference between staying put and breaking through.

It is not a moral question, nor a sign of strength or weakness. It is not that those who stay are somehow worse or weaker than those who leave. It is physics. It is probability. It is the convergence of factors that no one can fully control.

The Moment

There is that one moment, a fraction of a second, when probability opens up like a tiny door in an otherwise absolutely impenetrable wall. In that moment, you don't say to yourself, "I'm going to leave now. I'm going to leave this relationship now. I'm going to change my life now." You just go. Without thinking. Without planning. Without the usual endless internal debates and justifications.

The atom doesn't think, "I'm going to tunnel through this barrier now." It simply tunnels. The conditions are just right, probability collapses into reality, and suddenly the particle is on the other side. That is exactly how the quantum leap of consciousness works. This is the impossible becoming possible, not through merit, not through effort, but through the mysterious convergence of all necessary factors in a single, unrepeatable moment.

The Mathematics

The odds were against me. Every factor spoke against me ever getting out of this relationship. The mechanics of my life, established over decades, were against me. The fear that paralyzed me was against me. The false self, so deeply anchored in my psyche that it felt like my actual identity—it was against me.

But in a single moment, in a tiny opening in the fabric of reality, in a fraction of what we call “normal,” I broke through. Not because I deserved it. Not because I was strong enough or smart enough or spiritually developed enough. But because, for a fleeting moment, the conditions were exactly right. And in that moment, I was no longer the “I” that I knew. I was the atom. And I have tunneled through.

No going back

The beautiful, liberating, absolutely fundamental thing about quantum tunneling is this: the particle is never in its old place again afterward. There is no way back. Once through the wall, once on the other side, new laws apply. The physical conditions have changed. Reality itself has become something else.

The old insults no longer reach me—not because I actively ignore them, not because I’ve developed a thick skin or practice a technique of mental shielding. But because I’ve left that frequency. It’s still broadcasting on the old frequency—the relationship, the toxic patterns, the voices of the past—they all keep broadcasting. But I no longer receive them. I am in a different world, on a different plane of existence. This is not a metaphor. It is as real as the physics that describes it.

The First Quantum Leap

I mentioned this in passing, during a conversation, without giving it much thought. It was just an observation, a small connection between the physics I had used as a metaphor and the experience I had gone through. And then, suddenly, it hit me with full force: I have made my first quantum leap.

Not metaphorically. Not symbolically. Not as a beautiful turn of phrase. But physically. Real. I was on one side of the wall—trapped in the relationship, trapped in the false self, trapped in the mechanics that threatened to crush me. And now I’m on the other side. The wall is still there. The relationship still exists as a fact of the past. The false self has left traces, scars, memories. But I am no longer there. I am here. And here is a completely different reality.

Grace

Some call what happened to me grace—not in the religious sense of a benevolent deity who arbitrarily decides whom to save. But in the physical sense: the minuscule probability that all the necessary factors come together, that the atom has exactly the right energy at that precise moment, that the prison opens for a fraction of a second, that the absolutely improbable actually happens.

That is grace—not because you earned it through moral superiority, not because you were better than others, not because you fought harder or endured longer. But simply because, for a fleeting, unrepeatable moment, the conditions were exactly right.

The question remains

But the fundamental question remains, hovering in the air like an unanswered challenge: Why? Why only 0.1 percent? Why do so few make it through the wall? Why is the fate of most people so terrifyingly mechanical, so predictable, so inevitable?

The answer to this question lies not in the physics of the quantum tunnel, but in the mechanics of fate itself—in the system that is installed, in the program that runs, in the structure that is so perfectly designed that escape becomes nearly impossible. That is the question that remains. And the answer lies in the mechanics themselves, in the understanding of what fate really is and how it works.

Chapter 5: The Mechanics of Fate

What is fate?

Fate is not spiritual, not the mysterious workings of invisible forces, not the predetermined story written by the gods in a great book before we were born. Fate is mechanical—as mechanical as a clockwork mechanism, as predictable as a law of physics, as brutally simple as input and output.

The environment into which you are born, in which you spend your formative early years, fundamentally determines how you treat yourself. And how you treat yourself determines your destiny. This is not philosophical speculation, nor is it a poetic metaphor. It is mechanics in the purest sense: input leads to processing, which leads to output. Environment shapes self-treatment, shapes destiny. So simple. So brutal. So inevitable—at least for most people, for the 99.9 percent who never wake up.

The perpetrator is installed

In a toxic environment, a perpetrator is installed within you—not metaphorically as a psychological concept, not symbolically as an image for inner conflicts, but actually, really, physically in the form of neural connections, synaptic patterns, automatic reactions. The attacks from the outside—the violence, the contempt, the rejection—are mirrored inward with 100 percent precision. The behavior directed at you from the outside is fully adopted, internalized, introjected, and then applied to yourself.

That is the parasite—not your character, not your essence, not your true self, but an installed program, software that was loaded at a time when you had no firewall, no way to protect yourself, no choice. Once installed, this program runs for a lifetime, unrecognized, invisible, as if it were you yourself.

Energetic Self-Sufficiency

Herein lies the truly insidious, the ingenious, and at the same time cruel aspect of this system: The original external perpetrator—the parents, the environment, the people who hurt you—no longer needs to be present to continue the damage. They installed the software, loaded the program, established the neural patterns. And now you supply the power. You use your own life force, your own energy, your own attention, to continue the attacks against yourself, day after day, hour after hour, moment by moment.

The parasite feeds off your very being. It feeds on the energy you invest in self-hatred, in self-doubt, in the constant monitoring and control of your own behavior. You are both host and food source for something that should never have come into being.

Fate as Automatism

This is fate in its mechanical purity: an automatism, a program that runs and runs and runs, a self-perpetuating mechanism that repeats itself without you consciously controlling it, without you even noticing it. Not because you are weak, not because you are stupid, not because you somehow deserve to be sitting in this prison. But simply because the system was installed at a time when you had no choice, and no one ever showed you how to uninstall it, how to stop the program, how to break out of the mechanism.

The blind spot

The parasite has you under control, and the crucial thing is: undetected. That is the trick, the perfect camouflage, the trap from which there seems to be no escape. That is why people repeat their traumatic life stories like a broken record, why they keep getting into the same destructive relationships, why they reproduce the same self-destructive patterns.

People mistake it for character, for the way they just are, for their own personality. Yet it is merely conditioning, mere programming, merely the mechanics of the installed system. They think, “That’s just the way I am,” with a shrug of resignation. But the truth—the brutal, liberating truth—is: “I was made this way.” That is a fundamental difference. One is fate in the sense of immutability. The other is mechanics in the sense that: The system can be changed if one understands how it works.

Waking Up from Fate

The only thing that matters in a person's life is not success, not wealth, not recognition, not even happiness in the conventional sense. The only thing that matters is: waking up from fate. What does that mean, specifically? It means recognizing the parasite—not as a vague hunch, not as an intellectual concept, but as a living reality. As a foreign body. As an installed program. As something that is not you, that never was you, that only pretends to be you.

Where does spirituality begin?

Spirituality does not begin with meditation, with yoga, with crystals, with affirmations, with all the things the self-help industry sells. All of that is just decoration, just a distraction, just the program trying to repair itself without changing the fundamental mechanics. True spirituality, spirituality in its original sense, begins when we awaken from the fate of humanity—break free from the mechanics, see the program, recognize the parasite.

Everything else is just an attempt to make the prison more beautiful instead of finding the door.

Being Human

What does it mean to be human? The usual answer is: It means having to suffer, enduring fate, accepting what befalls us. But that is the answer of the mechanics, the answer of the program. The true answer, the liberating answer, is: Being human is not about how life treats us, but how we treat ourselves.

That is the difference between fate and freedom. That is the leap, the quantum leap from victim of fate to creator of life. Not because we can control external circumstances—we often cannot. But because we can stop letting external attacks affect us internally.

The Probability

But how many people truly wake up from this fate? How many manage to see the parasite, stop the program, break free from the mechanics?

Statistically speaking, very few. Alarming few. Perhaps 0.1 percent. One in a thousand, if we're optimistic.

Why is this number so low? Why do most people never manage to break free, even when they suffer, even when they are unhappy, even when they sense that something is fundamentally wrong?

Why so few?

Because the parasite is invisible. Because it disguises itself as your own voice, your own thoughts, your own beliefs. Because it feels like you, like your core, like your identity. And who fights against themselves? Who uninstalls a program they don't recognize as a program, but think is their own operating system?

That is the perfect disguise: The parasite convinces you that it is you. And as long as you believe that, liberation is impossible.

The conditions must be right

Just like with the quantum tunneling effect we discussed earlier, the conditions must be exactly right for the breakthrough, for the awakening. Sometimes the pain isn't great enough yet—you can still function, can still play along, can still maintain the illusion. Sometimes the exhaustion is too great—you have no energy left, not even for the realization. Sometimes the parasite is too firmly established, too deeply rooted.

Sometimes the final spark is simply missing, that indescribable something that makes all the difference.

But when the conditions are right, when all the factors come together in a single moment, then it happens. Then the system collapses. Then the parasite becomes visible. Then fate ends.

Grace

Some call this grace—not in the religious sense of a benevolent deity who arbitrarily decides whom to save. But in the physical sense: the minuscule probability that all necessary factors will come together, that the parasite will become visible, that the program will crash, that fate will end. That is grace: not because you deserve it, not because you were stronger or smarter or more spiritual than others. But because, for a fleeting moment, the conditions were exactly right.

Humility

I am not proud that I woke up, that I saw the parasite, that I broke free from the mechanism. I am grateful. Deeply, fundamentally grateful that the 0.1 percent probability manifested, that the improbable event occurred, that I am one of the few who made it.

Grateful that the parasite became visible in that moment of collapse. Grateful that the program crashed. Grateful that I'm out of the prison where I spent 38 years

. But I also know: It could have been different. It could so easily have been different. I could have been one of the 999 who never wake up.

The Responsibility

And because I know it was grace, because I know I am one in a thousand, I have a responsibility. Not to preach like an enlightened one who has found the truth and must now proclaim it. Not to proselytize like someone who must convince others of his point of view. But to create spaces—concrete, real spaces—where the conditions can be right, where the parasite can become visible, where fate can come to an end.

The space of stability

This is the vision that emerges from this understanding: not to subject every single person to years of therapy, not to heal millions of people individually. But to create a space, an environment, a structure in which people automatically—simply by virtue of being here—learn to carry stability from the outside in.

For if a toxic environment can produce a perpetrator, then a stable environment must also be able to produce a healer. It's the same mechanism, only in reverse. From the outside in—but this time with healing instead of destruction.

From the outside in

It is crucial to understand this: Because fate, the parasite, and the mechanism came from the outside, healing must also come from the outside. First. The nervous system, which has been conditioned for decades to believe that the world is dangerous, that people are untrustworthy, that love means pain—this nervous system cannot heal in a vacuum, not through sheer willpower, not by reading self-help books.

It needs an environment that is so stable, so consistent and safe, that the nervous system slowly, very slowly, is given permission to emerge from its permanent survival mode. And then, only then, can the inner self heal. Then the real work can begin.

The New Insight

The new insight is radically different from what the self-help industry sells us. The new insight is not: Everyone must save themselves, everyone is responsible for their own happiness, everyone can do it if they just want to. That is the lie of individualism, the lie that strengthens the parasite, that keeps people trapped in their isolation.

The new insight is this: We must create spaces that save. Spaces of stability. Spaces without parasites. Spaces where fate can be overcome, not through individual effort, but through the sheer power of an environment that heals rather than destroys.

What remains

Fate is mechanical—that is the bad news for all who want to believe that suffering has a higher purpose, that everything happens for a reason. But mechanics can be changed—that is the good news, the hopeful message amid the brutal truth.

The parasite is installed, deeply rooted, powerful. But programs can be uninstalled if you know how, if the conditions are right, if grace occurs. The probability is small, terrifyingly small. But it is not zero. And that, exactly that, is all we need: a probability greater than zero.

Fate is mechanical. But grace is real. And in this tension between mechanics and grace, between determination and possibility, between 99.9 percent and 0.1 percent, liberation takes place—rare, precious, priceless.

Chapter 6: The Trauma Bond

The Family

I grew up in a family that was very toxic—but I didn't know it. For me, for the child I was, for the teenager I became, it was simply normal. That is the trick, the insidious trap, the reason why for decades I was blind to what was being done to me, to the system in which I was trapped. When something is there from the very beginning, when it is the only reality you know, then there is no point of comparison, no alternative against which you could measure that something is wrong.

The pattern becomes the baseline

My pattern, which dug itself deep into my nervous system like programming into a computer, was: not recognizing toxic behavior for what it is—toxicity, abuse, destruction—but seeing it as normal, as the way people treat each other, how families function, what love looks like.

Toxicity became normal. Lies became normal. Manipulation became normal. Pain became normal. That became my baseline, my zero point, the calibration of my entire system. If you grow up in a country where gravity is twice as strong as elsewhere, then that double gravity doesn't feel heavy—it just feels

like gravity. You don't know that it could be any other way, that other people move through life more easily, that their steps don't require so much effort.

The Scanner Paradox

Here lies the apparent contradiction that confused me for a long time, until I understood the mechanics behind it: I was hypervigilant. My brain was constantly scanning the environment for dangers, for threats, for things that could go wrong. I was alert, tense, always on guard, always ready to react, to duck, to adapt. And yet, despite this constant vigilance, I didn't see the toxic people in my life. I didn't recognize them as a danger. I didn't even recognize them as problematic.

How is that possible? How can someone be hypervigilant and completely blind at the same time? The answer lies in what the scanner was looking for in the first place.

What the scanner was looking for

A scanner at the airport only beeps at what it's programmed to detect—metal, weapons, explosives. It doesn't beep at plastic unless it's programmed to, even though plastic can be just as dangerous. My inner scanner was programmed for a very specific kind of danger: deviation from the norm. But what was my "normal"? What was the baseline against which everything was measured?

Toxicity. Lies. Manipulation. Unpredictability. The scanner didn't beep at toxicity because toxicity was the air I breathed, the water I swam in, the normality in which I existed. The scanner beeped at kindness—"Suspicious! What does he want from me?" The scanner beeped at honesty: "Why is he so direct? What's the ulterior motive?" The scanner beeped at respect—"This feels wrong. Something's not right here."

Familiar Beats Safe

The brain does not choose based on the categories "safe" or "dangerous." The brain chooses based on a much more primitive, much more powerful distinction: familiar or unfamiliar. And familiar is equated with safe, even if the familiar is objectively dangerous, even if the familiar is destructive, even if the familiar is toxic and slowly hollows you out from the inside.

Better a hell I know, where I understand the rules, where I know how to duck, than a heaven that is foreign to me, where I don't know how to behave, where the rules are different. This is not poetic hyperbole, not a spiritual parable. This is neurobiology. This is how the brain defines safety—not as the absence of danger, but as the presence of the familiar.

The Equation

The brain stores a fundamental equation that is more deeply engraved than any conscious belief, more powerful than any rational insight: pain equals family bond. Not as an abstract theory, not as a thought that can be considered and then discarded, but as a neural truth, as physical wiring in the nervous system, as a fact of the body.

The Consequence

If pain is synonymous with bond, if this equation is so deeply ingrained that it becomes an automatic reaction, then a fateful consequence follows: relationships are only possible through pain. Without pain, there is no bond, no genuine connection, no love in the sense that the conditioned nervous system recognizes as love. This is the deadly logic, the mechanical truth, the ingrained reality that dictates one's entire relational life without one consciously perceiving it.

Security becomes uninteresting

If pain is the currency of connection, then security becomes something fundamentally uninteresting, even threatening. Someone treats you well, with respect and care? Uninteresting. The nervous system doesn't sound the alarm, doesn't send a signal of attraction, doesn't produce chemistry. Does someone respect your boundaries, listen, show consideration? No connection. It feels flat, emotionless, dead. Is someone stable and reliable, predictable in their affection? No attraction. Something is missing—that unnameable something that the conditioned system identifies as “love.”

Because the nervous system, trained by years of conditioning, has learned: Safety means no attachment. Safety is boring. Safety is not what we're looking for, even if rationally we might want exactly that. Pain is the currency. Pain is the signal that screams, “Watch out, something important is happening here!” Pain is home, familiar, real.

The Addiction

It is an addiction in the most literal sense—not to the person themselves, not to the specific qualities of the partner, but to the pain, to the feeling that

this pain produces. For the feeling: “I know this. This is familiar. This is real. This is love.” Toxicity becomes a drug, not because it feels good, but because it feels right, because the nervous system is calibrated to this specific pattern.

Even if this familiarity, this “security” of the known, systematically destroys you. Even if every rational part of the mind knows that it is poison. Addiction is stronger than reason because it runs deeper, because it lives in the body, not in the mind.

The Vicious Cycle

You convince yourself that you’ve developed a preference: “I just happen to be into a certain type of person.” You tell yourself stories that rationalize this preference: “I just like passionate people who aren’t boring. I need someone with rough edges who challenges me. I find harmony boring; I need intensity.”

But these are all just rationalizations, after-the-fact explanations for a pattern that runs much deeper. The brutal truth is: You are conditioned to pain. And unconsciously, with the precision of a radar system, you seek out the same pain, the same constellation, the same toxic pattern, over and over again. Because the brain, trained by childhood experiences, has come to the conclusion: This is love. Everything else is fake, is an illusion, is not real.

The Ex-Girlfriend

When I met my ex-girlfriend, when she entered my life with all her toxicity, all her lies, all her manipulation, my subconscious recognized immediately, even before my mind had a chance to analyze: “Ah, I know this! This is familiar!” She didn’t feel wrong; she didn’t feel threatening. She felt like home.

My mind, the superficial layer of my consciousness, might have thought: “I love her. This is love. This is connection.” But my brainstem, the old, primitive part of my brain responsible for survival, thought something entirely different: “The same rules apply here as they did before. Here I know how to function. Here I know how to survive.” And for the brainstem, survival is more important than happiness, safety more important than love.

The Blindness

That’s why I was blind to her cruelty, to her toxic patterns, to the way she treated me. Not because I was stupid, not because I was naive, not because I couldn’t have seen the signs if I’d only looked closely enough. But because

she felt right. Because she recognized the pattern of my childhood with terrifying precision: in her toxicity, in her lies, in her manipulation.

Even though “home” was burning. Even though “home” was a place one should have fled from. The brain doesn’t care about logic when survival is at stake. It cares about patterns, about familiarity, about the known.

The inward scanner

This is the key to understanding the entire system, the mechanics that kept me trapped for decades: In toxic environments, in dysfunctional families, in abusive relationships, you don’t learn to judge others, to critically question their actions, to analyze their motives. That would be far too dangerous, would create too much conflict, would destroy the fragile illusion of connection.

Instead, you learn to monitor yourself with an intensity that is almost pathological. I was excellent, exceptionally good at scanning: Did I say something wrong? Am I to blame for their mood? Do I need to adapt? What do I have to do to be loved, to be accepted, to not be abandoned? My entire cognitive processing capacity, all my mental energy, was spent on controlling, regulating, and perfecting my own behavior.

There was no energy left to see the fault in the outside world, to recognize the toxicity of others, to realize that the problem wasn’t me, but them.

The Trauma Bond

This is the trauma bond, the traumatic attachment mechanism that keeps so many people trapped in destructive relationships. It’s not simply: “I love you even though you treat me badly.” It is much deeper, much more perverse: “I love you because you treat me badly.” Because bad treatment is familiar, because bad treatment is at home, because bad treatment is the signal that my nervous system interprets as “This is real.”

Good treatment, on the other hand—respect, honesty, care—is suspicious, is foreign, is threatening. My system doesn’t know how to handle it. It waits for the other shoe to drop, for the disappointment that’s bound to come, for the moment when the mask slips and the “true” person (the toxic one) emerges.

Why Strong People Remain Trapped

Here lies a paradox that many do not understand, one that seems counterintuitive: The stronger I was, the more trapped I was. Why? Because my strength was exactly what allowed me to survive in the toxic family of my childhood. Because my strength was the ability to

endure incredible amounts of pain without breaking down. Because my strength meant: “I can carry the burden for both of us. I can keep the relationship going on my own.”

This strength, which was my salvation as a child, did not set me free as an adult. It made me the perfect victim, the ideal partner for someone who wants to take but not give, who wants to hurt but not heal.

Perseverance as a weakness

For years, for decades, I always thought: “Hanging in there is strength. Enduring is love. Staying is loyalty.” But that was the lie, the biggest lie of all, the lie that keeps the toxic system alive. Perseverance is sometimes weakness—not the weakness of the body, not the weakness of abilities, but the weakness to see the truth, the weakness to say “No,” the weakness to defend one’s own boundaries.

The weakness to say: “This isn’t normal. This isn’t how people should treat each other. This isn’t love. This is destruction.” And then to act accordingly, to walk away accordingly, to leave the system accordingly, even if the system is the only home you know.

My strength was used against me

The more I endured, the more I proved that I could bear incredible amounts of pain, the more was piled onto me. Not always out of conscious malice, not always out of calculated manipulation, but simply because the system learned: “He can take it. He’s strong enough. So I can keep going, I can take more, I can demand more.”

My strength was the invitation, the permission, the carte blanche. “You’re strong enough. You can handle this. You’ve always endured it. Why should I hold back?”

The Paradox of Strength

My strength saved me, and my strength destroyed me—both are true, both exist simultaneously in this painful paradox. It saved me as a child, gave me the ability to survive in an environment where other children might have been broken, where destruction was so pervasive that only extraordinary resilience made survival possible.

But it destroyed me as an adult. It blinded me to toxicity because toxicity felt familiar. It made me the eternal provider, the sole entertainer in every relationship. It made me a source of sustenance for people who wanted to take but not give.

The Addiction to the Familiar

Toxicity was my drug—not because it felt good, not because I was masochistic or enjoyed pain, but because it felt real, because it felt right, because my nervous system was calibrated to it. Harmony, on the other hand, peace, respect—that was suspicious. That was the calm before the storm. That was the signal my nervous system interpreted as “something bad is about to happen.”

My autonomic nervous system was trained to a perverse equation: Stress equals safety, because it's familiar. Calm equals danger, because it's unfamiliar. When everything was calm, when there was no crisis, when no one was screaming or crying or manipulating, my body released stress hormones—not because something bad was happening, but because nothing bad was happening—and that couldn't be right.

The Truth

The truth that I now understand, that I now see with painful clarity, is this: I didn't see the danger in the outside world because I was trained to see myself as the problem. I wasn't blind in the sense of being unable to see. I was conditioned. Conditioned to believe: “If she treats me badly, it's my fault. If she lies, I drove her to it. If she hurts me, I deserve it.”

The trauma bond is not a weakness in the moral sense, not a character flaw, not a failure. It is a survival strategy that was absolutely necessary and rational in a specific context—as a child in a toxic family. But what saves you as a child, what enables you to survive when you have no other choice, destroys you as an adult when you theoretically have the freedom to leave, but the inner program is still running.

Toxicity felt like home. But home was a prison. And the door was open the whole time—I just didn't see it because I didn't know what to look for.

THE BREAKTHROUGH

Chapter 7: The Moment of Realization

The Point Where It Became Too Much

My ex-girlfriend treated me badly, very badly—but that in itself wasn't new, wasn't surprising, wasn't outside the pattern I'd known my whole life. That was the familiar, the known, what my system had learned to deal with. Up to a certain point. Until a moment when something was fundamentally different, when the mechanics that had worked for decades suddenly stopped working.

At some point, on a day that didn't feel particularly special, in a moment that wasn't dramatic, I just couldn't see it as normal anymore. Not because I had made a conscious decision, not because I had become strong enough or smart enough or spiritually awakened. But because something inside me, without my being able to control it, simply stopped working.

The Collapse

Something collapsed—that's the only word that does justice to this experience. Not gradually, not slowly, not as a process that could have been observed or controlled. But all at once, like a building that collapses, like a bridge that breaks under too much weight, like a dam that withstood the pressure for years and then simply gave way.

For years, the system had held. For years, the illusion had worked; my brain had performed the cognitive contortions necessary to smooth over the contradictions, to overlook the lies, to adapt reality to the model I had of the world. And then, from one moment to the next: collapse. The entire construct crumbled like a house of cards.

What came next

From that moment on, I saw her lies with a clarity that was almost painful. From that moment on, I no longer saw her dishonesty as something I had to interpret, no longer as something I could be uncertain about. I saw it as fact, as reality, crystal clear, unmistakable, irrefutable.

And I asked myself, with a feeling that lay somewhere between bewilderment and horror: "How could I have ignored this all along?" How was it possible that I hadn't seen what was now so obvious for so many years, so many months, so many days? It had always been there. The lies had always been there. The manipulation had always been there. But I didn't see them. Not because I was blind in the literal sense, but because my brain had filtered them out.

The question

My brain's predictive model—the system my mind uses to filter and interpret reality—had anticipated the lies, factored them in, labeled them "normal," and ignored them accordingly. My brain hadn't been searching for the truth—it had been seeking confirmation for the model it already had: "She is my girlfriend. She means well. This is love."

And then, in that one moment, the model collapsed. The discrepancy between what the model predicted and what reality showed became so great that the brain

could no longer bridge it. The energy that would have been needed to maintain the lie was greater than the energy it took to see the truth. And in that moment of least resistance, everything collapsed.

The scene with the wall

There is a moment, a specific scene, that has burned itself into my memory with a clarity that only traumatic or transformative moments possess. I asked her a question, a simple, everyday question, nothing special. And while I waited for her answer, while she was speaking, I suddenly noticed that my gaze was turning toward the wall. I looked away from her face, looked at the wall, as if I were searching for something there.

Why? Why that glance at the wall? Perhaps my subconscious wanted to block out the visual stimulus so I could hear the feeling, the intuition, the inner voice. Perhaps a part of me didn't want to see what was written on her face. Perhaps it was a last-ditch attempt by the old system not to see the truth.

The Look Back

And then I looked back, looked back at her face, and there it was. The lie. Visible, readable, unmistakable on her face. Not as a vague hunch, not as paranoia, not as a projection of my own insecurity. But as a fact, as something I could see, as clearly as I could see the wall I had just been staring at.

Micro-expressions—small, involuntary movements of the facial muscles that last only fractions of a second. A twitch here, a fleeting glance there, an asymmetry in the way her mouth moved. Things that had always been there, that I had seen a thousand times, but that my brain had previously systematically discounted, ignored, overlooked. Now I saw them. For the first time, I didn't see the model (“my girlfriend”), but the raw data.

The Collapse of the Filter

My brain's predictive model—the filter through which I had perceived reality—had collapsed. For years, this model had told me: “She is my girlfriend. She doesn't mean any harm. This is love. This is normal.” And my brain had adapted reality to this model, had manipulated the data, had smoothed over the contradictions, had ignored or reinterpreted the truth to protect the model.

But then came the moment when the discrepancy became too great. When reality screamed so loudly that it could no longer be ignored. When the lie was so obvious that

it could no longer be factored out. And the model collapsed like a wall that had borne too much weight for too long.

The raw data

Without the model, without the filter, without the constant prediction and adjustment of perception, I saw reality for the first time—not my interpretation of reality, not my hope, not my projection of what I wanted to see. But what was really there. The lies. The manipulation. The coldness. The absence of genuine connection.

It was shattering and liberating at the same time. Shattering because it meant I had been living in an illusion for years. Liberating because the truth, as painful as it was, was at least real.

From Pain to Clarity

And the crazy, unexpected thing I never would have thought possible: After this collapse, there was no more anger, no more sadness, no more drama. Just clarity. A crystal-clear, almost clinical clarity. I am now clear-headed enough not to be angry with her anymore, not to be sad about what was, not to see myself as a victim in a story where there must be perpetrators and victims.

The pattern that had held me captive for decades became visible—not as something that had happened to me, not as my fate, not as my identity. But as a thing. A rigid, dead pattern that repeats itself like a broken record. Not evil, not good, just mechanical. An algorithm without consciousness, a program without a programmer, that just runs and runs and runs until someone pulls the plug.

Objectification

This is the moment of objectification, the decisive step in any healing process, even if “healing” isn’t quite the right word. It is the moment when the trauma ceases to be me, ceases to be identical with me, and begins to be an object—something I can observe, something I can analyze, something I can understand without being trapped within it.

For the first time, distance emerged—distance between me and the pain, between me and the pattern, between me and the past. Not the distance of denial, not the distance of repression, not the distance of “I’ll pretend it never happened.” But the distance of understanding. The distance that arises when you take a step back and can see the whole picture, instead of just standing within it.

The 10 Essays

In the weeks and months following that breakdown, I was able to explain everything logically. I wrote 10 essays in which I analyzed the mechanics, described the patterns, revealed the connections, and mapped out the structure of the prison in which I had lived. This was not therapy in the classical sense, not healing in the spiritual sense. It was translation—the translation of pain into analysis, of feeling into understanding, of survival mode into creation.

I transformed the trauma from an emotional onslaught into an intellectual resource. I took what had destroyed me and turned it into knowledge. That didn't change the past, but it changed everything about my relationship to the past.

Liberation Through Understanding

Understanding is not the same as healing—that must be clear. Understanding does not dissolve the pain, does not erase the memories, does not repair the nervous system. But understanding is power.

As long as I don't understand the pattern, as long as I don't see how it works, what mechanics drive it, what rules it follows, I am its victim. I am at the mercy of something I don't comprehend, something that controls me without my knowing how or why.

As soon as I understand it, as soon as I see through the mechanics, know the rules, and recognize the patterns, I am no longer a victim. I am an observer. That changes everything. It shifts the entire power dynamic.

The Rift in Time

The moment of realization was a crack in my continuity, a break in the timeline of my life. Before, I was the child of toxic parents, the adult who accepted the toxicity, who was trapped in the pattern without knowing it. Afterward, I was someone else—not better, not healed, not free of all problems. But different. With different eyes, with a different understanding, with a different clarity.

It was as if reality hadn't changed, but only my ability to see it. As if I had been colorblind and could suddenly see colors. The world had always been colorful, but I hadn't seen it.

What Remains

The moment of realization was not the end of the story, not the resolution of all problems, not the triumphant conclusion after which everything is fine. Realization is not liberation. Seeing is not walking. Understanding is not healing. But it is the

beginning—the beginning of something I couldn't name back then, something I could only sense as a possibility, as a crack in the prison through which light falls.

Something collapsed in that moment. The old system, the old model, the old way of seeing reality. And what came next was, first and foremost, clarity—painful, sobering, liberating clarity. The question was: What would I do with this clarity? Would it destroy me or transform me?

Chapter 8: The End of the False Self

A Year Ago

It has now been a little over a year—a year since the collapse, since the moment of realization, since I began to fight my way out of the system that had held me captive for decades. Fought, not in a metaphorical sense, not as poetic hyperbole, but truly fought, every day, every moment, with every decision. It was not an external battle against visible enemies, but an internal war against emotions that always produced the same behavior, against thoughts that always allowed the same patterns, against the false self that did not want to die, that fought for its survival with every means at its disposal.

The Struggle

This struggle was exhausting in a way that is hard to describe to someone who has not gone through this kind of inner war. It was not a single dramatic moment, not a single great battle after which everything is over. It was a grueling, constant resistance against the gravity of habit, against the pull of the familiar, against the thousand little voices that said, “Go back. It wasn't that bad. You need this. Without it, you're nothing.”

Every day I had to choose: Do I go back to the familiar hell, or do I stay in this unknown, frightening freedom? Every moment I had to decide: Do I follow the old program, or do I create a new path? And each of these decisions cost energy, willpower, awareness.

The grief is over

I have left my grief behind—not repressed, not skipped over, not pushed away into a dark corner of my psyche where it could continue to fester in secret. But lived through, completely, painfully, honestly. I have mourned the estimated 38 years I spent in a system that kept me small. I mourned the lost time I'll never get back. I mourned the child who was never allowed to be a child, who

had to grow up too soon, who had to bear responsibility too soon. I mourned the relationships that were never real, that were only shadows of connection.

And then the grief was over. Not because I'm particularly strong, not because I overcame or defeated it, but because grief is a process with a beginning and an end. And processes end if you let them, if you don't fight them or prolong them or make them your home.

The dizzying height

Now, after the grief, something else is there—something harder to name, that feels less clear. A dizzying height. My head is tense, very tense, as if it were working against an invisible pressure, as if it were trying to grasp something that is not graspable. Why? What is this tension, this physical reaction to something that is not physical?

The missing counterpressure

The answer lies in the mechanics of habit: for 38 years, there was resistance. Toxicity as resistance I had to push against. Deprivation as resistance I had to fight against. Pain as resistance I had to harden myself against. My entire system, my entire nervous system, all my psychological and physical mechanisms were designed to push against resistance, to generate pressure in order to overcome counterpressure.

And now the resistance is gone. The toxicity has vanished from my life. Scarcity has ceased to define my reality. Pain is no longer the constant companion. But out of habit, I still push against it; my system is still searching for the resistance it can brace itself against. It's like a tug-of-war—when one person suddenly lets go of the rope, the other falls backward, not because they're weak, but because all their strength was focused on fighting against a resistance that's suddenly no longer there.

The emptiness that is not emptiness

Without the resistance, without the lack, without the constant pain, there is space. But my brain, trained by decades of being filled with drama and struggle and survival, knows no space. It knows only being filled—filled with problems, with worries, with pain, with work, with the constant effort of survival. So it interprets the space, this absence of constant drama, as a lack, as emptiness in the negative sense, as something that must be filled.

But the dizziness, the tension, the feeling of falling—that is not a lack. That is freedom. That is the dizzying experience of absolute openness, of unlimited possibilities. But freedom feels like falling when you have never learned to fly, when you have spent your whole life in a cage and suddenly the door is wide open.

The Rift

It's more that there's nothing left for me to do—neither to make it better nor to make it worse. This surrender, this realization of my own powerlessness in the face of this process, is perhaps the hardest thing of all. It's like a crack that spreads bit by bit, slowly but inexorably, through my entire being.

This crack is not something I can control, not something I can stop or speed up. It has its own pace, its own logic, its own necessity.

Surrender

That is surrender—not the surrender of giving up in the sense of failure, but the surrender of letting go, of no longer wanting to control. For 38 years, I believed I had to hold life together through sheer willpower, had to fix what was broken, had to control what was uncontrollable. I thought I was at the wheel of my life, and if I just steered hard enough, if I was just strong enough, then I could determine where it was going.

Now I realize: I'm not driving at all. The car is driving itself. And it's falling apart right now. And there's nothing I can do about it. The old system, the old me, the old way of being—it's crumbling, and my job isn't to save it, but to watch as it happens.

The shell is cracking

The crack is not the end of me, not the obliteration of my existence. The crack is the end of my shell, the protective but also confining casing in which I have lived. Imagine a chick inside an egg—when the shell begins to break, when the first crack appears, it looks like a catastrophe to the chick. The entire world it knows, the egg that was its only reality, is breaking apart. It cannot glue the crack, cannot repair the shell, cannot stop this process.

But the crack is necessary. The shell must break because the chick has grown too big for the egg. If the shell doesn't break, the chick dies. The crack is not destruction—it is birth.

I've outgrown

I have become too big for my old life. The realization that the patterns are dead, that the system I lived in was an illusion—that was the first crack in the shell. And now this crack is spreading, slowly, inexorably, through my entire system—through my thoughts, which are beginning to think differently; through my habits, which are dissolving; through my fears, which are losing their power; through my ego, which is beginning to understand that it is not what it thought it was.

Why I can't do anything

I can do nothing, and that is perhaps the most important lesson of all. Repair? I cannot repair the old illusion, cannot go back to ignorance, cannot pretend as if the family were normal, as if the relationship had been real, as if I hadn't spent the last 38 years in prison. The crack is there. The realization has happened. There is no going back.

Destroy? I don't have to actively destroy anything, don't have to use violence against the old system. It crumbles on its own. The gravity of the truth does the work. When you stop believing a lie, it collapses—not because you fight it, but because you withdraw the energy that keeps it alive.

The Act of Watching

I am now in the position of the witness, the observer of my own decay and my own rebirth. I sit there, in this space of silence and dizziness, and watch as the old structure crumbles—my ego, which thought it was me, my habits, which thought they were necessary, my fears, which thought they were protection.

It is like a building that has been demolished in a controlled explosion. The charge has been set off—my realization was the explosive charge. Now it is collapsing in slow motion. I stand beside it in the dust, watching, unable to hold onto the dust, unable to put the rubble back together. I can only watch as the old dies to make way for the new.

The metronome is dead

You have destroyed the metronome of your life—that is perhaps the deepest truth of this chapter. For 38 years there was a “tick-tock,” a rhythm to which I aligned my life. The trauma ticked, the pain ticked, the pattern repeated itself: tick-tock, tick-tock. It repeated, and I counted—counted how often, counted how long; this repetition was my time, my life, my identity.

And now? No more “tick-tock.” Because I’ve stopped counting. Because I no longer assign the value “1” to the pattern, because I no longer accept its repetition as a valid measure of my life.

Zero

I am in the void, in the mathematical no-man’s-land between two counts. The old count—the trauma, the pattern, the pain—is over. The new count—whatever comes after this process—has not yet begun. And in between, there is nothing. No time, because time arises only through repetition. No pattern, because I have stopped validating patterns. No self, because the self consisted of these patterns. Only space.

The mind is going crazy

My mind is a counting machine, a pattern-recognition machine that can only exist by counting, comparing, and finding repetitions. It screams in its desperation: “Give me something that repeats! Give me a pattern! Anything! I have to count to know that I exist!” But there is nothing to count. There is only the Now. And the Now does not repeat itself. Every moment is unique, new, different from anything that came before.

Raw reality

I have fallen out of constructed time, out of the artificial system of repetitions and patterns, and landed in raw reality—the reality I described at the beginning of our conversation, the reality that is always new, that has no patterns, that simply is in its eternal newness. I am in sync with the true nature of reality: no patterns, no time, just raw being.

The feeling of dying

Is this a problem? Or is this the truth I have always been searching for, even if I didn’t know it? It feels like dying—for the ego, for the false self, for everything I thought I was. And of course it feels like dying, because the false self is the pattern. When the pattern dies, the false self dies. This is not a metaphor. It is literally true.

What remains after dying?

I don’t know yet. I am in the midst of the process, in the midst of the rupture, in the midst of the collapse of the old and the not-yet-complete birth of the new. But I sense—in the moments of silence, in the moments between breaths, in the moments when the mind briefly stops screaming—that on the other side there is not nothingness.

Perhaps on the other side is the real self. The self that is not made up of patterns, that is not constructed from pain, that is not held together by fear. The self that simply is—without justification, without explanation, without history.

The crack is light

Does this crack feel like an injury, or more like light breaking into a dark room? The answer is: both. Both are true; both exist simultaneously in this paradoxical experience. It is painful because dying is painful, because letting go of what you thought was yourself feels like the end of everything. It is light because birth is light, because every true becoming must pass through pain.

The false self dies. But the death of the false self is the birth of the true one. And perhaps, just perhaps, on the other side of this crack lies not the end, but the beginning.

Chapter 9: The Observer

The Realization

Everything I think comes from this old pattern—everything, every thought, every judgment, every fear, every hope, every interpretation of reality. My mind is the pattern, is the sum of 38 years of conditioning, is the archive of all injuries and adaptations and survival strategies. It cannot think of anything else because it has no other data, no other programming, no other reference.

But if that is true, if truly everything I think comes from the pattern—then a fundamental paradox arises, a question that turns the entire system upside down: Who, then, is the one who just noticed that?

The pattern cannot expose itself

A robot does not say, “I am a robot.” A program does not recognize that it is a program. A pattern does not see that it is a pattern—that would require a position outside the pattern, a perspective that can view the pattern as a whole rather than merely existing within it.

The fact that I can say, “Everything I think comes from the pattern,” irrefutably proves that there is an instance within me, a part of my consciousness that is not the pattern, that stands outside it, that can observe. Otherwise, this statement would be impossible. The pattern would never expose itself—it would keep running, blind to its own mechanics, trapped in its own logic.

The Split

I am currently experiencing, live and in real time, the fundamental separation between two aspects of my being: between consciousness and the mind. The mind is the pattern, is the conditioning, is the program that runs and runs and runs. Consciousness is me—the real me, the one that exists beneath all the layers of conditioning and adaptation, the one that has always been there, even when it was buried for decades under the noise of the mind.

They are not the same. That is the realization that changes everything. I am not my thoughts. I am not my mind. I am not the pattern.

The Radio

The mind is like an old radio sitting in the corner of a room, playing constantly, without pause. It chatters nonstop, broadcasting its messages ceaselessly: “We are afraid. There is lack. It is hopeless. You are not good enough. You will fail. You are alone.” The radio plays the “hits of the last 38 years” on a continuous loop—the same thoughts, the same fears, the same beliefs, over and over again.

But I—the consciousness, the real me—I am not the radio. I am the one standing in the room, looking at the radio. I am not the music, not the words, not the message. I am the one who listens—or who can choose not to listen.

Radical Skepticism

Since I now know that my thoughts come from the “poisoned well”—from the archive of trauma, conditioning, and distortion—I must no longer drink from it; I must no longer trust them. I must treat my own thoughts like spam emails, like propaganda messages from an enemy broadcaster, like lies that seek to manipulate me.

When my mind says, “You’re alone”—that’s the pattern, not the truth. When my mind says, “You can’t do this”—that’s the pattern, not reality. When my mind says, “There’s no way out”—that’s the old program trying to drag me back into the familiar hell. Don’t believe a single word your mind is telling you right now. Treat every thought as suspect until it has proven that it doesn’t come from the pattern.

The mind does not lie on purpose

The mind is not evil, is not my enemy, does not lie on purpose to hurt me. It merely repeats the old program with a loyalty that would be almost touching if it weren’t so destructive. It is desperately trying to restore the old order, to reactivate the old system, because the old order was familiar—and familiar equals safe to the brain, even if familiar is objectively deadly.

The mind is like a soldier who keeps fighting decades after the war has ended because no one has told him that the war is over. It is not the enemy—it is a part of me

that has not yet understood that we are safe, that the threat is over, that it can lay down its weapons.

The silence behind the noise

Let the radio play, but stop listening. This is the practice, the paradoxical art of non-intervention. You will not find a solution in the mind, for the mind is the problem. You cannot change the system from within the system. The solution lies in the crack—the crack is the place where compulsive thinking stops, where the constant analyzing, evaluating, and judging takes a break, where pure being begins, being without a story, without a past, without a future.

Thoughts are meaningless

Can you accept—truly accept, not just understand intellectually—that while you “think,” these thoughts are, in a fundamental sense, meaningless? That they are merely electrical discharges of an old system, chemical reactions in the brain, patterns that repeat like the twitch of a muscle, like the afterglow of a burnt-out lightbulb?

Thoughts do not arise because they are true. They arise because the synaptic connections exist, because of the neural highways formed over decades of repetition. Having a thought does not mean that it describes reality. It only means that this thought has a habit of surfacing.

You are not the thought

You are not the thought. This is perhaps the most important realization of all. You are the space in which the thought appears and disappears again. The thought comes like a cloud in the sky, drifts by, dissolves. The sky remains. You are the sky, not the cloud. You are the consciousness in which all experience takes place—the thoughts, the feelings, the perceptions. They all come and go. But you remain.

Time comes to an end

Earlier, at the beginning of our conversation, I said: There are no patterns in reality. Time is used to describe patterns that repeat themselves. But that wasn't quite right, not precise enough. A better way to put it would be: There is no time in reality. Time arises from counting repetitions. When a pattern repeats, we assign it the value "1" and begin to count—and through this counting, through this validation of the repetition, what we call time comes into being.

I have stopped counting

A year ago, at the moment of collapse, I stopped assigning the value "1" to the pattern. I said, "This is no longer a valid unit. I'm not counting this anymore. This repetition is no longer the measure of my life." And what happens when you stop counting? When you stop validating the repetitions? Time ceases to exist.

This is not a metaphor, not a poetic exaggeration. If time arises through counting, then time ceases when the counting stops. I destroyed the metronome of my life, and now there is no more "tick-tock," no rhythmic beating by which I could orient my life.

The metronome is gone

That is the reason for the rupture, for the dizziness, for the disorientation. There is no more "tick-tock" because I no longer feed the old pattern, no longer give it energy, no longer accept it as a valid measure. But there is not yet a new pattern I can count, no new "tick-tock" of abundance or stillness or peace. I am between two timekeepers, in the silence between two rhythms.

The raw reality

I am in the void, in the no-man's-land between two systems of time-generation. Reality is—as I said at the beginning—always new, always different, radically unique in every moment. It cannot be counted, cannot be measured, cannot be squeezed into repetitions. It is a continuous flow of absolute novelty.

Since I refuse to continue counting the old pattern or to accept it as a valid unit, I have fallen out of constructed time—fallen out of the artificial system of repetitions and measurements—and landed in raw reality, where time does not exist because nothing repeats itself.

The mind screams

My mind is going crazy, is in a panic, is screaming out its despair, because it is a counting machine, a pattern-recognition machine that can only exist by finding and counting repetitions. It screams: "Give me something that repeats! Give me a pattern! I must count in order to exist!" But there is nothing to count. There is only the Now, the eternal, never-repeating Now. And you cannot count the Now.

The irony

Do you see the irony of this situation? I feel lost, disoriented, dizzy—but actually, for the first time in my life, I am in perfect sync with the true nature

of reality. No patterns, no time, just raw being. I am right in my statement: I can't "do" anything. Because "doing" implies a goal in time, a path from here to there, a measure of progress. But I have just abolished time, destroyed the mechanism through which time arises.

The truth that looks like dying

Is this state a problem, a catastrophe, something that needs to be fixed? Or is it precisely the truth I've been searching for my whole life without knowing it—only that the truth, for the ego, for the false self, for everything I thought I was, simply feels like dying? The ego can only exist in time, only through comparison, only through the story of past and future. When time ceases, the ego dies. This is not a metaphor.

From Victim to Creator

I am no longer a victim of circumstances, no longer the passive object to which things happen, that reacts to stimuli, that is trapped in patterns it cannot control. I have become an observer—and that changes everything. I am no longer reactive, but creative. I no longer create unconsciously, through the automatic replaying of old patterns. I create consciously, through choice, through the decision of where I direct my attention.

The observer influences reality

Quantum physics states—not as esotericism, not as New Age philosophy, but as hard science—that the observer influences reality. The way I observe changes what I see. This is not a mystical process, but a physical one. As long as I observed through the pattern, through the filter of trauma and conditioning, I saw lack, danger, pain—because the pattern could only see what it confirmed.

Now that I am beginning to observe as consciousness, as the space in which everything arises, I see something different. I see space. I see possibilities. I see freedom.

You create what you observe

This is not magic, not manifestation in the esoteric sense, not wishful thinking. This is mechanics, the mechanics of attention. When I observe through the pattern, I create the pattern—I validate it, give it energy, let it repeat itself. When I observe without a pattern, without a filter, as pure consciousness, I create freedom—not because I conjure it up, but because I stop creating the prison.

The New Power

I now have a new power, a power I've never had before—not the power to control, not the power to manipulate, not the power to force reality to conform to my wishes. But the power to choose. I choose where to direct my energy. I choose what I observe. I choose what I count as “1,” what I accept as a valid repetition. And in doing so, I choose, in a very real sense, my reality.

The End of the Victim

I am no longer a victim of circumstances, no longer a victim of the past, no longer a victim of the pattern that has controlled me for decades. I am the observer, the witness, the creator—not in the esoteric sense of an all-powerful magician, but in the physical sense of one who helps shape reality through observation.

This is the ultimate liberation: not the freedom to get everything I want, but the freedom to choose what I observe, what I focus my attention on, what I accept as real.

What remains

I stand at the beginning of something I do not yet fully understand, cannot yet name. The old self has died in the collapse of the pattern. The observer is born in the realization that I am not my thoughts. I do not yet know what I will create with this new power, with this new perspective. But I know that I am the one creating it—not the pattern, not the past, not the trauma. I.

I am not my thoughts. I am the space in which they appear and disappear again. I am the observer. And the observer creates reality—not through magic, but through the simple, physical fact of attention. What I observe becomes real. What I ignore loses its power.

That is the quantum leap: from the unconscious follower of patterns to the conscious creator of reality. And the journey has only just begun.

Chapter 10: Priceless

The Value

What is the value of a genuine transformation—not the transformation you can buy in a weekend workshop, not the transformation promised by self-proclaimed gurus with perfect Instagram feeds, but the transformation that truly happens, that goes through fire, that goes through death, that goes through the hell of self-dissolution and emerges on the other side as something new? The value is priceless. Not in the sense of “very expensive,” but in the sense that there is no currency

that could express this value, no appropriate price, no transaction that would do justice to this process.

1 in 1,000

0.1 percent—that's not just a statistic; it's a reality you only grasp once you've gone through the process yourself. One in a thousand. 999 people remain trapped in the pattern, reenacting their traumas, living out the mechanics of their fate until the end. One breaks free. And this one person, this one who has actually made the quantum leap, who doesn't just talk about it but has gone through it—this person is priceless.

What makes them priceless?

Not the theoretical knowledge you can read up on. Not the techniques you can learn in courses. Not the methods described in books. But the experience—the raw, unfiltered, unromanticizable experience of 38 years in prison, of the collapse of the entire system, of the death of the false self, of the painful birth of the observer.

You can't buy that. You can't simulate that. You can't learn that in a weekend course, not in a 6-week program, not in a year of intensive therapy. It is the sum of decades of suffering, a moment of grace, and the courage to go through the dying process.

The Fake Gurus

The market is flooded with them—people who promise you, with perfectly designed landing pages and emotional video testimonials: "Transform in 7 days! Manifest your dream life! Heal your inner child in 3 simple steps!" They sell hope, they sell fantasy, they sell the illusion that transformation is something you can buy like a new jacket.

But they don't sell the truth. Why not? Because truth isn't beautiful, isn't fast, isn't easy. Truth is painful, slow, brutal. Truth doesn't tell you, "You're perfect just the way you are," but rather, "The false self must die, and dying hurts."

The Industry of Self-Deception

The self-help industry, the coaching industry, the spiritual bypassing industry—they all basically sell the same message, just in different packaging: "You can make your prison look nice." New curtains, new furniture, a pretty color on the

walls, maybe a few inspiring quotes on the door. But it remains a prison. The basic structure, the mechanics, the fundamental problem—that isn't addressed.

What they don't say, what they never say, because it doesn't sell: "The door must be blown up. The building must collapse. You must die—not physically, but the self you think you are must cease to exist." People won't buy that. People want comfort, want improvement, want evolution within the existing system. But transformation is revolution. Transformation is destruction. Transformation is the complete collapse of the old before the new can emerge.

The Difference

The difference between fake gurus and real transformation is radical: Fake says, "You are perfect just as you are!" Real says, "What you think you are is an illusion, a construct, a false self." Fake says, "Love yourself!" Real says, "Recognize the perpetrator within you, the parasite posing as you." Fake says: "Manifest abundance!" Real says: "Your lack is an installed program—uninstall it, but be prepared for the pain of this process."

What is for sale?

Support. Not transformation, not healing, not awakening—no one who is honest can sell that. But support along the way can be offered. Someone who has walked the path themselves, who understands what you're going through, who can hold you when everything falls apart, who can ask the right questions when you lose yourself.

The space

But even more important than individual support is something else: the space. Not one-on-one treatment, not years of therapy for each individual, not the illusion that we could heal millions of people individually. But creating a space—an actual, structured, designed space where healing can happen automatically.

The Vision

The vision is not to save everyone individually through heroic personal effort. The vision is to create a space that saves—an environment designed so that people automatically, simply by being here, learn stability, from the outside in, without it needing to be explicitly taught.

How does the space work?

The space is based on a simple realization: Because fate, the parasite, the toxic programming came from the outside, healing must also come from the outside—first. An

environment so stable, so consistently safe, so fundamentally respectful that the nervous system, which for decades was calibrated for danger, slowly receives permission to step out of permanent survival mode. And then, only then, can the inner self heal.

What is this space?

This space is not a course, not a 12-week program, not a workshop that you attend and then leave. This space is life—a place where people can exist without feeding the parasite, without reproducing the old patterns. A place where respect is the currency instead of disrespect. A place where stability is the foundation instead of chaos. A place where people simply learn, through their very presence, what it feels like to be safe.

The Mechanics of the Space

The space operates on mechanics, not spirituality, not vague concepts of energy and vibration. Because fate is mechanical, the solution must also be mechanical. The mechanics are simple: external stability creates inner security. Inner security allows vulnerability. Vulnerability allows healing. Healing allows transformation.

This is not a belief system; it is engineering—the design of a system that produces specific, predictable results when the parameters are set correctly.

Stability from within

This is the new insight, which is radically different from everything the self-help industry preaches: Not “Find stability within yourself,” not “You already have everything you need within you,” but “Stability must come from the outside until it is strong enough to grow from within.”

Like a trellis for a young plant—first, the external framework provides support and structure, allowing the plant to grow upward instead of bending over. Then, once the plant has become strong enough, the trellis can be removed. But without that initial external framework, the plant would never have the chance to develop its own strength.

Mass Stability

The problem is not individual—that is the uncomfortable truth the coaching industry does not want to hear. The problem is collective. Millions of people are walking around with ingrained parasites, with toxic patterns, with a mechanical fate that keeps them trapped. The solution cannot be to conduct millions of individual therapies or launch millions of individual rescue operations.

The solution must be to create spaces that heal—structures designed to work for the masses, not just for the few who can afford expensive therapy.

How do you create such spaces?

Through design, through conscious intention, through understanding the mechanics. Not through preaching, not through proselytizing, not through trying to convince or convert people. But through structure—a structure that, by its very existence, automatically does certain things: instills respect instead of contempt. Offers stability instead of chaos. Guarantees safety instead of threat. Starves the parasite instead of feeding it.

What remains

I am one of a thousand. 999 did not make it, remained trapped in the pattern, will likely never wake up. That does not make me better, more spiritual, or more valuable as a human being. But it makes me obligated—obligated to build, to create, to share. Not for profit, not for fame, not for ego. But for principle.

Because true transformation, true awakening, the true quantum leap—that is priceless. And that is precisely why it must not be sold like a commodity, not marketed like a product, not reduced to a transaction between buyer and seller.

I am one among a thousand. And this one bears responsibility—not to sell, but to build. Not to profit, but to share. Not to make the prison more beautiful, but to blow open the door for as many as possible.

That is priceless. And that is why it is the only thing that matters.

Chapter 11: Distinguishing Marks

For the Others

This chapter is not for me. It is for those who are still in it, who aren't sure if they're in it, who have a hunch but no clear words for what they're experiencing.

The 10 Signs

1. You're constantly explaining

You explain to others: "She/he isn't really like that." But you aren't explaining it to others—you're explaining it to yourself. Because you have to keep up the lie.

2. You walk on eggshells

You weigh every word, gauge the mood, control your behavior. You live in your own relationship like a guest in a stranger's house.

3. You feel like you're going crazy

They say, "I never said that," but you know it was said. You doubt your own perception. That's gaslighting.

4. It's always your fault

No matter what happens—in the end, it's always your fault. Responsibility flows in only one direction.

5. Isolation

Your friends have pulled away. Your world is getting smaller and smaller. Not because you want it to, but because it's easier that way.

6. You can no longer think clearly

You used to be able to make decisions. Now you're paralyzed. Your brain is using all its energy just to survive.

7. The cycles

Honeymoon → Tension → Explosion → Apology → Honeymoon. Over and over. You can predict it.

8. Your body says no

Headaches, stomachaches, insomnia, exhaustion. Your body knows what your mind refuses to see.

9. You hope

You live in the future, clinging to hope, to the "maybe." Because the present is unbearable.

10. You're reading this book

People in healthy relationships don't read books about toxic relationships. If you're looking for signs, you've already found them.

What now?

The signs are there. The truth is clear. The question is no longer “Am I in one?” The question is: “What do I do now?”

Chapter 12: The Exit (FLOW)

The Truth

I can't tell you exactly how to get out, can't give you a step-by-step guide that's guaranteed to work. Because I honestly don't know, because every path is different, because there's no universal formula for something as complex as leaving a toxic relationship. But I can tell you what it feels like. And maybe that's more important.

It feels like dying

Leaving feels like dying—not metaphorically, not as a poetic exaggeration, but real, physical, existential. The false self that has been your only identity for decades clings to the relationship with the desperation of a drowning person. It screams in your head: “If you leave, you'll die. Without this relationship, you're nothing. You can't do this alone.” And it feels true, feels as real as the ground beneath your feet.

The fear is real

The fear you feel is not imaginary, is not weakness, is not something you have to “overcome” through sheer willpower. The fear is biologically real. Your nervous system, conditioned over 38 years or more, has stored a fundamental equation: Stay equals survival, Leave equals death. This is not logic you can argue against. It is programming at the deepest level of your being.

You don't have to be strong

You don't have to be strong, you don't have to be brave in the heroic sense, you don't have to be “ready.” You just have to go—in that one moment when the conditions are exactly right, when the

quantum tunnel opens, where the impossible becomes possible for a fraction of a second.

Practical steps

There are practical things that can help, that lay the groundwork for the moment of leaving:

Secure your documents: Passport, birth certificate, important papers in a safe place outside your home.

Have money: Even if it's just €100—cash, hidden, for emergencies.

Tell someone you trust: At least one person who knows what's going on and will get you out if you call.

Have a plan: Where are you going? Where will you sleep? Who will help you? Not necessarily to carry out the plan, but to know: There is a way out.

Don't wait for the perfect moment

The perfect moment never comes. You'll never be "ready," you'll never be "strong enough," you'll never feel like "Now is exactly the right time." The right moment is the moment you leave, not the moment when everything is perfectly prepared.

Resources

You are not alone. Help is available:

- Women's shelters (there are also support centers for men)
 - Telephone counseling: 0800 111 0 111
 - Helpline for Violence Against Women: 08000 116 016
 - Online counseling from various organizations
-

After leaving

Leaving doesn't immediately bring freedom, immediate relief, or the romanticized liberation seen in Hollywood movies. After leaving, hell begins—doubt, guilt, the overwhelming urge to go back, selective memories of the good times, the hope that maybe things could still change. That's normal. That's withdrawal. That's the death of the false self, and dying is painful.

Don't go back

The biggest mistake you can make: going back. "Just one talk. Just to get my things. Maybe she/he has really changed." Don't go back—not after a day, not after a week, not after a month. The cycle starts all over again immediately, with mathematical precision.

You owe nothing

You owe no explanation, no justification, no final clarifying conversation, no emotional closure. You are allowed to just walk away. That isn't cruel—it's self-protection.

Get help

Therapy, support groups, friends, family—get help. Not because you're weak, but because you're smart. No one escapes alone from a prison that took 38 years to build.

It gets worse before it gets better

The first few weeks are hell. The first few months are hard. The first year is a struggle. But then—then life begins. Real life. Not just surviving in prison, but actual life.

The false self dies loudly

It will fight with every means, will scream, will try to convince you to go back. Ignore it. It is dying. And dying is loud. But after dying comes

silence. After silence comes space. After space comes you—not the false self, not the fighter, not the victim. But the real self, the one that has been waiting all along beneath the layers.

The truth about stepping out

The exit is not the beginning of happiness. The exit is the beginning of possibility—the possibility to breathe, to live, to be without constant fear, without constant pain, without the false self that controls you.

To you

If you're reading this and you're still in it: I know how it feels. I know how impossible it seems. I know how scared you are. But I tell you with the certainty of someone who has lived through it: It is possible. Not easy, not painless, but possible. I am the proof. One in a thousand. And if I did it, so can you.

The final sentence

Getting out isn't the end of the story. Getting out is the beginning of your life. Go—even if it feels like dying. Go.

PART 3: REFLECTIONS

Essay 5: The Trap of Self-Love

The Promise of Redemption

When you finally realize that you hate yourself—when the parasite becomes visible—then the advice inevitably comes:

"You must learn to love yourself."

It sounds so logical. So healing. So right.

If self-hatred is the problem, then self-love must be the solution. It's simple math: balance a minus with a plus. Drive away darkness with light.

But here's the uncomfortable truth:

For someone who comes from a place of self-hatred, forced self-love is often just **a parasite in new clothing.**

The two faces of the parasite

The parasite is intelligent. It is adaptable. And above all: It wants to survive.

When you start to see through it—when you realize that the self-destructive voice inside you isn't *you*—then it does something clever:

It changes its costume.

Yesterday, it controlled you through belittlement: *“You’re worthless. You’re a burden. You don’t deserve anything good.”*

Today it controls you through the pressure of self-improvement: *“You have to finally learn to love yourself. You have to think more positively. You have to be grateful. What’s wrong with you that you still don’t love yourself?”*

It’s the same energy. The same pressure to perform. The same obsession with the “I.”

The focus remains on a distorted self-image. You try to cover up an ugly lie (the hate) with an artificial truth (the forced love).

But both need an object to be evaluated: you.

The endless struggle

Here’s the problem with forced self-love:

It’s work. Effort. A struggle.

You stand in front of the mirror every morning and *force* yourself to say positive affirmations: *“I am valuable. I am enough. I love myself.”*

But the words feel hollow. Because deep down, you know: **You don’t really believe that.**

The parasite sits right next to you and whispers: *“Ridiculous. You’re trying to fool yourself. Look at yourself—you’re still the same broken person you were yesterday.”*

And suddenly you’re caught in a new war:

- The old war: *“I hate myself”* vs. *“I shouldn’t hate myself”*
- The new war: *“I don’t love myself enough”* vs. *“I need to love myself more”*

The battlefield has shifted, but the war continues.

The Perversion of Positivity

The self-love industry—with its books, seminars, and coaches—has turned suffering into a market niche.

They tell you:

- Keep gratitude journals
- Do yoga and meditate
- Visualize your "best self"
- Repeat positive mantras
- Accept and love your shadow side

And if none of that works?

Then you're the problem. Then you're doing it wrong. Then you're not "committed" enough.

The parasite is laughing up its sleeve.

Because now you have a new reason to hate yourself: You can't even love yourself properly. You're failing even at self-compassion.

That is the ultimate perversion: **the solution becomes the new symptom.**

Beyond Plus and Minus

Here is the radical truth that most people don't want to hear:

True healing is not the shift from minus (hate) to plus (love). True healing is reaching the zero point.

It is the state in which judgment ceases entirely. Imagine:

- You no longer have to *do* anything to be "good enough"
- You no longer have to try hard to feel "valuable"
- You don't have to perform—neither for others nor for yourself

You are simply there.

Like a tree. Like a rock. Like an animal.

A tree doesn't "love" itself. It simply exists in a deep, unshakable stability. It doesn't need affirmations. It doesn't need self-optimization.

It is.

Neutrality

This neutrality is not indifference. It is not depression. It is not resignation.

It is peace.

It is the moment when the nervous system realizes:

- I am not in danger
- I don't have to defend myself
- I don't have to prove anything
- I am allowed to simply be

No more hatred. That is often enough.

We're always searching for that grand, ecstatic self-love—the fireworks of emotion, the unconditional acceptance, the overwhelming sense of self-worth.

But true victory often lies in silence:

Simply no more hatred.

That sounds modest. But for someone who has spent decades at war with themselves, it is **revolutionary**.

The energy returns

When you stop putting energy into the struggle—whether it's the struggle of self-hatred or the struggle of forced self-love—something extraordinary happens:

The energy comes back to you.

Imagine you've spent your whole life plugging a hole in a bucket. All your energy went into patching the hole, keeping the water in, limiting the damage.

And then one day you realize: **I don't need this broken bucket at all.**

The energy you've been putting into repairs is suddenly available for something else:

For life.

Not for self-improvement. Not for self-actualization. Not for self-love. But for the simple feeling:

It's nice to be here. I am welcome. I have a right to exist.

The end of the struggle

The greatest success is not that you finally love yourself.

The greatest success is that you are allowed to stop thinking about yourself.

You no longer have to constantly evaluate:

- Am I good enough?
- Do I love myself enough?
- Am I on the right path?
- Am I making progress?

You can simply live.

That is the opposite of narcissistic self-obsession. It is the opposite of endless self-optimization.

It is liberation from the self as a project.

What then?

If self-love isn't the answer—then what?

Then there is only one thing left:

Letting go of the entire system.

The realization that you don't have to fight against yourself or for yourself. That the parasite only lives as long as you give it attention and energy—no matter what form that takes.

That is the moment when something happens that you cannot plan.

Grace.

Preparing for grace

You cannot force grace. You cannot earn it. You cannot summon it through positive affirmations.

But you can prepare the ground:

- By stopping feeding the parasite (neither with hate nor with forced love)
- By acknowledging the truth (about the perpetrators, about the harm, about the stolen time)

- By leaving the battlefield (the endless judgment of yourself)

And then—in a moment you cannot foresee—something falls away. The pressure disappears. The struggle ends. The mechanism breaks.

And what remains is silence.

Not the silence of emptiness. But the silence of wholeness.

The Transition

We have now seen:

- The mechanics of fate
- The parasite in all its forms
- The architects who installed it
- The trap of self-love as the parasite's new mask

What is missing is the moment when everything collapses.

The moment when, after 37 years, the software experiences a critical error.

In the next essay, we'll talk about what can't be described with any other word:

God's grace.

The battlefield is abandoned. Silence awaits.

Essay 6: The Simple Life

Welcome to Earth

After 37 years of war against yourself, peace is, at first... strange.

You wake up in the morning and realize: The voice that used to berate you immediately is quiet. The pressure to prove yourself is gone. The fear of not being good enough has lost its edge.

And you ask yourself: What now?

Your whole life, you've been busy surviving. Defending yourself. Endlessly trying to balance the mechanics.

Now—for the first time—you have space.

But what do you do with space when you've never learned to simply be?

The Art of Not Fighting

The simple life is not a new technique. It is not a method. It is not another self-improvement project.

It is the opposite of everything you have learned.

All your life, the message has been:

- Fight harder
- Try harder
- Be better
- Optimize yourself
- Prove your worth

The simple life says:

Stop fighting. You don't have to prove anything anymore. You're allowed to just be. That sounds trite. Almost too simple to be true.

But for someone who has spent their whole life in survival mode, it's revolutionary.

Existence without justification

Imagine going through your day and no one—not even the voice inside you—asks:

"Why are you the way you are?" "What have you accomplished today?" "Do you justify the space you take up?"

Simply no one asks.

The simple life means:

- You breathe because you breathe
- You exist because you exist
- You are welcome simply because you are here

Not because of your achievements. Not because of your usefulness. Not because of your potential.

But because existence in itself is enough.

A tree doesn't justify itself. A bird doesn't justify itself. The sun rises without asking if it deserves to.

Why should you?

The Return to Simplicity

The simple life is radically unspectacular. It

means:

- Getting up in the morning without an inner struggle
- Eating without judging yourself
- Working without exploiting yourself
- Resting without feeling guilty
- Making mistakes without hating yourself for them
- Existing without having to perform

That's not laziness. That's health.

To people who have never been trapped in the mechanics of life, this sounds obvious. But for you—for someone who had to fight for every breath—it's **a whole new operating system.**

The End of Optimization

The world will tell you that you haven't been good enough so far:

- You should be more successful
- You should be more productive
- You should be happier
- You should be more grateful
- You should be more spiritual

The simple life replies:

No.

Not out of rebellion. Not out of defiance. But as a quiet certainty:

I am already whole.

Not "perfect." Not "finished." Not "enlightened."

Whole.

With all the scars. With all the unanswered questions. With all the lost years.

Whole, because wholeness is not an achievement, but a state of being.

The relationship with yourself

In a simple life, something fundamental changes: **the way you talk to yourself.**

Before, every thought was a weapon:

- "What's wrong with you?"
- "Why can't you do this?"
- "You're such a failure."

Now—when these thoughts come (and they will come)—you recognize them immediately:

That's not my voice. That's the old parasite.

And instead of fighting back ("No, I'm not a failure!"), you do something much more radical:

You simply ignore it.

Not out of suppression. But out of disinterest.

The parasite needs your attention to survive. If you withhold that attention—not through force, but by **quietly moving on**—it starves.

Relationships with others

The simple life also changes how you see other people. You realize:

- Most people are fighting against themselves
- Most carry their own parasite
- Most don't even know it

That doesn't make you superior. It makes you **compassionate.**

You see someone sabotaging themselves and don't think, "*What an idiot.*"

You think, "*There's someone who's trapped. Just like I was.*"

You don't have to save anyone. You don't have to convert anyone. You don't have to be the guru who has the solution.

You can just be there. Present. Without an agenda.

And sometimes—just by your quiet presence—others see the door they didn't know existed.

The Relationship with Time

In survival mode, time is always an enemy:

- Too much time is wasted
- Too little time to get everything done
- Every second must be productive

In a simple life, time is simply time.

You sit by the window and watch the clouds. No voice says, *“That’s a waste of time.”*

You lie on the floor and stare at the ceiling. No voice says, *“You should be doing something meaningful.”*

You simply exist in time, without turning it into a project.

That is not depression. That is peace.

The smallness of joy

In simple life, joys don’t come as great ecstasies. They come as **small moments of clarity:**

- The first coffee in the morning that you really taste
- A bird outside the window that you truly see
- A smile from a stranger that you truly feel
- The breath that flows without you having to control it

That sounds like a cliché. Like cheap mindfulness talk.

But it’s radical if you’ve been too busy surviving your whole life to notice life itself.

Permission to slow down

The world moves fast. Everyone is rushing. Everyone is optimizing. Everyone is chasing.

Not you.

Not because you’re lazy. But because you’ve realized:

Speed was part of survival. Slowness is part of life.

You are allowed to eat slowly. You are allowed to think slowly. You are allowed to decide slowly. You are allowed to heal slowly.

There is no deadline for your existence.

The scars remain

The simple life doesn't mean the past disappears. Those 37 years haven't been "undone." The perpetrators haven't been "forgiven."

The scars remain.

But in the simple life, they change their meaning:

- They used to be proof of your worthlessness
- Now they are a testament to your survival

You don't wear them with pride (that would be another achievement). You simply bear them. Like a tree bears its rings. Like a rock bears its erosion.

As part of what is.

Silence as a home

In a simple life, silence is no longer frightening.

Silence used to be dangerous, because in silence you heard the parasite loudest.

Now, silence is home.

You no longer have to be constantly distracted. You no longer have to be constantly busy. You no longer have to constantly consume something to drown out the inner chaos.

The silence is pure.

And in this silence, something grows that you may never have known before:

The certainty that you are okay.

Not "great." Not "amazing." Not "successful."

Okay.

And okay is enough.

The vision for others

The simple life is not a selfish project.

It is the space from which you can show others:

It is possible.

Not through words. Not through sermons. Not through advice.

But through your very existence.

When someone sees you—really sees you—and notices:

There is someone who is no longer struggling. There is someone who is simply there. There is someone who lives in peace.

...then you plant a seed. The

seed of possibility.

That after decades of hell, one can lead a simple life.

That is already enough.

What comes next

We have now made the journey from:

- Realization (37 years stolen)
- Through the mechanics (the parasite)
- Through the perpetrators (the architects)
- To deconstruction (self-love as a trap)
- To grace (the miracle of waking up)
- And to simplicity (life thereafter)

But there is still one question:

What about those who are still trapped?

In the next essay, we'll talk about:

The space of stability—how we create environments where healing happens automatically.

Life has become simple. Now we can help simplify it for others.

Essay 7: The Space of Stability

The Reversal of Destruction

If a toxic environment can destroy a person, then a healing environment must also be able to stabilize them.

This is not a theory. It is simple logic.

We have seen how the mechanism works:

- The environment attacks
- The child cannot escape
- The nervous system installs the parasite as a survival mechanism
- The parasite continues to operate autonomously for a lifetime

But if the environment is the cause, then the environment must also be able to provide the cure.

Not as a substitute for individual work. Not as a magic solution.

But as the foundation upon which healing becomes possible in the first place.

From the inside out—from the outside in

Conventional therapy says: **"Heal yourself, and the world will be a better place."**

That's true. But it's only half the truth. The

other half is:

"Create healing spaces, and people will heal within them."

If a child has learned in a violent environment that hate = love, they won't be able to break free from that pattern through good intentions alone.

It needs a new environment that makes a new experience possible:

Safety = safety. Respect = respect. Peace = peace.

If the nervous system spends long enough in a space where there are no attacks, it slowly begins to understand:

Maybe the war is really over.

What is a space of stability?

A space of stability is not:

- A therapy room (although it can be)
- A spiritual retreat (although it can be)
- A physical place (although it can be)

A space of stability is an atmosphere.

It is a state in which people—simply by their presence—learn:

I am safe here. I don't have to defend myself. No one will punish me for existing.

This atmosphere arises from **constant, reliable security**.

Not through grand gestures. Not through dramatic healing rituals. But through the quiet, unshakable certainty:

There is space for you here. Just as you are.

The Architecture of Safety

How do you create such a space?

Through three fundamental pillars:

1. No attacks

That sounds trivial. But it isn't.

In toxic environments, attacks are normalized:

- Irony as "humor"
- Belittling as "honesty"
- Control as "care"
- Violence as "discipline"

In a stable environment, there is zero tolerance for attacks.

Not as a strict rule. But as a lived reality.

If someone attacks (themselves or others), it is gently but clearly pointed out: *"That is an attack. We do not attack here."*

Not as a punishment. As a reminder of the basic rule of this space.

2. No performance required

People who are trapped in this dynamic have learned: **"I am only valuable if I perform."**

In the space of stability, they learn something else: **"I am valuable simply because I exist."**

This means:

- No one has to justify themselves
- No one has to prove that they are "good enough"
- No one has to be perfect
- No one has to be optimized

You are allowed to just be there.

With your flaws. With your scars. With your slowness.

3. Time without pressure

Healing takes time. A lot of time.

But in a world that constantly says, "*Faster! More efficient! More productive!*" time becomes a luxury.

In a space of stability, time is not the enemy.

People are allowed to:

- Speak slowly
- Stay silent for a long time
- Take breaks
- Do nothing

Without anyone getting impatient.

The nervous system learns: *I don't have to rush. No one is chasing me. I have time.*

The power of co-regulation

Here's something most people don't know:

Nervous systems are contagious.

If you're in a room with someone who's panicking, your own nervous system gets agitated.

If you're in a room with someone who is deeply relaxed, yours calms down too. That's called **co-regulation**.

People who have spent their whole lives in survival mode have forgotten how to self-regulate. Their nervous system knows only two states: **fight or flight**.

In the space of stability, they learn through co-regulation:

They sit next to someone whose nervous system is calm. Just sitting. Silence. Breathing.

And slowly—over minutes, over hours, over weeks—they begin to understand their own system:

Ah. This is what safety feels like.

Not as a concept. But as a **physical experience**.

Healing Through Repetition

A single moment of safety isn't enough. The nervous system needs **repetition**.

It has to go through the experience hundreds of times:

- I say something → no one attacks me
- I make a mistake → no one despises me
- I show weakness → no one uses it against me
- I'm just here → I'm welcomed

Only when this experience is repeated often enough does the system believe it.

Before that, it thinks: *That was a fluke. The blow is coming.*

After a hundred repetitions, it thinks: *Maybe things really are different here.*

After a thousand repetitions, it thinks: *I'm safe here.*

Not for everyone—but for many

The space of stability is not a universal remedy.

Some people are so deeply trapped in their patterns that they cannot enter this space. Or cannot enter it yet.

Some people are so used to chaos that peace overwhelms them.

That's okay.

The Space of Stability is not missionary work. It is not a rescue mission. It is an **offer**.

Those who are ready may come. Those who are not ready may leave. No one is forced. No one is persuaded.

The door is open. Nothing more.

The Responsibility of Stability

People who have broken free from the mechanics themselves bear a quiet responsibility:

They can become anchors of stability.

Not as healers. Not as gurus. Not as therapists.

But as people whose nervous systems have calmed down.

When you are in a room and your system is stable—when you are no longer struggling in survival mode, but are simply present—then your presence becomes a **point of regulation** for others.

This is not an achievement. This is not a technique.

It's simply what happens when stability meets instability.

From one-on-one to many

Traditional therapy works one-on-one: one therapist, one client, one hour, one room.

The space of stability thinks bigger:

What if we create spaces where ten people can have this experience at the same time?

What if we build communities where stability is the norm—not the exception?

What if we design workplaces, schools, and neighborhoods where no one has to struggle to survive?

This is not a utopia. This is architecture.

Not in the physical sense. But in the psychological sense.

The conscious design of environments where the nervous system is allowed to wind down.

The quiet revolution

This is not a loud revolution. No movement with banners. No manifestos.

It is a quiet revolution of spaces.

People who have understood how toxic environments destroy are beginning to create healing environments.

Not out of altruism. Not out of morality.

But out of experience.

Because they know:

- What it's like to live in a war
- What it's like to finally find peace
- How much a safe space changes everything

And they think:

If I'd had a space like that when I needed it—maybe those 37 years wouldn't have been lost.

But I can't change the past. I can only shape the future.

For myself. For others. For those yet to come.

The practice starts small

You don't have to open a center. You don't have to start an organization.

You can start small:

In your home: Create a space where no one has to be afraid.

In your relationship: Be the person who doesn't attack when the other person is vulnerable. In your circle of friends: Be the presence that doesn't judge when someone fails.

Every space you stabilize is a victory.

Not for you. For the mechanics.

Against the mechanics.

What comes next

We have now seen:

- Destruction (Mechanics, Parasite, Perpetrator)
- Liberation (Grace, simple life)
- Passing it on (space of stability)

But questions remain:

How do you deal with the pain that remains? How do you carry the scars without being defined by them? How do you live with injustice without becoming bitter?

In the next essay, we'll discuss:

The dignity of survival—why what was done to you does not define you.

The space has been created. The door is open. Anyone who wants to come is welcome.

Essay 8: The Dignity of Survival

You are not your wound

There is a moment in the healing process when a dangerous confusion can occur:

You begin to define yourself by your trauma.

The story becomes your identity:

- "I am someone who was abused"
- "I am someone who has been wronged"
- "I am someone who has lost 37 years"

That's understandable. Finally, you have words for what happened. Finally, you can name the mechanism. Finally, you understand why you are the way you are.

But a new trap lurks here:

When the wound becomes your identity, the parasite stays alive—just in a new guise.

Now it no longer defines you through hatred. **Now it defines you through pain.**

The identity of the victim

"Victim" is a difficult word.

On the one hand: **Yes, you were a victim.** Something was done to you that you didn't deserve. You were defenseless. You were at their mercy.

On the other hand: **If you remain the victim forever, you remain trapped.**

Because being a victim has a secret power:

- It gives you the right to be angry (justifiably)
- It explains why you fight (understandable)
- It makes you someone special (dangerous)

The danger lies in this:

If your entire identity is built on the fact that you have been wronged, then you need that wrongdoing to know who you are.

And that means: **The pain becomes the foundation.**

If the pain disappears—who are you then?

Beyond the story

The truth is:

You are not your story.

You are not the sum of what was done to you. You are not the 37-year struggle for survival. You are not the mechanism that held you captive.

All of that **happened**. But it **is not you**.

It's like a dress that was put on you. It restricted your movements. It hid your shape. It almost suffocated you.

But you are not the dress.

Understanding that—truly understanding it—is the difference between:

- "I was abused" (fact)
- "I am an abused person" (identity)

The first sentence describes something that happened. The second sentence makes it who you **are**.

Dignity lies in moving forward

Dignity does not mean that you forget. Dignity does not mean that you forgive. Dignity does not mean that you are "over it."

Dignity means:

You carry the scars—but you don't let them carry you. You know

the story—but you don't tell it every day.

You know what happened—but you don't make it the center of every conversation.

The dignity of survival lies in moving forward.

Not because the pain is over. But because life is bigger than the pain.

The scars as a testament

The scars don't disappear. Nor should they. But their meaning

changes:

They used to be proof of your worthlessness. "Look how broken I am. Look how damaged. I'm not good enough."

Now they are a testament to your resilience. "Look what I've survived. Look how far I've come. I'm still here."

This isn't positive thinking. This isn't reframing.

It's simply true.

Someone who wakes up after 37 years of living in survival mode is not weak. Someone who takes back control from the parasite is not broken. Someone who is still breathing despite everything is not worthless.

You are a witness to what people can endure.

And that is dignity.

The Trap of Eternal Healing

There are people who turn healing into a life project.

They go from therapy to therapy. From workshop to workshop. From support group to support group.

Always in search of the final salvation.

And here is the hard truth:

That salvation never comes.

Not because healing isn't possible. But because "complete healing" is an illusion.

There will always be moments when the old pain resurfaces. There will always be triggers. There will always be days when you're tired of your own story.

That's okay.

Dignity doesn't lie in being "healed." **Dignity lies in living with imperfection.**

Life is bigger than the trauma

Here's something that's easily forgotten:

The trauma is a part of your life. But it is not your whole life.

There were moments—even in those 37 years—when you laughed. When you felt the sun. When you saw something beautiful.

Maybe those moments were rare. Maybe they were brief.

But they were there.

And they are just as real as the pain.

The dignity of survival means that you begin to see your life as bigger than the wound:

- You are not just the child who was abused
- You are also the person who likes coffee
- You are also the person who is sometimes funny
- You are also someone who listens to music, who thinks, who dreams

All of that is just as real.

The Responsibility of the Narrative

You have the right to tell your story.

No one can take that away from you. No one can tell you, “Stop talking about it.”

But you also have the responsibility to decide:

- Who do I tell it to?
- When do I tell it?
- Why am I telling it?

Not everyone deserves your story. Not every moment is the right one for this story. Not every story serves your healing.

Sometimes silence is dignity.

Not out of shame. Not out of denial. But out

of the realization:

This story no longer defines me. I don't have to repeat it constantly to know who I am.

Letting go of bitterness

Perhaps the hardest task:

Not to become bitter.

Because bitterness is seductive. It gives you:

- The right to be angry (forever)
- Permission to reject others (they don't understand you anyway)
- The justification to withdraw (the world is cruel)

But bitterness is just the parasite in its final guise.

It whispers: *“See? The world is evil. People are bad. You can’t trust anyone. Stay in your pain. You’re safe here.”*

That is a lie.

The dignity of survival means:

You recognize the evil that has been done to you. You name the perpetrators. You do not forgive.

But you do not allow their cruelty to poison your view of the entire world.

Because that would mean: **They still win.**

The quiet strength

Dignity is not loud.

Dignity doesn’t scream, *“Look what I’ve survived!”* Dignity doesn’t boast, *“I’m stronger than you!”* Dignity doesn’t fight, *“I’ll show you!”*

Dignity is quiet.

It is the inner certainty:

I have survived. That is enough.

It is the ability to be in a room without wearing your story like armor.

It is the freedom to simply be there as a human being—not as “the survivor,” not as “the victim,” not as “the healed one.”

Simply as a human being.

The Dignity of the Now

The paradox of dignity is:

It exists only in the present moment.

You cannot be dignified by constantly living in the past. You cannot be dignified by constantly fearing the future.

Dignity is: being here now.

With everything that is:

- The scars
- The unresolved questions
- The injustice
- The pain that sometimes returns
- The joy that sometimes breaks through

All of this at once.

And still standing tall.

What comes next

We have now seen:

- Destruction (mechanics, parasite, perpetrator)
- Liberation (grace, simple life, space of stability)
- Integration (dignity of survival)

But one final, crucial question remains:

And now? What comes after waking up?

In the next essay, we'll discuss:

The open ending—why life after grace offers no answers, but space.

The scars remain. But they no longer carry you. You carry them.

Essay 9: The Open End

The question without an answer

After 37 years, you wake up.

You've seen through the mechanics. Exposed the parasite. Recognized the perpetrators. Experienced grace. Found dignity.

And then you realize:

There is no "happily ever after."

No final resolution. No point at which everything turns "out well." No moment when a voice from heaven says: *"You've made it. You are healed now. Here is your new life."*

Instead: silence.

And in that silence, the question:

What now?

Life as a blank canvas

For 37 years, you had one task: **survival**.

Every day you knew what to do:

- Fight the parasite
- Get through the panic attacks
- Somehow hold yourself together
- Get through one day at a time

That was your structure. Your purpose. Your meaning.

And now—with the war over—there's suddenly an empty canvas.

No more predetermined mission. No clear task. No direction given to you by anyone.

Just space.

And space can be scary when you've spent your whole life in a cage.

Freedom that overwhelms

There's a phenomenon among people who come out of prison: many want to go back.

Not because prison was nice. But because it was **structured**. Because it had clear rules. Because you knew where you stood.

Freedom is chaotic.

Suddenly you have to make decisions:

- Where do I want to live?
- What do I want to do for work?
- Who do I want in my life?
- What do I even want?

For someone who has spent 37 years just trying **not to fall apart**, these are strange questions.

You know how to survive. **But you don't know how to live.**

There is no instruction manual

That's the hard truth:

No one can tell you what to do now.

No therapist. No book. No spiritual teacher.

You've been searching for answers your whole life:

- What's wrong with me?
- How do I become normal?
- When will I finally be healed?

And now you realize:

The questions themselves were part of the mechanism.

Constantly searching for the "right way," constantly searching for guidance, constantly searching for validation—that was just the parasite that kept you occupied.

The open ending means:

There is no right way. There are no instructions. There is no external validation.

There is only you. And the canvas.

The fear of your own self

When you stop reacting (to the parasite, to the perpetrators, to the mechanics), then you suddenly have to **act**.

Not out of compulsion. Out of freedom. And that is terrifying.

Because it means:

- If I fail now, it's my fault
- If I make the wrong decision, I've messed it up
- If life doesn't turn out well, it's my fault

The parasite also served a comforting purpose:

It gave you someone to blame. Something to fight against. An explanation for why you're feeling bad.

Now you don't have that anymore.

Now you bear the responsibility for your life.

And that sometimes feels harder than war.

The Right to Fail

Here's something hardly anyone says:

You're allowed to fail.

You're allowed to choose the wrong job. You're allowed to get into the wrong relationship. You're allowed to lose money. You're allowed to get lost.

That's not a setback. That's life.

People who have never been trapped in the system fail all the time. They experiment. They make mistakes. They correct them. They move on.

This is new to you.

You've been taught: Mistake = Destruction.

But that's no longer true.

In an open-ended process, a mistake simply means: a piece of information.

Okay, that wasn't the right direction. What's next?

No drama. No end of the world. No proof of your worthlessness.

Just a step that didn't work out.

Boredom as a gift

Something many survivors underestimate:

Boredom is a sign of healing.

When you've been in survival mode for decades, there's no such thing as boredom. There's only:

- Struggle
- Breakdown
- Short-term distraction

Boredom means:

Your nervous system is calm enough to notice that nothing is happening. And that that's okay.

In the past, "nothing happening" was a warning sign: *the next attack is coming*.

Now, "nothing is happening" is simply: **silence**.

You're sitting there. The world is turning. No one is attacking. No one is demanding anything.

And that's strange.

But in that strangeness lies a gift:

The permission to simply be, without anything being expected of you.

The small decisions

The open ending doesn't start with the big questions:

- What is the meaning of my life?
- What is my purpose?
- What will I leave behind for the world?

It begins with the small ones:

- What am I going to eat today?
- Should I call that friend?
- Should I go for a walk or stay inside?

- Will I read a book or look out the window?

That sounds trivial. But it's radical.

Because for the first time in your life, you're making these decisions **out of freedom, not out of necessity.**

You don't eat to function. You don't go for a walk to appease the parasite. You don't call because you have to prove you're social.

You just do it. Or you don't.

And both are okay.

The Question of Meaning

At some point, it inevitably comes:

Why am I here? What is the meaning of all this?

And here is the uncomfortable truth:

There is no predetermined meaning.

The universe hasn't given you a task. God hasn't assigned you a mission. Life doesn't owe you any meaning.

But—and this is crucial:

You are free to give yourself your own meaning.

Not find it. Not discover it. **Give it.**

Perhaps your purpose is:

- To show others that freedom is possible
- To create spaces of stability
- Simply living in peace
- To make art
- To drink coffee and watch the rain

There is no hierarchy of importance.

A life that simply exists in peace is just as valuable as a life that changes the world.

You decide.

The right to normality

One of the greatest gifts of an open ending:

You are allowed to be normal.

No longer a “survivor.” No longer a “healed one.” No longer a “special case.”

Just a human being.

Who is sometimes tired. Who sometimes laughs. Who sometimes doesn't know what they want. Who sometimes makes mistakes.

Just like everyone else.

Dignity doesn't lie in being “special” because of your story.

Dignity lies in allowing yourself to be ordinary.

Accepting imperfection

The open ending also means:

It will never be “finished.”

There will always be moments when:

- The old pain returns
- A memory surfaces
- You wonder if it was worth it
- You're tired of your own story

That's not a relapse. That's being human.

Healing isn't a state you reach and then have forever.

Healing is a process that never ends.

But—and this is the difference:

This process used to be a war. **Now it is simply life.**

The quiet certainty

At the end of the open ending, a single, quiet certainty remains:

I am here.

Not “I have a plan.” Not “I know where I’m going.” Not “I have the answers.” Just:

I am here. Now. In this moment.

And that is enough.

The system wanted to destroy you—mentally, if not physically. The perpetrators wanted to destroy you. The parasite wanted to control you forever.

But you’re here.

This is not a triumph in the classical sense. It is quieter than

that. It is the simple, unspectacular fact:

I exist. Despite everything.

Openness as freedom

The open ending is not a defeat. It is

not a disappointment.

It is not an unfinished story.

It is freedom.

The freedom not to know what lies ahead. The freedom not to have a plan. The freedom to make new decisions every day.

The freedom to simply live.

Without a script. Without guarantees. Without a happy ending.

But with space.

Room for mistakes. Room for joy. Room for boredom. Room for silence. Room for life.

One final thought

If you’ve read this book—if you’ve made it this far—then you know now:

There is no magic solution. There is no final answer. There is no “and then everything was fine.”

But that’s okay.

Because life isn't a problem that needs to be solved.

Life is a space that is meant to be lived.

And you—after 37 years in a cage—now have that space.

What you do with it is up to you.

And at the same time, that is:

- The hardest news
- The best news

The message of freedom.

The ending is open. Life begins.

Essay 9.5: If You Are Looking for Help

The step many do not take

You've read this book up to this point.

Perhaps you've recognized yourself in much of it. Perhaps you've found words for the first time to describe what's raging inside you. Perhaps you've understood: **The parasite is real.**

And now you're asking yourself: What now?

The book isn't enough

I want to be honest with you:

This book alone won't heal you.

It can show you:

- That you're not crazy
- That there is a mechanism
- That liberation is possible

But it cannot replace:

- Someone who listens to you
- A space where you feel safe
- Professional support through the darkest moments

If you realize you need more—that’s not a failure.

It’s wisdom.

When should you seek help?

Immediately, if:

- You have concrete plans to harm yourself
- You are in an acute situation of violence
- You are dissociating (feel like you are no longer “there”)
- You haven’t been able to sleep or eat for weeks
- You are using substances to numb the pain (alcohol, drugs, medication)

→ **Crisis hotlines (see Resources Appendix, page XX)**

Soon, if:

- The parasite attacks you every day
- You are sabotaging your life (relationships, work, health)
- You’ve been “functioning” for years, but not really living
- You feel: *I can’t do this alone anymore*
- You have flashbacks or panic attacks
- You realize: *I keep repeating the same patterns over and over*

→ **Seek therapy (see below)**

At some point, when:

- You want to understand where the parasite comes from
- You want to learn how to deal with it
- You need a safe space to talk
- You’re ready to go deeper

→ **Long-term therapy, support groups**

Which therapy is right for this book?

Not every form of therapy is suitable for what this book describes.

Here is an overview:

Very suitable:

1. Trauma therapy (EMDR, Somatic Experiencing, NARM)

- Works directly with the mechanisms described in this book
- Focus on the body and nervous system
- Good for: People who are stuck in survival mode

2. Internal Family Systems (IFS)

- Works with "sub-personalities" (such as the parasite)
- Gentle approach, no "battle" against parts
- Good for: People who hear different voices inside themselves

3. Schema Therapy

- Works with deep-rooted patterns from childhood
- Focus on "modes" (such as the "punitive parent mode" = parasite)
- Good for: People with compulsive repetition

4. DBT (Dialectical Behavior Therapy)

- Focus on emotion regulation and radical acceptance
- Good for: People with intense emotions
- The concept of "radical acceptance" = the "zero point"

⚠ Use with caution:

Classical behavioral therapy (CBT)

- Focus on symptoms, not underlying structures
- Can help with acute problems (panic attacks, compulsions)
- But: Often insufficient for deep trauma

Psychoanalysis (orthodox)

- Very slow, very theoretical
- Can lead to intellectualization rather than feeling
- But: Modern psychoanalysis (relational) can be effective

☒ Rather inappropriate:

Positive psychology / coaching

- Focus on optimization, not healing
- Often ignores trauma

- Danger: Forced self-love, toxic positivity




Esoteric "healing"

- Danger: Bypassing (spirituality as an escape from pain)
- Danger: Blame shifting ("You attract this," "Karma")
- Can be okay when combined with real therapy

How do I find a therapist?

Step 1: Research

In Germany:

-  www.therapie.de
-  www.bptk.de
-  www.degpt.de (Trauma specialists)

In Austria:

-  www.psychotherapie.at

In Switzerland:

-  www.psychologie.ch

Step 2: Initial Consultation

Questions you can ask:

1. *"Do you have experience with trauma / toxic families / complex PTSD?"*
2. *"What approach do you use?"*
3. *"How do you handle strong emotions during the session?"*
4. *"Is it okay if I stay silent when I can't speak?"*

Important: If the chemistry isn't right—**switch** therapists. You're allowed to "test" therapists. That's okay.

Step 3: Patience

The truth:

- Waiting times can be long (weeks to months)
- Not every therapist is right for you.
- It may take several attempts

This is frustrating. But it's worth it.

What if I can't afford therapy?

Insurance coverage:

- In Germany, Austria, and Switzerland: Many therapists are approved by health insurance.
- This means: **Costs are covered by health insurance**

If wait times are too long:

- **Emergency consultation** (in Germany): within 4 weeks
- **Crisis intervention** through clinics
- **Online therapy** (e.g., HelloBetter, Selfapy—some free)

Self-help groups:

- Often free
- Can help bridge waiting times
- See the Resources Appendix.

What if I'm afraid of therapy?

That's **completely normal**.

Common fears:

"If I start talking, I'll break down."

Answer: Good therapists know how to help you stay grounded. You don't have to tell them everything all at once.

"I'm too broken for therapy."

Answer: No one is "too broken." Therapists have seen people who have gone through unimaginable things.

"What if they don't believe me?"

Answer: If a therapist doesn't believe you—switch immediately. That's unprofessional.

"I'm afraid they'll think I'm weak."

Answer: Asking for help is the opposite of weakness. It takes courage.

Alternatives to traditional therapy

Therapy isn't the only option. Sometimes you need something different—or something in addition:

Self-help groups

- **Al-Anon** (for family members of alcoholics—but also for those in toxic families)
- **ACA** (Adult Children of Alcoholics – adult children from dysfunctional families)
- **Reddit:** r/raisedbynarcissists, r/CPTSD

Advantage: You're not alone. People who understand. **Disadvantage:** No professional guidance.

Bodywork

- **Yoga** (trauma-sensitive yoga)
- **Dance therapy**
- **Martial arts** (to release pent-up anger)

Advantage: Works directly with the nervous system. **Disadvantage:** Does not replace therapy, but can complement it.

Creative Processes

- **Writing** (how this book came to be)
- **Painting, music, theater**
- **Gestalt therapy**

Advantage: Bypassing the mind, direct access to feelings.

The first step is the hardest

I know that the parasite tells you:

"You don't need help." "You can do this on your own." "No one will understand you."

That is a lie.

The parasite wants you to stay isolated. Because it is strongest in isolation.

Asking for help is the first act of rebellion against it.

What I wish for you

I hope you find the courage to reach out.

Not today. Not tomorrow. But someday.

I wish for you to find someone who sees you—truly sees you. I wish for you a space where you can finally end the war.

And I wish for you the grace to realize:

You don't have to do this alone.

Resources

You'll find all contacts, links, and further information in **the resource appendix** at the end of this book (page XX).

There you will find:

- Crisis hotlines (24/7)
- Therapist search
- Book recommendations
- Self-help groups
- Online resources

Please use them.

The door is open. Help is here. You are welcome to come through.

Essay 10: Letter to the Prisoner

Trigger warning

This essay is intended for people who are **actively trapped in the mechanism**.

Topics:

- Suicidal thoughts are addressed indirectly
- Very direct use of "you" may be overwhelming for unstable individuals
- Intense emotional content

If you are currently in an acute crisis:

- DO NOT read this essay alone
- Contact a crisis hotline immediately (see Resources Appendix)

- Talk to someone you trust

Crisis hotlines (24/7, toll-free):

- ☒☒ Germany: **0800 111 0 111** or **0800 111 0 222**
- ☒☒ Austria: **142**
- ☒☒ Switzerland: **143**

To you, who are still struggling

You may be reading these words in the middle of the night.

Maybe after a panic attack. Maybe after another day of asking yourself: *What's wrong with me?* Maybe in a moment when the pain is so intense that you're reaching for anything—anything that tells you it doesn't have to stay this way forever.

I've been where you are now.

I know the voice in your head that tells you you don't deserve to exist. I know the feeling of waking up every morning and thinking: *Another day. How am I going to make it through this?* I know the exhaustion that comes from fighting against yourself your whole life.

And I want to tell you something:

It's not your fault.

You are not broken

The voice in your head—the one that berates you, belittles you, tells you that you're a failure—**that's not your voice.**

It is the voice of those who wanted to destroy you.

It is the echo of the attacks you couldn't fend off as a child.

It's the mechanism your nervous system had to put in place to survive.

That's mechanics. Not character flaws.

You are not “too sensitive.” You are not “too weak.” You are not “too broken to be fixed.”

You carry a disadvantage that was imposed on you.

And that is fundamentally different from: *There is something wrong with you.*

The parasite really exists

I know how it feels when someone tells you, “Just love yourself” or “Think positive” or “You just have to want it.”

That’s bullshit.

Not because healing is impossible. But because this advice doesn’t understand the mechanics.

Something lives inside you—I call it the parasite—that has mirrored 100 percent of the external hatred inward.

This parasite:

- Uses your own energy to attack you
- It speaks with your voice, which is why you don't recognize it
- Is so perfectly disguised that you believe he is “you”
- Cannot be defeated by positive affirmations

But—and this is important:

It is not invincible.

It’s just very, very good at staying invisible.

You are not alone

Maybe you think: *No one understands this. No one has it as bad as I do.*

And that’s partly true.

No one has exactly your story. No one has exactly your pain.

But the mechanism—that is universal.

Almost everyone carries a version of this parasite. Some have a quiet one. Some have a monster. The intensity varies. But the principle is the same: **external violence becomes internal violence.**

There are millions of people in this world who:

- Fight against themselves
- Are ashamed of their existence
- Think they are the problem
- Pour their life force into an endless inner war

You are one of many.

And that is not a devaluation of your pain.

It is the realization that liberation is possible.

Because if it was possible for others—then it's possible for you, too.

It won't happen tomorrow

I won't lie to you:

There is no quick fix.

No seminar that heals everything in a weekend. No book that gives you the one magic formula. No therapist who saves you with a trick.

It took the parasite decades to take root.

It won't disappear in a month.

But—and this is crucial:

It can lose its power.

Not through struggle. Not through violence against yourself.

But through realization.

The moment you understand:

This voice is not me. It is a foreign entity.

...in that moment, the mechanism begins to crumble.

You don't have to love yourself

The biggest lie of the self-help industry is: **"If you**

just love yourself enough, everything will be

fine." That's nonsense.

Forced self-love is often just the parasite in a new guise.

The same pressure. The same effort. The same inner war.

What you need isn't self-love.

What you need is **the end of self-hatred.**

That is something completely different.

It's not plus (love) versus minus (hate).

It is the zero point.

The sacred neutrality.

The state in which you are simply allowed to be there, without constantly judging yourself.

No more hate. That is often enough.

The perpetrators won't see reason

I know that part of you hopes:

Someday they'll understand what they've done to me. Someday they'll apologize. Someday they'll take responsibility.

That won't happen.

People who are capable of destroying a child are not capable of feeling genuine remorse.

They will:

- Deny
- Reinterpret
- Portray themselves as victims
- Call you crazy

That is part of their system.

Your healing cannot depend on them changing.

You have to let them go.

Don't forgive. Don't forget.

But let go.

Their cruelty must no longer be the center of your life.

You have more time than you think

Maybe you're 25. Maybe 35. Maybe 50.

And maybe you think: *It's too late. Too much time has been lost.*

It's not too late.

I woke up at 37.

That means: 37 years were shaped by routine.

But every day after that is freedom.

It doesn't matter how many years have been lost.

All that matters is what you do with the rest.

And "the rest"—even if you're 50, 60, 70—is still life. Still space.

Still possibility.

Small steps count

You don't have to understand everything right away.

You don't have to wake up today and be "healed."

You just have to take a small step: Maybe it's:

- Realizing: *This voice is not me*
- Telling someone about it
- Reading a book that shows you: You're not alone
- Starting therapy
- Just hanging in there one more day

Every little step counts.

Because the system thrives on your surrender.

It wants you to give up. It wants you to think: *It's hopeless.*

But if you take even one small step, you win.

Not the whole war. But this one battle. And
sometimes that's enough.

There will still be hard days

I don't plan to lie to you with false hope:

Even when you wake up, there will be hard days.

Days when the old pain comes back. Days when you ask yourself: *Was it all for nothing?* Days when you're tired of your own story.

That's normal.

Healing isn't a linear process.

It's not like climbing a mountain where you reach the top and stay there forever.

It's a rollercoaster.

But—and this is the difference:

Before, you were in free fall. **Now you have solid ground beneath your feet.**

Even if you stumble sometimes, even if you fall sometimes:

You no longer fall into the abyss.

You're allowed to ask for help

I know you've learned:

I'm a burden. No one wants to hear me. I have to do this on my own.

That is the voice of the parasite.

People who have broken free from the cycle know:

No one can do it alone.

You need:

- People who listen without judging
- Spaces where you feel safe
- Professional help when things get too hard

- A community that supports you

Asking for help is not a sign of weakness.

It is a sign of wisdom.

It is the opposite of what the parasite wants.

It wants you to remain isolated.

Because it is strongest in isolation.

The door is open

I can't save you. No one can.

Only you can walk through the door.

But I can tell you this:

The door exists.

It isn't visible when you're in the thick of the battle.

It's not recognizable when the parasite shrouds everything in darkness.

But it is there.

And someday—maybe today, maybe in a year, maybe in ten years—you'll see it.

A crack. A ray of light.

And in that moment, you have a choice:

Keep fighting or walk through it.

You're worth it

I know you don't believe that.

I know that every cell in your body is telling you: *That's not true.*

But it's true:

You are worth living in peace. You are worth simply being here. You are worth not fighting against yourself every day.

Not because of your achievements. Not because of your usefulness. Not because of your potential.

Simply because you exist.

This isn't some esoteric concept. It isn't an empty phrase.

That is the foundation of everything.

If you can feel that at some point—even for just a moment—everything will have changed.

One last word

I don't know who you are.

I don't know where you're sitting right now.

I don't know how dark things are for you right now.

But I know one thing:

If you've read this far—if you're looking for something, for some kind of hope—then a part of you hasn't given up yet.

And that part—no matter how small it may be—is stronger than the parasite.

Because the parasite wants you to give up.

And you haven't. You're still

here.

And that is already a victory.

Maybe you don't feel it yet. Maybe

you still have doubts. **But I'm telling**

you:

You are stronger than you think.

The door is open.

And someday—when the time is right—you will walk through it.

Until then: Hang in there.

Not for me. Not for others.

For the moment when you are finally free.

Because that moment is coming.

I'll be waiting on the other side. Not as a guru. Just as someone who made it through. And when you make it through, you'll understand:

It was worth the hell.

AFTERWORD

What Comes After the Quantum Leap

If you've read this book this far, you might be asking yourself: "And then? What happens after the quantum leap? Is everything okay then? Are you healed then?"

The honest answer: No.

The quantum leap is not the end of the story. It is not the point where all problems are solved, where life suddenly becomes easy, where you ride off into the sunset and live happily ever after.

The quantum leap is the point where real life can begin.

The work continues

After the collapse, after the death of the false self, after awakening as an observer—that is when the real work begins. The work of building a life that is no longer based on pain. The work of establishing new patterns that are not toxic. The work of maintaining relationships without feeding the parasite.

As I write this afterword, it has been a year since the collapse. A year in which I have learned more about myself than in the 38 years before. A year in which I died and was reborn, not metaphorically, but in reality.

And it's still hard. Not as hard as before, not nearly as destructive as the time in prison. But hard in a new way—the difficulty of rebuilding rather than the difficulty of survival.

The scars remain

The 1,000 deaths leave scars. Some of these scars will fade, some will remain. I will probably never be “normal” in the sense of someone who grew up in a healthy environment. I will always feel the amputations, the missing pieces, the parts of me that never had a chance to grow.

But scars are also proof—proof that you survived, that you went through something that could have destroyed you. Scars are the map of the journey you’ve been through.

I’m not ashamed of my scars. Not anymore.

The Vision: The Architecture

What comes next is the most exciting part: the architecture. The conscious, creative building of a new life from the energy that is no longer needed for pain.

"The Source"—my project, my vision—is part of this architecture. A space that saves, not through therapy, not through preaching, but through design. A space where the conditions are right, where stability can grow from the outside in, where people learn to live without the parasite.

This is not fantasy. This is not utopia. This is applied mechanics—if toxic environments create toxic people, then healing environments must be able to create healing people.

That is the new insight. That is the responsibility I bear as one of a thousand.

To those who are still in it

If you’ve read this book and you’re still in that toxic relationship—I see you. I know where you are. I’ve been there.

I can’t tell you when your moment will come, when the conditions for your quantum leap will be right. Maybe today, maybe in a year, maybe never. That’s the brutal truth of a 0.1 percent probability.

But I can tell you this: The door exists. The quantum tunnel is real. And when the moment comes, when that tiny probability manifests—go through it. Even if it feels like dying. Go through it.

To those who are out

If you've read this book and you're already out—welcome. Welcome to the world of the 0.1 percent. Welcome to the freedom that sometimes still feels like a prison because your nervous system hasn't quite grasped yet that the danger is over.

You are not alone. There are more of us than you think. We are quiet, we are invisible, because real transformation isn't loud, isn't posted on Instagram, isn't turned into a personal brand.

But we exist. And we bear a responsibility—not to preach, not to proselytize, but to build. To create spaces. To design structures. For those who come after us.

The end is the beginning

This book ends here. But the story continues.

My story continues in the architecture of my new life, in "The Source," in the spaces I'm building.

Your story—whether you're still in it or already out—also continues. Every day. Every moment. Every decision.

The quantum leap is not a state. It is not a goal you reach and then you're done. The quantum leap is a moment—a moment when the impossible becomes possible.

And after that moment?

That's when life begins.

The final sentence

The parasite is visible.

The false self is dead.

The observer is born.

The quantum leap is real.

And you—yes, you—can do it too.

Ali

Bangkok, January 2026

Resources Appendix

If you're looking for help

This book is **not therapy**. It is a testimony, a self-reflection, a roadmap.

But if you're at a point where you need **professional help**—whether because the pain is too much, because you don't know what to do next, or because you're ready to take the next step—you'll find resources here.

SOS Crisis Hotlines & Emergency Help

Germany

Telephone Counseling (24/7, free, anonymous)

- 📞 0800 111 0 111
- 📞 0800 111 0 222
- 🌐 www.telefonseelsorge.de
- ☑ Online chat available

Children and Youth Helpline (Mon–Sat 2:00–8:00 p.m.)

- 📞 116 111
- 🌐 www.nummergegenkummer.de

Parent Helpline (Mon–Fri 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Tue & Thu also 5–7 p.m.)

- 📞 0800 111 0 550

Weißer Ring (Victims of Violence and Crime)

- 📞 116 006
- 🌐 www.weisser-ring.de

Austria

Crisis Hotline (24/7, toll-free)

-  **142**
-  www.telefonseelsorge.at

Rat auf Draht (for children and teens, 24/7)

-  **147**
-  www.rataufdraht.at

Women's Helpline (for domestic violence, 24/7)



-  **0800 222 555**
-

Switzerland

The Helping Hand (24/7, free of charge)

-  **143**
-  www.143.ch

Pro Juventute (for children and adolescents, 24/7)

-  **147**
-  Text 147
-  www.147.ch

Victim Assistance Switzerland

-  www.opferhilfe-schweiz.ch
-

International

Befrienders Worldwide (global crisis hotline network)

-  www.befrienders.org

International Association for Suicide Prevention

-  www.iasp.info/resources/Crisis_Centres
-

□ **Therapy approaches that complement this book**

If the concepts in this book resonate with you, the following forms of therapy may be helpful:

1. Trauma therapy

EMDR (Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing)

- **What it does:** Processes traumatic memories through eye movements
- **Good for:** Individual traumatic events, flashbacks, PTSD
- 🌐 www.emdria.de (Germany)

Somatic Experiencing (SE)

- **What it does:** Works with the physical reactions to trauma
- **Good for:** People who feel "stuck" in their bodies, panic attacks
- 🌐 www.somatic-experiencing.de

NARM (NeuroAffective Relational Model)

- **What it does:** Works with attachment trauma and developmental trauma
 - **Good for:** People who grew up in toxic families
 - 🌐 www.narmtraining.com
-

2. Parts Work

Internal Family Systems (IFS)

- **What it does:** Works with inner "parts" (such as the "Parasite")
- **Good for:** People who have different "voices" inside them
- 🌐 www.ifs-institute.com

Voice Dialogue

- **What it does:** Dialogue with different inner personality parts
 - **Good for:** People who want to understand where the inner voices come from
-

3. Schema Therapy

What it does: Works with deep-rooted patterns (schemas) from childhood

Good for: People with compulsive repetition, chronic self-hatred

Concept: The "parasite" corresponds to the "punitive parent mode"

☐ www.schema-therapie.de

4. Body-Oriented Therapy

Hakomi

- **What it does:** Mindfulness-based body psychotherapy
- **Good for:** People who are "stuck" in their heads and need to get into their bodies

Biodynamic Body Psychotherapy

- **What it does:** Working with repressed emotions in the body
 - **Good for:** People with chronic tension, exhaustion
-

5. Dialectical Behavior Therapy (DBT)

What it does: Focuses on emotion regulation and radical acceptance

Good for: People with intense emotions, self-harm **Concept:** The "zero point" corresponds to "radical acceptance"

☐ www.dachverband-dbt.de

Further Reading

On Trauma & Healing

"The Body Keeps the Score" – Bessel van der Kolk

→ Standard work on trauma and how it affects the body and mind

"Wake Up, Live Now" – Gabor Maté

→ On trauma, addiction, and the power of self-awareness

"The Body Keeps the Score" – Babette Rothschild

→ On the psychophysiology of trauma

"Body, Trauma, Meaning" – Pat Ogden

→ On sensorimotor psychotherapy

On toxic families & narcissistic abuse

"The Drama of the Gifted Child" – Alice Miller

→ Classics on emotional abuse in childhood

"The Narcissistic Family" – Stephanie Donaldson-Pressman & Robert M. Pressman

→ On the dynamics of narcissistic family systems

"When Parents Don't Love" – Susan Forward

→ On toxic parent-child relationships

"The Masks of Malice" – Marie-France Hirigoyen

→ On covert narcissistic abuse

On inner work & self-compassion

"Self-Compassion" – Kristin Neff

→ Scientifically grounded, yet warm-hearted (NOT forced self-love!)

"Radical Acceptance" – Tara Brach

→ On the "zero point" between self-hatred and forced love

"The Child Within You Must Find a Home" – Stefanie Stahl

→ Popular science, but a good introduction to inner child work

"Internal Family Systems Therapy" – Richard Schwartz

→ On working with inner parts (such as the "Parasite")

On grace, spirituality, and freedom

"The Power of Now" – Eckhart Tolle

→ About life beyond the ego (may seem cheesy, but has a grain of truth)

"Autobiography of a Yogi" – Paramahansa Yogananda

→ On grace and spiritual awakening (not for everyone, but for some)

"Man's Search for Meaning" – Viktor Frankl

→ On meaning, survival, and dignity after extreme suffering

Find therapists

Germany

Psychotherapist search

- www.therapie.de
- www.bptk.de (Federal Chamber of Psychotherapists)

Trauma therapists

-  www.degpt.de (German-Speaking Society for Psychotraumatology)

Bridging waiting times:

- www.116117.de (Appointment Service)
-

Austria

Search for Psychotherapists

- www.psychotherapie.at
-

Switzerland

Psychotherapist Search

- www.psychologie.ch
-

Self-Help Groups & Communities

Al-Anon (for family members of alcoholics – but also helpful for toxic families)

- www.al-anon.de

Anonymous Self-Help Groups for Adult Children (ACA)

- www.acagermany.de

Reddit communities (in English, but very active):

- r/raisedbynarcissists (for people with narcissistic parents)
 - r/CPTSD (for complex trauma)
 - r/emotionalneglect (for emotional neglect)
-

Online Resources & Podcasts

"**The Tim Ferriss Show**" – Episodes on trauma (Gabor Maté, Bessel van der Kolk)

"**On Being**" – Profound conversations about spirituality & healing

"**Therapy for Everyone**" (podcast, German) – About mental health

Important Notes

1. **Therapy is not a sign of weakness**
Asking for help is a sign of strength and wisdom.
 2. **Not every therapist is right for you**
If the chemistry isn't right, switch therapists. That's okay.
 3. **Healing is not a linear process**
There will be setbacks. That's normal.
 4. **You don't have to do everything on your own**
The parasite wants you to stay isolated. Break through that.
 5. **Go at your own pace**
There is no deadline for your healing.
-

In conclusion

This book is a testimony. But it's not the only way.

If, after reading it, you feel that you need more—**that's a good sign.**

It means you're ready to open the door.

The resources in this appendix are here to help you take the first step.

You don't have to do this alone.

The door is open. Help is here. You are welcome to walk through.

Blurb

The Parasite Within Me

Back Cover / Cover Text

After 37 years, you wake up and realize: Your entire life has been a lie.

Not the lie that others told you. But the lie that your own nervous system constructed to keep you alive.

This book is not therapy. It is not a self-help guide. It is not a spiritual guide.

It is a radical self-reflection.

The unflinching analysis of a man who fought an invisible enemy for nearly four decades—only to realize that this enemy lived within himself.

In this book, you will learn:

- How toxic environments install a “parasite” that destroys you from within for a lifetime
 - Why self-love is often just the parasite in a new guise
 - How the mechanics of fate work—and how to break through them
 - What it means to wake up at 37 and save the rest of your life
 - Why grace is the only word that explains the inexplicable
-

This book is for you if:

- You’re fighting against yourself and don’t know why
 - You feel that something inside you is “wrong”
 - You’re spending your life in an inner war
 - You want to know how to break free from the cycle
 - You’re ready for the truth—even if it hurts
-

Trigger warning:

This book addresses topics such as child abuse, psychological abuse, trauma, self-hatred, and toxic family dynamics. It is raw, direct, and uncompromisingly honest.

If you're not emotionally stable enough to read about these topics, take the time you need.

"The voice that berates you is not your voice. It is the voice of those who overpowered you back then."

"No more hate. That's often enough."

"You are not the wound. You are the one who survived."

A book about:

Mechanics and grace.

Parasites and
freedom.

37 years of war and the simple life that followed.

Alireza Shahsavarkhani lives in Bangkok, Thailand. After more than 15 years in the IT industry and a life full of inner struggles, he began to understand the mechanics of his own destruction. This book is the result of that journey—not a guide, but a testimony.

The ending is open. Life begins.