



YOUR ATTACHMENT PATTERN

The Pursuer

*With a Storm running underneath,
and one locked door nobody knows
about.*



1

Ignition. Someone new. You attach quickly and generously. Your answers say you get closer fast and raise the “where is this going?” question early, because not knowing where you stand is intolerable to you.

2

Surveillance. The monitoring starts. Not because anything is wrong, but because things are good, and good things get taken away. The low hum of jealousy you reported lives at this stage.

3

Detection. They have a flat day. A slow reply. You re-read the thread for your crime. Your body has reached a verdict before your mind has even voted.

4

Pursuit. You move closer, harder: the double text, the “are we okay?”, the need to resolve every wobble tonight. You told us silence in conflict is unbearable.

5

Pressure. They feel managed rather than loved, and they step back to breathe. To you, a step back is the beginning of the end. Those were your words for it.

6

The flip. Storm takes the wheel. You agreed to the space calmly, but privately you’re spiralling, and closeness itself starts to feel like a trap you fought your way into.

7

Aftermath. If it ends, it ends the way you described: beg, hate, repeat. Longing and fury take turns, sometimes about the same person within the same hour.

Where the loop breaks: step 4. Steps one to three happen inside you. Step five happens inside them. Step four is the only move fully in your hands, the gap between feeling the alarm and acting on it. Everything in your 14-day plan targets that gap.

07

Your triggers, decoded

The unanswered message. It feels like evidence. It is usually a person with a life. Your alarm reads silence as a verdict, but what you’re hearing is your own belief that love can be lost at any moment, not their feelings about you.

“I need some space.” It feels like the beginning of the end. Worse, you hide that it feels that way: calm performance outside, spiral inside. The performance is the trap. They learn the space cost nothing, and you learn that hiding is survivable. Over time it isn’t.