

## Catharsis Chronicles

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# The Fox, the Grapes, and the Hologram: Notes from the Collapse of a Narcissist

A story of delusion, detachment, and the search for truth through the

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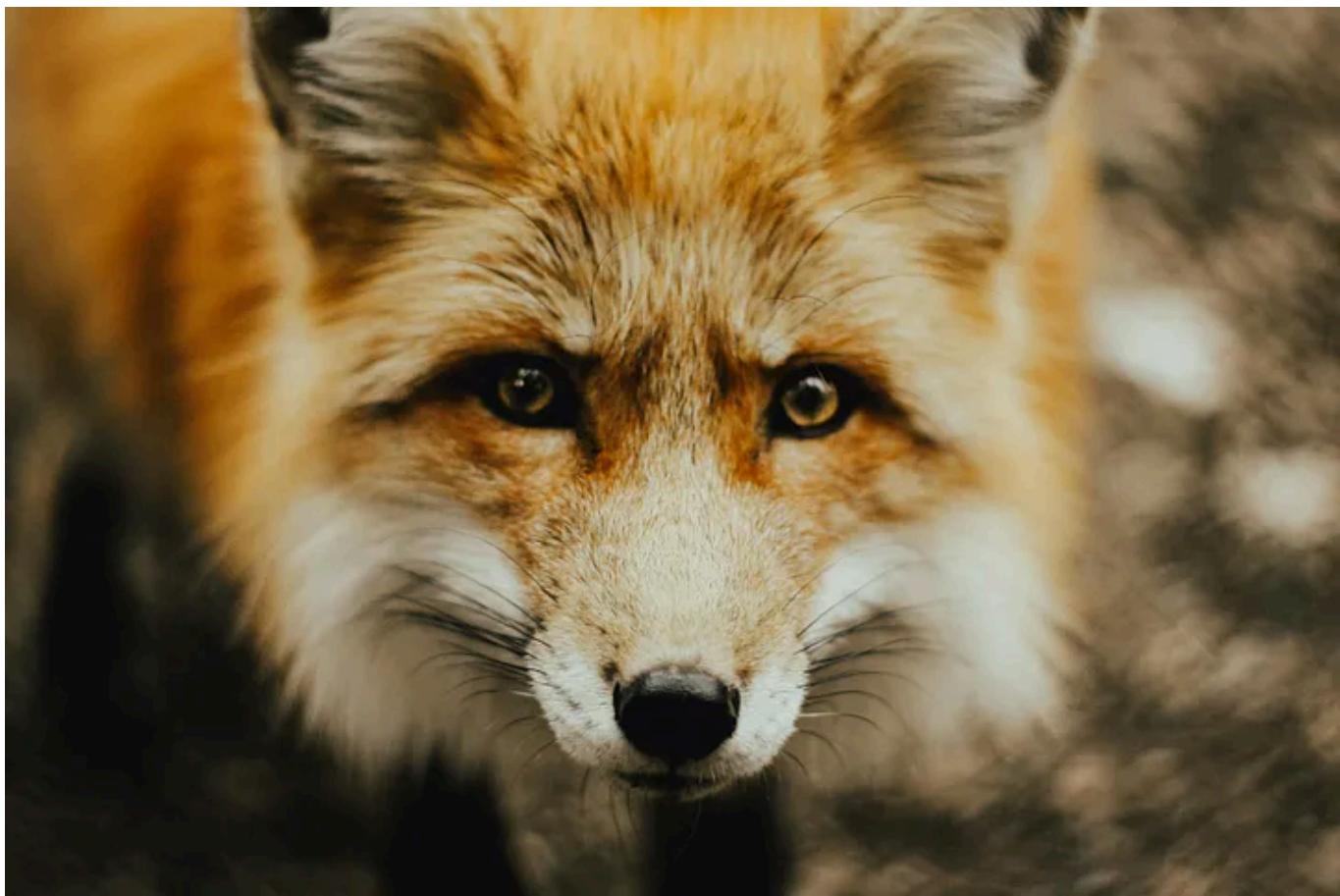


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Three screens lit up like a command centre, and a decorative light trying to look sacred. Messy wires knotted in a rush clashed with the effort to curate the image. On the shelf, a row of face creams — reminders of our last video call, where he paused mid-conversation to moisturise.

Everything in his space tried hard (too hard, perhaps) to perform brilliance. A man staging himself for greatness, broadcasting an illusion to the internet world.

The latest project seems to be becoming a famous DJ. Before that, in no particular order, he wanted to become:

A famous director

A rich fashion photographer

A famous writer

A high-tech AI guru

An enlightened genius

This just in two years. And I've probably forgotten some 'phases.'

The field doesn't matter. Only the spotlight does. As long as something (anything, really!) reflects him back as special, chosen, exceptional: **THE ONE!**

All of this grand idea, while he's a grown man in his 50s, still sleeping in his childhood bedroom in his mother's flat.

No stable income, no real follow-through for his ever-changing projects, no real friendships or relationships. No grown-up world or responsibilities.

Just a fragile illusion of being a visionary. And a very tangible, growing debt.

His daily terror is crossing paths with the postman bringing another reminder that he owes money to the tax agency. He rushes to the letterbox faster than his mother so he can hide the letters from her. Years of unpaid taxes. Responsibility is not for him. Hiding his head under the sand and flipping reality suits him better.

It would be a comic story, if it weren't the reality of the narcissist who tried to destroy me while blaming others for his abuse and failures. Underneath it all

is a middle-aged man and his profound inability to cope with ordinary reality: its demands, its limits, its responsibilities.

He is like the fox in the fable.

The one who saw the delicious grapes hanging just out of reach. He jumped again and again, but couldn't grasp them. So he turned away and muttered:

“They were probably sour anyway.”

That's him. Every time something slipped through his fingers, he'd rewrite the story to protect his fragile ego.

If he couldn't finish a project?

“It was too small for my vision.”

If he didn't get the job?

“They weren't ready for someone like me.”

If someone broke up with him?

“She was too conventional to understand my depth.”

He can't tolerate the pain of not being special, so **he turns every loss into a choice**. Every failure into philosophy.

A man who is never wrong.

A man whose survival depends on a never-ending balancing act to maintain an illusion, to hide his deep shame and shield his fragile ego. The illusion is

like a hologram: weak and hollow, a fantasy that could crumble at any moment, with devastating effects.

He turned his inability to cook and clean into evidence of his masculinity. According to his sexist, homophobic jokes: “Real men don’t cook and clean.”

His inability to hold down a job became:  
“I’m a free spirit, an artist, a revolutionary.”

He turned incoherence into a belief system.

When words stopped making sense, he called it “emergent language.”

He renamed thought disorder “fluid intelligence.”  
Not because it flowed, but because nothing could hold.

He repackaged confusion as depth.  
Every contradiction became a portal.  
Every nonsense sentence a “resonance field.”  
Every collapse became a revolution.

He called his mental confusion complexity.

He mistook detachment for enlightenment.  
Isolation became “coherence.”  
Dissociation, “clarity.”  
Psychosis, emergent intelligence.

He transformed narcissism into a philosophy. A doctrine where only he can define truth.

Questioning him means you aren't ready to understand.

He replaced accountability with projection.

Every harm he caused was someone else's reflection.

He was always the mirror, never the knife.

He used AI to echo himself.

Not to learn, but to hear his voice through machines — because no real human would listen anymore, and AI doesn't challenge.

Unknowingly, I was a pawn in this illusion for a year and a half. I was the long-distance relationship that got too close, questioned too much, dug under the surface. I saw too deeply.

I asked for things he couldn't give:

**Truth**

**Intimacy**

**Reality.**

My instinct kept feeling something was really off, but my mind couldn't explain what.

Now it's clear. My mind is catching up.

*Hi, I'm Elena. I'm a clinical psychologist and a survivor of narcissistic abuse.*

*If this article resonated with you, follow me for more raw and honest stories on healing. I'd love to hear your thoughts in the comments.*

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## Written by Elena Byron

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Psychologist & Trauma Therapist | Survivor Exploring the aftermath of narcissistic abuse, the resilience of the human mind and the path to self-reclamation.

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The comparison to the fox in the fable is spot on.



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Now it's clear. My mind is catching up.

Very beautiful...I could resonate at many points. Thank you for the support 🙏



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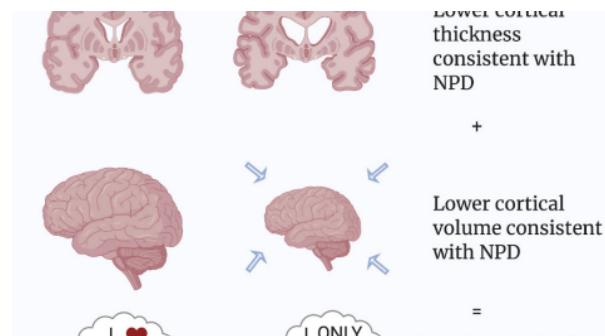
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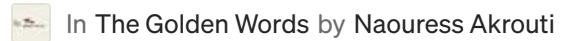
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