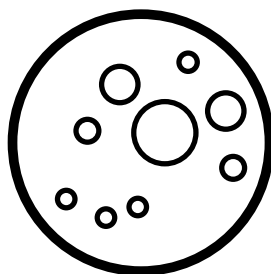


Chapter Two: The Bulldozer Phase

A reclamation of power by Ascended Phoenix

(You learn to clear and create from strength.)

“What crumbles was never meant to contain you. The breaking is your becoming.”



“Destruction is creation’s first language.”

This chapter is the clearing. The power you once feared in yourself begins to awaken. You’ll feel the tremors of everything that’s no longer aligned, but you’ll also feel the strength of your foundation rebuilding itself.

This is where you begin to trust your power.

You've seen the bars. You've noticed the weight. You've felt, even briefly, the spark of your own power. Now comes the work that cannot be ignored. This is the stage where subtle awareness becomes forceful action. Where the whispers of compromise are met with a roar of boundaries. Where the structures you were trained to obey. In your body, in your mind, in your world, begin to give way under the weight of your presence.

The bulldozer stage is not gentle. It is not polite. It does not wait for permission or approval. It moves, clears, and rearranges. And it starts with one thing: claiming the space you have always been entitled to occupy. Space in your body. Space in your mind. Space in your relationships. Space in your life. Every inch reclaimed is a brick torn from the walls that once held you captive. Every boundary enforced is a declaration: you will no longer shrink. You will no longer obey silently. You will no longer sacrifice your truth for the comfort of others.

This is the moment of escalation. The work is tangible, it is messy, and it is transformative. If you do it fully without hesitation, without apology...the world will notice. And more importantly, you will notice. You will feel the force of your own energy moving through you unrestrained. This is the bulldozer stage. Welcome to your rising in full, unapologetic motion.

The first walls you bulldoze will not be outside of you. They will be the ones you've built within. Before you confront the expectations of others, you must confront the expectations you've absorbed. The doubts that whisper you are "too much" or "not enough." The reflex to apologize for taking up space. The instinct to soften your truth so others remain comfortable. These internal barriers are often more difficult to break than any external rule, because you have worn them for so long they feel like personality. But they are not you, they are programming, and programming can be

dismantled. The bulldozer stage begins not with rebellion against the world, but with rebellion against your own self-abandonment.

To bulldoze internally is to call out the voices in your head that were never truly yours. The critic that sounds like a parent, a pastor, a partner, a teacher...the one who says “tone it down,” “stay agreeable,” “don’t make it awkward,” “don’t be selfish.” You do not negotiate with these voices. You expose them. You isolate them. You strip them of their authority. When they rise, you answer back. Not with gentle correction, but with clarity. *“No. That is not truth. That is control.”* You redraw the line between your voice and **theirs**, between **instinct and conditioning**.

Some people mistake this process for anger...and sometimes, it is. But more often, it is grief. Because in order to break these internal walls, you must finally admit how often you abandoned yourself for the sake of being accepted. You must acknowledge how many dreams you postponed, how many boundaries you swallowed, how many versions of yourself you buried just to remain peaceful in rooms that never offered you peace in return. The bulldozer does not just demolish. It reveals. It forces you to see what your obedience costs you. And once you see that clearly, you cannot go back to pretending it was harmless.

This is not about becoming ruthless. Its about refusing to be ruled by fear. Internal bulldozing is the process of returning to your natural shape. The one you had before the world convinced you to shrink. It is loud some days, quiet on others. Sometimes it looks like roaring in the mirror until your body believes you. Sometimes it looks like a silent, unwavering **no**. either way, the work is the same: *clear the inner debris so your power has space to move.*

This is why the Internal Bulldozer is not glamorous work. From the outside, it may look like nothing is happening. Your life might appear the same. You’re still in the same home, same job, the same routines. But

internally, the ground is shaking. A quiet revolt has begun. Your posture changes. The air around you thickens. People sense it before you even announce it. Something in you is no longer available. They speak to you the same, but the energy doesn't land the way it used to their guilt tactics no longer work. Their silence no longer manipulates you. Their disappointment no longer governs you.

You are no longer bending. You are assessing.

At first, this shift can feel lonely. Because once you stop contouring yourself to be palatable, you also stop fitting into the spaces you once tolerated. You begin to see dynamics clearly. The conversations you carried, the relationships you maintained out of habit, the responsibilities you took on without acknowledgment. You realize how many roles were assigned to you, not chosen by you. And here is the crucial moment: **you stop performing them.**

That is when the bulldozer turns **outward.**

Because once you are no longer performing the expected role, **everyone around you is forced to confront the truth of who they are without your compliance.** Some will adjust with grace. Some will meet you with respect. Others will resist. Not because you are wrong, but because they benefitted from your silence.

The external bulldozer is not about destruction for destructions sake. It is about **alignment through impact.** You do not go around swinging wildly. You are not reckless. No. You are deliberate. You do not crash into people. You crash into *patterns*. Manipulation. Martyrdom cycles. Emotional

labor imbalances. Family scripts. Workplace hierarchies. Social obligations that were rooted in guilt, fear, or false duty.

you walk into rooms and the unspoken rules start to tremble. Not because you shouted, but because you **stopped participating in the lie**. You refuse to play the role assigned. You refuse to absorb what is not yours. You refuse to be the emotional sponge, the quiet peacekeeper, the predictable giver.

Here is the most misunderstood part of the bulldozer stage: **you don't destroy people. You destroy illusions**. Some will mistake that for cruelty. That is not your concern. Those who are attached to illusion will always call truth violent. Let them. You are not here to convince. You are here to be clear.

Some will say you've changed. They'll say you've become cold, distant, difficult. But they were never calling you kind. They were calling you *compliant*. Watch how quickly the narrative shifts the moment you stop cushioning everyone else's comfort.

In a family setting, this looks like no longer answering guilt laced phone calls with, "it's okay, don't worry about it." Instead, you respond with "I'm not available for that." At work, it's the day you stop picking up everyone else's slack because "you're so reliable," and suddenly people who praised your dedication are calling you "unyielding." In relationships, it's when you stop coddling someone's emotional negligence just because "they've been through a lot," and say, "*So have I. I still choose to grow. What are you choosing?*"

That is bulldozing with precision.

You don't raise your voice. You raise your standards. You don't threaten to leave. You simply stop staying where you're not met. You don't justify, explain, or plead your case. You make a decision and let others adjust to reality.

This is not recklessness. this is reclamation.

The strategy is simple:

Speak only what is true without softening it to protect egos.

Stop promising what you don't want to give.

Respond to patterns, not apologies.

Remove yourself once instead of arguing a thousand times.

you are not here to endlessly negotiate your worth. Let it be known:
When I bulldoze, I am not destroying what is real. Only what was falsely built upon me. I am not cruel. I am clear. I am not turning cold. I am turning sovereign. And no, I do not owe you softness while dismantling the cage you locked me in.

What comes next is not always applause, even if you expected relief. Sometimes its an after surge of power, there is a sudden silence, isolation. The air feels thinner when you're no longer breathing through someone else's permission. There is grief. Not for who you were, but for how long you pretended. There is anger. The holy kind aimed not at others but at the parts of you that settled when you were starving. And beneath it all, there is a quiet, stabilizing pulse: This is mine now. My time. My voice. My life.

Yet make no mistake. Your liberation will not go unnoticed.

Some will watch you with awe, unable to explain why they suddenly feel braver in your presence. these are the ones who will rise beside you. Not because you dragged them, but because your existence reminded

them that theirs was possible. Others will watch you with confusion, as if trying to figure out how the spell broke without warning. They'll reach for the version of you that they once controlled, but their hands will grasp air.

There will be those who feel *threatened*. Not because you harmed them, but because your refusal to bow exposes the fact that they still do. Your power will feel like judgement to those who refuse to grow. They'll call you selfish for choosing yourself. They'll call you cruel for honoring your boundaries. They'll call you unstable for buying down the illusion that kept them comfortable.

Let them.

Their reaction is not your burden. It is your confirmation. Because when you bulldoze what was built on your suppression, the world divides naturally into two categories: those who loved your light only when it was dim enough to not blind them. And those who will stand beside you, eyes wide open, unflinching in the brilliance.

Practice options: The First Act of Defiance Is Honesty

Choose at least one or all, if you're ready:

1. Name the Scripts Aloud

- Stand in front of a mirror. Not to admire or critique your appearance, but to confront your conditioning.
- Say out loud:
 - "I was taught to ____ to make others comfortable."
 - "I have been pretending that ____ doesn't bother me, but it does."
 - "I have been shrinking in these spaces: ____."

Saying it out loud breaks the silence that kept it alive. Truth spoken is truth reclaimed.

2. Draw Your Boundaries in Ink

Write down a list titled: “**I no longer do this.**”

Examples:

- I no longer laugh when I’m not amused.
- I no longer apologize for existing.
- I no longer say “its fine” when its not.

Keep the list visible -fridge, desk, bathroom mirror. Let it become **Law**.

3. Practice Small Refusals

Pick one area of your life where you habitually shrink, and *interfere* with the patterns this week.

- Don’t respond immediately.
- Don’t over-explain.
- Choose silence instead of justification.

Refusal is a muscle. Flex it.

4. Identify Who Is Safe to Rise Around

Not everyone deserves access to your expansion. Especially not yet.

Ask yourself:

- Who encourages my power without making it about them?
- Who flinches when I speak boldly?
- Who would prefer me obedient rather than honest?

You are not required to exile people, but you are required to place them in correct proximity.

5. Anchor The New Frequency

Choose one physical gesture or ritual that symbolizes you *standing in your power*.

- A ring you only wear when you speak your truth.
- A posture you hold when you're about to shrink.
- A phrase you return to: *"Not today."* *"I said what I said."* *"I remember who I am."*

Rising is not just mental...it must be **felt in the body**.

If you have made it this far, you are no longer someone *wishing* for change. You are *willing* to build it. The breaking was never meant to leave you in ruins. The demolition was never the destination. Bulldozer mode is not a rage without purpose. It is devotion in motion. It is sacred reclamation. It is saying, *"What I clear, I clear with intention. What I refuse, I refuse in the name of life."*

You are not reckless. You are precise.

What once felt like chaos is now choreography. What once felt like rebellion is now alignment. You are not destroying yourself. You're restoring your original architecture. And now the ground has been cleared, the question is no longer "What do I need to tear down?" But "What deserves to grow here?"

The ground is becoming steady now. What once felt like chaos has become clarity. You've moved from reaction to response. From fear to creation.

When your breath deepens again, step forward into

Chapter Three: The Mirrors That Call Us Home

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