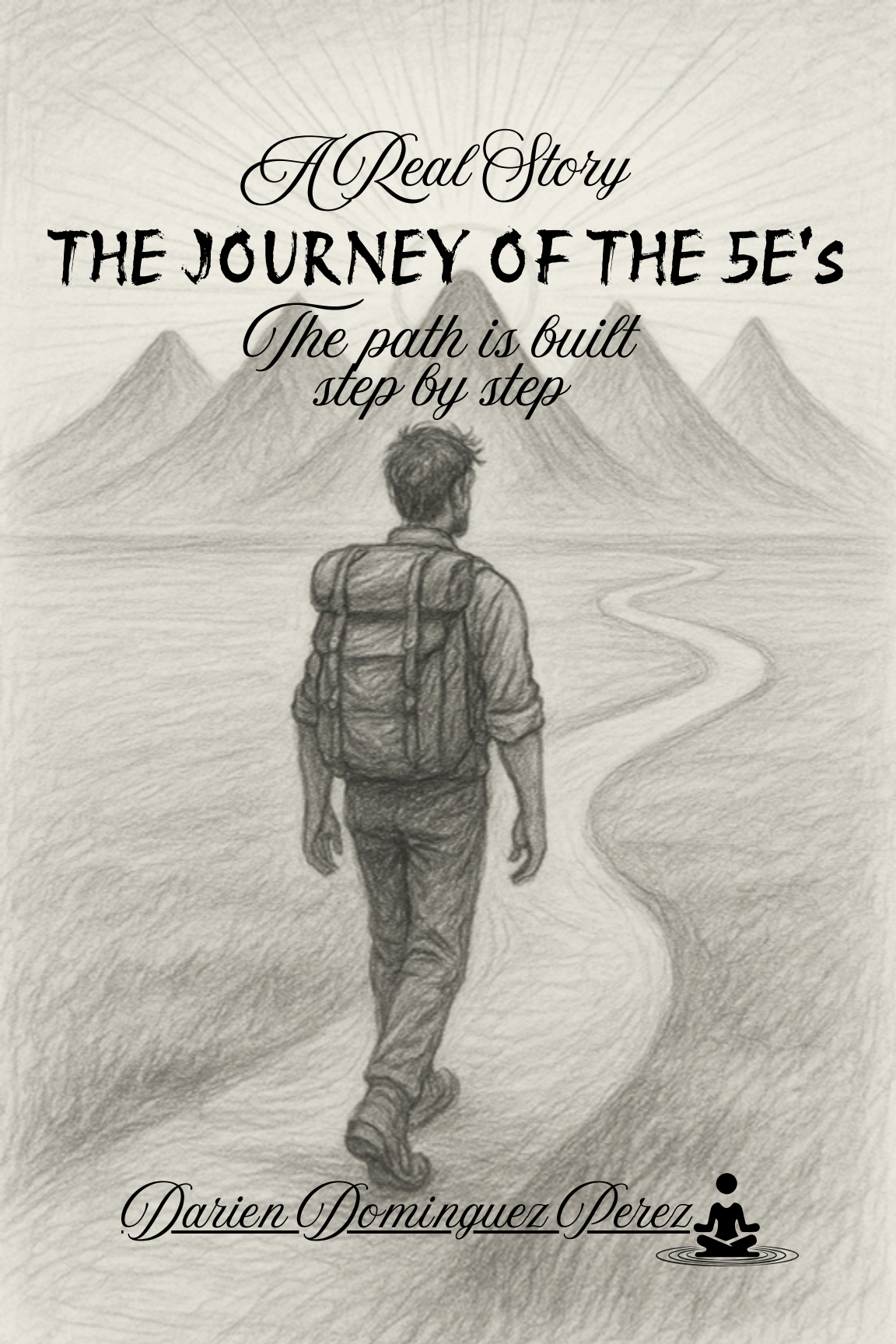
A Real Story

THE JOURNEY OF THE 5E's

The path is built step by step



Darien Dominguez Perez

Wake up!

Your Magnetic Identity is waiting for you...
Transform your energy so you can vibrate
in harmony with what you ***dream of!!!***
Avoid the distractions that pull you away from
YOUR PATH!!!
Discover who you are. Build it.
PROJECT IT INTO THE WORLD!!!
Never stop believing that YOU are your most
important project...and

NEVER EVER GIVE UP!!!!

READING IS THE MASTER HABIT FOR PERSONAL SUCCESS.



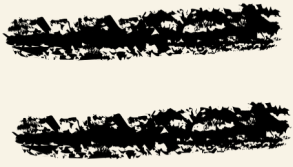
ENERGÍA

ENFOQUE

ESTRATEGIA

EXPANSIÓN

EVALUACIÓN



EVOLUCIÓN

Índice

Pag:

Author's Note 0
Copyright 2
Prologue 3
Preface 8

Energy: 14
Chapter 1: The Unbearable Silence 16
A Sign in the Window 24
First Passage: Ticket Without Destination 28
The Promise of the Unknown 33
The Last Goodbye to the Old 40

Focus: 43
Chapter 2: The Time to Focus 45
The Gatekeeper 51
Where You Place Your Attention, You Place Your Life 55
The Art of Saying No 60
The Inner North 64

Strategy: 67
Chapter 3: The Trap of Chaos 69
Designing to Sustain 75
Simple, Not Easy 79
What Is Not Planned Repeats Itself 83
The Power of Consistent Small Actions 87

Pag:

Expansion: 90
Chapter 4: When Giving Becomes the Path 92
Congruence as Magnetism 96
The Value of Being Visible 100
Multiplying Without Losing Yourself 104
The Mirror Effect 108

Evaluation: 111
Chapter 5: Looking at Yourself Without 113
Filters 117
The Trap of Empty Productivity 120
The Courage to Correct Yourself
Celebrating the Invisible: 124
The Returning Gaze 128

Evolution 130
Epilogue 131

THE END 136
About the Author 137

Author's Note

The Journey of the 5E is not just a book.
It is a living testimony. Written from vulnerability, from a hunger for meaning, from the urgent need to transform a life marked by struggle into a life guided by purpose.

My name is Darien Domínguez Pérez. I am Cuban, and at the moment of writing these pages I am 23 years old. Although that may not seem like much in years, what I have lived during this time has been a deep journey that pushed me to ask myself who I am, why I am here, and where I am truly meant to go.

This book was not born from sudden inspiration. It emerged because I had no other option; it had to come out of me, it had to be shared.

Throughout this journey, many times I felt I could not go on, that I was not enough, that my voice did not matter. But every fall brought me closer to my true identity. Every silent night(夜), every word written with a broken heart revealed that within me existed a strength I had never known how to name.

And if you have made it this far, if somehow these words resonated with you, I want to thank you for allowing me into your world, even if only for a few pages. Thank you for accompanying me on this intimate and courageous journey.

I also want to deeply thank all the people who have been part of this path.

Especially my cousin Yani, my aunt Nilda, my fiancée, and my mother, for their unconditional support while I was writing these lines, for believing in me even during my most uncertain moments.

Without you, this book simply would not have been possible.

And when I say everyone, I mean everyooooonnnnneeeee...

Copyright

© 2025 Darien Domínguez Pérez. All rights reserved.
This book is protected under copyright laws. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, stored in a retrieval system, or translated into any language, form, or medium — whether electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or otherwise — without prior written permission from the author, except in cases expressly permitted by law.

Brief quotations of excerpts are allowed, provided that the source is properly credited and the original meaning of the text is not altered.

This book is a nonfiction work based on personal experiences, intimate reflections, and the author's development. Some situations have been adapted for narrative purposes.

Any resemblance to real persons or specific situations is purely coincidental unless expressly stated.

First edition, 2025
Published independently by the author
www.identidadmagnetica.com

Prologue:

“I was not born knowing, nor did I arrive here by chance. I am here because I grew tired of not recognizing myself, of not feeling fully alive, at peace, grateful, happy, or guided by purpose. If you are reading these lines, it means you are truly searching for something. Honestly, I deeply hope you meet me here — at least the person I have become at the moment of writing these words.”
This book was not planned — it was lived. It was cried, doubted, written through silent dawns and uncomfortable awakenings, many of them without motivation, without knowing myself, and without knowing what I wanted.

There is no guru here. No perfect master.
There is a young Cuban — me — who began this journey without maps, without guides, without references, and without energy.
Only with questions.

With a desire to understand why life sometimes hurts so much. Today I understand that if it did not hurt, it would not be life.

And at the same time, how it can be so beautiful when you decide that you — and only you — take control of

YOUR STORY.

You will not find magic formulas.

Nor packaged motivational recipes.

You will find truth.
You will find scars.

You will find five stations that changed my life:
A shift in Energy.
A different Focus in how I see things.
A defined Strategy to carry out.
Constant Expansion once the previous foundations were planted.
And a compassionate Evaluation for those who believe that the peak of one mountain is only the base of the next — within this beautiful process called Evolution.

What I call the 5E Method.
No one told me about it.
I did not learn it from books.
I learned it by living — in the best way I knew at each moment — falling on my shoulders again and again, and above all.

Rising with greater awareness and greater desire to keep moving forward.



<u>This book is for you if you have ever...</u>

Felt out of place even when that place was your only home.

Looked at yourself in the mirror and didn't recognize yourself because you valued what others wanted you to be more than your own truth.

Known you wanted more but had no idea where to start — no guides, no mentor, no environment that supported change.

Felt fear, yet took the step anyway regardless of the consequences.

Been searching for something... without knowing exactly what — because ultimately, that something is always within you. Look inside.

It doesn't matter where you are in the journey.
What matters is that you are willing to walk.
I am with you.

And if you are reading this, you have already begun.

Don't give up.



My Roots

I was born in Holguín, Cuba — a beautiful city with warm land and even warmer people, where material scarcity blends with everyday life and restrictions are part of the landscape.

I grew up in a moderately comfortable family... at least compared to the poverty surrounding us, which felt heavier with each passing year.

My mother was my first emotional refuge. Despite our differences, I never doubted her love.

My father, on the other hand, was like an inverted mirror for me: I did not reject him, but I observed him as a living example of someone I could never become.

I did not grow up under the guidance of a great mentor or a figure who inspired me with wisdom. I grew up with ideas — ideas I discovered by myself — and that was enough.
The hardest part was not only scarcity or exhausting routines.

The truly painful part was silent indoctrination — the constant imposition of a single truth, the subtle way of extinguishing thought, erasing curiosity, and shaping each person into obedience.



It hurt me not being able to choose what to learn, what to question, what to believe.

But there was something no one could take from me: my hunger to understand.

From a young age, I took refuge in philosophy and in the art of thinking for myself.

While others dreamed of the latest technology or items to show off in scarcity, I dreamed of awakening... although later I understood that to truly do so, I had to leave.

The day I realized I could leave Cuba was the day I understood that I had to.

Not because I lacked love for my land — but because I had an excess of love for my freedom. Today, when I close my eyes, what I remember most about Cuba is not censorship or limitation — it is human warmth, empathy, respect, solidarity in the midst of scarcity.

Cuba is both a wound and a root.

Leaving Cuba was like breathing for the first time. It was not easy.

But it was necessary.



Preface

“It wasn’t that I reached the bottom of the abyss. It was that, for the first time, I stopped to listen to the echo whispering from within it.”

There comes a moment in life when tragedy is not required for something inside to break.
Silence is enough — a silence so strong it makes you doubt yourself.
You wake up, do what you are supposed to do, and yet feel that each day is only a softer copy of the one before. That’s how my journey began.There was no fire. No chaos. Only a subtle but constant feeling that something didn’t fit.
I looked at myself in the mirror and didn’t know whether I was seeing myself — or the character I had created to survive.
I grew up believing that the right thing to do was to fit in, to stay quiet, to obey.
My development from childhood to adolescence was deeply shaped by an environment that did not nurture my individual identity.
I wasn’t raised like a gardener who loves his garden — I was more like a seed moved from place to place by every shift of the wind.
And even though the wind was often gentle, how do you explain that to a child...

when every gust moves you further away from who you truly are?



I do not blame anyone for it — and in fact, I am grateful.
Thanks to all those loving winds, today I am a tree whose roots cannot be shaken even by the strongest storms.

During my growth, something happened that changed me completely:
Not a miracle.
A decision.
Just one — more than enough to change the life of any person on this earth.
I didn't know where I was going, but I knew I couldn't remain there — in that state where everything appears stable while you are slowly dying inside, where breathing feels trapped and you feel you can no longer continue.

The first step was understanding:
Change does not begin externally — it begins in the invisible.
First, I changed how I spoke to myself.
I softened my critical tone and began speaking to myself with tenderness, patience, love... and above all, respect.
Then I changed how I saw others — no longer trying to criticize them, but recognizing them, valuing their effort, understanding the reasons behind their decisions.



At some point, I finally changed how I expressed myself in the world.
I believe that was the crucial part — being able to treat everyone with love regardless of circumstances, and still create internal change in others.
That transformed everything.
I discovered that small things hold power.
Every decision — from making my bed (something I rarely did back then) to telling myself, “I can’t keep living like this” — all of it became acts of inner construction.
I realized that the most powerful habit was not meditation or waking up early.
It was facing myself without running away.
Telling myself:
You — and only you — are your responsibility.
That’s where the 5E Method was born.

I didn’t invent it.
I lived it.
It is not theory.
It is scar.
It is proof.
And it became my light along the path.

Honestly, I hope it helps you deeply on yours.



The 5E Method

Each of the 5E represents a door I crossed — and that you will also cross as you move forward through this beautiful journey called Life:

Energy: Understanding that what you do with your body, emotions, and mind changes your vibration — and your vibration determines your destiny.

Get used to vibrating with what you truly want in your life 100% of the time; I began doing so the moment I decided to change my energy.

Focus: It is not about having more time — it is about having more intention.
Every distracted minute is a step away from your dreams.

Human beings naturally follow the path of least effort — usually empty distractions. In my case, video games were among the strongest, which I still remember fondly and occasionally return to when I need to relax from daily stress.



Strategy: Having willpower without a plan is like trying to cross the ocean without a compass.
I needed structure — and I found it step by step.
You don't need to begin with a perfect plan.
Start with an action and a genuine intention to change — the plan will appear before you realize it.

Expansion: Understanding that when you begin to share what you have learned, everything multiplies.
Adding value is not just speaking beautifully — it is radiating energy through congruence and self-love.

Evaluation: Growing without measuring is only agitation.
Looking at yourself without judgment, correcting yourself to improve future results, celebrating every small achievement — that is how you honor the journey and the reason we came into this world.

Remember: at the moment of your conception, you competed against millions — and you were the one who made it. What a privilege it is to be alive.

"Don't waste your life. You only have ONE — and it happens here and now, in the moments you cry, and most of all, in the moments you"

"SMILE "

The Journey of This Book

This book is a real story.
The story of a young Cuban who grew tired of living in fear of his own greatness.
Who migrated through different countries.
Who fell and returned to the starting point.
Who didn't know how to speak in front of a camera.
Who felt ashamed to look at himself in the mirror.
And who one day decided he would not let fear win.

In these pages, I will not give you answers.
I will ask you questions.

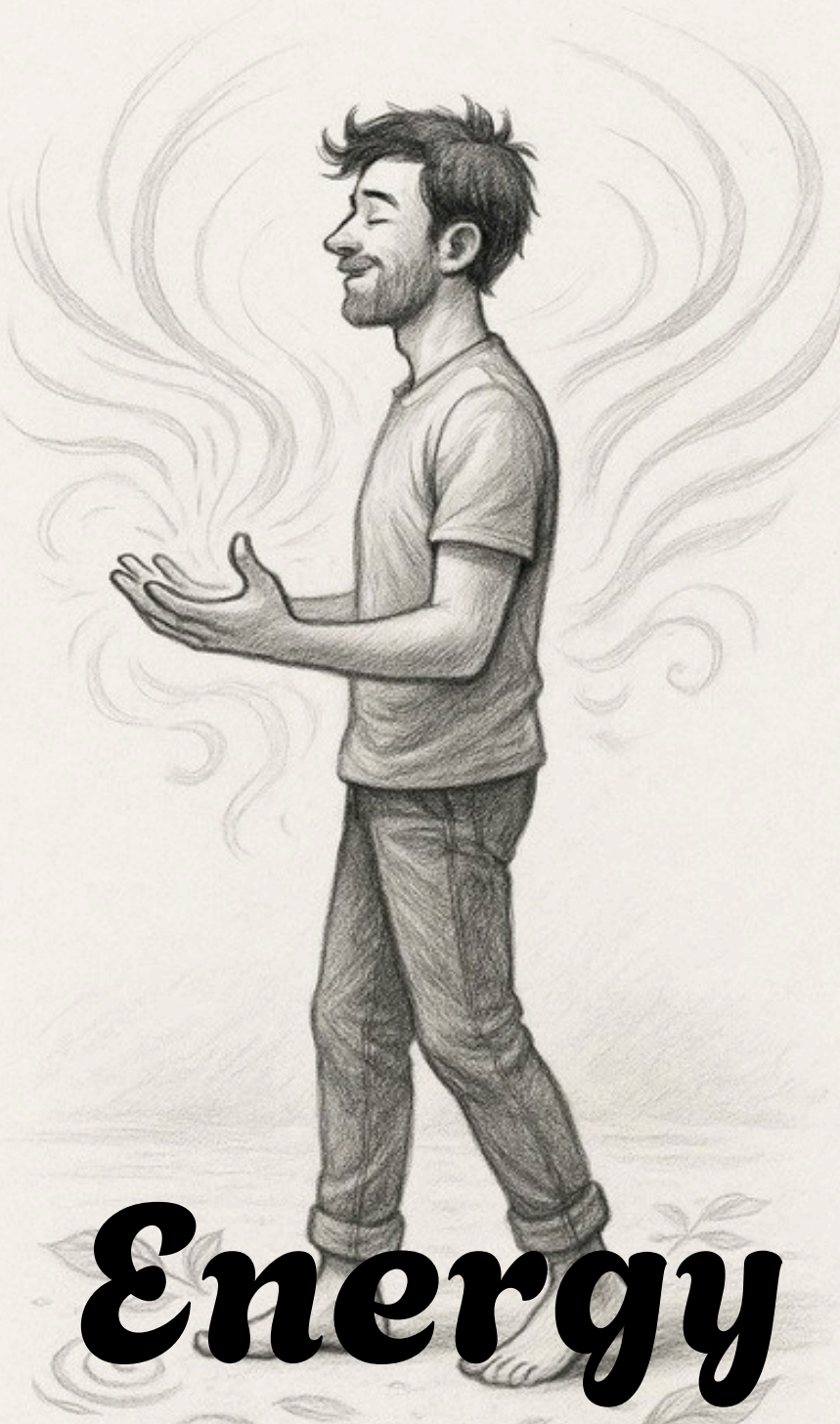
I will tell you what I lived, what I learned, and what I am willing to offer if you are ready to walk beside me.

You need to be brave.

You only need to be honestly tired of settling for what — deep in your heart

you don't want in

YOUR LIFE.



Energy

Author's Reflection

I always thought that adding value meant giving information, sharing what I know...
I didn't understand that energy is something else:
It is presence.
It is what you emanate when you live with congruence.
My fears were nothing more than distorted memories. Creative experiences (as I like to call them) that belonged to the past—emotions that once marked me, that simply happened and no longer had to define who I was or who I would become.
Sometimes, the greatest act of courage is not speaking.
It is listening to yourself, sitting with yourself without distractions, and staying there...

MEDITATING,
Until your
TRUTH EMERGES.

Chapter 1: The Unbearable Silence

“Sometimes it doesn’t take an earthquake. Just the emptiness of an ordinary Monday to question your existence.”

There I was, on a day when nothing extraordinary happened.

No shouting. No urgent calls. No tragedy.

Just an ordinary morning — gray, predictable, as usual. I woke up like always, checked my phone out of habit, saw the same posts from the day before, walked to the bathroom, looked in the mirror…

And what happened? Nothing.

Absolutely nothing. I felt no pride, no shame — only a strange absence. As if I had detached from myself. I was there… but not truly there. Breathing, but not living. Thinking, but not creating. I looked into my own eyes and saw no fire — not even ashes.

Only emptiness.

A silent reflection of someone who could be more… someone better.

And it was in that dense silence — that uncomfortable silence no one talks about — where everything began.

Where everything changed.

WHERE I CHANGED.

The noise you cannot hear — but can feel

In that moment, I felt something I would later understand after reading Viktor Frankl's book Man's Search for Meaning, which left a phrase engraved in my soul:
"A life without purpose cannot sustain itself."
My life wasn't bad.
But it wasn't good either.
It was... functional.
And functional means empty.
I did what was necessary. I survived.
But there was not a single corner of my soul shouting: **"I am alive!"**
I had been avoiding this internal conversation for years. Distracting myself.
Keeping busy.
Pretending to be busy was my favorite anesthesia.
That day, for some reason, the noise stopped.
No memes. No active servers. Not even electricity.

Without *notifications.*
Without excuses.
And in the silence...
Only me remained there.

Who was I?

The real beginning is not a goal — it is a fracture

Many begin their journey searching for answers, achievements, or financial freedom. I only wanted to recover meaning. What I didn't know was that to find meaning, you must first get lost within yourself.

Later, I sat at the edge of the bed, my back hunched — and my soul as well.

And I said out loud something I had never had the courage to say:"I don't know what I want... but this is not it."And in that instant, without realizing it, I began reconnecting with myself.With who I wanted to be.With the version of me I would admire.

With my inner hero.

Fragments of the past that hurt in silence

I remembered material things — objects that held value not because of their price but because of what they meant to me. One was my first Gameboy-style phone. I remember it well. One of those devices given to children to play with on airplanes — only seven buttons and a small black-and-white pixel screen. I spent hours playing a tank game. Memories of spinning tops with my friends also came back to me. Each of these moments remains stored as feelings — emotions that stir your soul when you remember them; scattered images that return to the mind wrapped in nostalgia, carrying a sense of loss, of distance, far away in a time that has already passed and continues moving forward.

BECAUSE THE TIME, FRIEND OF MINE, WILL NEVER STOP.

Deeper images of myself also came to me:
The moment I was afraid to upload my first edited video because of what people might say. It was a very low-quality AMV that still floats somewhere on YouTube — and yet I felt deeply proud simply for finishing it, even though it was nowhere near good.

The times I pretended to be someone else just to fit in — something that happened many times across different social circles. Even though I believed I was still being myself, I felt like I had a different identity for each group, something difficult to explain.
I became a rocker, a geek, an otaku, a gamer, a writer, a poet, and many other things. And although parts of those identities resonated within me, they didn't truly belong to me.
I just wanted to belong.

Or at least... that is what I understand now when I look back.

When I believed that success meant only having money…
During one of the hardest moments of the Coronavirus pandemic — which became a catastrophe in many countries and hit Third World nations even harder — I witnessed people dying in hospitals without sufficient medical care… or sometimes without any care at all.
People losing their lives standing at counters because they could not breathe.
There were no beds.
No medication.
No staff.
Nothing that could stop what was happening.
During that time, through determination and persistence, I managed to build something meaningful from nothing and without support — even when everyone initially told me:
“Don’t do that. It’s not worth it. You’re wasting your time.”
Thanks to the growing crypto world, I created a business with workers where my role became directing once the system was established.
From that position, I was able to provide for those around me as best as possible.
Even today, I remain deeply grateful for everything I gained from that period — and especially for what I would learn later.

When I cared more about looking strong than being at peace...
I rarely took consistent care of my physical condition. Even so, I sometimes experienced bursts of ego-driven motivation, going to the gym as many days as my motivation allowed — not because I wanted to feel better, but simply because I wanted to look better.
When I said, “I’m fine,” even when I wasn’t.
Broken inside, with short breath, empty thoughts, and a soul screaming:
“This isn’t worth continuing to live like this!!”
The problem was never a lack of opportunities. It was that I didn’t know who I was beneath all those masks. When you understand that self-perception is everything — that what you believe about yourself becomes what you unconsciously materialize — everything changes. In my life, I was acting according to the script of a secondary character, an older version of myself...
“And it wasn’t even a good movie.”
Just another one of those stories that ends and leaves you empty, without having learned anything, without wanting anything more — simply waiting for it to be over, wanting to turn it off, to stop watching something that remains monotonous,

Someone who was going nowhere.

When the soul wants to speak, routine becomes unbearable

Do you know when you realize your life needs a change?
When even what once felt “normal” starts to scratch you from the inside.
When conversations begin to bore you.
When the goals you once had no longer excite you.
When you start asking yourself:
“What if all of this isn’t really for me?”
“What if all of this conditions me… but doesn’t define me?”
That day, I sat in front of a blank page and wrote for myself without filters, without holding anything back:

“I have no idea what I want to become, but I know I want to be someone who wakes up with desire, who looks at himself in the mirror without regret, who helps others — not because he knows more, but because it feels better to do so.”

Author's Reflection

"I didn't fully understand what a sign was, but I did understand what it meant to be tired of ignoring myself. And in the end, that is what becomes unbearable: knowing that you know... yet pretending you don't, just to remain comfortable."

"It wasn't about the boy on the street — it was about me, about what wanted to scream from within and that, finally, someone said out loud, and for that I am deeply grateful; finding direction is the hardest point before beginning the journey."

"If I really think about it, every major decision in my life began with a sensation — a feeling of impulse, a desire tattooed into my soul...
It was never logic.
It was always the heart.
It was always the release of chemicals within my system."

"It was emotion!"

A Sign in the Window

“Life speaks softly at first, but if you don’t listen, it begins to shout through silence.”

The following days didn’t promise to be any different. I woke up as usual — the same bed, the same walls, the same clothes folded at the foot of the chair. Everything looked the same, but I was no longer the same. There was a strange vibration in the air, like when you sense that something is about to change, even if you don’t know what or how. But I did know why.
I sat with a cup of coffee in my hand and looked out my bedroom window. I had done it thousands of times, but that time... that time I saw something different.
A boy floating in the air with a torn backpack, dusty shoes, and a sign hanging from his neck that read:

“I LEFT TO FIND MYSELF.

I don’t know if I’ll come back.”

I didn’t imagine it — it wasn’t a metaphor.
I stood there thinking: Is this real? How real can an illusion be? But what struck me most wasn’t the message — it was that he smiled at me as he passed, as if he already knew who I was and why I needed to see him.

The Secret Language of the Universe

I froze. I didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or run. I felt that strange mixture of fear and certainty — like when someone says exactly what you've been silently carrying inside for weeks. I knew it. I understood something that has stayed with me to this day: signs don't arrive like thunder — they come as unexpected mirrors.

A phrase, a book, a video, a glance, and above all, a feeling. When they appear, you can't ignore them. Either you follow them... or you condemn yourself to live knowing that you didn't — and for a long time I had already been living in that sentence.

I would leave that place even if my life were at risk because of it (and more than once, it was).

What if nothing changes?

I looked around my room again with new eyes. That place was no longer a refuge — it was a cage of routines decorated with excuses. Things weren't bad... but they weren't alive either. It felt empty. The time had come to seriously ask myself:

"What would happen if my life stayed exactly the same for the next five years?"

The answer hurt deeply. I saw my future clearly: I would finish my studies, pursue some kind of engineering degree at university, become an engineer in a country without real opportunities, and spend the rest of my life blaming others for the decisions I didn't make — for fulfilling someone else's expectations while knowing that it wasn't even close to what I truly wanted for my life.

Because I knew that if I didn't change, something inside me would die.

There would be no space within me to be with myself, no space to feel peace. Every day I would be reminded of what I didn't do for myself, of what I failed to choose, and it would slowly break me from the inside.

Not suddenly.
Not with drama.
But slowly.

Like a candle forgotten in a corner discarded once its useful life is over and
its flame has completely faded.

What you see outside is what is asking to come out from within

I looked out the window again. The boy was no longer there, but the message had stayed in my mind like an invisible tattoo:

“I left to find myself. I don’t know if I’ll come back.”

And I thought: What if I leave too?
This thought began to resonate strongly within me when I was 14 years old. Since then, it has never stopped feeling like a turning point.
I wasn’t only talking about leaving physically — I was also talking about leaving behind that version of myself. Leaving habit. Stepping out of emotional routine. Questioning everything, even when it hurts.

And then, for the first time in a long while, I felt excitement.

Fear — yes. But also life.
As if a sleeping part of me had awakened just to say:

“Come on, brother. It’s time. You can do this. You always could.”

First Passage: A Ticket Without Destination

“Believe me, a map is not necessary when what you are searching for is not located anywhere.”

The following days were a mixture of clarity and chaos — an emotional roller coaster where one moment I felt ready to leave everything behind… and the next I felt paralyzed by the idea of letting go of the little I had, the roots I had planted, the relationships I had built, the neighborhood where I had grown up, the people who had accompanied me throughout my short life.

However, something inside me had already been activated — a lighthouse that kept shining even in the worst storms, something that guides you in darkness, that shows you the path, something that does not fade even when you try to ignore it.

A blessed discomfort began growing strongly within me, whispering:

“If you don’t do it, nobody will do it for you.”

The decision doesn't begin when you buy the ticket — it begins when you dare to imagine that you can.

I had already started thinking about it frequently — what it would be like to travel to another country, to discover other cultures, to relate to different people, different ways of life, different identities. A new world. A world full of opportunities. I browsed flight pages, read backpacker blogs, watched documentaries about people who left their jobs to follow their passions. At that time, something that was very popular — and that I both liked and disliked — were the famous "travel street vloggers." I won't deny it: I felt envy. Not because of what they were doing, but because of the freedom to be the people they had chosen to BE — wandering without a fixed destination, discovering, being free.
FREEDOM.
That word that represents the highest expression of human beauty.
I began to ask myself: what does it truly mean to be free?
And I realized that no one had ever actually stopped me from beginning.
Only me.
My excuses.
My internal narrative.

My endless "but..."

Then I did something I had never done before:

I didn't buy a ticket to a place. I bought a ticket to a decision. I reserved the cheapest flight to a city I didn't even know — just a date, one-way only, no itinerary, no guarantees, no Plan B. Not because I knew where I was going, but because I knew I could no longer stay where I was. And without a doubt, it became one of the best decisions of my life: Giving myself the possibility to choose.
The exact moment when something changes forever. I remember my heart beating so strongly while filling out the information that I could almost hear my heartbeat louder than the sound of the keyboard. And when I clicked "Confirm Purchase," nothing extraordinary happened. There were no applause sounds. No special effects. No epic background music. Just a notification. An email.
A reservation code.
But inside — inside I felt that I had just taken the most important step of my life.
It wasn't the trip.

It was the act of trusting myself.
For the first time.
Without a plan.
Without needing anyone's approval.

Jumping is not being reckless — it is being honest

I spent my entire life trying to understand life before living it.

But the truth is… life is not meant to be understood.

It is meant to be experienced.

Walked.
Risked.

Even though I didn't realize it at that moment, that ticket I bought was much more than just a flight.

It was an internal contract.
A sacred pact with myself.

THE SILENT CRY OF SOMEONE WHO HAD STOPPED BEGGING FOR PERMISSION TO BECOME WHO HE CAME HERE TO BE.

Author's Reflection

"There are encounters that cannot be explained. They can only be appreciated and remembered with tenderness."

"A true teacher does not give you answers — he shows you that you already carry them within."

"Those who have already walked the path do not offer you a map; instead, they remind you that the journey is your own process."

The Promise of the Unknown

“When the student is ready, the teacher appears... even if sometimes he does so in silence.”

The flight to Russia was only a couple of weeks away.
I didn’t know how to pack — not because I lacked a suitcase, but because I didn’t know which part of me was leaving and which part was staying.
I felt nervous, excited... and empty.
As if I were no longer the same person, and yet still unsure of who I was — though I had a clear sense of who I could ***BECOME***.
I decided to go for a walk to organize my thoughts.
It was in an old bookstore downtown where I saw him for the first time: an older man with a white beard and a gaze that seemed to pierce through time and flesh.
He was flipping through a brown-covered book, with no visible title and blank pages.
He caught my attention because he smiled like someone who knows a secret that no one else sees — something always present for everyone, all the time.
As I walked past him, I stopped.
He lifted his eyes, held my gaze, and said:

“You don’t need to know where you’re going — you only need to know that you no longer want to return to the same place as always.”

I froze.
I hadn’t said anything to him.
Not a single word.
Something inside me broke deeply.
And yet, it felt as if he knew me from within.

The mentor doesn’t always teach. Sometimes he simply reminds.
We sat on a bench near the park.
I don’t know why.
I don’t know how it happened.
It just… flowed.

He spoke to me about journeys — but not the ones made with the body, rather those made with the soul. Words that would later save me in the months ahead, that would keep me standing, that would give me faith that everything would eventually pass.

He told me that there are five phases every human being must go through if they truly want to transform.

And that these phases are not linear.
They don't have academic names, but he called them:

Energy. ***--*Energía****
Focus. ***--*Enfoque****
Strategy. ***--*Estrategia****
Expansion. ***--*Expansión****
Evaluation. ***--*Evaluación****



And that all of them were part of Evolution — improvement, transformation, change.
"If you manage to master those five," he told me, "you won't have to keep searching for answers outside. You will become the answer yourself, and you will grow with it, knowing that it already lives within you."
The 5E: More than a method — a mirror
That day he explained each one, but not through definitions — through stories, questions, and silence.
The strangest part was that everything resonated within me as if I had already lived it.
He told me that **Energy** is how you take care of your body, your mind, and your emotions. It is what you emit even when you are silent — the frequency that surrounds your soul at every moment.
And that the dominant energy you manifest in your life is the one that will return to you in abundance.

If your energy is positive and centered on love, you will give love and project it unconsciously. As a result, you will receive even more love in return as a reward. On the other hand, if your energy is negative and focused on fear, your life will be filled only with fear — with scarcity and regret that come attached to it.

He also explained that **Focus** is the ability to say "yes" to what matters and "no" to what distracts. It is pure direction, and it guides you through moments of doubt, confusion, crisis, and stress. Focus is nothing more than saying yes to yourself — affirming that you can, and continuing forward.

And **Strategy** plays a super important role in your plan to sustain yourself when motivation runs out — because it does run out.
Motivation is nothing more than a stormy season, one that lasts less than what you would expect from a rainy period.
However, with strategy you can build a bridge to the goal — a bridge that doesn't care about flood seasons.

A bridge with solid foundations filled with energy, and tall, tense steel supports like an unbreakable focus, ***can become the best path between:***

YOUR CURRENT SELF AND YOUR IDEAL SELF.

He recommended that I use **Expansion** in a curious way — like a shockwave.
I should share everything I had learned, because transforming myself into someone who transforms others would also transform me along the way, and we would grow immensely throughout the process.

The most important thing, he said, was to maintain constant **Evaluation** of my development — the habit of looking inward and asking myself:

"Am I being faithful to what I promised?"

He explained that of all the "E's," this was the most important one.

HAVING THE COURAGE TO CORRECT MYSELF WITH LOVE COULD RESCUE ME AT ANY POINT IN THE PROCESS.

A Promise Without a Name

Before leaving, he looked me straight in the eyes and said:
“You are not alone. The path already exists — you just have to walk it with intention. If you do, one day others will follow your footsteps, and when you look back, you will understand why everything was worth it.”

He left me a folded piece of paper. On it, a single line written in black ink:

“Identity is not something you search for — it is something you remember.”

I stayed there thinking for a long time about what my identity truly was and why I didn’t have it clearly defined.
I never saw him again.
Nor did I try to look for him.
I understood that he did not come to stay.

He came to pass the torch.

And I…

I had to learn how to hold it!!!

Author's Reflection

"It wasn't just a physical journey. It was a journey toward a version of myself I had not yet met — so from that moment on, I had to give it everything."

"I had the pure intention of taking 100% responsibility for my life, just as I had decided a long time ago. And I would continue betting on myself."

"That day I left behind everything that had been holding me... even though I knew I could no longer remain in the same place if I truly wanted to grow."

The Last Goodbye to the Old

“There are leaps that seem like madness... until you realize they were pure freedom.”

The day of the flight arrived. I woke up before the alarm went off — not because of anxiety, but because of that mixture of vertigo and certainty that accompanies real change. The suitcase was ready. But I wasn’t. At least not completely.

No one teaches you how to say goodbye to a version of yourself. I had said goodbye to my family a couple of days earlier, since I had to fly from a place far away from them — and I believe that for that first time, it was better that way.

It hurt deeply. And it was necessary.

I reflected a lot on how I had spent my final hours in my home — how I walked through the house in silence, every corner echoing memories.

The coffee cups in the kitchen.

The photo with my mother and my brother in the living room. The memories of everyone around the house. And the unfinished book resting on top of the wardrobe in my room. Everything spoke of a routine that no longer contained me.

Even though I was leaving in pieces, for the first time...

I DIDN”T FEEL GUILTY FOR LEAVING THEM BEHIND.

It's not what you carry — it's what you let go

Before leaving, I opened a note on my phone and wrote:

"Thank you for holding me until here, but I no longer need to survive — now I want to live."

And I closed it. No drama. No tears.

Just a calm awareness:

I was saying goodbye to what had defined me for far too long. The comfortable. The predictable.

The things that kept me half alive.

The airport as a rite of passage

The trip to the airport was silent.

I had a feeling that was difficult to explain.

I was leaving behind everything I loved — and still love — to go search for a part of myself I had not yet met.

And although I firmly knew I could no longer remain there, my soul felt shattered.

That place no longer sustained me.

I could no longer grow there.

I sat by the boarding gate and felt a new kind of calm.

As if I were already in the air, even though my feet still touched the ground.

I didn't know what awaited me.

But for the first time, that wasn't a problem.

IT WAS A PROMISE.

IT WAS CHANGE.

THE CHANGE I HAD SEARCHED FOR SO LONG.

THE CHANGE I HAD DEEPLY DESIRED...

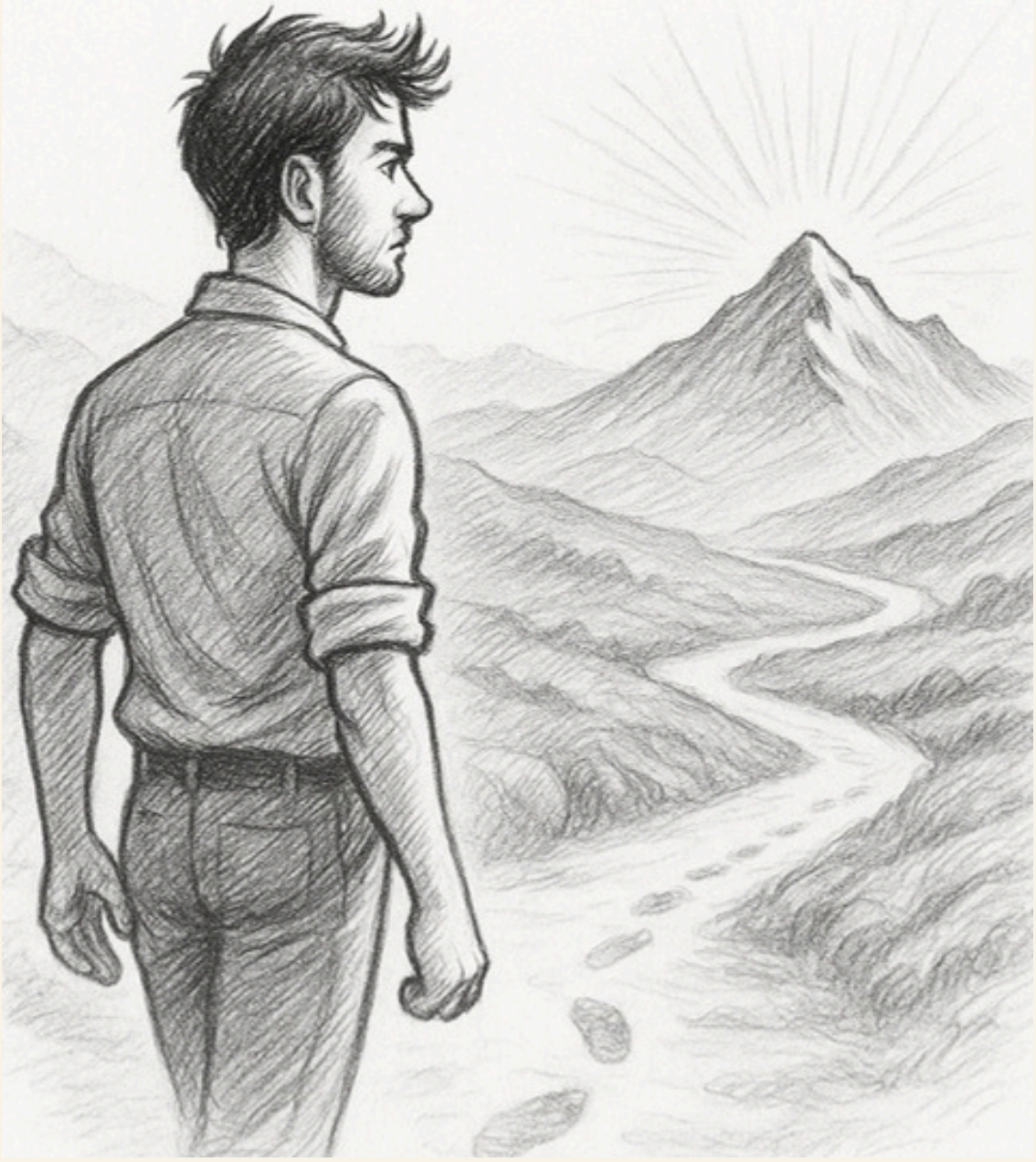
Sometimes certainty is a feeling, not a plan.

When the plane took off, I looked out the window.
The city lights grew smaller, and with them, my excuses, my fears, my old narratives also became smaller.

I didn't cry.
I didn't smile.
I simply breathed deeply.
And in that breath, looking toward the clouds...

I KNEW THAT I HAD JUST BEEN REBORN.

Focus



Author's Reflection

"Focus did not arrive when I felt strong — it arrived when I couldn't go on anymore, when everything had fallen apart and the only thing left was one question:

Why am I still here?"

"To focus is not to push everything else away — it is to choose what is essential, even when it hurts, and to commit to it even when you don't see immediate results."

"After losing myself so many times, I understood that focus is returning to yourself..."

Chapter 2: The Time to Focus

“There is no worse enemy than the mind when it becomes filled with noise.”

I thought I had lost everything once when the crypto business I had built collapsed — that’s how markets are, that’s how cryptocurrencies are, and that’s how inexperience is… but I was wrong.

I lost everything for a second time when I returned to the same place I had tried to escape from.

It wasn’t a triumphant return. Not even a neutral one. It was a forced surrender, wrapped in silence, migration trauma, and cold airports where taking a shower was a luxury and eating became a difficult choice even within the abundance that surrounded us.

We arrived in Russia on February 22, 2022, and without much warning, the war between Russia and Ukraine began few following day.

I was living in Moscow, thinking about everything that could happen. We couldn’t leave.

We couldn’t fly back. We had no option but to stay there and see what would happen — far from the battlefield, yet inside a war zone where anxiety grew every second, where we had to support one another, and where I discovered that I had a natural ability for taking care of others like a babysitter.

When we were finally able to escape from Russia, we flew to Dubai, trying to reach Spain — a process during which we were scammed.
We were held for four months in a foreign country, only to end up being deported back to our homeland, with far more debt than I could have ever imagined paying at that time.
And I knew I had to pay it.
Because I was the one who chose the path.
Before, I had left with hope.
Now I returned with an open wound.
Once again, with my soul shattered, my body weaker, and:

MY FAITH FRAGMENTED.

They had returned me to the starting point — but I was no longer the same.
I was a worn-out version of myself, quieter, more broken.
I returned to my land where my dreams felt like a mockery.
And yet, even with my soul in ashes, something kept me standing:
My family. My friends. That small circle that didn't just know me — they held me up even when I could no longer carry my own weight.
In those moments of scarcity, silent tears, and regret.

Their laughter saved me.

Their presence gave me back a piece of myself.
A part of me that had stayed with them was able to heal a little of my broken heart during afternoons of domino games and volleyball, where I was so distracted that I didn't have time to think about my pain.
That was when I understood that you cannot speak about focus without speaking about the pain that comes before it.
Because before you focus on something, life brutally unfocuses you. It shakes you. It drags you.
It is a hidden test within the process of growth that we all go through. Focus is not a superpower.
It is a rebellion against internal chaos.
During that time, my mind became my jailer.
Every thought was a judgment.
Every projection was an anticipated failure.
I tried to rebuild myself a thousand times, but focus... focus slipped through my fingers like water.
I tried to establish habits; even the simplest ones felt like climbing a mountain:
Sleeping well. Staying present. Reading.
But there was one habit in particular that almost broke me and at the same time rebuilt me:

Becoming aware of my thoughts.
Asking myself:
Why am I thinking what I'm thinking?

I don’t know of any habit more difficult than that.
It cannot be sustained with motivation alone — only with willpower.
A willpower that burns.
That feels uncomfortable.
That looks you in the eyes when you want to run away.
Asking myself:

“Why am I doing this?
Does this lead me where I want to go?”

became my survival tool.
It helped me distinguish what was essential from what was secondary.
It allowed me to decide when to continue and when to let go.
Social media, people, external voices, intrusive thoughts…
Each of them wanted a piece of my focus.
And every time I gave it away, I lost a piece of myself.
When your mind becomes your battlefield
The hardest moment of all came when, after a second attempt to leave through a student visa for Spain — for which I had already been approved for a scholarship — the Cuban government denied it.

Everything inside me shattered.
The light of hope collapsed like a SANDCASTLE.

It was as if life were telling me with a certain cynicism:

“No, not yet. Your moment hasn’t arrived. That is not your destiny. Be more patient. Learn how to wait.”

And in that empty scenario, with no applause, I repeated to myself what I had already been telling myself for years:

“Keep going. You can do this.”

Like someone applauding a performance…
in an empty theater.

That was when I understood something that still sustains me today:

Only I am responsible for my thoughts.
Only I am responsible for my destiny.
That was my true beginning.
It wasn’t the journey.
It wasn’t the mentor.
It was this truth.

When you understand this, focus is no longer a technique. It becomes a daily decision.
A form of self-love.
A form of respect.
A way of telling yourself:

“THIS IS WHAT MATTERS AND I WILL NOT BETRAY MYSELF.”

Author's Reflection

"The gatekeeper never disappears, but it loses its power the moment you stop asking it for permission."

"To focus is to tell yourself: I am going to move forward, even if I'm afraid, even if there are no guarantees, even if I don't yet feel ready."

"There are days when your only task is to walk through yourself — to understand why."

The Gatekeeper

“Not all walls are physical. Some are the voice in your head that convinces you to stay where you are.”

Sometimes life doesn’t stop you — you stop yourself. And the most painful part is that you don’t notice it immediately. I was completely frozen. In time. In space. In my mind. In my desires. In my future.

Believing you are moving forward because you are doing things, because you remain “productive,” but deep inside… you know you haven’t crossed any real boundary.

You only feel busy. That’s how I felt for a long time while working simply to earn enough to survive day by day, trying to escape my mental prison and give my best all the time — without stopping to think what it meant to give my best to a job that didn’t fulfill me, from which I barely earned enough to pay for bad habits and spend my time.

The Gatekeeper is not a person. It is that part of you that, with a gentle or threatening voice, asks:

“Are you sure you deserve what you dream of?”

I recognized it the day when, for the second time, everything fell apart again.

When I tried another exit, another escape, another attempt to begin again... and life, or destiny, or whatever force it was — returned me once again to the beginning.

I didn't come back with anger. I came back defeated.

And there he was. Not with a sword, but with silence.

The Gatekeeper.

It's not the lack of opportunities, it's the fear of crossing through them.

Using focus is not just about saying "I'm going to do this." It's about facing, every single day, the excuses your mind creates to keep you comfortable.

That gatekeeper doesn't shout. It whispers:

"It's not the right time."

"What if you fail again?"

"What if you can't sustain it?"

And the most dangerous part is that many times... you believe it.

Until one day, life forces you to look it in the eyes and you realize that it isn't an enemy:

IT IS A WOUNDED VERSION OF YOURSELF THAT LEARNED TO PROTECT YOU FROM PAIN... BY PREVENTING YOU FROM GROWING.

The real focus begins when you dare to cross without guarantees

One night, after one of those days when everything felt useless, I sat in silence with my eyes closed and said to myself:

“I don’t need to know if it will turn out well. I just need to decide that I am going to try.”

It felt like opening a rusted door.
It was difficult.
My hands were trembling.
But on the other side, I didn’t find success.

I FOUND FREEDOM.

And that was enough.

A few months later, as if by magic, a piece of news echoed through an entire population desperate to escape from its prison — from its physical borders. **“THE HUMANITARIAN PAROLE”** under sponsorship had been approved.

And it would come into effect on January 6, 2023.

Author's Reflection.

"Where you place your attention, you place your energy. Where you place your energy, your life is built."

"There is no deep change without presence. There is no evolution without full attention."

"Real focus is not perfect concentration. It is the firm decision not to betray yourself with every distraction that knocks on your door."

Where You Place Your Attention, You Place Your Life

“Nothing grows where you do not place your gaze with presence.”

I had already been observing for a long time the possibility of another escape route; you don’t need a catastrophe to realize that you are emptying yourself.

It is enough to observe how you spent your day — and there were many more like that than I would have liked.

An infinite scroll, a constant jump between thoughts, a tiredness that does not come from the body, but from the soul, and in the end, a question that cuts deep:

What did I do today for myself?

And the worst part is not having at least one answer, the worst part is having none.

Attention is the most valuable currency you possess:

For a long time I excused myself with “lack of motivation” and phrases like: I’ll do it later, it’s not worth it, I don’t have time for that — among other forms of self-complacency to avoid doing what I needed, what my body was asking of me, what my mind desired, what my soul expected from me.

One day I realized that it wasn’t that — and that wasn’t me — and although it was part of me at that moment, what I had was a constant leak of attention.

My focus was being lost in pieces: in notifications, in dramas that weren’t mine, in recycled thoughts, in borrowed worries used to keep my mind busy.

Attention is not only a mental act — it is a spiritual investment.

Where you place it,
IT GROWS.
Where you withdraw it,
IT WITHERS.

I was everywhere... except within myself:

One day, while a soft rain fell outside, I sat freely on the terrace and thought about everything I had done since my second failure — and yet, I had done nothing for myself. It wasn't a lack of time; it was an absence of presence. I kept thinking about the future, about what I lacked, about everything... except the here and now, and I wrote it down in my notebook:

"Life is not spent on decisions. It is spent ON DISTRACTIONS."

Returning to yourself is a deliberate act:

That same afternoon I decided to try something simple: one full hour for a single thing — just one — without my phone, without music, without interruptions. It was incredibly difficult, as if my mind, addicted to noise, resisted calmness, but in the end, I finished something I had been postponing for weeks. It was something simple, and above all, peaceful.

It gave me peace. I learned to make flowers from coconut palm leaves — very controversial, yes — but in silence, guided by my best friend. And more than the result, I felt peace, because I understood that what we desire most is not success; it is living with presence,

IT IS BEING HERE AND NOW.

Making flowers became my hobby at that moment — and above all, thinking about them, something I had heard a long time before:

“THE ROSE MEDITATION.”

By that time, it was mid-February 2023. I was working as a lifeguard at Playa Esmeralda, Holguín, Cuba. And you can’t imagine the amount of free time a rescuer can have in a position where there weren’t even clients to rescue.

Having that space to meditate while looking at the sea and making coconut roses gave me immense peace during those moments of uncertainty.

Author's Reflection:

"Learning to say NO didn't make me harder, it made me more truthful and kinder with my loved ones."

"Not saying no in time... took years away from me, stole dreams from me, made me live for others, and although living for others is my current purpose, it was something I chose throughout my expansion and my evaluation; it was a deeply personal decision, no one imposed it on me."

"Now, every time I choose what is good for me, even when it hurts, I repeat to myself: this is for me and also because of me."

The Art of Saying No

“Not everything that asks for your attention deserves your energy.”

There is a kind of pain that doesn’t scream.
A pain that drags itself in the form of commitments you accept, places where you don’t want to be, conversations that don’t come from you. I lived this more than once, and I learned that instead of making excuses, I had to make the decision to say I can’t or I don’t want to — politely, but firmly.
That pain is called silently betraying yourself, and many times you do it out of fear of making others uncomfortable.

Out of fear of appearing selfish.
Out of fear of disappointing.
But every “yes” you give without truly wanting to…
is a “no” you give to yourself.

THE “NO” AS A SACRED DOORWAY:

FOR A LONG TIME I BELIEVED THAT SAYING “NO” MEANT BEING HARSH, THAT IT MEANT CLOSING THE DOOR TO OPPORTUNITIES OR TO PEOPLE WHO CARED ABOUT ME, AND I SAID YES TO EVERYONE, FAR MORE TIMES THAN I COULD TRULY AFFORD.

Even today, I still say **“YES”** to things I would prefer to say **“NO”** to (although this is rare). I also think carefully about the value the person has for me — the one to whom I am about to say yes or no — before making the decision.

I understood that true selfishness is not protecting your energy; true selfishness is giving it away until you empty yourself, and then blaming the world for your exhaustion.

Saying **“NO”** is not rebellion. It is integrity. It is drawing a line where your soul can breathe and your body feels free to decide — like a cat that values its space and remains indifferent to how others perceive it. And I am not only talking about saying **“NO”** to others.

I am also talking about the most difficult **“NO”**:

THE ONE YOU MUST SAY TO YOUR OLD VERSION,
THE ONE THAT SETTLES,
THE ONE THAT SEEKS TO PLEASE,
THE ONE THAT FEARS NOT BEING ENOUGH IF IT ;

STANDS FIRM.

Saying no is also love:
Once, someone close to me offered me a more "stable" path.
More "realistic."
More logical.
They asked me to stay where I was, not to grow, to remain there — where everyone loved me, where everyone understood me, where I felt comfortable even within chaos.
They did it with affection, without bad intentions, because they love me and I love them... but my whole body shrank.
I felt that internal vibration I had already learned to recognize:

THE ONE THAT TELLS ME I AM BETRAYING MYSELF.

And then, with a trembling voice, I said:

"Thank you. I love you Mom. I AM GOING TO KEEP MOVING FORWARD."

It wasn't a battle.
It was a liberation.
Because for the first time, I chose to respect myself... even if they didn't understand me.

Author's Reflection:

"The North is not a destination. It is an emotion that repeats itself when you are being yourself."

"External signs help... but if you don't have an inner compass, you will get lost in every compliment, in every criticism, in every trend."

"Focus is not about following what is obvious. It is about choosing what resonates with the most honest part of you, even if you still cannot explain it."

The Inner North

“Do not follow the compass of someone who has not walked your same fears.”

The world is full of other people’s maps — family members, friends, acquaintances — all wonderful people who want the best for you based on their own experience and on what was best for them.

It is selfishness... and I see nothing wrong with wanting to follow someone else’s footsteps by your own choice; in my own way, I do the same.

What I do consider an attack on individuality is when children and adolescents — who were never taught the art of choosing, of questioning, of rethinking, of doubting, of thinking for themselves, of asking their own questions, and above all were never taught to make decisions — already have inherited life plans built upon expectations they did not ask for, did not choose, and above all, do not need. And even worse, beliefs that are unnecessary, imposed through repression by the authority in charge, depending on the context — whether family, social, educational, religious, political, etc.

When you are lost, any direction seems valid... until you realize that moving forward without direction is also a way of dying.

Only more slowly, it is the feeling that comes from doing something someone else unconsciously chose for us, that internal narrative that makes us want to fulfill others' expectations before our own...

True focus does not lead you outward.
IT LEADS YOU INWARD:

For years, I tried to fulfill what seemed correct, not what I desired, but what sounded

"SMART":
STUDY.
WORK.
MIGRATE.
START A BUSINESS.

And even so, I felt that something within me was being left behind. One quiet morning, in the middle of a silent crisis, I asked myself the right question:

"What keeps me awake when everything seems dark?"

The answer wasn't clear at first. It wasn't a goal. It wasn't an achievement. It was a feeling. A heartbeat. A quiet certainty:

"This is what resonates with me."

And that was the first step toward my North.
You don't need to have everything figured out.

You only need to stop betraying yourself:

One night, while walking alone with my headphones turned off, I heard a soft voice within me.

It wasn't spiritual or supernatural.
It was finally my truth without filters.
And it said:
"You are trying everything... except being YOURSELF."
That was the most silent blow, but also the most liberating.
From that day on, I made myself a promise that I still keep today:
Never again make decisions to appear.

ONLY TO BE.

Strategy



Author's Reflection:

"Being confused is not failure. It is standing at the door of something new without yet having the language to name it. Chaos is often the prelude to clarity; accepting that you are lost is an act of humility... and of power."

"I was so busy trying to move forward that I didn't realize I wasn't moving. Doing is not enough. You must choose with intention."

"I tried to control everything external in order to feel peace, but the order I needed wasn't outside — it was within. It is built through questions, through pauses, through the courage of not being in a hurry."

Chapter 3: The Trap of Chaos

“It’s not that you don’t have time. It’s that you don’t have a map.”

There is a stage in the journey where you realize that motivation is not enough.

Where waking up feeling motivated is no longer sufficient.

Where doing things “when you feel ready” becomes the most disguised excuse dressed as good intention you could imagine.

And the truth is that intention is always good — as long as it is accompanied by a plan of action; otherwise, it rarely stops being a voluntary thought that seldom materializes...

By that moment, everything had begun again within my soul. An external ray of light finally brought a sincere smile to my face: the Parole application for my cousin, my little cousin, and myself had been approved;

We would be flying in 5 days.

I barely had time to say goodbye to a few of my family members and friends; others, I deeply regret not having done so. I was very afraid — afraid of ending up in the same place again, afraid of what people would say, afraid of going in search of my dreams. Only one thing was certain within me:
My inner voice said,

"KEEP MOVING FORWARD"

What comes next in this story is what happened afterward, already on this side — I had arrived in the United States. With a little help, and this time everything that would happen would be completely the result of my own decisions. I already knew it; it was already part of me.

Many days later, I was there.

Waking up at 5:30 a.m., with an impulse that felt almost sacred — but without a clear strategy… that impulse would evaporate before the sun had fully risen.

The most frustrating part wasn't the exhaustion.
It was the feeling of running in circles.

I didn't have a purpose to follow, a goal to reach.

I JUST WANTED TO IMPROVE.

If you don't know what you want to improve, you don't know where you need to go.

The Illusion of Movement:

I remember one particular week — I did everything.

I cleaned the entire house where I stayed during my first two months after arriving in the United States until it looked like something out of a luxury magazine. I read two books in less than a week. I wrote down all my thoughts every day in a notebook — as many as I could remember when putting them onto paper. I organized my closet, went running, talked a lot with my family and friends, and dedicated time to myself and to doing what I enjoyed.

At the end of the week, I felt exhausted… but no closer to anything. My life had become full of tasks… but not of direction.

"Being busy is not the same as moving forward."
"Doing a lot is not the same as doing what is important."

I UNDERSTOOD IT LATE,

After several relapses, after a couple of half-filled notebooks with incomplete plans, and after promises to myself that I kept breaking without meaning to… and without knowing why.

When you don't know what comes next, you return to what destroys you:
There is something no one tells you about not having a clear plan: You become vulnerable to any distraction. A message. A meaningless conversation. An Instagram story.

Everything becomes tempting when you don't have a structure that sustains you — and as you have already learned: what doesn't support you, drags you down. The mind, without direction, does not stay still; it needs distraction.
It goes to the past:
To guilt.
To comparison.
To fear.
To hate.

Or it travels to the future:
To uncertainty.
To anxiety.
To despair.
To the idea that "when it arrives, I will be happy."

That is why true chaos is not always external noise; sometimes it is the absence of an internal strategy, of a defined plan, and of knowing what must be done to achieve it.

The Difference Between Dreaming and Building:

I asked myself many times:
“Why, if I want to change my life, do I keep sabotaging myself? Why do I do it in the way that hurts me the most?
Eating what I know I shouldn’t eat, playing for hours, returning to old patterns — destructive patterns, filled with hatred for what I once was, and at the same time expectations about who I could become in the future.”

One early morning, after meditating in silence, I realized something simple:
I didn’t have a structure — I only had desires.
And desires, without a system, are just beautiful impulses that the wind carries away.
That was when I began to design my days differently.

Not as chains,
But as maps.
Not as impositions,
But as acts of love toward
MY VISION.

Author's Reflection:

"Discipline is not rigidity. It is the decision not to let yourself fall when you no longer have strength."

"Designing to sustain yourself is thinking of your tomorrow-self as someone who deserves your care today."

"When everything seems against you, let your structure remind you who you are."

Designing to Sustain Yourself

“It is not enough to want to change. You must build something that sustains you when you no longer feel like it.”

I didn’t learn this from books.
I learned it one morning, at home, standing in front of an empty calendar, asking myself:

“Why, if I know what I want, can’t I sustain it?”

I had made promises.
I had felt motivation.
I had sworn that this time would be different.
And yet… I fell again.

I procrastinated again.
I isolated myself again.
I felt once more that the only thing moving forward was the clock.

Until I understood that the problem wasn’t my willpower.

It was my Structure.

The Invisible Foundations of Change:

One day, while planning my week,
I didn't set big goals.
I didn't create a perfect plan.
I asked only one question:

"What is the minimum I could sustain even on my worst day?"

And I started from there — one hour without my phone, twenty minutes of reading, being clear about what I would eat and at what time, setting time limits on social media, writing even when I wasn't inspired — small decisions, small containers.
A system that would hold me when my energy wasn't enough.
Sustaining is harder than starting:
Starting is easy. The real challenge is sustaining yourself in the middle of exhaustion, discouragement, and gray days.

And that is where strategy becomes self-love, where design is not productivity but self-care, where your day does not depend on how you woke up… but on what you built when you had clarity.
You cannot trust that you will always have motivation.

You can trust what you yourself designed so that you don't depend on it.

What is designed with intention is lived with power:

I used to feel guilty for not achieving everything, but now I understand that it's not about doing more, it's about doing what essentially sustains you. And for me, that meant creating routines with soul.

Flexible structures, but firm. Spaces where I could return to myself...

EVEN WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Author's Reflection:

"What is complicated impresses the ego. What is simple transforms the soul."

"Simple is not mediocre, it is clean, it is direct, it is enough."

"When chaos surrounds you and your inner narrator turns against you, return to what you already knew... and this time, do it with presence."

Simple, Not Easy

“Clarity is not about ease; it is about direction.”

There was a phrase I kept repeating to myself at the beginning:

“It has to be more complicated than this...”

Because yes, it almost felt offensive that something as simple as writing down my daily tasks, organizing my space, or waking up at the same time every day could have such a deep impact.
I was used to struggle.
To excess.
To believing that if it didn’t hurt, it wasn’t worth it.
That if it wasn’t epic, it wasn’t real.

Until I saw in other people a quiet truth:

LIFE DOES NOT REWARD THOSE WHO TRY HARDER, BUT THOSE WHO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE GOING.

We confuse complexity with value:

I spent a long time trying to “do it right.”
I learned techniques, watched tutorials, bought planners, used apps, filled my head with systems...

but I forgot to listen to myself.

And one day, tired of feeling overwhelmed by so much strategy, I sat down — without music, without social media, without anything — and wrote only this:

“What do I need to do today to move closer to the life I desire?”

The answer wasn’t a magic formula.
It was a short list.
With things I already knew.
With things I could already do.
Straightforward is not the same as simple.

STRAIGHTFORWARD IS WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW, BUT ARE NOT YET HONORING.

Peace is found in what you repeat, not in what you discover:

I had read dozens of books, listened to motivational audios for hours, and yet...

I struggled to apply the most basic things:

Sleeping well.

Drinking water.

Choosing one important task per day.

Finishing what I started.

Not because it was difficult, but because I was attached to complexity — to that habit of the ego that makes you feel more important if you are "doing a thousand things." But the soul is not nourished by what is impressive; it is nourished by what is present.

Choosing what is straightforward is also an act of power:

One day I chose to stop complicating things, to stop searching for strategies as an escape from my own inconsistency.

I returned to the beginning — to the essential, to what I knew worked but was afraid to sustain because of its simplicity. That was when I began to move forward: no more endless lists, no more systems that made me feel inadequate — just one phrase on the wall, written with a black marker:

JUST DO IT,
YOU CAN!

Author's Reflection:

"It is not a lack of talent. It is a lack of system."

"Planning does not make you rigid. It makes you free. Because you choose before others do it for you."

"Relapses are not failures. They are reminders that strategy is just as important as willpower."

What Is Not Planned Repeats Itself

“Without intention, everything returns. The old. The comfortable. The things you swore you would leave behind.”

There are cycles that are not broken with willpower — they are broken with planning. Because the heart can have the best intentions, but if the mind does not give it structure… everything returns.

Returning to the same habit.

To the same conversation.

To the same self-sabotage you promised to release. I thought that having clarity about what I didn’t want was enough, but one day I woke up and, without realizing it, I was repeating exactly the version of myself I had wanted to leave behind. I understood something that changed the way I lived:

What is not planned gets repeated.
And what is repeated without awareness…
WEARS YOU DOWN!!!

The enemy is not your past. It is the lack of direction:
It wasn't my habits that made me stumble — it was the gaps between them. Those spaces of "I'll figure it out later" or "I'll organize it afterward," because what doesn't have a time doesn't have an owner, and what doesn't have an owner gets taken by any distraction.
I began to be stricter with myself — not to control myself, but to protect myself. Because when I didn't have a plan, it was easier to accept what didn't serve me:
Unnecessary messages.
Empty conversations .
Downtime disguised as a break.
And the price was high: days that ended without intention, weeks that left no mark, cycles that repeated themselves like soft punishments.
Planning is a form of loyalty to yourself:
You don't plan out of obsession. You plan out of respect — because you know what it costs to lose yourself, and you know how difficult it is to find yourself again.

My strategy wasn't born from perfection, it was born from frustration, from being tired of seeing myself stuck:

From the shame of having potential... and not turning it into results

I understood that if I wanted to move forward, I could no longer depend on inspiration.

I needed a map, a real one, an adaptable one. One where even bad days would still have a

MINIMUM DIRECTION.

Author's Reflection:

"It's not about how much you do in a day. It's about how much you can sustain over years."

"Discipline doesn't have to be rigid, it has to be honest with you."

"In a world that celebrates impact, I learned to honor the invisible, that silent habit that keeps me whole when everything else trembles."

The Sustained Small

“You don’t need everything to change — you only need something not to stop.”

If I have learned anything along the journey, it is that great changes do not feel like explosions; they feel like whispers — like small victories that almost no one sees, but that you know mean everything.

There was a time when I believed I had to do something enormous to get out of the hole — start a business, write an entire book in a week, make a radical turn — and every time I didn’t achieve it, I hated myself a little more.

Until one day, in the middle of a long and silent dawn, I told myself:

“YOU DON’T HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING TODAY,JUST:

DON”T STOP.”

The Power Lies in What Goes Unnoticed:

I began to notice that there was a very special energy in finishing small things — making the bed, preparing a tea calmly, reading just two pages of a personal growth book — and doing all of this every day.
Above all, asking myself before acting:

"Does this bring me closer to or farther from who I want to BE?"

They weren't impressive actions; they were sustained over time, and they began to move mountains. The problem was never that I couldn't change — the problem was that I expected impactful results without understanding that what truly transforms is what does not stop.
Days are won in the details:
There was a week when I barely accomplished anything I had planned. However, I did one single thing:
I spoke to myself with respect and with love.
And that, which seemed minimal, changed my energy.
It sustained me when everything else failed. It taught me that the deepest strategy is not the most complex...

It is the one you can sustain even on your weakest days.

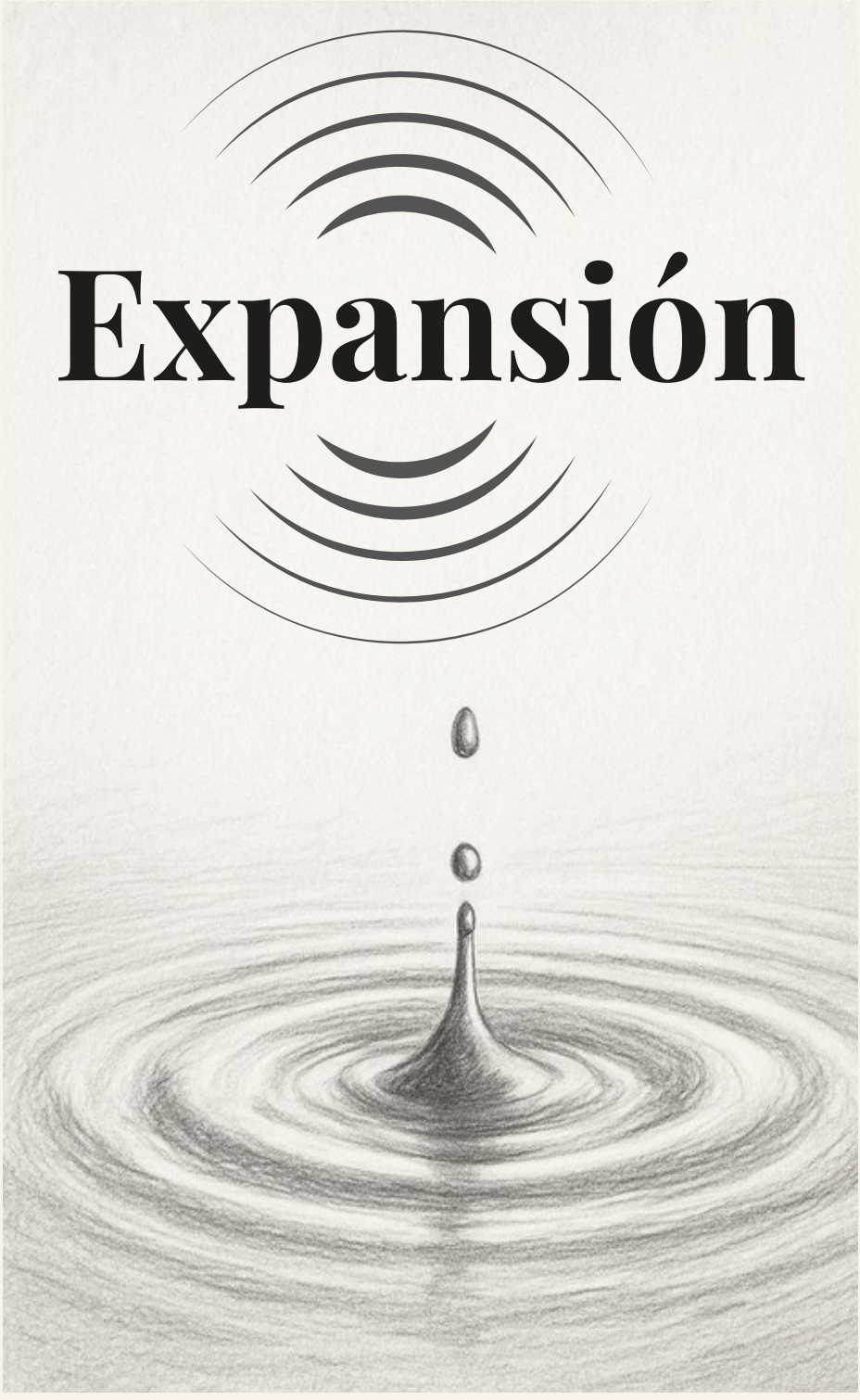
Consistency Is More Spiritual Than Practice:

I used to think consistency was strength.
Now I know consistency is awareness.
It is choosing yourself without shouting.
It is reminding yourself every day, even when there are no witnesses.
And if I'm honest with you...
What kept me on the path
was not a great idea.
It was not a magical revelation.

But the small... sustained.
A small feeling.
A small desire.
Small decisions.
Small emotions.
Half-smiles.
Small people who need support.

Above all, they were small goals fulfilled, helping me ,a small human being, grows kinder each day.

Expansión



Author's reflection:

“Expanding yourself isn't about seeking recognition. It's about ceasing to hide who you already are.”

“There is no purer impact than that of a truth shared from the wound, not from the ego.”

“Giving didn't diminish me, it rebuilt me. Everyone tells me I'm too kind, too gentle, and I don't see it that way. I believe the world needs more kindness, more gentleness. I know I can still give more than I am today, and I remind myself that I didn't come here just to heal... I also came to illuminate other paths.”

Chapter 4: When Giving Becomes the Path

“There are things you learn alone... until you feel you can no longer keep them silent.”

For a long time, everything moved inward — healing, reflecting, understanding — and yes, I needed that space, because when you are broken, you have nothing to give but pieces. But there comes a point in the journey when you begin to look around.

And when you do, you see people who are in the same place where you once were — lost, tired, pretending to be strong.

And then something moves inside you. It is not guilt, it is not obligation; it is a gentle fire, an inner certainty:

“I have something that could help someone.”

And that is where expansion begins — not as a shout, but as service.

I always remembered during my journey a phrase from Mother Teresa of Calcutta:

“THOSE WHO DO NOT LIVE TO SERVE, DO NOT SERVE TO LIVE.”

Sharing So You Don't Forget Who You Are:

The first time I uploaded a video sharing what I was thinking, I felt strange. Who was I to give advice? Who would care about my story? Even so, I did it anyway — with a trembling voice, with editing that today would make me feel embarrassed — and yet... it was one of the bravest acts of my life, because I didn't do it to teach; I did it so I wouldn't forget myself, to remind myself that I had come out of a dark place, and that if I could help someone else not stay there, it was worth it.

The voice that expands is not the loudest — it is the most honest:
"I don't have to be an expert; I have to be sincere."
"I don't have to have all the answers; I just have to share my questions."

"I don't have to pretend certainty; I have to speak from my truth, even if I am still in the process."

That was my expansion — not gaining followers, not going viral, but beginning to resonate with those who were on the same search.

I DISCOVERED THAT HELPING... ALSO HEALS; THAT GIVING... ALSO GIVES BACK TO YOU; THAT SHARING... ALSO SUSTAINS YOU.

Give What You Are, Not What You Have:

I was never a fan of showing my life or speaking in front of a camera, but every time I thought about staying silent, I remembered my friends, my brothers, the people I love.

And I would tell myself: "If what I am understanding can touch someone I love... then I have to stop hiding." Not for fame, not for validation, for mission.

Because everything you learn in solitude... sooner or later asks to:

BE SHARED.

Author's Reflection:

"My greatest act of influence was not what I said. It was what I sustained when no one was watching."

"Congruence does not make you perfect; it makes you trustworthy — it makes you live your ideal."

"Today, more than being heard, I want to be remembered as someone who lived his message... even when it was difficult."

Congruence as Magnetism

“What attracts the most is not what you say — it is how you live when no one is watching.”

At some point along my path, I realized that I no longer wanted to impress; I wanted to impact. And that is only possible from one place:

Congruence. I am not talking about perfection. I am talking about being at peace with the distance between what you think, what you say, and what you do — because nothing pushes people away more than that internal disconnection, and nothing attracts more than a life lived from honesty.

Congruence is a vibration, and it can be felt:

You can have the perfect message.
You can say all the right phrases.
You can know exactly what to post, what to respond, what to record.

But if you are not living it... the soul of the person listening to you perceives it.

AND MOVES AWAY.

I didn't understand it until one day someone wrote to me:
"I don't know why, but listening to you gives me calm — it makes me want to try."

That's when I understood that true magnetism is not intensity; it is embodied truth — it is living in such a way that your mere presence opens doors.

It's not about what you do, but from where you do it:

Sometimes I would publish content while feeling bad inside, and even though the message was good, something didn't flow.

It was as if the soul didn't support it. So I began taking a moment before sharing — not to polish the message, but to ask myself:

"Am I living what I am about to say?"
"Am I speaking from the ego that wants to be applauded... or from the heart that wants to serve?"

And if the answer wasn't clear, I stayed silent, because I understood that my words. ONLY CARRY WEIGHT IF MY LIFE SUPPORTS THEM.

Living as You Teach: the Greatest and Most Beautiful Challenge

Congruence is not a state — it is a practice.
It is waking up each day with the intention not to betray yourself, not to speak of abundance when you are vibrating in scarcity, not to preach love when you have spent days ignoring your own need for rest.

And no, I didn't always achieve it. But every time I did... I felt a peace that is difficult to explain, a gentle certainty:

"I AM ALIGNED. I AM BEING WHO I CAME HERE TO

BE."

AND THAT... THAT HAS NO PRICE.

Author's Reflection:

"Being visible is not about shouting louder — it is about speaking more sincerely."

"Those who dare to show themselves inspire others to stop hiding."

"Today I understand that showing myself does not expose me... it honors me, because at last I am completely myself — without permission, without fear, and with purpose."

The Value of Being Visible

"You are not afraid of showing yourself; you are afraid that you won't be recognized when you do."

For many years, I didn't like appearing on camera. I didn't like talking about myself. I didn't like showing my face, my day, my thoughts. It wasn't shyness — I have never been shy. However, I felt fear: fear of exposing myself, of feeling vulnerable, of what I said not being enough.
Fear that my wounds would become a spectacle.
Fear that people wouldn't understand the "why" behind everything. And yet, something inside me kept shouting:
"You have to do it, because if you don't make yourself visible... the people who need your message will never find you."

The hardest part was not turning on the camera, it was stopping hiding

MY SOUL.

The day I decided to start sharing my story publicly, my whole body tensed. Watching myself on video, hearing my voice, seeing my gestures — everything made me uncomfortable. It felt like looking for the first time at a stranger who had always lived inside me.

One who needed to come out — one who no longer wanted to ask for permission to exist. That's when I understood that being visible is not a branding strategy; it is a spiritual act. It is standing before the world and saying:

"This is who I am. This is what I've lived. This is what I have to offer."
"THIS HAS BEEN THE MOST IMPORTANT THING WHEN WRITING THIS BOOK."

The door you don't open out of fear is the same one that locks in your purpose.

I asked myself many times:

"What if they judge me?"
"What if they don't connect?"
"What if I'm not what they expect?"

Until one day I asked myself a different question:
"What if someone is waiting for exactly what only I can say through my story?"

That question broke me.
And it pushed me.

*I UNDERSTOOD THAT MY STORY DOES NOT BELONG ONLY TO ME.**IT ALSO BELONGS TO THOSE WHO NEED TO SEE IT IN ORDER TO RECOGNIZE THEMSELVES.***

Being visible is holding your truth out loud, even when you tremble:

You don't need thousands of followers to be visible. You only need to decide to stop hiding. The day I stopped seeking validation and began sharing from the heart... everything started to change — not because the world changed, but because I no longer owed anything to myself.

Because at last I was walking with my chest open, with my *LIGHT*... and also with my *SHADOWS*.

Author's Reflection:

"Multiplying yourself without losing yourself is an art; art is not born from noise... it is born from the silence where you return to yourself."

"I didn't come to convince anyone. I came to live in such congruence that my life becomes my message — that whoever sees me feels inspired to do the same with their own life."

"Today I understand that I don't want to go far... if to do so I have to move away from myself."

Multiplying Without Losing Yourself

“True growth is not about reaching more people — it is about not forgetting yourself while you do.”

Expansion is beautiful… until it hurts, until the noise outside begins to sound louder than the voice within, until you start doing things not because they are born from you, but because they are expected of you — and you realize that the challenge is not growing.

What is truly complex is growing without betraying yourself, without becoming a copy of yourself, without turning your message into an empty product. Because yes, you can multiply yourself — but if you lose yourself in the process… who does that serve?

The risk of confusing impact with ego:

Once, after publishing something that received a good response, I caught myself thinking about what I should say next to keep “being liked.” Not about what was arising from within me… but about what worked.

About the change I could project, about the version of myself I would like others to see — even though internally I had not become that version YET.

And that thought — small and silent — shook me, because it was exactly what I had promised myself I would not do. To go back to acting in order to fit in, to go back to creating from expectation, to disguise authenticity again just to be approved.

The most dangerous expansion... is the one that happens when your voice becomes louder than your conscience.

Returning to the essential: WHY DID I BEGIN?

I had to return to the origin — to my first video, to my first text. To that moment when I only wanted to help, when I did it because it felt right, even if no one applauded.

I REMEMBERED SOMETHING:

I didn't come to build an image; I came to sustain a mission — to pass the torch as well. And if sustaining it meant slowing down, then I slowed down. If I needed to disappear for a few days to find myself again, I did it. Because the strongest message I can give is not what I say...

it is how I treat myself when I FEEL LOST.

How Do You Know If You're Losing Yourself?

There are signs.

Very subtle. Very clear.

— When you need applause to feel useful.

— When what you do weighs more than what you feel.

— When you no longer listen to yourself with the same tenderness.

— When you work to be seen, not to be true.

In those moments, it's not about stopping completely.

It's about recalibrating.

Writing again without filters.

Recording without a script.

Sharing without expectation.

Speaking to yourself before speaking to others.

Author's Reflection:

"We are mirrors, and when we dare to shine, we illuminate parts that others didn't know they had."

"My purpose is not for people to follow me — it is for them to recognize themselves."

"Expansion is not fame; it is quiet influence — it is touching one life... and knowing that with that alone, it was worth it."

The Mirror Effect

“You don’t teach with words; you teach with what you awaken when people watch you live.”

It came from a girl who had only watched one minute of an unedited video, where I was speaking with a broken voice and no filters.
And I understood that when you are honest, you don’t need to convince — you only need to be present.

Your process inspires more than your perfection:

There is something magical about watching someone walk their path with courage — not because they have all the answers, but because they keep going even when they doubt.

And when you do it from the soul, people look at you and don’t think, “How incredible he is.” They think:

“IF HE CAN,
MAYBE I CAN TOO.”

And that’s the truth — You can. You always have. I am only here to help you remind it.

That is the mirror effect. You don't project an image — you reflect a possibility.

EVERY STEP YOU TAKE BECOMES A FOOTPRINT FOR SOMEONE ELSE:

Young people began writing to me who felt the way I once felt — disoriented, paralyzed, not knowing where to begin.

And I didn't have grand solutions, but I had something more valuable: lived experience. What I shared was not theory; it was real fragments of my process.

Spoken scars.
Falls narrated without shame.

And that, without me planning it, became a path for others.

LIKE A TORCH THAT DOESN'T SHINE FROM ABOVE, BUT FROM THE MUD... WHERE YOU KNOW HOW DIFFICULT ***IT IS TO RISE.***

You don't need to have more — you only need to give from who you already are:

You don't need to be an expert.

You need to be an example.

You don't need to be perfect.

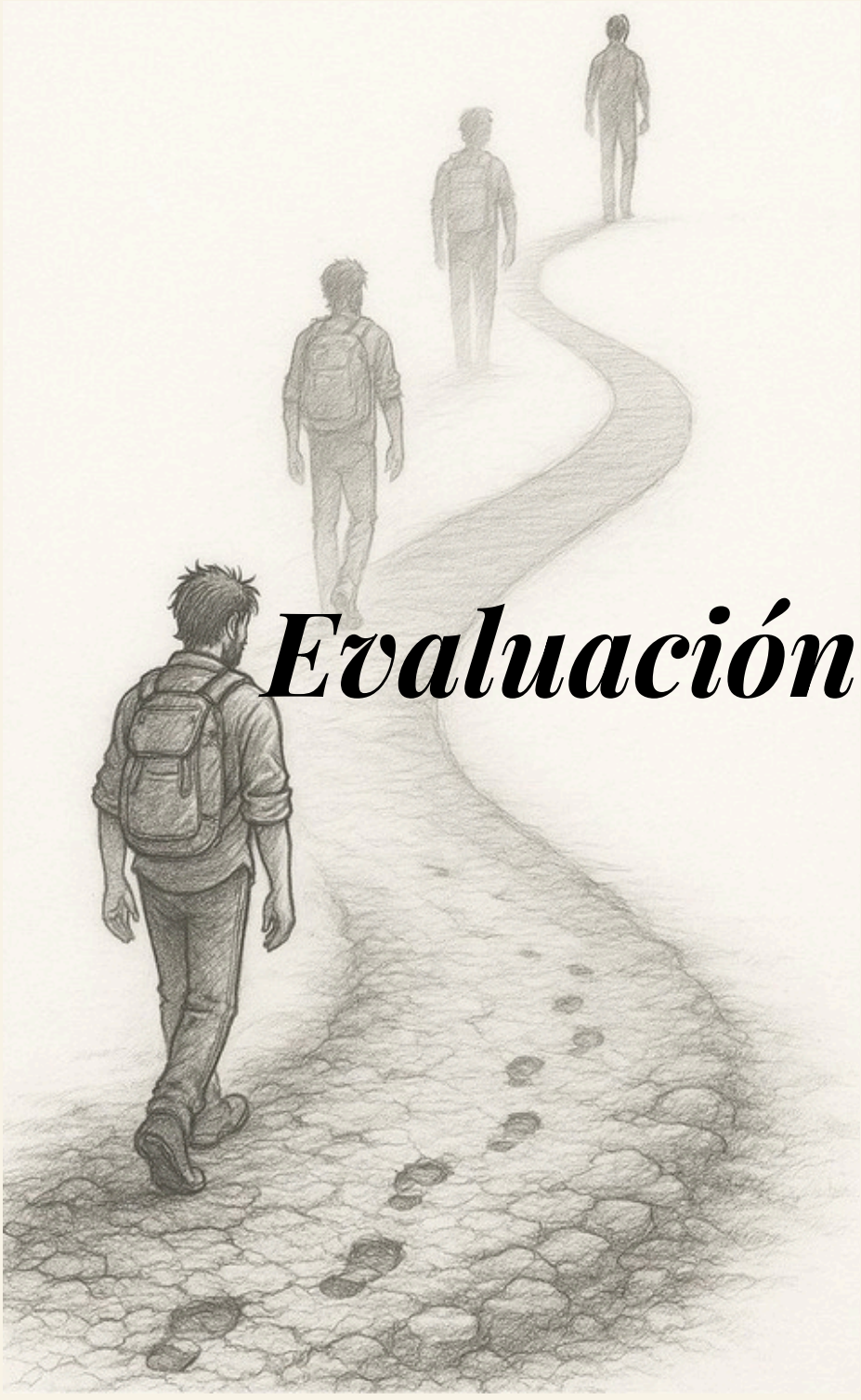
You need to be honest.

You don't need to know everything.

YOU NEED TO BE WILLING TO KEEP LEARNING OUT LOUD, TO SHARE FROM THE HUMILITY OF SOMEONE WHO IS STILL ON THE PATH.

BECAUSE THAT... THAT TOUCHES

THE SOUL.



Evaluación

Author's Reflection:

"I want to be among those who renew themselves from within. Those who correct themselves with tenderness.
Those who allow themselves to fail... but not to lie to themselves."

"Growth is not measured in achievements; it is measured in

PEACE."

"Today, every time I pause to look at myself without filters, I don't judge myself... I recognize myself."

Chapter 5: Looking at Yourself Without Filters

“You cannot correct what you are not willing to look at.”

At this point, I had already achieved a large part of my goals. I first guided my uncle and family on their journey here; a little later, I managed to guide my mother, my brother, also the man who — although not my biological father — has been a father figure in my life, and my fiancée.

We knew it was a difficult journey and that they would face incredible challenges, but the cause justified the risk.

My objective in this sense is not yet complete, because my focus is to have close to me all the people I value, and I will continue working toward achieving it with more conviction, more certainty, and more confidence.

During all this time, I thought I was growing and moving forward by doing more, earning more, becoming stronger, faster, more visible.
I stopped and reflected: I was accumulating progress... but I was not looking at myself.

There were parts of me that were still there, hidden.

Poorly healed wounds, unresolved expectations. Silent self-dialogues that still sabotaged me. Because yes, you can change your routine, your habits, your environment... but if you don't change the way you look at yourself, everything comes back.

What you don't evaluate, dominates you:

One ordinary morning, while reviewing my pending tasks, I sat with my face in my hands and felt an old weight. It wasn't physical — it was internal. It was as if something inside me said:

"You're running again, and you don't know where to."

I had already achieved a large part of my goals, and now... what was next? What should I do? I didn't know. I sat down and thought:

"Are you moving forward... or are you escaping?"

That's when I understood that evaluation is not a checklist.

It is not about reviewing goals; it is about sitting in front of yourself and asking without fear:

"Am I still faithful to what I PROMISED?"

"Am I living as the person I WANT TO BECOME?"

"Am I being fair to myself... or just: DEMANDING FROM MYSELF?"

The truth doesn't hurt — what hurts is having avoided it for so long:
Seeing myself again was uncomfortable. I discovered that there were habits I was sustaining out of fear, not conviction. At times, I spoke to myself harshly so I wouldn't feel weak. I noticed goals that were not mine, but belonged to a past version of myself… one that no longer exists. But I also found beauty:

My resilience.
My ability to start again.
My genuine desire to grow without losing myself.
And in the middle of that contradiction… I embraced myself, and I want you to embrace yourselves every day as well.

Evaluation doesn't punish you — it frees you:
Today I understand that evaluating yourself is not about pressure. It is love — it is saying, "I matter enough to look at myself fully."
Those who don't evaluate themselves repeat themselves.
And those who repeat themselves without awareness… fade away. I don't want to return to that.

I want to be among those who renew themselves from within.
Those who correct themselves with tenderness.
Those who allow themselves to fail…
BUT NOT TO LIE TO THEMSELVES.

Author's Reflection:

"Productivity without direction is just movement disguised as merit."

"What is truly productive does not exhaust you — it organizes you, aligns you, leaves you at peace."

"Today, before filling my day, I ask myself:
Does this bring me closer... or does it only keep me distracted?
And if it doesn't bring me closer... I have the courage not to do it."

The Trap of Empty Productivity

“Filling your day is not the same as filling your soul.”

There was a stage in my life when I felt proud of always being busy — appointments, tasks, meetings, content, ideas... I was in action mode 24/7.
From the outside, it looked like I was building something big. But inside... there were days when I went to bed with a dull anguish, with that uncomfortable feeling of not knowing what I was doing all of it for. That was when I asked myself a question:
“Am I being productive... or am I just avoiding feeling useless?”

When what you do no longer vibrates, it only exhausts you:

I realized that I wasn’t working from vision — I was working from inertia, from fear of losing momentum, from fear that if I stopped, everything would fall apart.

BUT THE TRUTH WAS HARSHER: WHAT FALLS APART WHEN YOU STOP WAS NEVER SOLID TO BEGIN WITH.

I was doing things out of fear, not direction. And that kind of productivity is dangerous... because it empties you while wearing the disguise of success.

"Doing" without soul leaves a mark... of exhaustion:

There came a moment when I recognized it — I was being functional, yes, but I was not being intentional. I reviewed my days and saw that I was doing many things, but few were truly important, and many of them no longer represented me. I had started them with purpose... and continued doing them out of obligation.

Part of evaluating yourself is having the courage to let go of what no longer has soul.

Stop doing what moves you away, even if it once brought you closer:

That was the hardest part — accepting that even what was once useful... can stop being so. That there are cycles that complete themselves.

ROUTINES THAT AGE.
PROJECTS THAT NO LONGER HOLD YOU AND THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU FAILED.

IT SIMPLY MEANS YOU EVOLVED.

Author's Reflection:

"Correcting yourself does not make you unstable. It means committing to the truth in real time."

"Continuing just to avoid disappointing others is betraying yourself in silence."

"Today, every time something stops being aligned, I don't force it. I honor it. I thank it.

AND I MOVE ON."

The Courage to Correct Yourself

“There is no braver act than telling yourself the truth... and acting accordingly.”

One thing is realizing that something is not going well; something very different is doing something about it. I had already changed many times, but there was a point along the journey when I understood that true growth... was not only about adding — it was also about correcting.

And correcting yourself hurts, because it means admitting that you were wrong.

It means accepting that what you once defended may no longer represent you. It means renouncing what is comfortable, what is familiar, what was once a refuge.

Changing the plan is not giving up — it is maturing: I had designed strategies. I had built systems. I had publicly committed to certain goals.

And yet... something inside me no longer vibrated the same way.

The hardest part? Accepting that I had to recalibrate, even if it meant disappointing expectations — including my own.

"A path that no longer resonates is not your path, even if you walked it with all your heart."

Adjusting is not starting from zero — it is continuing with awareness:

There is a cruel myth in personal development: that changing your mind is instability, that modifying your route is a lack of focus. I don't see it that way. Today, I understand it as a sign of emotional maturity — because only someone connected with themselves is capable of saying:

"This no longer serves me. This is no longer who I am."

And that sentence, spoken with self-love, can save you years of emotional exhaustion.

Decisions either renew themselves or they rust: Sometimes you have to ask yourself again:

— Why did I start this?
— Am I still connected to the cause?
— Am I fulfilling a promise... or maintaining an image?

I ANSWERED MYSELF.
AND I MADE DIFFICULT DECISIONS.
I CLOSED CYCLES, LET GO OF PROJECTS, CHANGED STRUCTURES.
NOT BECAUSE THEY HAD FAILED —
BUT BECAUSE THEY NO LONGER REFLECTED WHO I WAS BECOMING.

AND THAT... THAT IS

SUCCESS.

Author's Reflection:

"The soul grows in silence... and deserves to be celebrated even when no one notices."

"Today I applaud myself without noise — not for what I did, but for who I am choosing to be each day."

"THE INVISIBLE, ALSO COUNTS, AND SOMETIMES IT IS THE ONLY THING THAT TRULY MATTERS."

Celebrating

THE INVISIBLE

“Not everything that matters is visible, and not everything you heal can be seen.”

We live in a culture of results — of before and after, of numbers, likes, transformed bodies, thriving businesses — but no one applauds you for waking up with anxiety and still making your bed.
For responding calmly when everything inside you wants to scream.

For turning off your phone to listen to yourself. For choosing not to run away when running would be easier. For studying for hours, days, weeks, months, years — and not showing apparent results. For becoming better with every step you take.

I’ve been there. Entire weeks when there was nothing “big” to share… but inside, I was rebuilding the foundations.

“True growth isn’t always measured, sometimes

IT IS SIMPLY FELT.”

The most valuable transformations make no noise:
I didn't publish those achievements. I didn't share them out loud, because they were intensely intimate.

— Forgiving without being asked for forgiveness.
— Resting without feeling guilty.
— Stopping explaining my decisions to those who were not willing to understand them.
— Looking at myself in the mirror without mental insults.

Who celebrates that?

No one... except you. And that is what makes it sacred.

Not everything deserves to be measured; some things only need to be honored.
The soul is not measured by metrics. Character is not measured by speed. Peace is not counted by the number of completed tasks.
And yet, many times I found myself demanding visible results, wanting to move forward "faster," wanting to have "something to show."

"WHO DO I WANT TO RECOGNIZE ME...
AND WHY DON'T I START
WITH MYSELF?"

Recognizing the invisible isn't weakness, it's spiritual maturity:

I began to celebrate in silence.

Small rituals.

Writing something nice for myself after a difficult day.

Drinking water with intention.

Lighting a candle just to thank myself for not giving up.

AND OVER TIME...
THAT SUSTAINED ME MORE THAN ANY MEASURABLE ACHIEVEMENT,

WHEN YOU LEARN TO RECOGNIZE YOURSELF,

YOU NO LONGER DEPEND ON EXTERNAL VALIDATION.

Author's Reflection:

"Today I don't seek to be perfect — I seek to be faithful to what I have learned."

"I am not the one who started this journey; I am the one who had the courage to finish it... and to look at himself again with love."

"My gaze no longer judges; my gaze sustains. My gaze remembers: you did it... and you are not finished yet."

The Gaze That Returns

“The true ending is looking at yourself again… and recognizing yourself.”

To look again — that is what we do when we have walked far enough, when the noise fades, when the masks fall, when the goal stops being external and begins to feel like home.

I remember perfectly the first day I looked at myself in the mirror and didn’t want to run away — not because everything was resolved, but because, for the first time, I felt at peace with what I saw. And that was when I knew the journey had not been in vain.

You are no longer the one who ran away; you are the one who returned with answers.
The final evaluation is not a test.
It is not a result.
It is an inner feeling that whispers to you:

“I AM AT PEACE WITH WHO I WAS,
I AM PROUD OF WHAT I CHOSE,
AND I AM READY FOR WHAT
COMES NEXT.”

Looking at yourself after everything is an act of respect and, at the same time, a sacred ritual — because now you don't look at yourself to judge; you look to honor your story. To tell the one you used to be:

"Thank you for not giving up when it would have been easier to do so."

The gaze changes when the heart has healed:

Today, when I observe myself, I don't look for flaws — I look for signs. I look for traces of my evolution. I look for the tenderness with which I learned to treat myself. I no longer compare myself to others; I compare myself to who I used to be.

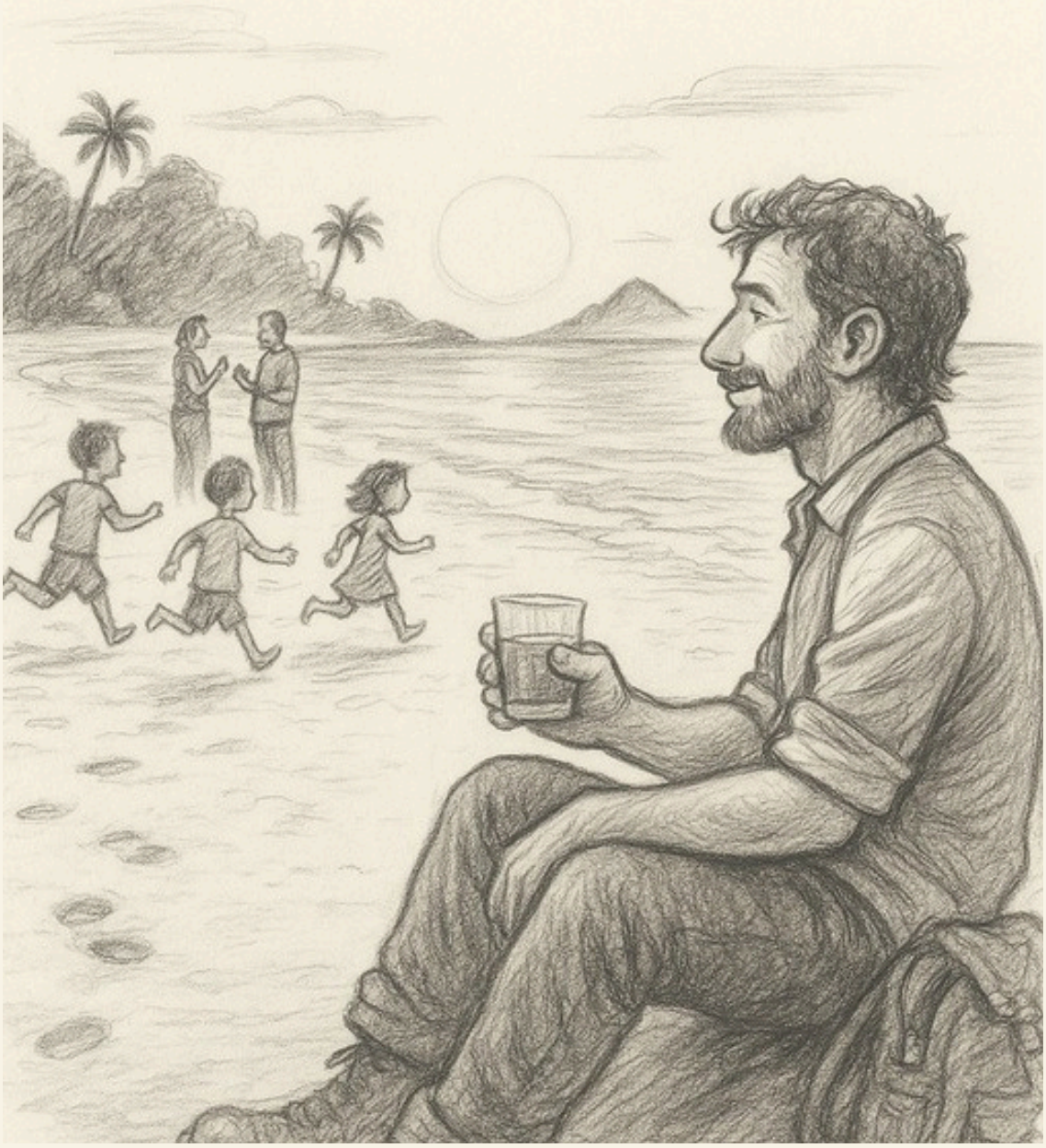
To that young man who once believed he had no value...And who today walks with dignity, even if he still feels fear from time to time — because fear is not eliminated; it is learned to be held.

Returning is not going backward; it is recognizing the path traveled:

The last E — Evaluation — taught me that not everything has to be new. Sometimes, the most powerful thing is to return... to yourself. To return to your why. To return to your center. To return to your truth. And when you do, the cycle does not close — it expands. And so do you.Everything is part of your

EVOLUTION.

Evolution



Epilogue

“What more can I give? How much more can I love? How deeply can I serve others so that they may also discover themselves?”

That is how it all began — not with a clear goal, not with a defined purpose. It began with a question... with many questions, with the echo of an identity I did not understand but felt burning inside.

For a long time, I didn’t know who I was, where I was going, or why everything I did felt like an empty search.
And yet, here I am — not because I have achieved everything, but because I no longer need to have everything figured out to know that I am on the right path.

I have written this book not as a manual, but as a testament — as living proof that it is possible.

THAT I COULD DO IT, AND THAT IF YOU ARE READING THIS, YOU CAN TOO.

The Dream:

My greatest dream has nothing to do with fame or material achievements. It has to do with something deeper — creating a space where people can recognize themselves, where they can feel enough, where they can remember that their story has value.
Today I know I did not come to impress — I came to serve. I came to love more deeply, to speak more clearly, to deliver more value than I received.

BECAUSE AT THE END OF THE DAY, EVERYTHING I BUILD — EVERY VIDEO, EVERY WORD, EVERY MENTORSHIP, EVERY CONVERSATION — WILL BE USELESS IF IT DOES NOT TOUCH SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE.

My Reason:

The "why" behind my reason? First, for myself — because when I chose myself, everything changed. When I respected myself, I began to respect others. When I healed, I could help heal someone else. When I focused on becoming better... I began to give my best. Then, for my people — those who inspire me to be more: my family, my friends, the ones who never let me fall completely.

Finally, for all those who still don't believe in themselves — for those who need to see that someone like them could do it too. That it's not about luck; it's about vision, courage, and intention.

The Image:

We should all have an image — one so clear, so vivid, so powerful... that it leaves no room for doubt, hate, or fear.
My image is this:

My island finally free. Crystal-clear waters. Children running along the beach with their innocence intact. Adults laughing, talking about life, about the years, about dreams that came true. Someone cooking, another serving; there is music, there is family.
And me — older now, with a beard and a peaceful heart, watching the sunset with a drink in my hand, not thinking about what I lack... but giving thanks for what I managed to create.

A life of dignity, a legacy of consciousness, a story that inspires OTHER'S STORIES.

The Path:

As of today, I am not even halfway through the journey, but it no longer matters to me how much remains, because I know exactly where I am going.
And while I get there, I will continue writing, teaching, learning, falling and rising again — but above all, I will keep remembering that the mind is my most powerful tool.
And that if I focus it on what I want... there is no time or space for criticism, no time or space for fear, no time or space for excuses that could stop me.
Thank you for reading me, for walking with me, for looking at your own reflection through mine.
This is not the end — it is the beginning of a consciousness that does not fade.

Your story also deserves to be told.
And if you ever doubt... come back and read this again.

Here I am.

Here you are.

AND YES IT IS POSSIBLE.

For Those Who Still Doubt:

If you have made it this far, I want to tell you something simple, but sincere:

THANK YOU.

Thank you for taking the time to read me, to walk alongside me, to open your mind and your heart to each of these pages. This book is not written from a summit, but from the path — from the still-dusty steps of someone who continues searching, growing, and transforming.

And you... you are also on that journey.

You may be further ahead or further behind. You may have stopped. You may still not know exactly what you are looking for.

That's okay. I just want you to keep this certainty:

Life is not about arriving quickly — it is about never stopping moving forward.!!

Every step you take, even those that seem clumsy or small, matters.
Every fall you faced with dignity.
Every fear you chose to look in the eye.
Every time you chose not to give up.
All of that makes you great.
You don't need to be perfect to be powerful.
You only need to be conscious, human.

HONEST

AND IF YOU EVER FORGET, RETURN TO YOUR 5E:

— Remember your Energy. Protect it, cultivate it.
— Direct your Focus. Align your steps.
— Use your Strategy. Plan with love.
— Generate your Expansion. Do not hide your light.
— LIVE YOUR EVALUATION. REVIEW YOURSELF WITHOUT JUDGMENT.

And simply focus on your EVOLUTION.

This book, like you, is a bridge — an unfinished conversation, a living reminder that transformation is not an end point... but a way of life.
We will cross paths again — in other pages, in other projects, in other dreams.
Until then, live with intention, walk with purpose, and love yourself with courage.
— WITH MUCH LOVE, ***DARIEN***.

The End

Only of this experience — your journey began long ago... keep moving forward. I will continue mine, and I hope we meet again on the path of life.

YOU DESERVE TO BE HAPPY

DREAM BIG

Inspire Ambition

Focus.

Be Brave

Learn to say ((NO!!))

It's Never Too Late

Just DO IT

Do It NOW

Feel Proud

GIVE Thanks



Believe &
Never Give Up

identidadmagnetica.com

About the Author:



I am Darien, a young man committed to personal transformation, spiritual awareness, and holistic growth. Founder of Magnetic Identity, my mission is to guide others to reconnect with who they truly are — and from that place, build a life with purpose and inner power.
You can follow my journey, resources, and upcoming projects at:

👉 ***www.identidadmagnetica.com***

With all due respect and from my own truth:
Thank you for reading!
Thank you for believing!
Thank you for having faith in yourself!
Thank you for not giving up on yourself!!!

Darien Domínguez Pérez
Louisville, Kentucky – May 2025