

A LETTER FROM  
MAURO ARIAS

---

# The story *so far.*

*The version with the pretending left out.*

---

HOW I GOT FROM ROCK BOTTOM TO THE WORK I DO NOW.  
COACHING · KAIZEN CONSULTING · PAID ADS.

**THEMAUROARIAS.COM**

00 / CHAPTER

# *A note before you read this.*

---

*What follows is the short version of how I got here — written for people who landed on my site and wanted to know who's behind it before they hire him.*

I'm not going to dramatize any of this. I also won't soften it. If you've read a coach's origin story before, you probably recognize the rhythm — the fall, the breakthrough, the triumphant arc. Mine has those beats too. *What mine doesn't have is a finish line.*

I'm twenty-seven. I'm still climbing. The work I do now — coaching, consulting, ads — is built on what I've learned so far, which means it's built on mistakes that are still fresh enough that I remember the texture of them. That's not a flaw in the offer. That's the offer.

If any of the chapters below sound like your sentence, the last page tells you what to do next.

— M.A.

## 01 / CHAPTER

# Before

---

I was a shy kid in San José, Costa Rica. A mama's boy. The kind of child who retreats into one obsession and lets it define him entirely — in my case, *Ferrari*. I've been drawing red cars with yellow badges since I was five. I didn't know what a carburetor was and I didn't care. I knew what wanting something looked like.

In high school, I was bullied for three years. Not the movie version — the low-grade, daily, socially-engineered kind that teaches you to make yourself smaller. I spent most of that period convinced the problem was me. Because when you're a kid, that's the message embedded in the silence around bullying: if it's happening to you, you must be the reason.

Then, near the end of high school, I did three small things. I cut my hair. I got contacts instead of glasses. I started dancing.

None of those things were the answer. But all three together taught me the first lesson that would define the next ten years: *identity is built in specifics, not declarations*. I didn't talk myself into confidence. I changed three concrete things and the confidence followed the evidence.

I wouldn't learn to call this *Kaizen* for another decade. But that's when I first saw it work.

## 02 / CHAPTER

# The illusion.

---

*By twenty-two I thought I had it figured out. I had figured out nothing.*

Context matters: I was making real money for a twenty-two year old in Costa Rica, I lived at home, and I had almost no expenses. I had income, a circle, a car of my own — and nothing resembling a plan. I also had zero discipline and zero self-knowledge.

What I actually had was *income without character*. It was the first time in my life I had money, and the first time in my life money was amplifying who I already was. The problem was who I already was. I wasn't someone I respected yet. The money didn't teach me that — it just made the reality of it louder.

Nobody warned me about this part. Every piece of advice I'd ever consumed was about how to *get* money. Nothing told me what to do when it arrived before the person was ready to hold it.

## 03 / CHAPTER

# Spain.

---

At twenty-three I moved to Spain.

I'll spare you the romance of it. The short version: I went chasing what I thought was freedom. Three months later I came back with nothing. No savings. No job. No pride. The money I had banked evaporated faster than I thought possible when you aren't paying attention.

And what I brought home with me was *the quiet certainty that I had been wrong about myself.*

## 04 / CHAPTER

# Rock bottom.

---

I came home to Costa Rica, back to my parents' house, twenty-three years old.

In the first month I lost two of my closest friends. The circumstances aren't important — what matters is that it happened fast, and it happened while I was already empty. Then my ex told me, finally, every single thing she had been holding in for three years. She was right about most of it.

I had debt. I had no job. I had no pride. And the worst part — the part I didn't understand until much later — was *the pretending*. I kept showing up like nothing had changed. I kept posting, smiling, making the jokes. Because when you're there, there's a voice that tells you the alternative — admitting where you actually are — is worse than the hole itself.

It isn't. *The pretending is the hole.*

I stayed down for a long time.

## 05 / CHAPTER

# The decision.

---

One morning — and I want to be specific about this, because I think the cliché obscures the truth — there was no breakthrough. No epiphany. No audiobook quote.

*I just woke up more tired of being that person than I was afraid of changing.*

That's it. That's the moment. It wasn't a strategy. It wasn't even optimistic. It was fatigue with myself, pointed, for the first time, in a useful direction.

I didn't commit to transforming. I didn't commit to a six-month plan. I committed to *one inch of progress*. One thing that day. One thing again tomorrow. I didn't trust myself with more than that, because I had no track record of keeping anything bigger.

## 06 / CHAPTER

# *Kaizen.*

---

*A few weeks into this, I found the word for what I was doing.*

*Kaizen.* Japanese. Translates roughly as "change for the better." It's the operational philosophy Toyota used to build one of the most efficient manufacturing operations on earth. The core idea is almost insulting in its simplicity: *small, continuous, deliberate improvement, forever.*

Not a transformation. Not a sprint. A floor.

What made Kaizen stick when nothing else had was that it was small enough my nervous system couldn't reject it. One percent is not a battle. One percent is not a threat. Your brain doesn't mobilize its full defensive arsenal for one percent.

*But one percent compounded over a year is a different person.*

I wasn't disciplined. I was patient. And patient was new.

## 07 / CHAPTER

# The rebuild.

---

*What Kaizen rebuilt, in the order it rebuilt them:*

**First, my body.** Because the body was the most visible, and the most lying. Wrecked sleep, bad food, no training. I fixed sleep first — not with a protocol, just by going to bed. Then I walked. Then I trained. Slowly.

**Then, my finances.** Not by getting rich. By getting honest. I wrote every peso down for a month. The number was ugly, and the number was mine. Clarity isn't the solution, but there's no solution without it.

**Then, my relationships.** The ones I'd burned by hiding. Some forgave. Some didn't. I learned to accept the ones that didn't — without making it into another story about me.

**Then, eventually, my work.** When friends started asking what I was doing, I didn't have a pitch. I had a *process*. They'd ask for the process. I'd walk them through it. Some applied it. Some changed.

Three services formed, slowly, from that. One-on-one coaching for people who were where I had been. Kaizen consulting for companies that had the same operating-system problem, just at a bigger scale. And paid ads management for operators with a working offer — because I'd learned, late, that good systems scale what you already have, and reveal what you don't.

## 08 / CHAPTER

# Where I am today.

---

I'm twenty-seven.

I have a girlfriend, *Noe*, who has watched me build most of what I've just written about, and whose patience during the building years I try, most days, to earn.

I have a hernia that needs surgery. The surgery costs six thousand dollars I don't currently have. I work around it at the gym — the movements I can still do, done well — because stopping training would betray everything I've written here. *The surgery is part of what I'm working toward, not an obstacle to the work.*

I'm aligning more and more with Buddhism. Not as an identity, and not performatively — just as a set of ideas that describe the world I'm trying to live in better than any framework I've tried. *Attachment, impermanence, the middle way.* They've made Kaizen make more sense, not less.

I'm still learning to be open with my family. That's an ongoing chapter, and the draft isn't clean yet.

I'm not at the summit of anything. I'm a few steps ahead of where I was — *and a few more ahead of where some of the people reading this are right now* — and I'm reaching back, because that's the version of help that finally worked for me.

## 09 / CHAPTER

# Why this is the offer.

---

Most of the coaches I tried to learn from weren't lying. They just couldn't remember the terrain I was walking on. Their advice was accurate — *for someone who'd already made it.*

I can remember it because I'm not past it. That's why my services are priced the way they are, delivered the way they are, and scoped the size they are. I take a small number of clients because I want to *move* them — not sell them. I charge founder pricing because I am, in fact, a founder, and the label should mean something.

**If you're stuck in a pattern you can't break alone — coaching.**

**If your company should be better than it is — Kaizen consulting.**

**If you have an offer that works and you need the right people to see it — paid ads.**

One principle sits underneath all three. The same principle that got me out of the hole the first time, and the same one I'll use to finance the surgery, to scale this business, to earn the life I've written down:

*Small, honest changes. Compounded deliberately.*

*That's the whole thing.*

10 / CLOSING

# *Your turn.*

---

*If any of that sounded like your sentence – not all of it, just any of it  
– here are the three legitimate ways to reach me.*

BOOK A CALL →

*calendly.com/mauro-herhimearth/30min*

---

WHATSAPP →

*+506 6295-1313*

---

EMAIL →

*mauro@themauroarias.com*

---

OR COME WATCH THE BUILD IN REAL TIME –

*Instagram · YouTube · TikTok · X/Twitter*

---

*Thirty free minutes. No pitch deck. If I don't think I can help, I'll say  
so.*

That's the whole offer.

*– Mauro Arias*