

TRANSITIONS

A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR CONSCIOUS CHANGE



EDUARDO EMRIS

TRANSITIONS

A Simple Tool to Regulate Emotions and Physical / Mental Sensations

Introduction

The Space Between Stimulus and Response



By

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A Practical Guide and Autobiographical Chapter

Most people never open it. You did.

*That's not an accident. Something in you already decided.
This book is just the conversation it's been waiting to have.*

How to Use This Ebook

This ebook is for anyone who feels reactive, overwhelmed, or trapped in survival mode — and wants to reclaim the space between what happens and what they do next.

I'm not here to fix you. Nothing about you is broken. I'm here to give you back something you already had: space, time, presence, and the power to choose.

Inside you'll find a clear definition of “transition” as a tool for emotional regulation, a simple practice — the 3-Breath Pause and 30-Second Body Scan — and a 7-day task to integrate without pressure.

Here's how to move through it: read “What Is a Transition?” first, about five minutes. Then practice the Pause once a day — just three breaths. Write down one brief observation each day, body, emotion, mind. On day seven, re-read what you wrote and notice a pattern, without judgment.

That's it. No performance required.

One ethical note: this is somatic education and self-regulation practice. It does not replace therapy, diagnosis, or medical care.

TRANSITIONS

A Practical Guide and Autobiographical Chapter

What Is a Transition?

It's not a moment. It's the space between moments.

It's not what you do. It's the space between actions.

It's not what you feel. It's the space between stimulus and response.

Most people move through their days without transitions. They react. They jump from trigger to response without ever stopping. They live in survival mode — action, reaction, action, reaction — on a loop that never quite ends.

Living without transitions is living without choice. Not because you're weak — because no one ever showed you the door.

Creating transitions is how you walk through it.

You already know something is off. You've known for a while. This is just the space where you finally get to look at it.

Why Transitions Matter

Without transitions, your nervous system doesn't have time to regulate. It accumulates without processing. It makes decisions from activation — not from clarity. It stays reactive when it could be creative.

You know this feeling. You've lived it.

The moment someone says something that stings and words come out of your mouth before you decided to speak. The decision made from exhaustion that you'd never make rested. The conflict that doubled in size because there was no pause between the hurt and the response.

A transition changes that. Not because it makes you passive. Because it makes you present.

Every time you create a transition, your nervous system reorganizes. Your emotions get processed. Your mind clears. Your body regulates. You stop being at the mercy of what just happened — and start choosing what comes next.

Not reacting is not weakness. It's one of the most advanced forms of power available to you.

Recognizing When You Need One

Before you can create a transition, you need to recognize the moment your body is asking for it. Your nervous system speaks in sensations, not words. Learning its language is the first part of this practice.

In the body you might feel tension in the jaw, shoulders, or hands. Breath that's become shallow or held. A knot in the stomach, pressure in the chest. Sudden heat, or cold in the hands. That unmistakable urge to flee — or to attack.

In the mind: thoughts racing, repeating, circling. Difficulty landing on anything. An urgency to respond right now. Automatic judgments arriving before you invited them.

In your emotions: anger that rises before you understand why. Anxiety without a clear source. Fear that feels bigger than the situation. Sadness that stops you in your tracks.

This week, your only job is to notice. Not fix, not change — just notice. When your body activates, simply say to yourself:

| *“Ah. Something’s happening in here.”*

That noticing is already the beginning of a transition.



The Practice: 3-Breath Pause

This is the tool. Simple, quiet, and more powerful than it looks.

You can use it anywhere — in a meeting, before a difficult conversation, in the middle of an argument, between one thing and the next. Whenever you feel those signals, this is your doorway.

Step one: stop. Just stop. You don't need to explain yourself or excuse yourself. Just interrupt the momentum for a moment. Then feel your feet on the floor. Notice the weight of your body. This is not metaphor — it's physiology. That contact tells your nervous system: I'm here. I'm safe. Nothing is chasing me right now.

Step two: place your hands at the center of your chest or belly. Not as ritual — as rest. Let them land there. Feel the warmth, the contact, the weight of your own palms. This activates the vagus nerve. It signals safety inward, directly, without words.

Step three: inhale, counting slowly to four. Fill your lungs from the bottom up — belly first, then ribs, then chest. Feel the air entering. Don't force the depth. Just let it be as full as it naturally wants to be. Where do you feel the expansion? Notice. That's information.

Step four: exhale, counting to six. Slower than the inhale. Release through the nose. Let the body follow — shoulders dropping, jaw loosening, belly softening. You're not pushing anything out. You're allowing it to go.

Step five: repeat three times. After the third breath, take a moment to scan. What changed? What's still the same? No judgment — just honest observation.

Step six: now respond. From this place. Not from the activation that was running the show a moment ago. From here — where there's a little more space, a little more clarity, a little more you.

That is a transition.

TRANSITIONS

(Autobiographical Chapter)



This chapter isn't here to explain. It's here to show where the practice was born. If something moves you as you read, return to the 3-Breath Pause.

An Ancient Tiredness

I grew up tired.

Not a physical tiredness — something older, like I'd arrived in this world with too many things to resolve before my time.

It became clear early on — at least to the adults around me — that something about me didn't quite fit. There was always something to correct. Something to adjust. A new specialist. A different explanation: the speech therapist, the orthopedic shoes, the psychologist for hyperactivity, the “bad behavior” and the outbursts of anger that no one seemed to understand.

The Clinical Eye

I don't remember anyone wondering about the origins of the uncontrollable rage, the isolation, or the inability to communicate.

Their question was never: why? or what for?

Their question was always: how do we fix you?

That was exhausting.

I learned from a very early age to hide. Not as a game — as a strategy. To disappear just enough to stay out of the adults' constant clinical gaze, which always seemed to find a new order to give, a place to go, something to do or undo.

I didn't want to be better.

I just wanted to be at peace.

From childhood, I wanted something very simple: time and space. The ability to observe exactly that — time... and space.

Letargón

Without knowing it, one of my first gifts was a great talent for doing nothing.

Over time it transformed into a skill for doing very little.

Eventually it took on a clearer shape — almost an inner character: Letargón, the archetype of deep collapse.

Letargón had a simple mission: maximum benefit, minimum effort. The “smart lazy.” And for years I defended it as philosophy.

It wasn't virtue. It was survival — my system had no battery left.

Letargón was often misread, accused, punished. But he never intended to hurt anyone, even when it appeared that way.

He was born from emotional overload. From too much information, badly processed. From orders without meaning. From questions that led nowhere.

“Obey me because I'm your mother.”

“Wear uncomfortable shoes even if people laugh at you.”

“Don't go where you weren't invited.”

And yet, my curiosity only ever walked toward the places I wasn't invited.

Another Way of Not Being There

In time, the first conscious level of transition appeared.

For nine years I lived with an abusive stepfather — both physically and psychologically.

There's something I can name today without justifying or romanticizing it: I liked making him angry. Not out of rebellion — because that's where I recovered a small piece of internal control.

The beatings could erupt at any moment, for any reason. During them, something strange happened. My mind left.

The body stayed there, but my awareness traveled somewhere else. The pain didn't disappear — it became distant, as if it were happening to someone else.

That's where I discovered another kind of transition.

Another way of being there without being there.

Today I understand that wasn't courage or rebellion. It was a basic form of survival and self-regulation — as if a part of me already knew exactly how to detach from that moment without leaving it entirely.

The Silent Space

Over time, those transitions became a regular part of my cycles of presence and absence — cycles often amplified by addictions and a constant need to escape reality.

Eating too much. Digesting. Getting hungry again. Drinking. Getting drunk. Waking up. Waiting for the socially acceptable moment to pour the first drink without too much guilt. And so, starting the cycle again.

Deeper still: those transitions became the “safe” space between illness, healing, or peace... and another illness. A constant cycle of strength, shame, and guilt. Addiction, sobriety, and addiction again.

I felt like the prototype of the “addictive personality” — to substances, to people, to food, to ideas, to my solitude, and even to my own pain. To blessings that sometimes felt like curses.

Until one day something became undeniable: the most comforting moments, in a genuinely dark existence, were the open spaces between chaos and order.

It was always inside a silent space that opened unexpectedly — like the eye of a hurricane — that everything seemed to shift dimension, wrapped in stillness: a comforting clarity and a strange but real sense of safety and protection.

That was the transition.

That’s when I began to recognize my real responsibility over my own healing process. Not from demand, but from observation and perception. I began to pay attention to the time between action and reaction. Between cause and effect. Moment to moment.

3:33

It all started in a very concrete, very human way: with my iPhone and a timer. And with something that at first seemed almost magical: number sequences.

3:33 was the first. And the most powerful. Then 11:11, 33:33, 66:66, and 108 minutes. Yes — 66:66. The timer let me set it that way. It wasn’t symbolism; it was time.

The meaning was never what mattered. Nothing was, in those moments, except the act of doing nothing — and progressively less.

What changed everything was the surrender — the letting go of everything that wasn’t breathing and observing: the time, the darkness behind my closed eyes, the moment between one space and another.

Observing, releasing, breathing — these created a state of internal, grounded authority. Each transition invited me to be more present and, above all, to reclaim that authority.

Watching my mind became like going to the cinema, where images and dreams came to life. My body became my temple, my sacred space. My sensory perception became my unique language for interpreting my reality and my emotions.

I started using those sequences as transition times. I'd set the timer to 3:33 minutes — or more — depending on my emotional needs, my responsibilities, or my obsessions of the moment.

The Pharaoh's Position

I'd lie on my back in what I called the pharaoh position — like a pharaoh in his sarcophagus. Body aligned. Hands over the chest or abdomen, left over right. Eyes covered. Head in line with the spine.

From the very first second, my only job was to do less and less. Think less. Breathe more slowly. Observe the darkness behind my closed eyelids.

Almost immediately, the mind would begin to daydream. The body would enter a deep relaxation. Sometimes I used mantras. Most of the time, silence.

Some days I had only a few minutes. Others I had hours between activities and could set the timer for 99 or 108 minutes. And almost always the same thing happened: I couldn't sustain the deep relaxation for long. It was as if my mind wanted to rest for 108 minutes, but my internal battery filled at 45.

I'd wake up with energy. With the desire to do something.

That was new to me.

Recharging Life

Moving from chronic exhaustion to feeling vital impulse was what brought me back, again and again, to transitions.

I discovered that I wasn't just resting my body — I was recharging my life.

That's how my concept of Transitions was born. Not as theory. As lived experience.

That's why today I teach small transitions. Not to “improve” you — but to give you back the sense of choice over your own life. The place where your body can feel here again, even if only for a few seconds. The place where emotion doesn't rule — but isn't suppressed either. It's listened to.

| *A transition is that instant in which you stop reacting on autopilot and reclaim your power of choice.*

Sometimes it's 3:33 minutes. Other times it's just three breaths.

But the effect is the same: you return to a simpler place — breath, sensation, choice.

And from there, every response is born cleaner. More yours.

You didn't come here to be taught. You came here to remember something you stopped trusting a long time ago. That's what this practice gives back.

Emergency Practice

30-Second Body Scan

Sometimes you don't have three breaths' worth of space. Sometimes life is moving fast and you need something even faster. This is for those moments.

Stop, wherever you are — even for five seconds. Scan your body from feet to head. You're not looking for problems, you're just checking in. Where is there tension? Where is there ease? Where is there nothing at all?

Take one breath, directed toward wherever you feel the most tightness. Not to fix it — just to acknowledge it. Then continue.

Thirty seconds. A moment of honest contact with your own body. It counts.

What to Observe This Week

Don't look for results. Don't try to measure progress. Just observe what changes — and what doesn't — when you create a little space before you act.

Sit with these questions across the week, not all at once. Let them work on you rather than you working on them.

At what moments in your day do you react automatically, without any pause? Which situations or people activate your nervous system fastest? What happens in your body when you do the 3-Breath Pause? Where do you habitually carry tension — jaw, shoulders, belly, back? How does your body breathe when activated versus when calm? How do your responses change when you create space before acting? And this one, perhaps the most honest: can you tolerate the pause — or do you feel an urgent need to fill it?

You don't need answers. You need observation. The answers will arrive on their own.

Your Initial Call

Use the 3-Breath Pause at least three times this week. That's it. Not every hour. Not perfectly. Just three times, with real intention. It helps to remember if you set intentional alarms on your phone saying: STOP — IT'S TIME TO NOTICE YOUR BREATHING, or something like it. Go on, do it now, if it feels like a good idea.

Choose your moments. Before a conversation you're dreading. When you feel activation rising in your body. In the gap between one activity and the next. Before sleep, when the mind is still running. First thing in the morning, before the day claims you.

In a notebook, record what you notice: when you used the pause and what triggered it, what you felt before — sensations, emotions, thoughts — and what shifted after. The Tappilini app is coming soon — it will be your companion for this practice.

This isn't about perfection. It's about practice. And practice just means doing it — imperfectly, honestly, again.

Transitions and Tappilini

Everything you've experienced inside this book lives inside Tappilini as well.

Every Tappilini practice is a transition — a structured space between who you were a moment ago and who you'll be when you come back. A moment of conscious regulation.

An embodied pause with direction.

The 3-Breath Pause gives you the door. Tappilini shows you what's on the other side.

The space where you don't react. The space where you reclaim authority. The space where you come back to yourself.

One day you'll take a breath and nothing will tighten. You'll hear your own voice and recognize it. You'll respond instead of react. That day doesn't have to be far away.

One more thing — and I say this quietly, almost as a secret — if you want to know what voice activation gave me that nothing else could, flip to the back. There's a small story there. It won't take long. And it might be the part you remember most. Fair warning: it involves two large speakers and one terrified voice.

The power is not in the action.

The power is in the space between actions.

Not reacting is an advanced form of power.

A Note Before You Go

If you've read this far, something in you was ready for it.

Maybe you recognized yourself in the signals — the tight jaw, the racing thoughts, the response that came out before you chose it. Maybe you recognized something older — a pattern that's been running longer than you'd like to admit.

Either way: you're not here by accident.

I didn't build this practice from theory. I built it from the only laboratory I had — my own nervous system, my own history, my own long and often painful education in what it actually takes to stop reacting and start choosing.

The 3-Breath Pause is small. I know that. Three breaths doesn't sound like transformation. But I've watched it change the temperature of a room. I've watched it prevent the conversation that would have taken weeks to repair. I've watched people discover — sometimes for the first time — that there is a space between what happens and what they do. That they live there. That they always have.

That space is yours. Not because I gave it to you. Because it was always inside you — waiting to be noticed.

This week, just notice. That's enough. You don't need to master anything. You don't need to be consistent, or disciplined, or impressive. You just need to pause, three times, with real attention.

And if at any point something stirs — something moves in your chest, or your history surfaces, or you feel the pull toward more — follow that. That's what the program is for. That's what the community is for. That's what I built all of this for.

In four weeks you won't have my answers. You'll have your own — and the tools to keep returning to them. That's not a promise I'm making. It's something you already know is possible. Otherwise you wouldn't still be reading.

Welcome to the art of transitions.

— E.Emris



Resources

For Now

You already have three tools. The 3-Breath Pause — your doorway into any transition, available anywhere, anytime. The 30-Second Body Scan — your thirty-second check-in with yourself when life is moving too fast to stop. And the practice of noticing — which costs nothing and changes everything.

Use them. Imperfectly. Repeatedly. That's enough.

What Comes Next

If something in this book stirred something in you — the webinar is where it becomes an experience rather than a concept. It's free, it's live, and it's where you'll feel Tappilini for the first time rather than just read about it.

Visit: emriscode.com for signup details.

To Go Deeper

The Tappilini Online Course — 4 weeks of integral emotional regulation, live practice, and community. This is where the full method lives.

The Tappilini Tribe — your community on Skool, waiting for you after the program. People doing the same work, in the same direction.

The Tappilini app — coming soon. Your daily companion for practice and observation.

| *The power is not in these words, but in the space between one and the next.*
—EEm3

From Paralyzed Mute to Public Speaker

A small story. As promised.

For most of my life, I didn't have a voice.

Not metaphorically. Literally.

When I first learned to speak as a child, certain sounds wouldn't come. The k sound was one of them. What should have been a simple, unremarkable part of learning to talk became something else entirely — something people found amusing. And when the people around you laugh at the sound of your voice before you even understand what a voice is for, something gets decided very early. Something quiet and permanent.

I was sent to a phoniatrist. I learned to make the sounds. But by then the damage wasn't in my mouth anymore — it had moved somewhere deeper. The stutter that followed wasn't just physical. It was fear wearing the shape of speech.

Living with an abusive stepfather for nine years didn't help. Neither did the sexual abuse at four. Neither did the years that followed of not knowing who I was or who I was meant to love.

By twenty-seven, I could only speak fluently when I was drunk.

By thirty, I had developed a quieter solution. At the corner shop, on the street, in the back of a taxi — I would pretend to be mute. It was easier to write down what I needed than to endure the excruciating seconds between each sound my mouth tried to produce. The pause before the word. The word that wouldn't come. The face of the person waiting.

I became very good at disappearing inside silence.

There was one exception. Music. But not with headphones — I was afraid someone might hear my voice even then. Instead I would place two large speakers on either side of my head and blast the volume until the sound was so enormous, so consuming, that I

could dare to open my mouth and sing. Hidden inside the noise. Safe inside someone else's frequency.

People complained about the music.

Nobody complained about my voice. Because nobody could hear it.

Years of work followed. Vocal coaches. Breathing exercises. Diaphragm training. The slow, unglamorous inner work of rebuilding something that was broken before I had words for what broken meant.

Tappilini is the result of seventy-three percent of everything I learned in that process.

Not a theory. Not a method borrowed from someone else's healing. A practice built from the specific wreckage of a specific life — mine — and refined until it worked. Until I could stand in front of a room full of people and speak. Clearly. Without bracing. Without the pause that used to swallow me whole.

The voice was always there.

It just needed the nervous system to finally believe it was safe.

That is what voice activation in Tappilini does. Not training. Not performance. Not confidence as a concept.

Permission. At the level of the body. Where it was taken away.

From paralyzed mute to public speaker.

Not because I became someone different.

Because I finally stopped being afraid of who I already was.

— *E.Emris*

The Emris Code



Presents

TAPPILINI

