

## **Failure to Success in Spanish** (Autoresponder Sequence 1-5, Tripwire Offer)

*Background: This email sequence was sent to everyone who downloaded a free eBook (138 Easy Spanish phrases). It's serialized, with open loops, following the "Hero's Journey" outline. Marcus Santamaria, the product's creator, is the hero. The emails are unusually long, with the link buttons "hidden" at the bottom. This increases the chances of the reader actually reading the email, and therefore being emotionally invested. It cuts down on the number of "curiosity" clicks.*

*The primary audience for this \$7 offer are retirees or those approaching retirement in the U.S., U.K., and Canada. They're thinking about moving to a Spanish-speaking country to save money in old age, but are nervous about the language barrier. Marcus didn't want this autoresponder series to be too "salesy," he wanted to gently nudge people, while endearing them to him (he sells more expensive, back-end products at Synergy Spanish). The links lead directly to the checkout page.*

### **1)Subject line: Do You Speak Aussie?**

Growing up in Australia, you learn to have a thick skin.

Actually, I don't know if that's still true today...

Political correctness and all that silly stuff.

So let me start over: growing up in Australia in the 1960s and 70s, I learned to have a thick skin.

I had to. My school mates gave it to me good. Nothing was off-limits: my clothes...my looks...the sound of my voice. Did I ever try to stop the razzing...call a truce?

No way! I gave it back fully...and then some.

In other words, normal boy stuff.

However, nobody ever made fun of anyone else because of the slang they used. How could they? We all used the same choice words:

**No worries**

**Dodgy**

**Plonc**

**Grog**

It wasn't till I got older and traveled around a bit that I realized how confused the rest of the English-speaking world was by us Aussies.

They saw us as a little backwards...kind of exotic...a little "off."

Which I completely understand. Australia is its own continent, thousands of miles away from the nearest English-speaking country.

Our language, much like our wildlife, developed separately, almost in a bubble. Historically, Australia was the destination point for a lot of ROUGH characters.

Whether they came voluntarily or were shipped here in prison stocks, they brought all kinds of slang. Take that mix of pioneers and convicts...add the natural beauty of the continent...the stunning beaches...a bone-dry interior with searing heat...the most poisonous spiders and snakes in the whole world...and what do you get?

**...Foster's Beer**

**...AC/DC**

**...Crocodile Dundee**

**...and enough "Outback" restaurants and clothing stores to fill 1,000 shopping malls!**

Happy as I am to converse with the English-speaking world, what really gets me going these days is talking to native *Spanish* speakers.

I love hearing the subtle differences between a Costa Rican and a Colombian...as well as the MAJOR differences between a Spaniard and a Mexican. Spanish is beautiful in all its forms; the tempo...inflections...and even the slang:

**Naco**

**Chido**

**Narizon**

**Panna**

When native speakers hear me speaking Spanish fluently, they make a few assumptions about my background. Nearly all get it wrong. When I tell them I'm an Aussie, they smile and nod politely, but I can see the look in their eyes....

*"This guy's as confusing as a platypus!"*

Why not join me on the path to speaking conversational Spanish? You'll get a kick out of shocking Spanish speakers when they least expect it. My program [\*\*"How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish"\*\*](#) is the fastest way to get started.

For a tiny investment, you get a full course -- 80+ minutes of step-by-step instruction -- conveniently formatted into 9 short videos. No overwhelm...no excessive time commitment...and totally practical.

***How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish*** is yours today for \$7. Go ahead and try it...it comes with a no-questions-asked, money-back guarantee.

Almost forgot -- there's no slang in this course. BUT...once you understand what I'm teaching, you'll have a much better ear for recognizing it.

Yours for better Spanish,

Marcus

P.S. \$7...that's it. I don't believe there's anything that comes close to this deal out there. Here's what happy customer Ivan Morrow had to say:

*"I have tried many courses over the years including going to night school, but your course is really impressive, it stands head and shoulders above the rest."*

See what it's all about. [Click this link here.](#)

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**2)Subject line: Learning Spanish through a Chinese Beauty Product**

"It's easier to stay home."

That's what my father kept thinking, even as he was making plans to leave Rome years ago.

Staying certainly didn't LOOK easier -- postwar Italy was a mess. Everybody he knew was broke... whole industries were in shambles...the government offered only empty promises...the future looked bleak... and most people were *resigned* to their fate.

Leaving seemed like the only option, but... Australia? That was CRAZY. It was thousands of miles away on the other side of the planet. No friends or family members were there to welcome him. If he failed miserably and had to come back, everybody would laugh at him for taking such a foolish risk.

Emigrants always feel a little guilty for "quitting" on their country. But nobody could say my father ever "quit." You see, his father was killed during World War II, leaving my grandmother with young children and no money. At their lowest point, they lived in a cave!

In Rome, my father took a job sweeping in a barbershop, at the age of 12. He needed to support the family. From there, he learned to cut men's hair and -- seeing where the REAL money was -- graduated to cutting women's hair.

He made a go of Italy for as long as he could. When a provision opened for him to enter Australia in the late 1950s, he jumped at the chance.

He landed on the Australian mainland in a coastal city. Like any immigrant escaping poverty, he was extremely cost-conscious. So, he moved on to Tasmania where the pay rate was the same but the cost of living was much lower.

Living modestly in Tasmania allowed him to send more money back home. Italian sons NEVER forget their *mammas*.

Anyway, my father did very well. He cut hair until he was able to open his own salon. Soon enough, his business was booming.

I learned the salon business by working alongside my Dad while growing up. School had always been a bit of a struggle for me -- which I'll discuss in another email -- so I was glad to finish.

After high school, I worked full-time at the salon until I started selling beauty supplies to other salons. I enjoyed the challenges of selling. I was getting good at it, but I kept noticing the same problem in salons.

Hairdressers had very little room to operate. They were constantly digging around to find their tools... which were always thrown in a pile wherever space permitted. It was inefficient and stressful.

Around this time, on a business trip somewhere, a case for holding pictures caught my eye. It was nothing fancy, just a simple, standing aluminum case. Something clicked inside of me. With a few adjustments, I knew these cases could hold hairdresser tools. The cases would transform the salon workplace, making it roomier and more pleasant...

### **I SMELLED money!**

I tracked down the manufacturers. They were a Chinese company. Back then, doing business with a Chinese company was NOTHING like it is now. It was slow...tedious...confusing...one hurdle after another. The only reason I kept at it was because I believed my cases were going to be HUGE.

Eventually, the company finished with the cases according to the specs I gave them. We named the new product *Pandora Luggage Solutions*. The luggage part came from the fact that they traveled well. You could pack em' down and pop em' up in a few seconds flat.

Salon owners and their hairdressers loved my invention. Everywhere I took them, they sold. I traveled all over the Australian mainland pitching salons...doing demos...taking orders...and making sure my partners fulfilled them.

After selling as many as I possibly could in Australia, I set my eyes on the US. I began attending beauty shop trade shows in New York and LA pitching my product. During my last trade show in California, though, a funny thing happened...

### **My future wife showed up.**

She was a hairdresser in Mexico, doing demonstrations at the show. We talked business. She liked what she saw in *Pandora Luggage Solutions*. I suggested she use one in her demos. After the show, she told me that Mexico might be open to my product.

Hmmmm... Mexico over the US? It didn't *seem* like a wise strategy but she was BEAUTIFUL.

### **I said yes.**

Long story short -- selling beauty supplies in Mexico meant that I HAD to learn Spanish.

More importantly, communicating (and falling in love) with my future wife meant that I HAD to learn Spanish.

I got started immediately. I studied every Spanish textbook in the library...I eavesdropped on conversations...Elena (my future wife) coached me.

But it wasn't enough. The language barrier was costing me money -- I wasn't forming the personal connections with potential customers necessary for long-term success. I couldn't answer their questions thoroughly. I made embarrassing social gaffes.

If a program like ["\*\*How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish\*\*"](#) existed 15/20 years ago, I wouldn't be writing to you today. Why? Because in all probability, I'd STILL be in the beauty business.

That's because a firm grip on the Spanish language would have allowed me to enter into sales conversations with confidence. I would have negotiated with customers from a position of STRENGTH.

Now my "bad luck" is your bonus. I've taken what I've learned since my crash-course, full-immersion introduction to Spanish and boiled it down to essentials. You can have **How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish** for the shockingly low introductory rate of \$7.

That's not a misprint. See what it's all about here: [click this link](#).

You need not agonize over this investment. I've removed every barrier I could think of to make it easy for you to start speaking Spanish...today.

Yours to better Spanish,

Marcus

P.S. Someone asked me the other day whether having an Italian father helped me pick up Spanish quickly (the two languages are very similar).

The short answer is no. My mother was born and raised in Australia -- she doesn't know a lick of Italian. Therefore, my father RARELY spoke Italian around the house.

P.P.S. As I just shared from my upbringing, you have to LEARN language. It's not simply transmitted by way of ancestry.

Fortunately, you can pick up conversational Spanish FAST, even if you don't have a drop of Spanish blood. [GO HERE](#) to get the full details of ***How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish***.

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### **3)Subject line: Tasmanian Let Loose in Tijuana**

My plans were changing quickly.

As I mentioned in yesterday's email, I had followed my soon-to-be wife (Elena) to Mexico. I was hustling to break into the Mexican beauty market with a custom product I had successfully sold all over Australia.

But two things were working against me. The first was the flood of cheap imports arriving from China. Although my cases were of much better quality, they couldn't compete on price.

The second was my language limitations. Without being fully conversant in Spanish, I couldn't explain to skeptical and penny-pinching salon owners why my supply cases were a better *value*, despite costing more money.

I did most of business in Tijuana. It's a city that shares a border with San Diego. The weather is perfect year-round...always sunny, not too hot, never cold. But Tijuana is also sketchy...dodgy...rough. If you look like a hapless tourist, someone *will* take advantage of you.

Keeping that in mind, I did most of my work by day. I would travel north into the city from San Antonio Del Mar to pitch my *Pandora Luggage Solutions*. Then at night, I would head home to study Spanish, textbook-style.

**It was the BEST of times and the WORST of times.**

On the positive side, I was falling in love with a beautiful woman and living on a pristine, semi-tropical beach. The downside was that I was watching my once-promising business go down the drain. I couldn't seem to stop it, and I couldn't stay in Mexico much longer unless something changed.

While taking a break in Tijuana one day, I skimmed through a newspaper. A man had placed an ad seeking English language teachers.

"What the heck?" I thought. "My other business isn't doing too well."

So I called the number and spoke to the man, Carlos. He had a school above a pharmacy right in the heart of the City. In order for him to hire me, I would have to go through his teacher's training program.

It was fine...at first. But it quickly became redundant and boring. I had no need to *learn* English (hello?? I'm Australian) and wasn't picking up any valuable Spanish.

The truth is, at this point, I was seeing the **limitations of traditional language education** up close. The iron rule was this: learn BEFORE you speak.

Enough was enough. I told Carlos I wasn't going to finish the program. If he wanted me as one of his teachers, he'd have to waive the requirements.

He agreed to my proposition, glad to have a native English teacher on staff. My first job was teaching mid-level managers, directors, and leaders from large corporations. They were serious students intent on furthering their careers.

I loved teaching. It was fascinating and gratifying. The pay wasn't great but it was *something*. It allowed me to transition out of the beauty supply business gracefully.

Carlos had dreams of opening English language schools all over Mexico. He thought of me as a potential partner. That was flattering but jumping the gun a bit.

I was still flying between Tijuana and Tasmania periodically to comply with visa regulations. I had a lot to think about on the way back to Tasmania, once that first semester teaching English was over...

But the future wasn't scary...it was beginning to take shape. Somehow, whether I ended up moving to Mexico permanently, or Elena came back with me to Tasmania, I knew I'd be using both my Spanish and teaching skills.

Right now you have the chance to learn Spanish immediately without leaving your house...without footing a hefty tuition bill...without torturing yourself with archaic grammar rules.

The program I've designed for you is called [\*\*How to Go from Failure to Success in Spanish.\*\*](#)

For less than the price of a burrito at most restaurants, you can quietly build an impressive (and practical) Spanish vocabulary, ready to use in normal, everyday situations.

Yours for better Spanish,

Marcus

P.S. Learning Spanish opens up opportunities you'd never think possible. I never imagined, after struggling to learn Spanish on and off for years, that one day I'd be teaching Spanish to THOUSANDS of happy students online!!!

P.P.S. If you have children or grandchildren taking Spanish, **How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish** is the perfect way to keep pace with them.

Actually, you'll probably end up ahead of them once you start practicing my SPEAK-TO-LEARN style. Amazingly, I'm offering this to you for only \$7. [Give it a go here.](#)

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#### **4) Subject line: Former Slow-Reading Dyslexic Teaches University Students**

One of the things so damning about conventional schooling is the labels.

Calling a child "slow" or "special needs" or any other unflattering term can really mess with a kid's head.

I experienced that firsthand growing up. I read slow because I had a minor form of dyslexia.

Thankfully, it wasn't crippling because most of my teachers growing up didn't make a big deal of it. My parents were supportive. Still, I've heard horror stories about abusive teachers who regularly humiliated children because of some less-than-perfect trait.

If a harsh teacher or parent berated you at a young age, you might have difficulty letting it go. You might carry around a "failure" mentality that tells you that you'll never win or succeed at anything.

### **That "voice" makes trying anything new a bitter challenge.**

In my previous email, I told the story of leaving Tijuana for Tasmania after teaching English to business executives.

When I returned to Mexico, I decided to take a different route. I didn't know what I wanted to do exactly but thought it best to explore my options. So I never let Carlos, my former employer, know I was back in town.

Elena, my future wife, urged me to attend a workshop heard of for English teachers. There, I met a man who arranged for me to teach at one of the more prestigious technology schools in all of Mexico.

Prestigious or not, the kids were spoiled...and lazy. They were just going through the motions, coming to class because they "had" to...not because they wanted to. It was a real downer...and I found it harder and harder to put my best efforts into teaching them.

When the semester finished, I said *Adios*. Some of the students pleaded with me to stay...but it was a little too late. I had nothing against them personally, mind you; it's just that there were other students elsewhere that I KNEW would be a lot more receptive to learning.

The next school (another university) was way out in the desert. I taught there in the morning. Then I would come back into Tijuana to teach at another university, and then -- in the evening -- teach at a THIRD university.

Although the schedule was exhausting, the last class was my runaway favorite. The students there were older...many with families...and they worked during the day. Night school is not for the casual student.

**I admired the grit and determination these students demonstrated.**

It's amazing the progress you make with a foreign language when you actually WANT to learn it. Hard work beats talent 90% of the time.

Anyway, the more I taught, the more I could see the similarities between English and Spanish. The average person thinks these two languages are *dissimilar*, but it's just not true. Both contain speech patterns that overlap and share a countless number of words in common.

With a little coaching, you too can begin internalizing the "secrets" of Spanish.

That's what I had in mind when I created ***How to go from Failure to Success in Spanish***. I wanted average people--with the DESIRE to learn Spanish--to see how much they ALREADY understood by way of speaking English.

I've designed this program to do at your own pace in the privacy of your home. However, I must warn you...in all seriousness, you'll run through the program a lot faster than you planned.

That's because learning Spanish the way I teach it is FUN. You'll recognize Spanish words when you hear them. Immediately upon recognition, you'll be fully capable of speaking them...with no brain strain!

Whether you're a "slow-learner" like I was or someone who's "never lived up to your potential"...It doesn't matter what your past looks like...I'm PROOF that learning Spanish is realistic and well within your grasp.

Click here to grab [How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish](#).

To your success,

Marcus

P.S. **How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish** is only \$7 today. Get it now, by clicking [RIGHT HERE](#). Honestly, I don't know how long I'll keep it at this price. I know it's WORTH a lot more; students tell me so every day.

Just listen to what these students said:

*"I live in Mexico and the Spanish has helped me talk with plumbers, electricians (something in the apartment I rent always needs fixing), and sales people."*

-- Bonnie Hotchkiss, Mexico

*"I love your teaching materials. I practice with my co-workers at Disneyland all the time and hope to earn an "español" bilingual badge there a year from now."*

-- Michael Pollock, United States

*"Muchas Gracias a usted, su esposa, José Luis, y todas las otras personas...Estoy muy agradecido a usted y gracias a Dios por la oportunidad para aprender un nuevo idioma."*

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### **5)Subject line: [Last Call] Your Choice: Brain Games, Trivia, or Cartwheels**

[Last call: ***How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish***. Get it for [HERE](#) before it goes away.]

My kids tease me about getting old. I laugh. In their eyes, anyone over 15 is "old."

Pop culture says 50 is the new 30. That's a stretch, but I've found there to be some truth to it...at least in my life. For example, today as I approach 50...

- I'm healthier now (physically, mentally, emotionally) than I've been in a long time.
- I'm more conscious of how I CHOOSE to feel in situations, particularly stressful ones.
- I'm tremendously grateful to have a business I LOVE with plenty of free time to raise my children.

All of which I can trace directly back to learning Spanish.

Let me explain. Have you ever heard a musician describe how a song "writes itself?" It's as if the song, buried deep down inside him was waiting to come out. All it needed was a gentle push.

Now, as I've already mentioned, my Spanish ability did not come about through chanting...positive thinking...or visualization. I had to WORK diligently to learn the language.

But it wasn't HARD work, in the sense that I resented it. No, in fact, it was a DELIGHT. Learning Spanish was pleasurable...exciting...natural.

Once I realized that **Spanish contained patterns that I could EASILY spot**, there was no stopping me!

Which, sad to say, is NOT what you're taught to expect...especially as an older student.

As you know, conventional coursework *discourages* you. It bogs you down with learning vocabulary BEFORE you attempt to speak.

I've made it my mission to teach the complete opposite -- speak TO learn.

A surprising bonus that came with my Spanish mastery was the overwhelmingly positive effect it had on my *English*. I am more clear and articulate at near 50 than I've ever been.

The reason for that is I "see" words in images and pictures. I neither deliberate painfully over words nor blurt out unfinished thoughts.

Getting back to aging...I designed [\*\*How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish\*\*](#) with YOU in mind.

I'm serious about that. I see firsthand how society *defines* retirees and pensioners. It doesn't matter where you are -- Australia, America, England, or Canada. It's all the same. The overarching message is to SLOW down, take it EASY, not attempt anything too DIFFICULT...

...because you're only ONE step away from the nursing home!

The experts in aging try to temper that unmistakably sad message with a *little* hope. They say you can keep your wits about you if you complete daily crossword puzzles...a few brain games on the computer...maybe some trivia.

**They NEVER mention learning a new language from scratch.**

Perhaps they're worried about getting older people's hopes up...because in their minds, learning Spanish as a pensioner or retiree is PURE FANTASY. You might as well try a cartwheel!

Why don't we let Bil, a loyal reader, address that. He's 83 years young:

*"Thanks Marcus for the share. I really like the format. It makes learning Spanish that much easier.*

*I'm off to Ecuador for 6 weeks to practice what I learned."*

***How to Go From Failure to Success in Spanish*** is better and more satisfying than brain games or random trivia. You can judge your progress immediately...watch Spanish TV...listen to Spanish radio...talk to a native speaker. Practice anytime, anywhere.

Learning Spanish is an organic, live-action skill that will separate you from the millions of other retirees who quietly accept society's prescription for a long...slow...uneventful...mental decline.

I have more faith in you than that.

[Grab the program now](#) for \$7. Seven bucks and your full satisfaction is guaranteed.

To your success in Spanish,

Marcus

P.S. I thought it'd be fun to end with a little senior trivia while we're on the subject...

Did you know?

At 57 Rosalie Gascoigne had her first serious art exhibit

At 61 Joshua Millner won an Olympic Gold Medal for the first time

At 65 Harland Sanders founded Kentucky Fried Chicken (KFC)

At 65 Laura Ingalls Wilder began writing the *Little House on the Prairie* series

