NEWLOOK BODY WORKS

Aug 2026

Dan's Letter™

"Please…let me introduce you to my mind…one article at a time."

FROM THE DESK OF DAN ANDERSON

Why Laughter Matters

Long before humans had dictionaries, grammar rules, or arguments over whether a text message sounded rude, we had laughter. It is one of our oldest social signals—a quick way of telling other people, "You're safe, I'm friendly, and nobody needs to call security."

Laughter does more than decorate a joke. It helps people bond, lowers tension, and makes awkward moments easier to survive.

It is also contagious. Hear someone laughing nearby and your brain immediately asks, "What did I miss?" That reaction pulls people together.

Not every laugh means happiness. People laugh when nervous, embarrassed, surprised, or trying to smooth over discomfort.

Laughter does not make serious problems disappear, but it can keep them from taking over every thought and every conversation. It gives the mind a brief rest, lowers tension, and helps you return to the problem with a clearer head.



– Dan A.



August has a funny way of convincing people that staying inside with the air conditioner is a perfectly reasonable life goal. Then someone whispers the words "fresh peach cobbler," "slow-smoked barbecue," or "homemade ice cream," and suddenly driving three hours sounds like a brilliant adventure.

Fortunately, if you live in South Carolina, you don't have to cross the country to find memorable food festivals. Some of the South's tastiest celebrations are practically in your backyard, and every one of them gives you an excuse to loosen your belt another notch.

Start with the **South Carolina Peach Festival** in Gaffney. For more than a century this festival has celebrated the state's famous peaches with live music, crafts, carnival rides, parades, and enough peach desserts to make your dentist quietly update his vacation plans. Fresh peaches, peach ice cream, peach cobbler, peach jam, and peach everything else remind visitors why South Carolina proudly competes with Georgia for peach bragging rights.

A short drive into North Carolina brings you to the **North Carolina Apple Festival** in Hendersonville. While apples technically arrive before peak harvest, the celebration begins with orchards overflowing,

Continued on page 2…

downtown streets filled with vendors, and enough apple cider, fritters, pies, and caramel apples to convince you that fruit really can qualify as dessert. Somewhere between your second apple dumpling and third cider doughnut, you'll probably stop pretending you're only there for the scenery.

If barbecue is your love language, head toward **Pigs & Peaches BBQ Festival** in Kennesaw, Georgia. Championship pitmasters spend hours tending smokers while the aroma drifts through the crowd like a perfume no department store could ever bottle. Expect ribs, pulled pork, brisket, smoked chicken, and enough barbecue sauce samples to permanently stain at least one shirt. Consider it a souvenir.

Seafood lovers should point the car toward **North Carolina Seafood Festival** in Morehead City. Fresh shrimp, oysters, crab cakes, fried flounder, clam chowder, and locally caught fish arrive almost as quickly as the boats unload them. It is one of those rare places where "fresh catch" isn't clever marketing copy—it was probably swimming yesterday.

Then there's the **Mountain State Fair** in western North Carolina. Officially, it celebrates agriculture. Unofficially, it's an Olympic event for fried food enthusiasts. Funnel cakes, kettle corn, roasted corn, homemade fudge, smoked turkey legs, fresh lemonade, and cinnamon-roasted nuts compete for your attention. Walking through the midway while carrying three different snacks somehow feels completely reasonable.

The beauty of these festivals isn't just the food. It's watching families gather around picnic tables, listening to local musicians, discovering recipes handed down through generations, and chatting with vendors who still believe butter is a food group instead of a warning label.

Here's one final piece of advice. Wear comfortable shoes, arrive hungry, and never tell yourself you'll "just have one sample." That's the same promise people make at warehouse clubs before leaving with a kayak, twelve pounds of cheese, and a blender they didn't know they needed.

Summer disappears faster than free peach cobbler. While everyone else is complaining about the heat, you could be making memories that taste a whole lot better.



How to Enjoy the Sun Without Paying for It Later

The sun is wonderful—right up until it starts treating your skin like a rotisserie chicken. A little prevention beats years of regret, expensive creams, and a dermatologist staring at a suspicious spot.



Start with broad-spectrum sunscreen rated SPF 30 or higher. Put it on before you head outside, then reapply every two hours. Sweat, swimming, and towels remove protection faster than most people realize. One morning application is not an all-day force field.

Dress like someone who plans to keep their skin. Wear a wide-brimmed hat, lightweight protective clothing, and UV-blocking sunglasses. Between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., the sun is working overtime, so use shade whenever possible. Trees, umbrellas, and covered areas are cheaper than medical treatment.

Drink water regularly, especially during hot weather or outdoor activities. Dehydration can sneak up and turn an afternoon into dizziness, fatigue, or worse.

Skip tanning beds. They do not create a “healthy glow.” They create concentrated ultraviolet exposure with a flattering sales pitch.

Daily sun safety is simple, affordable, and far easier than repairing damage.

The Scarlet Veil

A Victor Sage Mystery

by Dan Anderson

🎧 *Listen to the narrated version Chapter 11*

Chapter 11
The Phantom's Reach

The darkness settled over the Royal Lyceum with an almost physical weight.

The filtered lamp had died so completely that the serpent concealed within the painted garden vanished once more beneath harmless ivy. Its coiled body dissolved into vines. Its eye became a dark knot among leaves. The hidden panel disappeared into painted timber as though Helena Davenport's secret had never existed.

Above them, the whispered warning lingered in the rafters.

"You should have left it hidden."

Victor Sage remained motionless beside the false marble bench. Clara Simmons stood a few feet behind him, one hand resting upon Helena's opened packet. Neither spoke until the soft vibration of the voice had withdrawn into the ropes and timber above the stage.

Clara looked toward the darkness of the flies. "Inspector Sterling cannot have gone far."

"No."

"He knows we found the packet."

"That was the purpose of his warning."

"Then he will try to take it before we leave."

"Yes."

Sage closed Helena's note and returned it to the cream wrapper with the invitation cards, marked programme, account slip, and anonymous letters. Working by touch, he retied the narrow strip of scarlet silk around the packet.

A pulley turned somewhere overhead. Rope passed softly through a wooden block and stopped.

"Whoever extinguished the lamp watched us open the compartment," Sage said. "He knows Helena's evidence is no longer hidden inside the scenery."

"Then how can we deceive him?"

“He knows what we found. He cannot know which of us now carries it.”

Clara understood. “You intend to give him the wrong target.”

“I intend to let him choose one.”

Sage placed the packet in her hands. Clara slipped it beneath her coat and held the thick cue book across it. The cream wrapper lay flat behind the book, secured against her side. From several yards away, she appeared to be carrying nothing more valuable than an old theatre record.

Sage folded his handkerchief around his leather notebook and placed both inside the breast of his coat. The resulting outline closely resembled Helena’s packet beneath the dark cloth.

The watcher knew they had found the evidence.

Now Sage meant to make him mistake the hand that held it.

He opened the shutter of his pocket lamp. A narrow beam crossed the stage, illuminating the edge of the garden arch and the vacant mouth of the opposite wing. Nothing moved.

“Remain several paces behind me,” Sage said.

“Because you expect him to attack you.”

“Because I should hate to disappoint him.”

They left the stage by the passage beneath the left-hand boxes. Sage allowed the lamp to show only fragments as they went: the edge of a curtain, a brass door handle, the chalk-white face of a discarded mask, and the pale arm of a mannequin extending from darkness like a silent appeal for rescue.

Clara followed with the cue book held firmly over Helena’s packet. Sage walked ahead, the false outline beneath his coat visible whenever the lamp crossed his body.

The wardrobe corridor was narrower than the passage from the stage. Tall wheeled frames crowded both walls, burdened with evening coats, military uniforms, gowns, and long cloaks awaiting repair. Their empty sleeves brushed against one another whenever the old building shifted. In the uncertain light, they resembled an audience that had abandoned its seats and followed the players backstage.

Halfway along the corridor, Sage stopped.

A costume frame ahead had moved perhaps an inch.

It was not enough to attract an ordinary glance.

It was enough for Victor Sage.

He lowered the lamp and rested one hand upon the polished handle of his walking stick.

“Mr. Pike,” he said, “a stage manager should know that an entrance loses its effect when the scenery moves first.”

Edmund Pike stepped from behind the hanging garments.

Dust marked the shoulders and sleeves of his coat. One side of his collar had come loose, and a strand of hair lay across his forehead. The orderly man who governed entrances, lighting changes, scenery movements, and whispered instructions had been stripped of his professional calm.

His eyes went directly to the bulge beneath Sage’s coat.

“You have taken something that does not belong to you,” Pike said.

“Miss Davenport arranged otherwise.”

“Those papers are private.”

“So was her dressing room.”

Pike advanced a step. The corridor narrowed behind him where two costume frames stood nearly wheel to wheel.

“You do not understand what you found.”

“I understand that a woman was murdered to prevent an audience from seeing it.”

“You are making assumptions.”

“I find them economical when the alternative is accepting advice shouted from the rafters.”

Pike’s expression barely changed, but the muscles in his jaw tightened.

“Give me the packet.”

“You omitted the word please.”

“This is not a drawing room.”

“No. In a drawing room the threats are usually better upholstered.”

Pike glanced toward Clara. The cue book rested beneath her arm, its worn cover plain and unremarkable. His gaze remained upon it for only a moment before returning to the outline beneath Sage’s coat.

He had seen exactly what Sage intended him to see.

“Those papers will destroy lives,” Pike said.

“So will cyanide.”

“You think Scotland Yard can protect you from the men named there?”

“I seldom burden the police with impossible duties.”

Pike held out his hand. “The packet, Mr. Sage.”

“No.”

Pike moved without warning.

He crossed the distance between them with surprising speed, seized Sage’s lapel with one hand, and drove the other inside his coat. His fingers closed around the handkerchief and leather notebook.

Confusion broke through his anger for less than a second.

It was long enough.

Sage struck the inside of Pike’s wrist with the heel of his palm. Pike’s fingers opened involuntarily. In the same movement, Sage stepped inside his reach, caught his sleeve above the elbow, and turned sharply.

Pike’s own momentum carried him sideways into a rolling costume frame.

Iron wheels rattled across the floor. Heavy cloaks and evening coats swung around Pike’s shoulders, tangling his arms and obscuring his face.

Clara acted before Sage called to her. She pulled the heavy wardrobe door inward. Its edge struck the rolling frame and wedged it diagonally across the corridor.

Pike tore a cloak away from his face and shoved against the frame. The strength of the movement forced the wardrobe door open several inches.

Sage placed himself between Pike and Clara.

The frame rolled free.

Pike came at him again.

This time Sage met him directly. He caught Pike’s striking wrist, turned beneath the arm, and drove his shoulder into the stage manager’s chest. Pike struck the wall hard enough to rattle the framed costume sketches hanging above him.

Sage followed before he could recover. The curved handle of the walking stick hooked neatly behind Pike’s right ankle. A twist of Sage’s wrist and a measured shove sent Pike down upon one knee.

It was not a trick device or concealed weapon. It was balance, timing, and the simple disadvantage of a man whose weight was already moving in the wrong direction.

Pike’s hand closed around Sage’s coat and dragged him forward. He drove an elbow into the detective’s ribs.

The blow forced a short breath from Sage.

Clara took a step toward them.

“Stay where you are,” Sage said.

Pike rose, still gripping Sage’s lapel. He tried to force him against the costume frame, but Sage planted one foot, seized the front of Pike’s coat, and struck him beneath the ribs with his forearm.

The blow was controlled but solid.

Pike’s breath left him, and he bent forward.

Sage twisted one of his arms behind him and pressed him against the corridor wall.

“You have spent too many years arranging other men’s entrances,” Sage said quietly. “You have forgotten that an exit may also require permission.”

Pike drove backward with his full weight. Sage held him for another second before Pike stamped hard upon his shoe and tore his arm free.

He turned toward Clara.

His gaze fell upon the cue book.

Understanding reached him at last.

Pike lunged.

Sage caught the back of his coat before he reached her and pulled him away. Pike spun and struck at Sage’s face. Sage blocked the blow with his forearm, closed the distance, and drove Pike backward against the costume frame.

The rack rolled several feet and struck the wardrobe door.

Clara retreated behind it, keeping Helena’s packet secured beneath her coat.

Pike seized the top rail and shoved the frame toward Sage. Rather than resist its weight, Sage moved with it, then drove his shoe against one of the front wheels. The frame turned sharply and trapped Pike between the hanging costumes and the wall.

Sage reached through the garments for him.

Pike tore himself free and rushed toward the iron stair leading to the upper galleries.

The cuff of his glove caught upon a brass costume hook.

Leather ripped.

A strip remained hanging from the hook as Pike disappeared up the stair. His boots struck the iron steps in rapid, uneven blows.

Sage followed to the first landing.

There he stopped.

Above him, three separate passages divided among the ropes and galleries of the Lyceum. Pike knew every ladder, shutter, platform, and concealed turn. Pursuing him blindly would mean abandoning Clara and Helena's evidence.

Pike's footsteps receded through the upper darkness.

Then they ceased.

Clara came to the bottom of the stair. "You nearly had him."

"Nearly is an expensive word."

"You let him escape."

"I chose the packet."

She touched the cue book beneath her arm. "He realized I had it."

"Too late to take it."

They returned to the corridor. Sage removed the torn strip of glove from the brass hook and examined it beneath the narrow beam of his pocket lamp.

A glossy fleck of dark red clung to the seam near the cuff.

Clara leaned closer. "Sealing wax."

"Yes."

"The same wax as Helena's warning letter?"

"It appears so."

"Then Pike sent the warning."

Sage touched the fleck with the silver tip of his walking stick. It broke cleanly, exposing part of a curved impression upon the underside.

"It proves Pike handled the letter," he said. "It does not prove he wrote it, sealed it, or delivered it before Helena died."

"When did he touch it?"

Sage turned the strip of leather over. Fine dressing-room powder had worked into the inner seam beneath a newer coating of dust from the upper stage.

“Afterward,” he said. “He entered Helena’s room after she collapsed. He removed the letter and carried it away.”

“Then he tampered with the scene.”

“Among other things.”

Clara looked toward the iron stair. “Do you think Pike poisoned the veil?”

Sage did not answer immediately. The corridor had become still again. Costumes hung in rows around them, their cloth bodies now concealing nothing but hooks and empty air.

“Pike is the hand that opens doors,” he said at last. “The hand that carries messages. The hand that removes inconvenient objects after the damage has been done.”

“But perhaps not the hand that placed the poison.”

“That remains to be proved.”

“He knew Helena’s packet existed.”

“He knew something had been hidden and that we found it. That does not mean he understood what Helena placed inside.”

“Then someone sent him to recover it.”

“Or frightened him into believing he had no choice.”

Clara tightened her hold upon the packet. “The eye watches. Pike is the hand.”

“So it appears.”

“And the tongue?”

Sage looked toward the darkness above them.

“We have heard it,” he said. “We have not yet seen the mouth from which it speaks.”

They continued toward the rear lobby.

Pale morning light filtered through the frosted glass of the stage entrance, making the theatre behind them seem darker by comparison. Sage opened the outer door and examined the quiet street before allowing Clara to pass.

Clara reached the threshold, Helena Davenport’s evidence secured beneath her coat. Sage followed, but before either of them stepped fully into the street, a door closed softly somewhere high above the painted garden.

The sound was not loud, yet it carried through the hollow bones of the Lyceum like a signal passing through wire. It travelled along the iron galleries, slipped between the ropes, and settled

into the rafters where the stage machinery slept. For a moment, even the building seemed to hold its breath.

Dust loosened from the painted beams and drifted downward in slow spirals, catching the pale morning light that filtered through the frosted glass. The garden backdrop below—Helena Davenport's carefully constructed illusion of ivy, stone, and serpent—remained still, but the silence above it had changed. It was no longer empty silence. It was occupied silence.

Somewhere in the upper darkness, a second movement followed. Not a step, not quite. More like the careful adjustment of weight, as though someone had shifted their position to listen more closely.

A rope creaked once, then stilled.

Clara stopped beneath the open stage door. Her hand tightening instinctively around the hidden packet beneath her coat. "Did you hear that?"

Sage did not answer immediately. His gaze remained fixed upward, toward the unseen galleries where the sound had originated. The pocket of daylight behind them seemed suddenly insufficient, as though the street itself had grown farther away.

Then came a faint metallic click—soft, deliberate, and unmistakably controlled.

As if something above them had just been unlocked.

To be continued…

Missed a chapter? - **Tap here for the Kindle version and audiobook.**



MOBILITY MARKETER

PLAYBOOK ›

The Business Card That Refuses to Sit Quietly in a Drawer

Most business cards are monuments to wasted opportunity. They carry a name, phone number, email address, and perhaps a logo. Then they disappear into wallets, desk drawers, glove compartments, and the archaeological layers beneath a cash register.

That's not marketing.

A business card should not merely prove that you exist. It should give the person holding it a reason to contact you. ***If your card cannot help create a conversation, an inquiry, or a sale, it's an expensive rectangle.***

Look at the average service-business card. It says professional, dependable, affordable, or quality service. Those claims are so common they have become invisible. Nobody expects a contractor to announce careless work, mysterious pricing, and a thrilling possibility of property damage. Empty praise does not separate you from anyone.

Your card needs a specific promise, a clear difference, and a next step. Tell the reader who your service is for. Explain the problem you solve. Give them a reason to keep the card instead of feeding it to the junk drawer.

A mobile detailer could offer a free guide revealing five mistakes that quietly ruin a vehicle's finish. A window washer could include a checklist for preparing a home before service. A pressure washer could offer a short curb-appeal inspection. A repair specialist could explain which damage can be corrected without the cost and inconvenience of a full replacement.

Now the card has a job.

Use the front to establish your identity and your strongest promise. Use the back to present the offer, explain how to respond, and give the reader a reason to act. A QR code can work, but only when it leads somewhere useful. Sending people to a generic homepage is like giving directions to a shopping center and refusing to name the store.

Your business card should behave like a pocket-sized salesperson. It should introduce you, explain why you matter, offer something useful, and make the next step obvious. Test different versions. Track the calls, scans, and inquiries. Keep the card that earns its keep.

The next time you reorder cards, don't merely replace the old stack. Rebuild the message. Make every card capable of starting a profitable relationship.

Before printing a thousand copies, hand the card to five people and ask what action it suggests. If they hesitate, the message is weak. Fix it. A confused card gets stored. A clear card gets scanned, shared, remembered, and used.

For more business-building lessons like this, grab the **FREE Special Edition of Mobility Marketer Insider™** at mobilitymarketer.com.



What They Didn't Tell You

Charlie had a problem nobody could explain.

His hands shook.

Not occasionally. Not after three cups of coffee or a surprise letter from the IRS. They had trembled since his early twenties, and the shaking grew worse as the years passed. Doctors examined him, questioned him, and probably charged him enough to make anyone's hands shake. Still, no clear answer came.

Charlie wondered whether the trembling was connected to something darker. For as long as he could remember, he had carried a heavy sadness that arrived without invitation and refused to leave. He described it as waking every morning with the feeling that you were about to attend a funeral—except nobody would tell you who had died.

He smiled. He laughed. He appeared pleasant and successful. Inside, however, apprehension, anxiety, and grief followed him around like three bill collectors who had memorized his address.

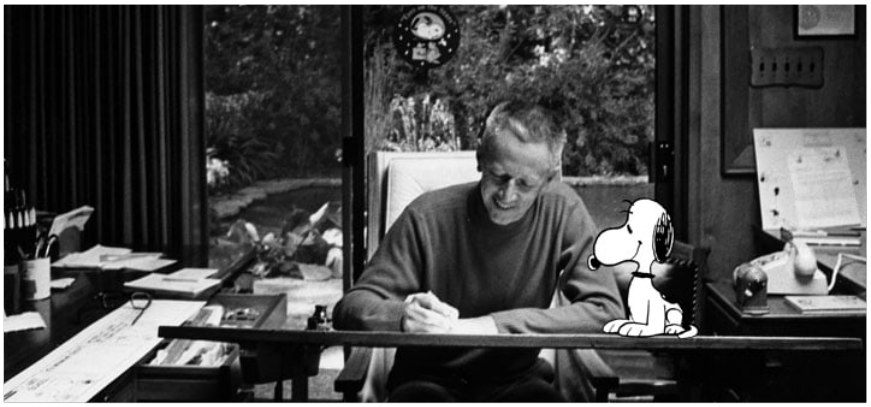
Routine became his shelter. Charlie worked long hours, avoided unfamiliar situations, and often canceled vacations. The farther he traveled from home, the stronger the darkness seemed to become. Most people return early from vacation because the hotel mattress feels like a folded ironing board. Charlie returned because work was the one place where his mind became quiet.

After his marriage ended, he moved into his office and lived there for nearly a year. It was not exactly luxury housing, but the commute was unbeatable.

His greatest relief came from drawing. Charlie called them silly little pictures, but sitting at the drawing board pushed the anxiety aside. His trembling hand made the pencil lines uneven, so he carefully traced over them in ink, correcting each wobble until the drawing looked exactly right.

Day after day, he created a small world filled with children who worried, failed, hoped, argued, dreamed, and tried again. One boy could never kick a football. Another offered psychiatric advice for five cents. A beagle sat atop his doghouse imagining himself as a heroic flying ace.

Millions laughed at these characters. Few realized their creator understood the anxious little boy better than anyone because he had poured much of himself into him.



The boy was Charlie Brown.

The trembling hand belonged to the creator of *Peanuts…*

Charles M. Schulz.

Good grief, indeed.

Now you know what they didn't tell you.

Detailing Mastery



Scan or tap below for video

Tackle Kids' Sports Season Mess

A family car after a busy sports season can become a rolling museum of snack crumbs, muddy shoes, mystery stains, and enough grass clippings to start a respectable lawn.

It happens faster than anyone wants to admit, and pretending not to notice has never been an approved detailing technique.

This interior transformation tackles the dirt, dust, spills, fingerprints, and hidden grime that quietly take over carpets, plastics, vinyl, glass, and every forgotten corner.

Scan or tap the QR code for the video.

Take a Break!

9		4	3					5
	7	5	2	4	8			3
			9			2		4
8		7		1				
		2			3	8	1	
		1					3	9
7			1		5	9		2
5	6				2			
		9	6	3	4	7		

For Interactive Puzzle

Solution on page 10



Watermelon Pizza

Ingredients

1 large round watermelon slice (about 1 inch thick)
1 cup plain Greek yogurt
4 oz cream cheese, softened
2 tbsp honey
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 cup strawberries, sliced
1/2 cup blueberries
1/2 cup raspberries
Fresh mint leaves for garnish

Instructions

Pat the watermelon dry with paper towels to remove excess moisture. In a bowl, beat together the Greek yogurt, cream cheese, honey, and vanilla until smooth and creamy.

Spread the mixture evenly over the watermelon slice, leaving a small border around the edge.

Arrange the strawberries, blueberries, and raspberries over the topping, then garnish with fresh mint leaves. Slice into wedges like a pizza and serve immediately, or chill for 15–20 minutes before serving.

NEWLOOK
BODY WORKS

CALL US TODAY AT (803) 712-3458

PO Box 212443
Columbia , SC 29221

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

From the Desk of Dan Anderson
PAGE 1

The Best Food Festivals Near You
PAGE 1

How to Enjoy the Sun Without Paying for It Later
PAGE 2

A Victor Sage Mystery...
PAGE 3-10

The Business Card...
PAGE 11

What They Didn't Tell You
PAGE 12

Watermelon Pizza
PAGE 13

The Daintree Rainforest and Wet Tropics
PAGE 14

SOLUTION

5	8	3	4	6	7	1	9	2
1	8	6	9	7	2	5	3	4
6	1	4	8	3	5	2	7	9
7	6	2	4	8	1	9	5	3
3	7	2	6	9	5	4	1	8
4	2	5	7	3	8	6	9	1
9	2	1	7	5	3	8	6	4
8	3	7	6	2	9	4	5	1
6	5	1	2	9	4	3	8	7
7	4	3	1	8	6	9	2	5
5	6	8	3	1	9	7	4	2
2	1	9	5	4	7	6	3	8

Ferrari STORE

CHEMICAL GUYS
TRADITION LOS ANGELES LIFESTYLE

The Daintree Rainforest and Wet Tropics | Queensland | Australia Nature



DAINTREE RAINFOREST NATIONAL PARK

Check out
Dan's Blog™

Tap Here

Some places seem to belong to another age entirely. The Daintree Rainforest and Queensland's Wet Tropics are among them, where ancient ferns, towering canopies, hidden waterfalls, and quiet beaches have endured since long before the Amazon found its voice. Wander from Cape Tribulation to Mossman Gorge, where elusive tree kangaroos, cassowaries, and Boyd's Forest Dragons still reign over one of Earth's oldest surviving tropical rainforests. Every turn reveals a landscape shaped by millions of years, untouched by haste and impossible to forget.