NEWLOOK BODY WORKS

September 2026

Dan's Letter™

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

FROM THE DESK OF DAN ANDERSON

Stop Waiting for Life to Calm Down

Waiting for life to "calm down" before you feel peaceful is like waiting for traffic to disappear before leaving the house. Admirable plan. You may also want to pack a lunch.

Pressure can raise stress, anxiety, and frustration, but it doesn't automatically erase meaning. Your schedule may be packed, your obligations may keep multiplying, and somebody may always seem to need something from you. That still doesn't mean your day has lost its purpose.

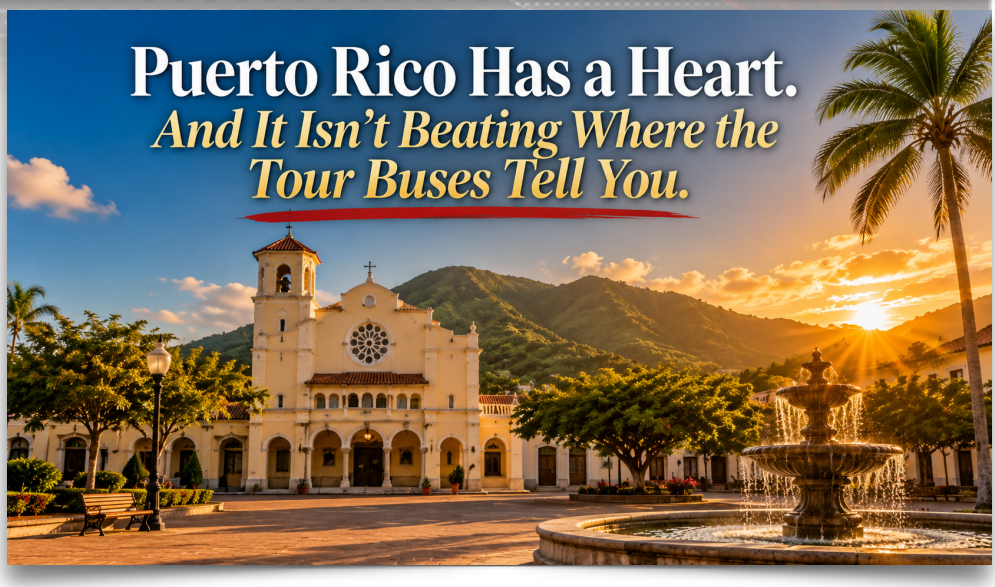
The mistake is believing peace requires perfect conditions. It doesn't. Deadlines can exist. Problems can pile up. People can behave like people, which is usually where trouble begins.

Meaning gives you something solid while everything else rattles around. Instead of waiting for the mythical week when every problem politely disappears, focus on what matters now.



Life probably won't calm down on command. Fortunately, you don't have to wait for it.

– Dan A.



There is a peculiar disease that strikes intelligent travelers the moment they land in Puerto Rico. They arrive with a perfectly good brain, then surrender it to a brochure rack. Suddenly, the plan becomes predictable: see San Juan, photograph the fort, eat something fried, buy a shirt they'll never wear again, and return home claiming they "did Puerto Rico." Not quite.

About 30 minutes from Luis Muñoz Marín International Airport sits Caguas, a city known as the Heart and Center of Puerto Rico. Unlike some tourist destinations that seem to have been assembled by a committee armed with souvenir shops and laminated menus, Caguas still feels like a place where people actually live. That matters, because the best travel experiences usually begin where the polished sales pitch ends.

Caguas sits at a cultural crossroads where Taíno, Spanish and African influences have been mixing for generations, and the result is not a museum exhibit behind glass. It is alive in the food, music, architecture, festivals, parks and streets. The historic Creole City district gives visitors a chance to wander rather than march behind someone holding a little flag. You can explore restaurants, cafés and local gathering spots at a pace that does not require military

Continued on page 2…

coordination.

Then there is the food, which may quietly destroy your good intentions. Caguas offers traditional Puerto Rican flavors, local coffee, handmade sweets, sangria and rum experiences that make the phrase "I'll just have a little" one of the great lies in the history of tourism. There are chocolate-making experiences, local bakeries and restaurants serving dishes rooted in the island's criollo traditions. This is the kind of place where calories stop counting because, technically, you are conducting cultural research.

Nature gets equal billing. The William Miranda Marín Botanical and Cultural Garden spreads across about 60 acres, combining tropical scenery with Puerto Rican history and culture. Elsewhere, trails, parks and outdoor spaces provide the kind of scenery that makes your phone camera believe it has suddenly become a professional photographer. Museums throughout Caguas cover art, history and local culture, while the Creole Heart Trail links several cultural attractions into a walkable route. For visitors whose idea of culture involves something besides a frozen drink, the city gives curious travelers plenty of excuses to stay longer than planned.

And that may be Caguas' greatest advantage: it gives you Puerto Rico without making you feel like Puerto Rico has been staged for you. It is accessible, close to San Juan, filled with history, surrounded by mountain scenery and packed with enough food, culture and outdoor experiences to occupy far more than an afternoon. Yet it still carries the relaxed rhythm of a city confident enough not to scream for your attention.

So go ahead and see Old San Juan, take the pictures, walk the cobblestones and buy the shirt. But if you want to feel the island instead of merely proving you visited it, head inland. Puerto Rico's heartbeat is waiting in Caguas, and unlike your hotel wake-up call, this is one you'll be glad you answered before the crowds discover what they missed.



Why September Is Perfect for a Detox and Reboot

September has a way of looking at August and saying, "All right, that was fun. Now put the cupcake down."

After summer vacations, late nights, cookouts, road trips, and the occasional dessert disguised as a meal, September feels like a natural reset button. Cooler temperatures and shorter days make it easier to settle into better sleep, giving your body more time to recover instead of wondering why you're still awake at midnight watching television.

Seasonal foods help too. Apples, squash, leafy greens, and other fall produce bring plenty of nutrients to the table without requiring a complicated meal plan involving powders that taste like lawn clippings.

September also restores something summer tends to misplace: routine. School schedules, work patterns, exercise, regular meals, and self-care become easier to organize when life starts running on a timetable again.

Think of September as your personal system reboot. No dramatic transformation required. Just fewer summer excuses and slightly better decisions.



The Scarlet Veil

A Victor Sage Mystery

by Dan Anderson

🎧 *Listen to the narrated version Chapter 12*

Chapter 12
The Packet

By nine o'clock the rain had returned to Montague Street, tapping the tall windows with the patience of someone who expected eventually to be admitted. Victor Sage's office was warm, orderly, and almost offensively ordinary after the shadows of the Lyceum. Yet Helena Davenport's packet lay upon the blotter between Sage and Clara Simmons like a third presence, pale, unsealed, and far more dangerous than anything with so little weight had a right to be.

Beside it rested the strip torn from Edmund Pike's glove. The red wax caught the lamplight whenever Clara moved, a small glossy wound against the dark leather. Inspector Sterling had been informed of Pike's escape and had men searching the streets behind the theatre, but Sage had declined to join them. Pike knew the alleys, roofs, and service passages. The packet knew why he had run.

"Let the inspector pursue the hand," Sage said as Clara removed her coat. "For the present, we shall concern ourselves with what instructed it."

Clara sat opposite him and opened her notebook. Sage untied the narrow strip of scarlet silk, unfolded the cream wrapper, and arranged the contents in careful rows. There were six invitation cards, four letters, a benefit programme marked in pencil, a narrow account slip, and Helena's handwritten note. Nothing among them looked criminal. That, Sage thought, was the first proof of experience.

The invitations were thick, expensive, and nearly blank. Each carried the Serpent's Eye in red wax and the same discreet command in the lower corner: *Admit one*. Some bore initials. Others gave only an hour and an address, as though the person invited mattered less than the obedience expected.

Clara examined the first letter. "No signature," she said. "No direct threat either."

"Direct threats are for men without stationery," Sage replied. "These were written for people trained to hear the second meaning."

She read one passage aloud. "No career need end in disgrace if its owner remembers who first opened the door." The words were graceful enough to be mistaken for advice, but the silence after them had the pressure of a hand closing around a throat.

The other letters followed the same pattern. One praised a young actress's discretion while

reminding her that London could become forgetful. Another offered assistance with a debt and observed that gratitude was most beautiful when it remained private. A third advised an unnamed recipient that an absent friend could be spared embarrassment if a certain engagement were declined.

“The eye watches,” Clara said. “The letters speak.”

“The tongue does more than speak,” Sage replied. “It flatters in one direction and threatens in the other. A forked tongue allows the listener to choose the harmless meaning, provided he is foolish enough to need comfort.”

His gaze moved to the torn glove. Pike’s guilt was rough, physical, and visible: doors opened, letters removed, pages threatened, evidence pursued through dark corridors. The letters belonged to a different kind of guilt. They had been composed by someone who understood that fear lasted longer when the victim helped complete the sentence.

Clara unfolded the account slip. It recorded three payments made through the Lyceum Benevolent Fund, each described as assistance to artists in distress. The sums did not go to artists. One went to a critic, one to an agency that arranged touring engagements, and one to a solicitor whose name appeared nowhere else in the packet.

“Charity moving backward,” Clara said. “Money given in public, then used in private.”

“Not charity,” Sage replied. “Leverage with a ribbon around it.”

The marked programme was more disturbing. Several names in the stalls had been circled; beside two actresses in the cast list, someone had drawn a small eye. One name had been crossed out so heavily that the paper had nearly torn. The cancelling stroke ended in a curious divided hook, but Sage studied it only a moment before placing the programme beside the letters.

Clara noticed the gesture. “You have seen something.”

“I have seen many things,” he said. “Understanding is less generous.”

At the bottom of the packet lay Helena’s note. Sage opened it fully for the first time. Her handwriting remained bold across the upper half of the page, then grew less even toward the end, as if haste had begun to overtake certainty.

“If I do not speak tonight, let the stage speak for me,” Clara read. “These papers show how favor becomes debt, how debt becomes silence, and how silence is sold again. The names matter, but the chain between them matters more. Break the chain in public, or it will be repaired in private.”

Clara lowered the page. “She knew one arrest would not end it.”

“She understood the Serpent’s Eye better than the men who believed they owned it,” Sage said. “It was not one patron, one theatre, or one frightened servant. It was a method. The eye selected. The tongue persuaded. And when persuasion failed, the fang was waiting.”

“The veil,” Clara said.

“The fang disguised as beauty.”

A knock sounded at the outer door. Clara rose, but Sage had already glanced toward the clock. “That will be Miss Blayne,” he said. “I asked her to bring Helena’s private rehearsal copy and any message Helena gave her during the final week.”

Margot Blayne entered with rain darkening the shoulders of her coat. She carried a script tied with blue ribbon and wore the controlled expression Sage remembered from Arundel Street, but control deserted her when she saw the scarlet strip, the cream cards, and Helena’s handwriting spread across the desk.

“You found it,” she said.

“We found what Miss Davenport intended an audience to find,” Sage replied. “Sit down, Miss Blayne. I believe part of it concerns you.”

Margot remained standing for a moment, looking at Helena’s note. Then she sat slowly and placed the script upon her knees. “She told me not to let them change the ending,” she said. “I thought she meant the play. Helena altered lines until actors forgot which version they had learned, and then blamed them for remembering yesterday.”

“What precisely did she say?” Clara asked.

“Three nights before opening, she found me near the garden arch after rehearsal. She was staring at the ivy as though it had spoken to her. She said, ‘If I miss the final bow, do not let them change the ending.’ I told her she never missed a bow. She answered, ‘Everyone misses one eventually.’”

Sage watched Margot carefully. “Was that the first time she seemed afraid?”

Margot considered before answering. “It was the first time she stopped pretending not to be. Before that, she was restless and sharp, but Helena could make anxiety look like impatience. That night she touched the painted ivy and said, ‘Once you see the eye, the garden is finished.’ I thought it was another actress’s way of making scenery feel important.”

Clara looked toward Sage. The filtered light had revealed exactly what Helena described. She had discovered the Serpent’s Eye in the garden before the final performance and had turned its own emblem into the means of exposing it.

Margot’s fingers tightened around the script. “I spent two years wishing she would miss an entrance,” she said. “Not die. Just miss one. I wanted the audience to hear my voice in her place and discover the heavens remained fixed. The one night she failed to appear, I would have given anything to hear her call me an amateur again.”

The confession did not absolve her, but it made her human. Sage allowed the grief to settle before he reached for the last invitation card, the only one he had not yet placed in the row.

It bore a name.

Miss Margot Blayne.

Margot stared at it without touching. “I have never seen that.”

“The date is three days after opening night,” Clara said. “It was prepared before Helena died.”

Sage broke the remaining fold in the card and exposed the line written inside. The hand was the same graceful anonymous hand used in the letters.

Every understudy waits for the light. Yours is nearer than you think.

Margot's face lost its color. "Why would Helena have this?"

"Because she intercepted it, or because someone showed it to her," Sage said. "Either way, she knew the eye had turned toward you."

"I wanted her role," Margot whispered. "I did not ask for this."

"The Serpent's Eye appears to prefer desire before permission," Clara said. "It offers what people want, then decides what the wanting has cost them."

Sage placed Margot's invitation beside Helena's note. The connection altered the packet. Helena had not gathered the papers only to expose what had been done to her; she had been trying to stop the same machinery from closing around the woman expected to replace her.

Margot stared at her name until the letters seemed to darken. "Then Helena knew this was meant for me," she said, and for the first time grief stripped the ambition from her face. Clara looked from Helena's note to the invitation and whispered that the Serpent's Eye had chosen Helena's replacement before Helena was dead. Sage folded the card once, laid it beside Pike's torn glove, and answered in a voice that seemed to lower the temperature of the room.

"Not her replacement, Miss Simmons. Its next possession."

To be continued…

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

PREVIOUSLY IN THE
VICTOR SAGE MYSTERIES

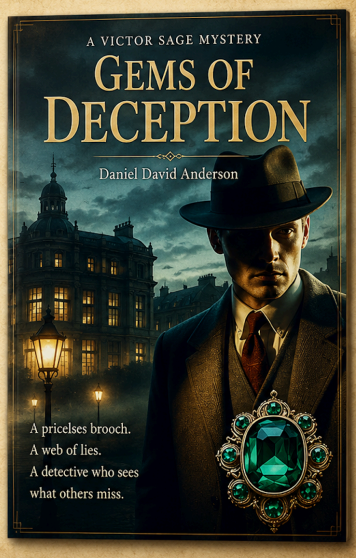
Before *The Scarlet Veil*, Victor Sage uncovered the truth behind the stolen Hawthorne Emerald Brooch in *Gems of Deception*— a case that led from glittering ballrooms to smoldering ruins, where every clue carried a cost.

If you missed the beginning of Sage's investigations, you can catch up now.

READ OR LISTEN ONLINE

READ THE NOVEL
Start Reading Online

LISTEN TO THE AUDIOBOOK
Listen Online



MOBILITY MARKETER

PLAYBOOK ›

“My Work Speaks for Itself”—Unfortunately, It Has a Very Quiet Voice



Being excellent at your craft feels like it should be enough. You arrive on time, solve the problem, clean up, and leave the customer wondering why every contractor can’t behave like a functioning adult like you. Then the phone goes quiet while a louder, less skilled competitor fills his calendar with confidence and polished Facebook ads.

That happens because ***quality earns retention, but marketing earns attention.*** Customers can’t reward workmanship they’ve never experienced. Before they know how carefully you clean carpet, repair paint, wash windows, or restore a driveway, they must notice you, remember you, trust you, and understand why choosing you is safer than doing nothing—or hiring the smiling fellow offering fourteen services and a six-color coupon.

Skill can quietly become a hiding place. The owner keeps improving the service, buying equipment, studying new methods, and rearranging the van while avoiding the uncomfortable work of making an offer. It feels productive because tools don’t reject you, machines don’t ignore emails, and polishing your process is less irritating than discovering your headline has the pulling power of a wet napkin.

The customer usually hires the business that becomes clear and familiar first. Your marketing must explain the problem, show the cost of delay, present proof, remove risk, and give one unmistakable next step. A clever logo can look handsome on a shirt, but it can’t rescue vague copy that says “quality, integrity, and service” like every competitor since the magnetic truck sign appeared.

The solution isn’t becoming louder everywhere. It’s building a ***magnetic marketing system*** that keeps your business present before the right people. Use a clear promise, customer proof, useful education, repeated follow-up, and an offer with a believable reason to act now. Track what produces calls, estimates, appointments, and revenue instead of celebrating likes from people three states away.

Being great at your work is essential. ***Being remembered for that great work is profitable.*** Combine craftsmanship with consistent direct-response marketing, and you stop hoping customers discover your greatness through atmospheric pressure. You begin controlling how often the right prospect sees you, understands you, and chooses you.

Get the Free Special Edition of *Mobility Marketer Insider*™

The free special edition reveals practical marketing systems for service pros still doing the work, answering the phone, and wondering why competence hasn’t caused a small parade outside the office. Read or listen free at **mobilitymarketer.com** and discover how to attract better prospects, follow up with purpose, and turn skill into a business people can actually find.

What They Didn't Tell You

The snow was falling harder over rural Michigan when Mama Ruth looked down at twelve-year-old Randy lying on the kitchen floor. His body was jerking violently, his eyes had rolled back, and whatever was happening was clearly more serious than the mild seizures the family had seen before. Outside, the wind was picking up and a blizzard was moving in. This was long before cell phones, 911, or the comforting modern option of asking the Internet whether someone was dying and being told they probably needed more water.

The nearest telephone was about a mile away at Mr. Fortelka's store. Mama Ruth turned to an eight-year-old boy standing nearby and gave him an assignment no child should have to carry: put on his snowshoes, cross the fields, reach the store and get someone to call a doctor. The boy knew Randy as a brother and best friend. So out the door he went, pushing through deepening snow with one thought pounding through his head: get help.

Eventually, exhausted and frightened, he reached the store. Mr. Fortelka was there. The telephone was there. The boy had made it. All he had to do now was explain what had happened. Unfortunately, that may have been harder for him than crossing a mile of Michigan farmland in a blizzard.

The boy had a severe stutter. Speaking could become such an ordeal that he had gradually withdrawn into silence. Now he desperately needed to say that Randy was sick and needed a doctor, but the words simply would not come. He strained. He tried again. Somewhere inside him was a perfectly clear sentence apparently being held hostage by his own mouth.

Finally, painfully, enough words broke through for Mr. Fortelka to understand. A doctor was called. Randy received treatment and recovered. The emergency was over, but the boy's struggle with speech was not.



For years afterward, he continued fighting his stutter. Eventually, a teacher discovered that poetry and dramatic recitation helped him free the words that ordinary conversation trapped. Slowly, the nearly silent child learned to control his voice.

And what a voice it became.

That frightened little boy would eventually perform Shakespeare, command Broadway stages and lend his voice to one of the most intimidating characters ever put on film - *Darth Vader.*

The boy's name was…

James Earl Jones.

Now you know what they didn't tell you.

Detailing Mastery



Scan or tap below for video

The Dirty Little Secret Hiding on the Inside of Your Windshield

That hazy film on the inside of your windshield isn't merely ugly; it turns sunrise, headlights, and nighttime driving into a bargain-bin light show while fingerprints, dust, and mystery grime quietly conspire against your visibility.

A properly cleaned interior windshield cuts distracting glare, sharpens the view, and makes your car feel far less like a rolling aquarium.

Driving already demands enough attention without peering through greasy glass that looks as though somebody polished it with bacon before breakfast and then called the job finished.

Scan or tap the QR code for the video.

Take a Break!

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

For Interactive Puzzle

Solution on page 10



Lemon & Blueberry Parfait

Ingredients

Blueberry Compote
2 Cups Blueberries
1/2 Cup Sugar
1/2 Cup Water
1.5 Tablespoons Lemon juice

Lemon Parfait
1 Cup Nilla Wafers
1 Cup Meyer Lemon Curd
Cool Whip

Instructions

Blueberry Compote
Add sugar and water to a sauce-pan over high heat. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Add the blueberries. Reduce heat as necessary to allow the blueberries to simmer. Stir occasionally and cook until blueberries begin to burst (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice. Allow to cool to room temperature before using.

Parfait
Add the Nilla wafers to a Ziploc bag, seal, then use a rolling pin to crush them into small pieces. Add the crushed wafers to four jars. Distribute the lemon curd evenly among the four jars, layering it on top of the Nilla wafers. Next, do the same with the blueberry compote, then the whipped cream. Serve immediately.

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SOLUTION

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

Ferrari STORE

CHEMICAL GUYS — TRADITION LIFESTYLE LOS ANGELES

"Above The Noise" | Chris & Crystal AI Art





Check out
Dan's Blog™

Tap Here

“Above the Noise” drifts through a surreal dreamscape where impossible machines, celestial figures, and strange worlds rise beyond the ordinary, pairing Chris & Crystal AI Art’s original music with imagery that feels like someone opened a forgotten storybook on another planet and forgot to close it. Beautiful, peculiar, and deliberately untethered from reality, it turns four minutes into a visual escape where imagination gets the keys, reason rides quietly in the back seat, and the familiar world becomes wonderfully small.