

Thrace Moonflower was at peace in his meditation and introspection room on the *Sage*. It was studded with Himalayan salt for humidity and focus, yellow quartz to open his crown chakrah, and dozens of other crystals and healing plants strewn throughout the cabin and the hull. The hem of his tunic barely touched the floor as he sat in his anti gravity spot with legs crossed.

He found his center and aligned his energies. The vibrations of the Universe rang with him. He was powerful and he could take on any challenge and the Universe would protect him. The essential oils he ran through the jump engines helped spread positive energy through each system the *Sage* visited. He loved the fact that as they traveled they would be spreading the positive energy and the nice smells of eucalyptus and oregano, forgetting that odor needed air to propagate. Setting his intention and goals for the day, he ended his mediation and floated down to the floor.

Thrace walked through his ship greeting all crew members. He hated that term, it made them sound so subservient to him. They were his commune members. Brothers and sisters wearing their UniversaFit branded tunics. Working to the goal of spreading positive energy and love and peace and more people added to their downline through the Universe. And if they could make a pretty penny by selling the oils and crystals they bought from their upline, even better!

They were spreading positivity after all, not poverty.

Every person he passed, he touched his forehead to theirs, "the way and energy of the Universe is within you, sister."

"And with you, Brother Moonflower," they would always answer. The Sage was not a large vessel and he regularly had to deny members to join. But they still were able to purchase his energy cleansing crystals and essential oils made to help with diarrhea... or was it constipation? Either way they promoted good gut health.

Thrace took his seat as captain and turned off the autopilot. Scanning the new system, he found a few planets with fairly sizable settlements. Plenty of settlers in need of the latest in cleansing crystal technology. He kept scanning to find the largest collection of potential downline members and found it on the second planet. The settlement identified itself as Galant Pass. Dirty, he knew, but all he needed was a spark of desperation and he could create the way in. The way of them buying a planet's worth of distributorships and create a whole new downline in this sector.

The *Sage* landed and opened the market doors. Crystals, candles, herbs that did nothing besides make the air smell like burning plastic, and oils were presented on the shelves. Commune members began hawking the wares promoting a quick way to fat loss or better spiritual energy. Or even better, buy into the UniversaFit family and become an independent business owner. Financial

freedom was only a few hundred thousand credits away.

They sold a few fat loss supplements and essential oils, but no distributorships. In speaking to some of the residents, word had been getting around that UniversaFit was a pyramid scheme and hundreds of people lost everything in joining. The members of the commune responded with "well, yes, if you don't work hard. You just need to work hard to make your dreams come true!"

It was unsettling to Thrace as those terrible rumors were beginning to outpace their travel to newer systems. They didn't even sell his favorite "This candle smells like my tantric sex chamber"! It was disappointing, but they needed to move on. He just had to remind his commune members that failing people did not work hard and were trying to suppress their winning energy.

Taking off from Galant Pass, the *Sage* went into high planetary orbit. Thrace sat in the captain's chair pondering where to go next. As he was deep in thought, alarms and flashing red lights filled the bridge. A giant ship slapped together with armor, guns, and space tape came out of hyperspace. They were being hailed.

"Hello, fellow traveler of the Universe. How can I help you on your journey?"

The man that appeared on the viewscreen was large, gruff, and barrel chested.

"Are you that new age son of a bitch that sold my family ten different oils and a UniversaFit membership?"

"Sir, I will ask you to keep the abrasive language to a minimum. It disrupts the communication energy between us." Trace responded diplomatically.

"Get fucked."

"Sir, I would ask you again. The Universe makes us friends more than enemies."

"The Universe wouldn't sell oils that make your hair fall out and a distributorship that makes half of our community go bankrupt!" The man's face began to redden and spittle shot from his lips. Thrace may not be able to talk his way out of this one. He readied the engines just in case they had to make a quick exit to hyperspace. In a moment, the *Sage* was surrounded by green energy. The very angry man, now joined by others in tattered UniversaFit shirts and tunics, had trapped the *Sage* in a tractor beam.

Thrace had fewer options now and none of them were good. He could attempt to jump into hyperspace but would risk ripping the *Sage* apart. The *Sage* was one of the best brand ambassadors he had! He could attempt to open fire, but the weapons he had were barely for defensive measures and he had to maintain his universal peace facade. Or he could continue talking.

"Dear friends, I am so sorry you had this experience with UniversaFit and my crew," Thrace tried his best to be contrite. "I would offer you a full refund if you return the items you purchased and the refund will be back to you in three to six

standard months, provided there are no defects or damages to the product. Would you agree to that?"

The man's eyes widened he stared intensely at Thrace.

"Everything you sent and sold us was shit! We used half of it promoting your shitty company, and the other half went moldy in a few weeks! Three to six months for a refund? You're damn lucky we don't report you to the Galactic Trade Commission!"

That didn't scare Thrace as much as the man thought it would. The Galactic Trade Commission was toothless at best and multiple people on the GTC board had spoken at UniversaFit conferences.

A smirk appeared on Thrace's mouth, enraging the the man and his crew even more. They were shouting at the viewscreen and Thrace waited for them to calm down.

"Sir, I would ask that you turn off the tractor beam before I report you to the sector authorities." Thrace was done dealing with people that have little to no work ethic.

More alarms blared and red lights flashed through the ship.

"Tell them all you want, you son of a bitch." The man and his ship were charging weapons.

As Thrace dove to engage the hyperdrive, the *Sage* was ripped apart by a impact mass projectile traveling near the speed of light. The Sage disappeared in a puff of burnt metal, essential oils, and the all the empty dreams of down lines everywhere.