

Three killers[®]

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Abstract

There are three chapters to this article:

Three killers – cures are now possible.

Keep going – a lifestyle statement.

The rules for curing cancer – explained in easy terms.

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Three Killers

The three killers are injury, infection and stress. Injury can be accidental or combat. Infection is hostile germs. Stress is in the mind. Where does chronic disease fit into these three categories? They are symptoms. Cancer, for example, happens every day and is removed every night in proper sleep. When a person is anxious, the mutations are left to multiply and spread. A cure has to remove the emotional anxiety.

As I write, it is reported that Russia has now had over a million of its own people killed fighting Ukraine. Medically, those deaths are injuries. Really, they are attributable to madness.

The numbers killed by the covid virus are also in the millions and the tragedy is that this virus is a laboratory created concoction which in reality should also be attributed to madness.

Stress caused most deaths. Contentment (happiness is too ambitious) is difficult for humans. Compared to wild animals, homo sapiens are detached from their environment and each other. There is a constant desire to change, not accept.

The word disease fails to explain these killers. It is a catch-all word for something not right in the body and that's where the concept fails. Illness most often starts in the mind. If it is an injury, there is a mind somewhere that caused that injury and the patient can be the victim. The real cure requires correcting (or eliminating) the aggressor. There is a car crash. Someone caused it. Even a component failure is traceable back to a person. Our lives have become dependent on our own creations so that we cannot live like wild animals by hunting and gathering.

Three branches of medicine

The best we can do is try. This article is a contribution to help you help others. There are three branches of medicine: biophysics, biochemistry and psychology. Ask any doctor and they do not know this. They have only been taught biochemistry and accept, like programmed robots, that healing is done by administering pharmaceuticals or surgically removing whatever they think is not working properly. Surprisingly, doctors do not question their teachers. The teachers award qualifications and these certificates generate income. Do you smell corruption or is it just ignorance and stupidity? Who said, "Trust me, I am a doctor"? Always ask a doctor what is their success rate when they propose doing something to you. Go further, would they have it done to themselves or their family?

Biochemistry has only three products: vaccines, anti-biotics and anaesthetics. They are all poisons and all have side effects. Cures used to be found naturally as herbal medicines but were outlawed by Rockefeller when he lobbied gullible American politicians. All medicines had to be made in a laboratory. They went further. Legally, only pharmaceuticals and surgery were allowed. Anything else, even if it worked, was illegal. Again, madness.

Biophysics is used by the medical establishment but only for diagnostics taking pictures seismologically and often harmfully. Lithotripsy is the exception, a technique that even its developers never fully developed. This is where my contribution to medicine fits in. CellSonic is all biophysics in one package. It kills infections. It can kill the covid virus quicker at less cost than making a test for covid. Pressure and the voltage of the electrical field kills germs. Oxygen and hydrogen created in the body by the electrolysis of the CellSonic pulses kills germs and hastens healing. The correction of voltage simply stops profuse replication of cells which, by the agreed definition of cancer, cures cancer.

That is true at the time of the treatment and a CellSonic treatment on cancer is 100% successful. If, a couple of days later, the voltage has fallen, it reveals that the stress that caused the cancer remains in the mind which brings us to the third branch of medicine, psychology.

Muscle power

When Homo Sapiens emerged as a species, they diverged from their predecessors by losing the ability to communicate in groups with mind transfers. They could not together share a common thought. Only by language could they communicate with each other. The next step extending thought transfer was writing. Literate individuals took on greater power and were subject to more responsibilities for others. Belonging was giving way to obedience. The role of the mind

made humans different to other animals and they became dangerous to all, especially themselves. A new idea became the start of an invention which could be further developed by others able to use the preserved language. Note how weapons became innovative. They were not satisfied to grow. They had to conquer. Fighting was the admired skill. Male and female relationships were as much to do with muscle as brain and that is now a problem with nuclear weapons able to annihilate all. There are no winners. There has to be a conscious shift in favour of applying the mind for the good of all. Muscle power, the Olympics and racing daredevils are reminders of the bad old days.

Today's medical establishment sees psychology as a sub-branch of biochemistry. The psychiatrist will keep patients on their medication to control their behaviour. In some cases, this may be necessary but often mental illness is neglected until the patient is beyond salvation. The community expects doctors to repair humans like workshops repair motor cars and that is not how to help humans.

Let them die

Everyone wants cures and this is now almost possible. Many countries are allowing mercy killing because they are told that some painful illnesses are incurable and accept that doctors trained only in drugs will know everything. This is a huge mistake allowing pain to build up in the first place with death as the only escape. Ignorance kills. Biophysics has been outlawed for too long and the laws are out of date. In Britain since 1939 it has been illegal to advertise a cure for cancer unless it is for chemotherapy or nuclear radiation, both of which are not cures for cancer. The chemo stops the immune system and poisons the patient. Radiation causes cancer. So do X rays.

From the heart surgeons able to replace valves to CellSonic stopping cancer, much progress has been made. The next step is to prevent illness. If the heart failure patient had lived differently, would they have avoided a build-up of plaque? If the cancer patient was less stressed, would their immune system have kept them healthy? Prevention is all about lifestyle rather than running to the doctor for drugs.

Prevention

There are many does and don'ts and bossing people around does not work. They do what they want to do. Smoking has been banned in many places and now the craze is for vapes which are just as poisonous. Addiction seems to be an intrinsic part of the human mind, more powerful than self-discipline. Staying healthy is a personal choice. It is not difficult but most people see it as being the responsibility of the government. Do politicians know best?

One article cannot cover all aspects of healing. This introduction has probably created confusion and hopefully left you eager to know more so below are the rules of how to cure cancer. You no doubt believe this is difficult; it is if you do not have the right tool for the job. With CellSonic it is easy.

You may wonder how I came to know all this when there is no university anywhere in the world that knows how to cure cancer. I am always asking questions and problem solving. Here is an account of one day in the Atlas Mountains. Since that adventure almost thirty years ago, the exploration continued and we now have [Sapiens Shield](#) able to stop chronic disease worldwide forever. I just kept going. So can you.

Keep going

This is what happened one day twenty-seven years ago on a mountain in Africa. It was the last week in December 1997. I had cycled south through Morocco to the Sahara and then turned west to keep the dunes on my left. To the right were the Atlas Mountains. The map clearly showed a route through the mountains and I found the start of it. Soon it deteriorated into a rough track through a gorge and I punctured. It was late morning and the day was getting hotter. I upended the bike and repaired the puncture. No sense in replacing the inner tube with the spare in case there is another puncture. It all had to be done properly with a patch and making sure that the thorn had been removed from the tyre before putting the tube back in the cover.

Emerging from the gorge, the track became rideable but only just. A 4x4 would struggle to get through. It came to a village, small houses, more like huts than houses and no one to be seen. I walked through. A boy appeared with a bicycle. Using body language, I asked the way. He seemed to understand my question and beckoned me to follow him. The track was a few inches wide, sufficient for a donkey or a bicycle. After about a mile we came to a fork. Both ways looked equally worn and he signalled for me to go left. That was where he was to leave me. I gave him a few dirhams and rode on.

In the far distance were mountains. Between me and the horizon were miles of scrub, no trees and barely anything for animals to eat. No sign of rivers. This is inhospitable land. I was there to explore and was now in the midst of it. Another hour or so following the narrow track and the sound of motorbikes broke the silence. Three Germans flew by and disappeared into the distance trailing dust behind them. I pressed on with the horizon getting no nearer. The sun was sinking and what I thought would take only a few hours was becoming longer.

Then psst! The back tyre again. It was beginning to get dark and the sooner I mended the puncture the better to see what I was doing. The same routine. Bike upside down. Tools in a tool roll so that nothing could be lost in the dirty ground. Survival was keeping the steed rolling. I got the wheel out and the tyre off. The hole in the tube was obvious and I rubbed it clean and applied the rubber solution. Whilst that was drying my fingers searched the inside of the cover for the sharp flint, found it and carefully removed it. By now it was almost fully dark and I was aware of lights on the far hill side. A camp. Probably Berber. Someone was coming towards me.

A girl appeared, about ten, no older. She spoke. I smiled and we could not understand each other. She put her hands together, angled her head and made the international sign for somewhere to sleep. She was offering me a place to stay the night in the camp. It was an offer I should have accepted, indeed, been keen to accept. But my sense was saying no. Here was what explorers hope to encounter and I was declining. She sensed my reluctance.

Decisions can be logical or gut feeling. Logical is numbers and not everything is based on mathematics. My sense said stick to the plan.

The girl was watching me fit the tyre back on the rim. The solution was dry and I peeled a patch to put over the hole. It was so dark that I was holding a small torch in my mouth leaving my hands free. The girl accepted that I was going to continue alone and left me. Another hour and I would find a proper place to stay or so I thought.

I got the bike rideable again but now that it was dark, riding was impossible. The dynamo light had a friction drive on the tyre and only produced a useable beam at about ten miles an hour

which would be too fast on this very narrow track littered with stones. I had to walk. It was also freezing. By the minute, as the sun sank so did the temperature. I was in shorts, no gloves and only a thin jacket. I had to keep moving to keep warm. To stop and shelter would be suicide. Doing something was better than nothing. Even to be going around in a vast circle until dawn was safer than huddling down and dying of hypothermia in an hour.

My sense of direction told me where to go but other than that, there was no certainty that I was on the track. Everywhere had the same surface of stone strewn ground. There was no moon. The sky was full of stars. Their brightness was all I could go by. There was a barely discernible difference between stones that had been walked on and those that had not. The polished stones were the track. Even if they were not, that is where I went just to keep moving. And so it went. Slow walking because any twist of the ankle would mean stopping and freezing. A bicycle is better than a walking stick. You hold the bike upright and in return it steadies you.

Then the track stopped at a landslide. The high ground was to the left and the slope ran to the right. To go across this unstable ground invited disaster. I had to go around it and chose to go down instead of up. I descended a steep slope cautiously and kept going. I was in no hurry. All I had to do was maintain body temperature by burning energy and hope I could keep that going until light came to see where I was and what to do. I got to the bottom of the landslide, struck off to the left, got to where the fallen stones ended and went back up the climb aiming for the track again. It took time until I found the shining path and so it was back to the steady plod. This continued until I saw something delightful and surprising, a telegraph pole. It had to be connected to something and ultimately to habitation. I was not in the wilderness.

Much heartened I continued to another pole and was convinced that I was going to be alright. I could not see whether there was a wire attached to these poles but whether there was or not, they marked a route. Maybe it was only another half an hour and I saw the first building and then another. This was a town.

There were no lights, no sound. A ghost town. The road was unsurfaced but rideable. I rode to the far end and there was no sign of life. I retraced and tried another road. In the distance was a faint light. It drew me like a moth.

I entered the building. The one light was burning oil. It lit a table around which were about a dozen hooded figures. Their hoods were pointed and brown, their cloaks were long. One of them got up and came towards me.

“We have been expecting you.” He spoke English. My astonishment showed.

“The motorcyclists told us.”

“Have you a room for the night and some food?” He knew what I needed. Those at the table were engrossed. They were playing a card game.

I was given soup and some bread. It was now about eleven o’clock. The room he gave me was small and the bike went in with me. I got into bed without undressing. In the morning, the water in my drinking bottle was frozen solid.

The view around this otherwise deserted town was all hills and mountains. No vegetation. A road was chiselled out of a precipice. What had supported that community, I did not discover. It may have been mining. I was aiming for rideable roads little knowing that the day before was only a taster. There were more challenges to come and with them would be more success.

I was self-taught at repairing punctures. Everything I was good at, I had learned by trial and error, finding a way through the darkness without a guide.

Two years ago, twenty-five years after the Atlas Mountains adventure, I wrote an article explaining that the rules for repairing a puncture are the same as the rules for curing cancer. Obviously the method is different but the rules are the same. It has to work because if it doesn't, you die. I knew. I had worked out that cancer was electrical. I just kept going.

Follow the rules and cancer can be cured[©]

Abstract

The rules for the procedure to stop cancer are the same as those for repairing a puncture of a bicycle tyre. To make it easy for everyone to understand, this article will take you step by step through repairing a puncture and reversing cancer. The procedures are entirely different but the rules are the same.

There is a problem

When the tyre is flat, the problem is obvious. When a person has a pain, it may be cancer or it may be something else. You have to find out what has happened and that requires the right tools. To get the tyre off the rim to get to the inner tube, you need tyre levers, not spoons, screw drivers or your fingers. This is the first rule:

Get the right tool for the job.

CellSonic has an easy way to diagnose cancer and every user is told about this when they buy a machine. To CellSonic, all cancers are the same. They all have a low voltage. It does not matter where they are in the body. The CellSonic pulses penetrate. Oncologists use less effective ways to diagnose cancer such as a circulating tumour cell test which analyses the blood but does not show where the tumour is, just that it is somewhere in the body. Scans produce pictures which locate tumours but only when the cluster of cells is big enough to show in a picture.

The CellSonic clinic checks a patient from head to toe regardless of where the patient says they have cancer. There are always more places to which the cancer cells have migrated and all places have to be found and stopped. The same applies to the inner tube. Check if there are more holes, not just the first one you found. If you are in the workshop, get a basin of water and immerse the inflated inner tube to see where bubbles of air are emerging. If you are out on the road, maybe there is a puddle or a stream into which you can dunk the inner tube. It always helps to have the right tool for the job.

Therefore, the right tool for cancer is a CellSonic VIPP machine. VIPP means very intense pressure pulse. It emits three forces: pressure, light and an electrical field like a hand-held thunderstorm.

Best to remove the wheel from the bicycle. Lifting the tyre off the bicycle rim is easy with tyre levers and almost impossible without. Be careful with the valve and take out the inner tube. Now find the leak. Pump the tyre up and listen for any hissing to reveal the hole or hold it against your

cheek to feel the blow of air. Having found the hole, clean it with fine emery cloth and apply rubber solution.

This is the second rule:

Everything has to work 100% every time.

If the rubber solution does not work, the patch will not stick. If what you are going to do for cancer does not work, the cancer will not be stopped. Most oncologists will use chemotherapy. It has a success rate of 2.5%. Ask the doctor and if they don't know, insist that they find out. A failure rate of 93% is total failure. If the rubber solution failed, the puncture will never be repaired. You don't have enough patches or the time to be stranded at the road side. Using chemotherapy is as stupid as trying to repair a puncture with oil.

If the bicycle chain squeaks, apply oil, essential on machinery and worse than useless on a puncture; it can rot the tyre and can be fatal on the rims to stop the breaks squealing. Adjust the brake blocks. Likewise, chemotherapy has many side effects, most cancer patients say it is worse than the cancer itself. Ask the doctor why they use chemotherapy and they will say that it is standard procedure. Persist in questioning and you will learn about the biggest scam in history. Equally as bad is nuclear radiation used to target cancer cells but usually misses and causes cancer.

CellSonic aimed at the cancer cells stops the cancer being cancer during the treatment. The sensor is held in place and when it indicates that the voltage has risen to 75 millivolts, the cells are benign. We have had a case where a thyroid tumour on the throat shifted from malignant to benign with 41 pulses of the CellSonic machine. Zapping at 4 a second, it took ten seconds to make the lady's cancer benign. I spoke to her a few days ago and she had been for scans which reported all benign. They could see that there had been cancer and now it was all gone.

Compare that with chemo and radiation and there is no contest. The right tool for the job that works every time. No one leaves a CellSonic clinic with cancer. It is checked during the treatment.

Rule number three:

No side effects.

The CellSonic technology has a lot in common with lithotripsy, a technique of biophysics that has aimed very powerful pulses into millions of kidneys in many countries for forty years without side effects. This was the biggest safety study in medical history.

With cancer, there absolutely must be no side effects. The patient is seriously weakened by their immune system struggling to eradicate mutant cells and it makes no sense to weaken them further with a lethal poison of chemotherapy. I cannot understand why this poison is used in medicine. It has no benefits. It is mustard gas, banned in warfare. Doctors inject it into patients with the lie that it is a cure for cancer.

With a puncture, your hands will get dirty and this is an unfortunate side effect. Some cyclists keep disposable gloves with their puncture outfit to protect their hands but I never bother.

Leave the rubber solution to dry, at least five minutes. Never put a patch on when the solution is still wet. It was easier with natural rubber inner tubes on which the rubber solution worked without fail. Synthetic butyl tubes are tricky. Clean the area properly with emery cloth and let

the solution dry thoroughly. Press the patch on firmly. You have repaired the puncture. Are you now ready to put the tube back in the tyre?

No!

Rule number four.

Find the cause of the problem.

Carefully run a finger around the inside of the tyre to feel for something that punctured the tube. It may well be a thorn still sticking through the tyre. Don't let it cut your finger. These days, there is less broken glass in the road but if you ride on roads with hedges alongside, the hedge trimmers will scatter thorns in the road. If you see the debris, get off and walk. More about avoiding the problem comes later in this article.

CellSonic has stopped the cancer in the patient. Is the patient healed? Assume no. What caused the cancer? You have to find the cause in order to stop it coming back again. If you don't find it, almost certainly it will still be there.

How does cancer happen? It happens every day and is stopped every night. Our bodies are made of billions of cells that replicate on average every six weeks. New cells are formed as exact copies of the original cell. Statistically, with billions doing this during daytime, some will not be exact copies. They will be different and are called mutations. That is why we need an immune system so that we can repair ourselves automatically at night when we are asleep. Next morning we awake clean and the process starts again. That is why it is essential to keep the immune system in good order.

A person with cancer will have had it for ten to fifteen years and only when the lumps, the tumours, have grown big enough to hurt does the person seek help. What happened years ago to prevent the immune system intercepting the cancer cells and killing them? That is what you have to find out. It is as essential as finding the thorn still protruding through the tyre. Just as putting the inner tube back in the tyre would have caused the tyre to go down within a mile, so will the ex-cancer patient succumb to cancer again if their immune system weakness is not found and helped.

They may have been chain smokers. Perhaps they worked with chemicals. Why were they addicted to tobacco? Did they not have protective clothing in the chemical factory? Did they think they were invincible? What caused the stress?

As I learn more about cancer, I find that in almost every case there was stress. The causes of stress are many. It is not the same as a challenge. Long distance cycling and daring mountaineering are challenges and in many ways the antidote to stress. Usually stress comes from relationships, people to people.

Does an oncologist open a conversation with the patient to see whether the stress persists? Hardly ever. If a trained oncologist learned anything about psychological trauma, they were not taught at medical school. They will have understood it from their own observations. Most of them would say that what happened years ago is none of their business. They have applied the standard treatment and if the patient has not responded at least they complied with the legally approved procedure and have no liability for the death of the patient which occurs in 97% of cases.

A CellSonic therapist will listen. The patient will always talk. They want to. They are opening their mind. If they will not, their immune system remains switched off.

Many CellSonic machines are now being bought by ex-patients, people who have reversed their cancer. By their own experience they know what the machines can do. They have not sought medical papers or demanded random controlled clinical trials seeking to find the side effects. They know that CellSonic is utterly safe and want to help friends and relatives and can also see a way forward for themselves with a CellSonic clinic to give them independence. And there's the clue. In many cases, a fresh start means leaving whoever caused them stress, doing good and being independent. Just as the bike tyre is ready to ride, so is the patient ready to face the world again safe in the knowledge that what attacked them years back is not going to hurt them ever again.

Which gives us rule number five:

Avoid the problem.

Get off the bike and walk when the road is strewn with hedge cuttings. Some racing cyclists would run carrying the bike.

A sensitive person will avoid toxic people. Interestingly, highly intelligent people tend to be sensitive. Introverts are more at risk than extroverts. They have to learn about themselves. If this means forming a new opinion of their parents and siblings, then so be it. The stresses their parents had are not wanted by their children. New relationships will form. No one is an island. Everybody relates to others. Be kind and others will be kind to you. The mind controls the body and controlling the mind is the way to health. The road ahead is clean and you will not have a puncture.



The rules:

Get the right tool for the job.

Everything has to work 100% every time.

No side effects.

Find the cause of the problem.

Avoid the problem.

Professor Hague has cycled seriously and regularly for over seventy years. He has repaired punctures in all conditions including one freezing, moonless night in the middle of the Atlas Mountains of Morocco with only the light of stars. He discovered how to reverse cancer in 2016 since when thousands of patients have been saved.

Cycling is his medicine and meditation.



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