

Appendices

Appendix 1

a) A mother's story by Dee Dell, March 2021

I have personal knowledge of the harm that fluoride can do. Approximately 25 years ago our daughter, then aged five, began to complain most mornings that she had 'tummy ache' and/or headache. This was just at the time we should be setting off for school, that is a few minutes after she finished brushing her teeth, following breakfast. Sometime later, I read an article in the charity magazine 'Foresight', [which no longer exists], which explained how symptoms just like our daughter's were presenting in many residents of a Dutch village. The GPs, whose practice covered the affected village and an unaffected village, arranged to supply bottled drinking water to residents. This was conducted as a blind trial, giving water from both villages to residents of both, so that some had their usual tap-water in the bottles, some from the other village. The clear result was that, wherever the patients lived, drinking the fluoridated water supplied to one of the villages made them ill. After reading this I purchased non-fluoride toothpaste and withdrew the fluoride toothpaste from our home. Our daughter's stomach ache and headache symptoms immediately resolved themselves and never recurred. However, since then, she has gone on to develop hypothyroidism [under-active thyroid], requiring medication for life. Our daughter later told me that she had been in the habit of covertly swallowing the toothpaste because we did not buy many sweets as a family and the toothpaste tasted sweet.

b) "A grandmother's observations", by Cynthia Bagchi, 2019

My three children are most conscious of health issues and feed themselves and their children healthy, organic (where possible) food. They are all rigorous about tooth cleaning twice a day for themselves and their children.

In September 2019, I went to stay with my son, his partner and two young boys of six and four years. While there, by chance, I witnessed a toothbrushing session for the younger son of four years. It took place by the side or rather on the kitchen table. Mother was doing all the work of cleaning the child's teeth with a toothbrush while the child obliged by sitting on the table opening his mouth and swallowing the toothpaste. No attempt was made to encourage the child to spit out during the whole process which lasted a good five minutes. Why the mother took so much care and attention to this child's teeth was because she had been told by the child's dentist that he had a cavity. For some reason, she surmised, this child did not have teeth as strong or resilient as the first child so now she made sure she cleaned his teeth, morning and night, herself and, from what I saw, she did not bother about water and spitting out.

I later looked at the toothpaste that she had used – full strength fluoride – adult strength!!!!???? These children had always used 'f' toothpaste – children's lower strength but now the mother upped the strength, and the child was swallowing it!

My daughter and her family live nearby me. She also has two sons but a little older. One soon to be nine the other soon to be seven years. These parents had always been rigorous in making sure these boys cleaned their teeth. They even used electric toothbrushes to make extra sure they were clean. This extra vigilance was because the eldest child had been told by the dentist a few years ago that, at the back of his mouth, 'it looked' as if there could be a cavity forming; there was a dark area. These parents had always offered fluoride-free toothpaste to the children but adult strength fluoride toothpaste was always there to use on the bathroom shelf. As the children grew older, they were more often left to do the cleaning themselves (one loves peppermint).

This particular September day, soon after arriving back from staying with my son, I popped in to see my daughter and her family. I was confronted by unhappy parents berating themselves because their seven-year-old child had, that very day, been taken to the dentist who found that the first permanent tooth, which the dentist could now clearly see – bottom jaw, front – was 'damaged'. The dentist told the parents that this was because the parents had not supervised the child's toothbrushing sufficiently and the child had not brushed his front teeth enough. This, she said resulted in the 'damaged' tooth. I looked at the tooth – at the slight discolouration; to me it looked like dental fluorosis.

That next evening, I was there to see the boys to bed and to baby-sit for a few hours. I saw that the children now had been given adult strength toothpaste to use. The younger told me: "I need more fluoride."

My calculation and assessment on this was that, if this damage has been done to teeth, it is more likely to have been the use of fluoridated toothpaste or even non-organic fruit. Unfortunately, these good parents, in their distress and guilt, followed the advice of unknowing dentists and used MORE fluoride. The parents are not seeing or reading the warning on the back of the toothpaste tubes. Fluoride is promoted so well that, perhaps, people think it is a nutrient.

It would appear that many mainstream dentists may not be able to distinguish between dental fluorosis, hypo-mineralisation and dental decay, blaming any darkened teeth in children on the parent for not encouraging their children's teeth cleaning.

Because of the lack of information and relentless promotion of fluoride, new parents are not realising the harm done by fluoride ingestion. They seem to think it is benign or even a health mineral, as subtly promoted by Public Health England.

c) A lady's concern for her elderly uncle, by Sue King

I have an elderly uncle who has been receiving kidney dialysis three times per week over a long period. I visited him in hospital last year (2019) and my aunt produced a tube of toothpaste saying: "This is what the dentist said would help your teeth." It was a tube of Duraphat at 5000 ppm! I was shocked and puzzled. I gently asked my aunt about it and she said that it had been prescribed for her! However, impaired kidneys cannot deal with fluoride, and this incident illustrates how poorly informed and misled we are over something readily available on the supermarket shelf.

(Public Health England's excessive promotion of fluoride may have resulted in 'untold' damage.)

d) Kyle's story – by his mum, Audrey Adams, 2015.

Part 1: Hypersensitivity to fluoride

I'm the mom of a delightful young man with autism, Kyle, age 31, who is severely hypersensitive to fluoride. Sadly, I didn't know it for the first 14 years of his life and I didn't even know of the countless other chemical sensitivities. We've travelled a very long and painful road together, his pain physical (and profound), my pain emotional. His speech is difficult, but he shows me his love and gratitude daily. He trusts me unconditionally because, in his mind, I fixed him. I got rid of the pain for Kyle, yes, but I could never have done it alone. Kyle doesn't know of the countless FAN workers and advocates who, through their expertise, helped me to figure out how to protect my son. Most of them have never met me, never talked to me, but their work lives through the fantastic FAN website (www.Fluorideaction.net), newsletters and videos.

My eyes get wet and blurry just thinking about 1999, when Kyle was 13-14. He was in pain constantly, all over, but especially the back of his neck and his extremities (hands, feet, lips, tongue). The chronic pain had skyrocketed after what I'll call a 'toxicological event' at age 13 from a horrific reaction to a doctor-prescribed 'over the counter' (OTC) treatment that is completely benign to most people.

He cried inconsolably when the pain in his fingers got so bad that he couldn't play his beloved cello in the orchestra at school. He had to quit playing piano, too, and he could barely hold a fork to eat. There were mysterious pain 'peaks', especially in the middle of the night, but other times too. He screamed and raced around the house as if pursued by killer bees. His school sent him home repeatedly with horrific headaches. At night the house shook wildly with the leg-pounding on the bed that was more like a four-hour grand mal seizure than 'restless leg'. His screaming was deafening. So little sleep... We went to eight medical specialists and not one of them could diagnose the source of the pain, let alone help relieve it. Tylenol guaranteed a full-blown migraine the next day so was useless, as were other pain-relievers. He was completely intolerant of chemicals in the air and his food, so I changed his entire diet to organic, stopped using any cleaners or scented products and got the school to co-operate with a low-chemical environment. He only drank water – nothing else.

With all of these changes he improved, but still had pain every day with screaming, racing, jumping, sweating, heart racing – gasping from the exertion... and crying, begging me to "Make it go away!"

A mom from Beaverton, Oregon with two autistic teenagers was the angel we needed. She was the one who first told me in 2000 about toxic fluoride in tap water and instructed me to switch to reverse osmosis filtered water. There was a profound improvement in three days! Our lives changed dramatically for the better. No, he was not (is not) completely free of all pain – sadly, unexpected chemicals lurk everywhere. But, by providing Kyle with fluoride-free water, chronic pain was no longer the 24/7 'norm'; so detecting the other chemical triggers was finally more achievable and allowed much greater success at avoidance. Fluoride remains the worst, and most difficult, to avoid. It took me many years to understand the many sources of fluoride and this I speak about in Part 2.

Thank God for FAN's information that has been there for me time and time again. It's my hope that other children (and teens, and adults) who suffer as Kyle did perhaps won't suffer as long as he did. The problem is much greater for those with autism spectrum disorders.

Part 2 - Showers that hurt? Impossible!

There are many who believe that fluoride cannot cross the skin and that acute transdermal fluoride poisoning by showering or bathing in fluoridated tap water is simply impossible. In 2008, I was one of them. If you have read the first part, you already know that, by the year 2000, I had finally discovered how hyper-sensitive my then 14-year-old autistic son was to drinking fluoridated water, and that his pain had dramatically decreased after switching to reverse osmosis water. Luckily for me, FAN was founded that same year and, as their outreach and website grew, my knowledge of fluoride grew.

By 2006, I started talking to elected and governmental officials about fluoridation and met Bill Osmunson, DDS, at a public meeting. Bill cast the line and I caught the bait, and the bug, of anti-fluoridation activism. In 2008, Bill and I spoke with over 50 state legislators or their aides about fluoridation.

Meanwhile, after eight years of hauling thousands of gallons of reverse osmosis and spring water to my home and after two years of political activism in opposition to fluoridation, I was still a non-believer that a shower could harm Kyle. I used a carbon shower filter to protect him from chlorine fumes and, although I knew fluoride would not be filtered out, I naively thought it could not be absorbed through the skin.

Compared to those insanely hard, painful years prior to our initial 'fluoride discovery', Kyle was doing decently in 2008, and I thought I was an expert at protecting him from chemicals by then but Oh! I had a lot to learn – I still do!

His vastly improved quality of life had enabled him to work a part-time office job at Highline Community College. But I was stumped about morning headaches he'd been having for many months and had had multiple conversations with his doctor about it. We investigated various possible causes – was it mold? Or something in his completely organic, highly specialized breakfast? My detective skills failed me. Each morning he woke up without a headache, but before he left for work his head was throbbing.

Another angel came to our rescue – another mother of an autistic teenager. This mom had read a 'Letter to the Editor' that I had written about fluoridation and my autistic son's reactivity, so she looked me up and called me. During that first three-hour conversation, she talked about her son's fluoride hyper-sensitivity and her own, which was even much worse. She told me of a visit to Seattle and one bath in fluoridated water there that resulted in nasty red, itchy welts at the bath water line and below, which then bled and peeled over the next two weeks. I began to wonder about my mysterious itchy rash (tiny red bumps) on my scalp, chest and back and began to wonder about Kyle's morning headaches.

The next day I had Kyle skip his morning shower. No morning headache. Then I had him shower before bed. Oh, Lordy – déjà vu! It had been many years since Kyle's once-common, middle-of-the-night bedroom "earth-shakes" – wildly pounding, so-called 'restless legs' and many hours of screaming. (Now, seeing it again, I remembered that, back in those old days, I gave him Epsom Salt baths before bed for pain... in fluorinated, but de-chlorinated water).

Ohhh–kaay... I stopped the showers entirely and heated bottled water on the stove for my 220-pound grown man to sponge bathe for the next week. No morning headaches. I conducted several more 'shower trials', still using the carbon shower filter, and all were followed by head pain around 5-15 minutes after showering (even before any food had been eaten). I tried the evening shower only once more, with the same screaming aftermath into the middle of the night. Clearly, the pain was much worse with the bedtime showers, but I had no idea why.

Over the next six months or so, I tried many different shower filters, but none protected Kyle from fluoridation chemicals enough to avoid the after-shower headaches.

When we'd go camping for a week or two, I'd call ahead about the fluoridation status. Camp grounds almost never have added fluoride but do have chlorine. Kyle does not get headaches when showering at camp grounds or when we'd visit relatives near Portland with no fluoridation, but with chlorination. Same with motels – in fluoridated towns, headaches followed the shower. In non-fluoridated motels, even in the absence of a chlorine filter, he did not get headaches after showering.

Now that I was connecting the fluoride dots, I also noticed that my itchy rash disappeared after three to four days of no fluoridated showers and returned about a week after resuming. Oddly, I've never seen a similar rash on Kyle, but I have since talked to several other women who also get tiny red itchy bumps on their scalp from fluoridated showers. Could we be reacting to a different fluoridation contaminant, I wonder?

After all those months of bottled water sponge baths, I finally found a shower filter on www.mercola.com that, while it makes no claims to do so, removes enough of the fluoridation chemicals for Kyle to be able to shower IF we do all four of these things:

1. Set a timer and limit the shower to four minutes;
2. Use warm water, not hot;

3. Keep water pressure at the lowest possible, about 1 gal/min, for maximum filtration contact;
4. Change filter at three months, not six as the manufacturer suggests, which, for our usage is about 700 minutes of total run-time on the filter. Kyle starts to get after-shower headaches between three and four months of use on this filter.

There are other methods to remove fluoridation chemicals from bathing water, such as in-home reverse osmosis systems, but this was the simplest and cheapest for us. Seattle's water is soft but, with harder water (higher mineral content), the effectiveness of filters may be less.

I am eternally grateful to FAN and all the 'Friends of FAN' that I heavily rely on to educate me about fluoride and fluoridation. My holiday wish today is to see an end to the unnecessary curse of fluoridation so that I can help other families like mine to focus on caring for their loved ones with autism and other neurodevelopmental disabilities, rather than spending valuable time and resources trying to provide safe, poison-free water for their children.

Part 3 - What's wrong with that turkey...? And other food troubles

The trouble with food is that it is very inconsistent. Long ago I made the poor assumption that food was safe if my favourite natural/organic store sold it. My trust was misplaced because unlabelled ingredients are the norm and, unless it's a dental product, fluoride is one big secret. Buyer beware.

Here I was, completely unprepared to safely feed my profoundly chemically sensitive – but hungry – teenage autistic son, Kyle. I learned as I went and, since I had stopped his chronic 24/7 pain by halting his fluoridated drinking water, I could finally see the results of my food mistakes... and rather quickly.

I remember a particular trip – I was taking an intimidating stack of paperwork regarding Kyle's disability to a state agency. As we drove, Kyle was calm and happy... that is, until he ate the 'natural' protein bar I had handed him. In barely more than a minute, Kyle's 220-pound frame was madly butt-pounding the seat next to me (that's what happens when you 'jump' while still wearing a seat belt – he's compliant with rules). My car was literally jumping down the road. It was hard to control the car, but impossible to control my son – screaming in pain, heart pounding, sweating profusely. It was a terrible day, but it did get the attention of the otherwise bored state worker as we arrived.

I didn't know then that the chocolate in the protein bar could contain high levels of fluoride due to pesticides, but it's right there on FAN's website. Organic cocoa and chocolate are safe, but conventional can be quite risky.

Another food event, this time Thanksgiving, when Kyle was in his early 20's. There were 14 eager eaters and I had had the (not so) bright idea of cooking an 'all natural' turkey breast instead of a whole bird. The very few ingredients on the label were all safe. Kyle adores family, but he cherishes food above nearly all other things. He was the first one eagerly seated at the Thanksgiving table and, without waiting, helped himself to the turkey I had just put on the table. In approximately five bites' time (for Kyle that's about 60 seconds), he shot up out of his chair, instantly screaming, running, jumping, all over the house – heart pounding so hard it was literally visible through his shirt – cherry red ears and large red blotches on his face, neck and chest. He didn't stop for about a half hour when he finally collapsed on the couch, panting and sweating, in pain. He finally slept, unable to eat. Everyone was traumatized. It was as if my guests had witnessed a terrible accident... and I guess it was. An 'accident' I had caused, just to save a little time. I hadn't even spiced the meat. So, what on earth was wrong with that turkey breast?!

Again, FAN's website answered my question – there it was, clearly listed, avoid 'mechanically de-boned poultry', due to high fluoride content. (Exactly how remains a mystery to me). About two years later I bravely (or stupidly) tried organic chicken breast. Kyle had an identical reaction, but much less severe and not as long. The next day I called the 800 number on the chicken package and learned that the very same mechanical de-boning method is used for organic poultry. Kyle can eat any poultry still on the bone without pain, organic or conventional but, of course, he doesn't prefer it thanks to his bad memories.

The good news now, is that I can describe certain events that were the result of acute fluoride exposures ONLY because Kyle is not suffering from chronic fluoride toxicity from fluoridated water any more. FAN's ongoing dedicated work will someday result in eliminating chronic fluoride poisoning from tap water for those children whose parents have no idea that it's contributing to similar frightening behaviour.

And thanks to my awareness of fluoride due to Kyle's hyper-sensitivity (and all the information at my fingertips through FAN), I have made some very interesting discoveries about my own reactions to fluoride ingestion that I would not have understood otherwise. I do not get headaches (and I don't scream and jump either!), but I do get mild to very severe pain in certain joints – specifically, the joint that was at the lowest point during sleep (whichever hip) or the joint most used during the day – about 4-5 hours after consuming certain non-organic chocolate products.

I do not have arthritis, but I do love chocolate and I have experienced more than a dozen acute arthritic-like pain events (over several years) for stupidly eating conventional chocolate - sometimes even just tiny amounts of it, like last Friday. Unfortunately, it's like Russian Roulette with chocolate because many conventionally grown cocoa products are okay, while others can be very high in fluoride, depending on the (unlabelled) pesticide levels. But the only way I can determine with certainty that the pain was caused by a specific food item is to wait a month or more and, free of any pain, then re-test that same chocolate product on myself. Unfortunately, for the tester (me!), I have positively confirmed the pain culprit every time I have done this, which really takes the fun out of chocolate.

I wasn't brave enough, however, to re-test myself when I had a horrible reaction to organic green tea. I knew both green and black tea can be very high in fluoride, but I had a momentary lack of judgment. (Organic tea can be better - but it wasn't this time). I drank it in late morning and, according to my own special 'fluoride clock' started feeling an uncomfortable right shoulder at 2-ish and crying pain by 5pm. What was I doing - typing and 'mousing' on the computer.

Pain from fluoride is a very mysterious thing and I don't pretend to understand it, but I do want to impress upon you that if you are chronically exposing yourself to fluoride, for example, by drinking tea or a mocha latte every day, you cannot know for sure that the pains you have are not caused by it.

Update: November 2020

Kyle is doing so much better now – even better than 5 years ago when I wrote the article for FAN. This year we moved to a single-story house for my husband who has Parkinson's and dementia, and I had an environmental engineer check out the new house for contaminants such as VOCs, mold and EMFs. There was no VOCs or mold (as my old house had) and I followed his instructions to remedy EMF exposures in the new house. These reductions in total toxic load made a ton of difference in Kyle's ability to handle acute/accidental chemical exposures – (you can't control that occasional car with nasty exhaust gases on the freeway, for example).

e) Jen Black's story, – a situation she did not deserve, 2017

In her adult life, Jen lived in an area which had a fluoridated water supply, so it is quite possible that, after a few years, she may have suffered a thyroid malfunction, or sub-clinical hypothyroidism, which can result in depression caused by a lack of energy. To overcome this unfortunate feeling people can easily become addicted, not only to alcohol but to pain killers, gambling and even shopping, among other things, in order to regain their lost feeling of 'well-being'.

Hogarth, the 18th century artist, depicted in his painting 'Gin Lane' deprived women with squalling infants, filthy clothing and a seedy dependency on a bottle of laudanum. 'Gin Lane' charts the rise of the 'gin epidemic' which was said to have ruined the health of many poverty-stricken women struggling with lives burdened by too many children and violent men.

Today, sociologists and health care workers continue to highlight the connection between harmful levels of drinking and low levels of income: "Erskine et al (2010)... found a clear association between alcohol-related mortality and deprivation for women." (BMC Public Health, 2011).

There is undoubtedly a degree of snobbery involved in the historical and sociological dissection of the relationship between women and alcohol. Be it via Hogarth's 'Gin Lane' or the lager-fuelled 'ladettes' of the 1990s, Britain cannot quite shake the idea that drinking problems and unruly behaviour are solely the shame of our working classes.

It is as if, somehow, the deceitfulness, loss of dignity and lack of self-control attached to alcoholism are inextricably linked with our idea of what it means to be poor.

The quiet middle-aged woman with a decently-paid job, sitting respectably in her decently priced house with her well-educated children at good universities is entitled to her good-quality, carefully-selected-by-Waitrose bottle (or two) of good red wine. Is she not?

The quiet, secret shame of loneliness has a quiet, secret, shameful partner hidden in cupboards and fridges across Britain.

We live in an age of fast-paced technology, health-conscious millennials and, most notably, screen-based communication. In this turmoil of busyness, loneliness is the pain that 'dare not speak its name'; it is the most modern of taboos.

HALT - This handy acronym reminds us to take a moment and ask ourselves if we are feeling Hungry, Angry, Lonely, or Tired. It seems simple enough, but we are susceptible to self-destructive behaviours when these basic needs are not met, including relapse. It has been around in addiction and mental health treatment for a

long, long time. One of the most surprising parts of recovery or sobriety is the realisation that you are, boringly and fundamentally, just like all the other drunks out there.

Hungry? You want a drink. Alcohol, as every good student knows, has a better kick on an empty stomach, and 'eating is cheating'.

Angry? You need a drink. Surely, having one is better than snapping and telling your boss what you really think of him?

Lonely? We will, um, come back to that.

Tired? You could do with a drink. I went to see my GP not long ago, convinced I had some kind of thyroid problem because: "I'm just so exhausted all the time." Her diagnosis (after the blood tests on which I had insisted) was simply the result of being a mother. Right.

Our gender seems to have made our lives, while arguably more varied and interesting, also more complex and confusing. Our freedom, coming in the form of technology and wages, has seemingly equalised our lives with those of men. Or has it? The age-old 'maternal guilt' coupled with the exhausting pressures of appearance, employment, child-bearing and rearing are causing modern women to collapse.

In between the school runs, meetings, gas bills, home-running and the endless emails and app notifications, not forgetting that bag of sports kit left in the hallway, a mother can easily drown. And drown she will unless our lives slow down, become meaningful and less pressured.

This drowning is, in some cases, literal. In water - possibly. In alcohol - certainly.

The rewarding of hard work with (food and) drink is hard-wired into our subconscious. Promotions, a child's milestone, a work project completed, more than five hours of sleep in a row, a tough Thursday afternoon with a bawling baby when does our natural desire to celebrate become a cause for concern? I'll tell you, - when you spend every difficult waking minute waiting for the moment when you can legitimately pour that first glass; that moment has become, not reward, but punishment. Punishment for not being better, coping better, parenting better. That first glass quiets the voice that tells you all the tiny but significant ways in which you are not quite good enough.

It works.

The next time you hear the voice, though, it's louder, coarser. You drank too much. You look awful. Your children say you smell funny. You didn't send that urgent email. You didn't mark Year 11's essays. You might get stopped on the way to work. You haven't hidden the bottles yet. You're too scared to check your Facebook notifications. Too scared to meet your stare in the mirror. Too scared. Scared.

Didn't work for long, did it?

The trouble is, by the time the feelings of nausea, headache and shivers have emerged, the voice has had a nice little rest and is back in force. Ooh, that was a stressful day; you coped with the kids, work and all with a hangover. You messed up that article, though. And you didn't remind Amy to take her lunch-bag. Wonder what that pain in your back is. Do you think it might be your liver?

Later on, you've corrected your work, dropped the lunch-bag to school, taken a painkiller and now it's almost bedtime. The reward notion pops up again; it was quite a good article in the end. Amy got a certificate in assembly. That headache's nearly gone now. And I've cooked dinner for everyone.

When the shopping order arrives after dinner, dumped in the kitchen by the angel in a Sainsbury's-orange delivery van, the wine is packed into the fridge before anything else. A delicious gag for the voice. A big fat plaster over all the things that have gone wrong. A well-done note for all the things that have gone well. Both. Or neither.

Once the children are in bed, and he's safely occupied, you go to the kitchen 'to wash up'. That glass you had at dinner was lovely but not quite enough to quieten the voice. Under Radio 4's respectable and comfortingly busy murmur, you pour a second. And third. Into the quiet space in your head, you pour the bottle and begin a second. Kindly, you take a glass to the man watching TV. He agrees the bottle opened at dinner should be finished. Only, he doesn't know it's a new bottle. Because why would he suspect that? When you bring the children's laundry downstairs, you drink straight from the bottle, thus negating the need for a clean glass. This one's empty too now, so that's two bottles that need to be hidden before the recycling goes out and you don't even feel tipsy. You'll have to wait 'til he goes to bed for that reward.

At 2am, the voice finally stops. At 6am, he finds you slumped at the kitchen table, Facebook open on your laptop. Your skirt damp with urine. You deserved it.

f) Ruth's story, 2012, by the Author

The author knows of an extremely fit and robust elderly lady, who was very healthy, and who was hoping to live for 100 years. For most of her life, this lady had lived in a non-fluoridated area but in her mid-60s she went to live where the water was artificial fluoridated, as at that time she knew little about WF or fluoridated toothpaste. Within ten years she noticed, in a video clip, that her head was wobbling, and was concerned that this could be a symptom of parkinson's disease. To address this health issue she had her amalgam/mercury fillings removed, but against her dentists advice, left in her mouth, a titanium implant which she had had in her mouth for more than 20 years. After having her mercury fillings removed her parkinson's symptom disappeared quickly, but within a few more years, she was diagnosed with mouth cancer, that initiated below her titanium implant and within 18 months she was dead, at the age of 80 years-old.

The author concluded that, the heightened toxins that this lady was exposed to after moving to a fluoridated areas, was just too much for her body, and her dentist suspected, that the reason for her unexpected death, was because she retained the titanium implant in her mouth.