

*Pol Dubart  
Liège, Belgium  
November, 2013*

Dear All,

I am very sad to have to let you know that my beloved wife Charlotte passed away on the 14<sup>th</sup> of October at the General Hospital of Muanda in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. She had been suffering for nearly a year from severe anemia, pancytopenia, as well as from a drop in her rate of hemoglobin (which had fallen to 7). Such conditions have nothing at all to do with a viral infection, but result from bone marrow and kidney deficiencies, which are the long-term side effects of the antiretroviral drug (ARV) treatments Charlotte received from 1993 to 2007 – she stopped taking them as soon as I heard of the existence of "HIV/AIDS" dissidence and started reading and translating a lot about this topic.



In February of this year, Charlotte had to be hospitalized for five days at the Citadelle Hospital in Liège, in order to receive blood transfusions. There, I immediately clashed with the hematologist, a female doctor. When I opposed taking the so called "HIV/AIDS" infection into consideration in Charlotte's case, the woman went completely hysterical, refused to talk to

me anymore, and went out of the room in order to call our practitioner to complain. A few minutes later, she came back with an infectious disease specialist, and told us, in an authoritarian way, that the "Virus" was destroying Charlotte's bone marrow so it was imperative for her resume ARV treatment. The specialist whom she had brought was a bit more diplomatic but quite stupid. When I told him that AZT was a DNA chain terminator that was originally found in herring sperm, during the "War against Cancer", but was never used because it could not make any distinction between the cells it was destroying, this quite stupid doctor replied that the same molecule could be found in fruits such as pomegranates, and that the populations living in the countries where those fruits were consumed were always in excellent health!!! On the last day, just before leaving the hospital, the hematologist even sent me one of her female colleagues who took me in an office and told me that, unless she resumed her ARV treatment, Charlotte would have no more than 4 to 7 months to live. She said that it would be proof of my love for my wife to let her resume a treatment that would allow her to live for many more years. She also said that ARV treatments had been improved and were now not as toxic. As I tried to argue, she refused to listen to my arguments, replying that **SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT SCIENCE**. She said she did not want to talk with me any more because she had work to do, and left. As I protested and tried to carry on arguing, she even threatened to call the security guards. On the medical report our GP received from the hospital, there was a big title: **HIV/AIDS**, but inside the document, not a single piece of evidence for a viral infection.

I considered what the female doctor said as sheer intimidation based on an actual death threat. However, it is very painful for me to think that this prophecy did eventually happen, although the problem had nothing to do with refusing to restart a poisonous treatment, but with the long-term side effects of those very treatments Charlotte had been given for many years.

In July, we went to another hospital, the Centre Hospitalier Universitaire de Liège, where we saw another hematologist (originally from Morocco) who was more intelligent and open-minded. Although she was somewhat careful to remain neutral about the "HIV/AIDS" question (because of her job), she paid attention and appeared to comprehend my explanations. She prescribed the EPO (erythropoietin) we had been asking for, as well as blood transfusions in order to boost Charlotte's rate of hemoglobin...

On the 13th of August, Charlotte and I flew to the DRC (because she desperately wanted to see her family again) and we arrived in Muanda (a small town on the Atlantic Coast at the mouth of Congo River), the town from which she came from. She was still very weak (the journey, with a two days stop in Kinshasa, had been very exhausting) but meeting again with her family circle was a great comfort to her. I had taken a visa for a month, and Charlotte, who was intending to stay longer and wanted to spend the Christmas period with her family, had taken a longer visa and booked her ticket for a six month stay.

In Muanda, we went to consult a local doctor who practiced a symbiosis of traditional herbal medicine, and Charlotte started a treatment that should have lasted three months. This doctor was very open minded and I could explain to him everything about Charlotte's problem, since she had a "HIV-positive test" 23 years ago, including the 13 years she had been treated with antiretroviral drugs. I even gave him a copy of "L'Invention du Virus du SIDA", my French translation of Peter Duesberg's "Inventing the AIDS Virus" that he started to read with great interest.

With the phytotherapy and some infusions, intended to cleanse her body, Charlotte's health began to improve significantly and her rate of hemoglobin began to go back up. Everything was going better and she was regaining her energy and her joy of living, until the first weekend of October, when she was struck by a cerebrovascular accident. After falling into a semi-coma for a week, our beloved Charlotte Mbungu Lelo left us on the 14th of October, 2013. She was only 53 years old.

It was in the evening that the telephone rang and that my sister-in-law told me Charlotte had passed away. That night I was so furious against all those "AIDS" doctors, who had destroyed our life, that I could not refrain from phoning Dr. Phillipe Henrivaux (the very doctor who, during 13 years, had been prescribing Retrovir (AZT) to Charlotte) to tell him: "Good evening Mister SIDA, I call you in order to let you know that you may now add a new victim to your prize list... My wife Mbungu Lelo Charlotte had just died from the consequences of your treatments.". "Because of my treatments, you say? It is rather because she did not benefit long enough from my treatments!", was his only answer and he immediately hung up.

Having met Charlotte in Congo in 1987 and 1988, and invited her to Belgium, she came in the summer of 1989 and was diagnosed "HIV-

positive" only three months after her arrival. Actually, as she had suffered from a minor stomach upset (probably due to a change of food), we had consulted a practitioner who took some of her blood and sent it to a lab (without advising us he had ordered a "HIV" test). On the 27th of September, I called the doctor, and he told me there was something very serious about Charlotte. As I asked him if it was about "AIDS", he said yes. I was really terrified, and I wondered what would happen to us during the following six months. I took the test too but I was "negative", I was half reassured but still terrified about Charlotte. We saw the doctor again (without letting her know anything about the nature of her problem) who sent us to a specialist but, as her visa had expired, and she had no valid papers to stay in Belgium, she could not access appropriate healthcare. I did not know what to do, and for three months, I could not even tell her about her problem (now I think that her "HIV-positive" test was probably due to a previous history of malaria). We spent more than three years before being able to consult a "HIV/AIDS" specialist, and I am now convinced that these three years or more that she did not receive any treatment actually saved her life because the dose of Retrovir that were then given to "HIV" patients were 1200mg or 1800mg a day, and were causing "AIDS" and killing those patients in a period of no more than three years. Later on, when she started a treatment, the dose had come down to 500mg or 600mg, were not killing anymore but had long-term frightful and numerous side effects.

I am very depressed by Charlotte's passing, and I think of her every day and those twenty-three years we lived with her hoax "HIV-positivity", which destroyed our life plans and eventually killed her with the long term side effects of treatments she was given. It is particularly painful to think that the gloomy prophecy made in February by this female doctor in Liege Hospital eventually came true, although it was never due to this alleged "HIV-Infection" but to the very treatment she was given for several years by a public poisoner called "HIV/AIDS" specialist.

Charlotte was only 53 years old.

MBUNGU LELO CHARLOTTE, OZALI BOLINGO NA NGAI. NALINGI YO.  
LALA MALAMU, NZAMBE ABATELA YO.