

Are you a smoker or have you ever smoked for at least a year? Think you got away from your habit with no damage? Guess again.

Author, Gene Vasconi *stopped smoking over 20 years* before being diagnosed with bladder cancer. So, the issue is not if you are going to get it ... the issue is that, since you have a high likelihood of being a bladder cancer candidate, how do you dodge the cancer knife heading your way. That is what this book is all about.

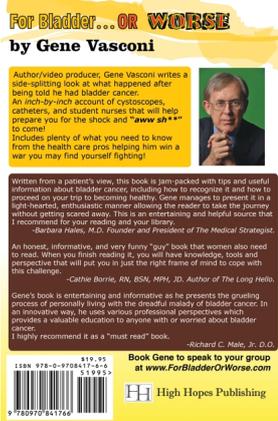
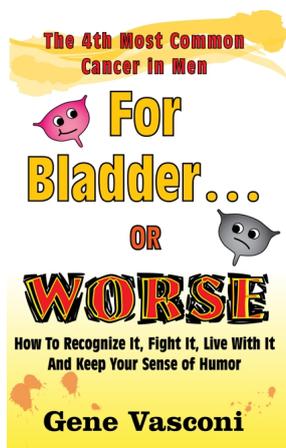
It is a funny read about a serious topic. Gene takes you through the whole process he went through including the trauma, pain and humiliation but does it in a hilarious way recounted AFTER the fact. Plus, there are several interviews with healthcare pros who provide even more real-life help.

We hope you don't ever get this stuff but invest in the book and improve your odds of avoiding it by a lot!

Men ... you get bladder cancer twice as much as women.

Ladies ... there is plenty of good info in the book for you but buy a copy for your husband or significant other, place it in his hands, and explain that, if he gets bladder cancer and they remove his bladder, they also take away some other very important things as well. Then, stand back and watch him devour the book! Yes ... sex sells!

Here is a look at the front and back covers of the printed copy. Plus, you can actually read a chapter from the book below. Order it below either as a printed book or as a Kindle.



CHAPTER 1:

WHO ME? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.

I have always thought I was healthy. Really. I have a pilot's license and every time I have gotten a flight physical, I proudly just checked "NO" on all of the items. It was a great ego trip to answer, "Nothing" to the doc's questions time and time again. My standard line was always, "I have a very boring medical life." Well, that changed big time a few years ago and was even more traumatic than the "bend over and drop 'em" exam that I was required to start getting when reaching a more "mature" age.

I remember the event like it was yesterday; another casual trip to the bathroom. We were at our place in Pennsylvania and it was late at night (stormy, I think). I was working in my office downstairs and felt the urge so I did my male routine and, of course, was busy making sure I hit the target. But, then something was a little bit different.

Instead of the usual yellow color, the water seemed to be darker...almost brown. I decided that it was the result of too much iced tea or wine and left it at that. However, one other changed event got my attention: a small, little particle; a black dot was floating in the bowl. Hmmm. Oh well, must have been a bug or something. Back to work.

Mornings are the best time for my wife and me to discuss things and somehow we happened on the oddity I experienced about the dark urine. I told her I thought it was too much tea but she didn't agree. Pam is a psychologist who is immersed in the nutritional aspect of how the body affects the brain and so she is nutrition sensitive. So, she put this into her memory banks and thankfully would remind me to check it out later once we returned to our other place in Texas.

Now, as a male, I am not one to run to a doctor and wimp about some pain. So, I ignore it. But, with more earnest prodding, I hopped on to the Internet and researched dark urine and uncovered something about urinary issues. This was enough for me to cautiously make an appointment with the doctor to discuss the problem. The wheels were now in motion that would change my life in ways I had never anticipated.

I must go on the record at this point and say that I do not much care for the medical system. Yes, I realize that a lot of good goes on here and the medical community is directly responsible for the increased life expectancy in the country (good or bad). However, my take is that insurance and cheap doctor visits have degraded medical care, created unreal costs for even the simplest of procedures, and turned doctors into paranoids who are continually looking over their shoulder waiting to be sued. When they are not seeking to solve a patient's dilemma, they are hip deep in screwing around with bureaucrats at the very plush, impressive insurance offices. Thus, they order endless tests and prescribe many drugs and procedures just to cover their collective butts.

So, I now found myself in the midst of this circus and being referred to an urologist for a test called a **Cystoscopy**. Here is where we find our first conflict.

I am a communications person so I pay attention to things like . . . words. Let me explain something, when I signed up with my current dentist who, upon evaluation, told me I needed a ROOT CANAL, I launched into a 20 minute training about how dentists had no clue as to how to deal with the public. When I produce a TV commercial and try to sell the public on purchasing a can of beans, I don't call it FART-OH or GAS-UP. I call it something that makes people want it like GRANDMA'S PRIDE. As I told my dentist, if you want to not scare your clients and have them agree to your barbaric procedure, you don't call it a

ROOT □ CANAL

My God, ROOT means drilling to something like 10 feet and CANAL means they are going to scoop out pounds of material and make some sort of channel IN MY MOUTH.
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Are you kidding...and I'm supposed to pay for that torture?

CYST-AHH-SCOPY. A lovely word. It comes from the Greek words "kustus" (bladder) and "skopein (to look at). So, ask your urologist to call it "kustusskopein" instead of "cystoscopy" and he'll reveal that he is actually a mad scientist right out of a 50s Boris Karloff movie.

And I was beginning to hear the old door start to 

c—r—e—e—k!

END OF CHAPTER 1

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