

# Bone Loss & 'ROID RAGE!!!

May 20, 2009 By [David Capogna](#)

Temperatures were rising we had three days of the 90° heat at the end of April, and so was my blood pressure and my temper!



(I know what you're thinking, is this Sybil's 14th personality?!)

The symptoms and side effects are endless, as if it wasn't enough that I was diagnosed with "male" osteoporosis in my thirties. Clueless to why its gender specific, men and women BOTH have bones! It's common or more likely simultaneous when AIDS wasting starts so does bone loss. I found this out by accident, after getting a second opinion on my dentistry. Yeah, you've never heard of getting a second opinion from another dentist. First of all one of them was my ex, and we were going through some sort of a bad patch as I like to call it. Anyway, I met with this other dentist, and she, yeah she, I felt I could relate to a female better, I'm just saying. The female dentist told me that not only did I have cavities, enamel wearing away from my teeth; I also had osteoporosis of the jawbone. Well you don't have friggin' osteoporosis of the jawbone, you just have osteoporosis! This was crazy; I've been suffering mildly from AIDS wasting right around the time of my 32nd birthday, geez. My then boyfriend was my dentist at the time we both knew something was going on with my teeth. I had dry mouth, no I wasn't smoking pot...gag, I just wasn't salivating and this was causing my tooth decay. Fast-forward through the liver disease, the-didn't-see-it-coming stroke, almost-lethal infection from a TPN tube, break-up with the now ex-boyfriend/dentist and I finally get officially diagnosed with osteoporosis from a bone density scan in December 2008.

Switch to: the rheumatologist office, this was the guy that said I looked "thin and chronically ill," on one of his reports. I mean, geez I would have said something more like "waifish," in addition I had just returned from the dermatologist in Mexico with \$2500 worth of PMMA in my face. Regardless, he does some blood tests, pee in a cup, yada yada yada, and I'm told to return in two weeks for the results. (Previous to this, I'd started taking osteoporosis and calcium supplements, drinking more milk, and lots of broccoli, or little trees as my mother used to call them.) I return, my calcium levels and my vitamin D intake are good, but my testosterone levels are very low. NO SHIT SHERLOCK! I know this and the rheumatologist knows this, ever since I was diagnosed with liver disease I had to stop my weekly injection of testosterone because it was toxic to my system. I know I'm being harsh on the rheumatologist I just can't get over "thin and chronically ill." Believe me, I was actually into a low dose of testosterone gel, in fact I thought it might bring my mojo back. Kudos to the rheumatologist for having me check with my PCP and my gastroenterologist, and even recommending an endocrinologist. My PCP and my gastro had a little conference and I was written a prescription for AndroGel (rub on belly, feel like bull!) But there was one 'ologist that was left out of the equation, the psych.

Getting the go-ahead from my PCP, I was stoked. Not only would it build bone it also would increase muscle mass, give me much needed energy and intensify my appetite for food. It was a win-win, or so I thought. For the first two days I felt great, then I had trouble falling asleep, and then finally several

sleepless nights ensued. Temperatures were rising we had three days of the 90° heat at the end of April, and so was my blood pressure and my temper! Short fuse wasn't even a word to describe it I couldn't even go out of the left the apartment. I was missing therapy appointments because I didn't want to get on the crosstown bus because I just really didn't give a damn. I thought it was the sudden blast of heat and the fact that I hadn't changed over my closets to spring clothes, that even through me. Yes there were definitely shades of "roid rage" also coupled with a sense of sheer anxiety. I was angry I wanted to kill everyone, even myself. Why bother getting out of bed, why bother eating, why why why why? Just a note about AndroGel it's the most subtle way to give you an extra boost (1%) of testosterone. I started thinking about the stroke, and the feelings of hopelessness and isolation. It was kind of happening all over again but not as severe, because I was on Keppra and other antidepressants. My stroke, although not leaving any sort of paralysis, screwed up my brain that any type of stimulant or new medicine might leave me feeling suicidal almost instantaneously. I stopped taking AndroGel and contacted my PCP, rheumatologist, and psychopharmacologist. My PCP suggested applying half a tube rather than the whole 5g, the rheumatologist couldn't believe I was having such an adverse reaction to the gel and grudgingly prescribed Fosamax, but recommended my PCP's recommendation. Alas, my psych gave me Clonazepam...HURRAY, someone was FINALLY listening to me. I'm seeing my psychopharmacologist on June 1, still haven't filled the Fosamax prescription, I've almost had osteoporosis for 10 years I think my bones can wait a bit more. I want to get EVERYONE on board for a second try.

TRYING to be positive,

Dplus



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