

I survived cancer at an early age in my teens, went through radiation and chemotherapy and believe me, I would rather go through that stuff again, than have suffered through the adverse reactions I have to this day from Cipro, in addition to the abuse from physicians who won't even take the time to match my symptoms with the ADR's. I have great medical care - just no food, medicine or whatever can make me well. Now I'm just a statistic.

Thriving, elderly residents in long term care facilities, are a prime example of the devastating, residual effects of fluoroquinolones. Yes, they survive their pneumonias and uti's but the obvious debilitating, one to two week out side-effects, even death, can not be ignored. This is all to common to the trained eye. A study should be done and soon. Where is the professional responsibility they deserve? RN MSN.

RN MSN,

You are indeed correct. My father recently being one such victim. Eighty four years old and doing quite well in a long term nursing home for years. Died within a matter of days after being given ciprofloxacin of respiratory failure. We buried him last May, and the death certificate of course cited natural causes. He was prescribed cipro even though we had clearly indicated that he was NOT to be given any drug within this class.

I believe the elderly can't tolerate Avelox(a quinolone)or Cipro,levoquin and the like. I too see nursing home patients die after these drugs more frequently then they do after penicillin, augmentin or vancomycin, etc. There is a debilitating effect that is unique to fluoroquinolones. The research shouldn't be difficult. I've been in nursing for 32 years and it's criminal.

My mother died 34 days after the first dose of Levaquin. I watched her deteriorate day by day laying it to old age, and her heart problems. Her legs would no longer take her up stairs two weeks after she started taking it. Pain in her knees etc. After her death October 8 2008 I went to my Dr to schedule surgery to have a torn meniscus repaired.

I was given Levaquin IV just prior to entering surgery to prevent infection at the time of surgery. With in just a few days I knew my mother's death was as a direct result of taking Levaquin because I was exhibiting many of the same symptoms she had.

I am still 8 weeks later suffering from the devastating effects of this poison distributed like candy by doctors who refuse to see how dangerous this stuff is

This time it is to report the death of yet another relative from these drugs. My aunt recently passed away within one week of being prescribed ciprofloxacin for a suspected sinus infection. She died of multiple organ failure as a result. She was in her eighties living in an assisted living facility and was

extremely active for her age. In fact on the Monday before she died she had beat the pants off some the assisted living staff and other residents at the local bowling alley.

She went to the doctor with what she thought to be minor head cold, which in the elderly is nothing to fool with.

By the following Monday she was dead. Autopsy showed no apparent infections.

Don't expect a lot of help from doctors; they will not admit to much because of fear of lawsuits. My doctor has opened his mind to this situation quite a bit (to his credit), and told me last month that one of the leading ENT specialists in the Northeast ruptured his Achilles tendon during some light biking while on Cipro, and he is attributing it solely to the drug. It is a shame that it will take doctors themselves becoming victims of this drug before they will take a stand against it.

I was made aware that there was a risk of tendon damage associated with taking Levaquin but my understanding was that avoidance of strenuous exercise was all that was needed. I did nothing but walk around the house wearing a good pair of tennis shoes and still after 6 days on the drug managed to slightly tear my achilles on both legs enough to cause drainage to the bottom of my ankle and foot.

I take no other drugs but the occasional advil and am in good health. I was extremely depressed upon hearing that I remain at risk for several more months. There should be more studies done and a much more serious warning about this risk.

Surprised to see this blog article still active. I have been damaged by levaquin and cipro since 2006 and have noticed a few things over these years. Ever wonder why G. Bush had to take a few extra months off at Camp David and why he went from being an avid runner to riding a bicycle after taking Cipro during the anthrax scare? Oh, and Chaney using a crutch during the same period? And the thousands of postal workers that filled the class action suit. Rare, eh?

Wow, interesting to see that this thread is still active. I got on the net tonight after talking to a postal worker that received Cipro after working on the same anthrax-tainted machines that caused the death of two fellow workers. She reported having a tendon "pop" in her ankle, and I wondered if I was remembering the relationship between Cipro and tendon tears correctly. Guess so!

Z S May 9, 2014 at 4:46 pm [Reply](#)

I remember going into a restaurant a few months after being floxed. I sat down, looked at the menu, and couldn't understand a single thing. I couldn't make sense of anything. It was as though trying to read a foreign language. I put it down, and wanted to stand up and start screaming, and breaking glasses and dishes. I was angry and scared and pissed and betrayed – I wanted to warn everybody within

earshot – ‘Don’t trust your doctors! Don’t let them give you Levaquin!’ – but, instead, I just sat there, in a stupor, in disbelief, in utter bewilderment, eventually eating the salad my boyfriend had ordered for me, and drinking a glass of water – afraid to touch meat, or anything with dairy, because of the possibility it might be contaminated with trace amounts of FQ.

About improved writing – I don’t think that’s directly related to being floxed, but perhaps in an indirect way, as when someone suffers something that they don’t understand, something that changes their life, their perspective, their sense of personal security, their dreams of the future, their personal interaction and relationships – it’s a profound soul-shaking event. And such a thing cannot pass without deep reflection and the need to create order out of inner-chaos.

I know, for myself, I found it nearly impossible to explain my newfound sense of turmoil and doom to anyone who didn’t suffer the same, but, yet, had a burning desire to do so. The only way I could accomplish that was to sit down and write everything out; the ending to the chapter of my former life, and the beginning chapter of my new one.

There is no writing so intense and passionate as when you transform your suffering into words. It’s a natural progression for this to transfer to all things you may write.

I think, as Floxies, we generally become more contemplative, and the way we see the world around us begins to change. We know nothing is as it appears to be; the false sense of security from the FDA, the additives in our foods, the lack of knowledge by the great majority of doctors – we see everything as multi-layered, and once we see it, we can never go back. Everything takes on a deeper meaning. And we begin to feel our experiences in a richer way.

I think this is what accounts for improvement in writing.

Z S May 10, 2014 at 8:02 am Reply

Thank you. I was floxed by Levaquin on November 28th, 2005. And I bet you remember your exact date, too. The doctor gave it to me with zero warning, accompanied by Ibuprofen. Five days later, after experiencing tremendous eye pain, and the sensation as though my ankle were not so much ‘broken’ as ‘decayed’ – and the suffocating panic-inducing certainty that I was about to die – I rushed back to the local clinic, where I told the doctor on call about what I was experiencing. He dismissed it as part and parcel of the pneumonia. He instructed me to continue taking the Levaquin, and so I went on to take five more pills.

Back then, there was a Yahoo Group called ‘Quinolone-Victims.’ There were 3,000+ of us, there, from all around the world. I will never forget the words from one woman who wrote to me early on: She said, ‘You’re in for a very long haul.’

I remember how those words scared me – and continue to haunt me to this day. I couldn’t have imagined, in that moment, the chain of events that would touch every aspect of my being – mind, body,

and soul. My very thoughts began to change. My sense of reality. My inner-desires, my fantasies, my dreams – both figuratively and literally. My sense of peace. My sense of security about the medical industry. My appearance and self-identity. There was not one thing left that didn't suffer a wipeout – that didn't have the dirty fingerprints of this nightmarish poison all over it – that didn't have to be rebuilt, reshaped, with weak and trembling hands, with a mind that was exploding in fear and confusion.

There are moments, sometimes hours, that I 'get myself back' – but they're fleeting, and it's only an illusion. I'm never getting myself back. I'm never getting the 'world' back, as I once knew it. And that's okay – simply because it MUST be okay, as there is no other choice.

I have suffered, I have tried to overcome, I have survived. This is the 'SOS' of my life.

L Z June 5, 2014 at 7:35 pm Reply

I can't stop crying! I took Levaquin August 23, 2011 and the way you describe your experience takes me back to a place I never want to be again. It has taken me close to 3 years to get a life back to something that even remotely resembles a normal person. I will never get to be "normal" ever again, but I continue to fight every day for it. Levaquin stole that from me. They stole my ability to trust anyone in the medical field...ever. It is impossible to imagine that taking a drug for sinus infection can destroy your whole life in an instant. The one thing I have gained that they will never be able to take from me is perspective. I would have given up in 2011 if it had not been for my husband. To see your life partner stand up to Dr's and fight for you is amazing. To have him hold me every night, stroke my hair and shush me like an infant as I screamed out in pain and begged to die is a moment in time that brought us so close together that no one can ever tear us apart. To have him dress me because I could not even lift my own arms. To have him carry me on his back all through the town so we could trick or treat with our 7 year old. I will never for a moment doubt the love of my husband.

J September 12, 2014 at 5:56 pm Reply

I'm kind of depressed right now, wondering when I'm going to be able to walk normally again without much pain. Currently I shuffle around like I'm 100-years old with enough pain to make it hard for me to walk more than about 30 feet before I have to stop for a while. Granted, it's 100 times better than it was 18 months ago, when I couldn't put any weight on my feet at all, but still, I really want to be able to walk around effortlessly like I used to do before being floxed.

I just came out of a short relapse that was worse and weirder than usual. I had a headache that lasted for 3-days straight with ringing in the ears, numb lips, sore neck, some heart palpitations, every muscle in my body aching, and really painful tendons making popping noises every time I moved. It lasted 3 days then resolved. I'm back to feeling normal again, with normal for me now being having sore Achilles tendons but everything else okay.

I'd say I was only moderately floxed. I haven't experienced the full spectrum of bad side effects that more severely floxed people do, but my tendons got hit quite hard. They were at 10 on the pain scale for the first 6 months. Now the tendon pain falls between the 4 to 7 range, depending on the day and how much I push it.

Has anyone else been through this? Did you have long-lasting tendon pain that ultimately resolved enough to enable you to walk normally again without a lot of pain? I used to run 10K races, but now I'd just be happy to be able to walk around my house without wincing.

I also can't make any fast movements without a tendon pulling. A couple of weeks ago, I hurt a tendon in my shoulder when I quickly slapped a mosquito. It feels better now, but it hurt for days afterwards.

j August 28, 2014 at 3:33 pm

hi, thanks so much for your message. i'm actually 15 months out, not 1.5 :(

my story is that I had a very rough first 6 months, then at about 7 or 8 began to recover. by 8 months out I felt 85% recovered. most pain and neuro went away for many weeks, then at month 9 or 10 i over did it with exercise as I was pushing really hard (wanted my old self back) and i caused a relapse. and this time, i went downhill fast and had more musculoskeletal issues than before. the neuropathy stuff is just starting but i am definitely on a bit of a downward spiral as new symptoms keep popping up, but they usually seem to come and go. the only thing that is taking some time to go is the tendonosis. which I understand can take months or years. anyway, i appreciate all your suggestions. would you mind emailing me and i could ask you just a couple other questions. it would mean a great deal to me. thank you.

L September 3, 2014 at 9:38 am

I'm truly sorry; I can't believe people can be so cruel....life is certainly hard enough being floxed without such sadists around as that woman. I am also experiencing a fairly massive cycle/relapse/flare up whatever you call it now as well (after about 2 years in now). I'm trying to control my anxiety by changing my thinking patterns, but it is so difficult to think positively when you are in constant pain. My skin has deteriorated in the same manner as yours, and I have the same symptoms as you; it is very difficult to see the hope when the torture never seems to end. I hope you didn't feel I was discounting your struggle. Right now the only thing I can change is my mental approach to the issue...and trying to see if there is some way I can change how my brain reacts to the symptoms, since pain is registered in the brain and the anxiety is overwhelming.

JSeptember 3, 2014 at 7:47 am Reply

Hi everyone, 40 pills of levaquin blew out my sensory nerves and to the heart. it was like my entire body was electrocuted and I am left with the feeling of being in a bag of bees with stinging over my entire body and pounding heart. I have about 600 pills accumulative in me. I have many other symptoms like brain shakes, adrenaline rushes , pacing feeling like I am on 20 cups of coffee so can never rest or nap.. the body pain improved as I could not really move for the first year but I am still left with this torture. I cant take ANY meds now.. I tried low dose doxyceline and my nerves went off the chart, I was expecting maybe an upset stomach? this is totally INSANE. I think my 4p50 pathway is totally damaged. out of desperation I tried 2 Xanax and a valium to knock myself out – NOTHING.. zip was like water.. I can take no pain meds, NOTHING. I have tried every natural thing possible. My axons are swollen in my nerve biopsy which is not good. How I will ever hang on I have no clue as I have to stand in the shower or sit in the bathtub to survive.. I don't know anyone whose nerves blew out like this.. anyone out there have any ideas.. I am wanting to heal or have god take me home.

M T August 18, 2014 at 11:47 am Reply

I am doing better,

How are you doing? I have been seeing some improvements and I have been using crutches to walk some so I have not been in my wheel chair as much.

I have been taking some new supplements and on a low dose of Predisone 5mg once a day that has been taming my inflammation. I have been leery though because I do not trust drugs anymore and I don't want to develop glaucoma.

I am still amazed at how our human bodies are made and over time it tries to combat the damage. I am happy at how my recovery is going. 7 months floxed. 5 months ago people thought i was going to die. But now I am slowly getting better.

J August 21, 2014 at 8:03 pm

By the way, I recovered after eight months... Only to have a relapse about five or six weeks later when I began a not too intense exercise program. I just, clearly, wasn't ready for it. And I may have work some of the drug out of my tissue. Now I'm seven months into my relapse and I am worse than I was the previous eight months but feel like I'm leveling out now.

T August 21, 2014 at 12:38 pm Reply

Hello! Im from Sweden and my life is ruined by Cipro. I lost the feelings inside my body. I didn't felt my urinbladder, my belly went numb and quite. I dont feel hunger or thirst. I cant feel pain not in my head or when I have my period. I get horribly terribly musclecramps and takycardi. I am deeply depressed and

I lost the ability to sleep. When I falling into sleep I wake up because a leg or an arm is flying up. I dont funktion as a person anymore I cant take care of my kids I cant work. I feel so bad. In the morning I cant go out of bed. I am tierd and shaking in my body but in the Afternoon its getting better. Inside my body in my back and feets its vibrations all day and all night. My heart beats really fast all time 100-110 betas/minutes. But many times my heart beats 120-160. I have disgnos takykardi. Sorry my english isnt so god

02/10/13

So, if I had a time machine...I would travel only once into the past. I would not revisit my youth. I would not undo any relationships, or resolve any issues of unrequited love. I would not try to right many wrongs, or turn my failures into successes. I would not say goodbye to those who were lost, that I hope to one day see again.

No...what I would do is...set that motherf***ing dial, for the exact moment that those drug pushing, poison peddling, whore-mongering, non-hippocratic-oath-observing, big pharma ass kissing, slow to learn and quick to earn, pathetically useless bastards, when they first asked me to take an FQ for my health and physiological betterment...and simply say, "No thanks... BITCH!!" "Now ask me again...GO AHEAD ASK ME AGAIN!! I DARE YOU – I DOUBLE FUC***ING DARE YOU!!!"

Ah yes, if WE only had a time machine...of this I am most certain.

2014 update -

Since posting this, I just wanted to give an update and share that I had an opportunity to dissuade a friend from receiving what turned out to be (obviously, because the less aggressive and more sensible treatment later worked just fine for him) an unnecessary application of the same FQ (Cipro) which had given me so much trouble, and of course which also lead to this very "spirited" yet somewhat regrettable post. But at the time, it was the truth of how I felt and I stand by it – although I could have been nicer, and a bit more even handed concerning some of the people in medicine and pharmacology who actually do some good in this world. Having said all that, I'm still a big fan of Samuel L. Jackson, and a popular scene from Pulp Fiction always comes to mind when both writing and reading that earlier post, so why not lol.

Last month, my own mother was taken to the hospital for a possible UTI, which the ER doctors thought was causing her confusion or "delirium" (not that uncommon an occurance or symptom, particularly in the elderly). I ended up in her hospital room at the precise moment that a "learned" neurologist was about to have his nurse administer a very sizeable bag of antibiotic drip in order to treat her suspected infection.

What was in the bag...? Yep, you guessed it – Cipro-effing-floxin lol.

Needless to say, after I was finished I was able to cheerfully observe the last remnants of that bag slowly draining into the adjacent sink in the same room where the nurse had already discarded it while I was talking with the doctors, and waiting to see which non-FQ substitute they would later use. Funny thing, days later the original culture for the infection showed “negative”, so she may not have even had a UTI at all, but it’s reassuring to know that on the off chance my mother had any prior exposure to anthrax on the way to the hospital, that threat would have been quickly neutralized and those same doctors may have saved the day...not. FQ’s are still being passed out like candy, and the risks are too great that this should be.

So, as it turns out, I’ve learned time travel works much better when you look forward to the future, and try to affect some change for those who would not have otherwise benefited from your FQ experience. In other words, if I can help just one person (and that’s at least two so far) it will have all been worth it.

Thanks for all the support fellow FQ survivors (and sufferers), and keep fighting the good fight. Peace

C September 28, 2014 at 9:48 am [Reply](#)

Desperately in need of some floxie hope. It’s been 13 months since my last FQ – I’ve been eating right, taking magnesium and doing other things that help floxies, but I’m still bedbound and still deteriorating. I’m scared that maybe this is as good as it’s ever going to get. Feeling desolate.

D September 28, 2014 at 10:23 am [Reply](#)

C, That’s not a long time. You’ll probably see improvements at two years, that’s coming up soon.

t October 5, 2014 at 7:37 am Reply

Hi,

I wanted to reply on this thread about a number of things, as this is a really good discussion.

FYI – I’m 2 and a half years out from taking two(2) 500mg levaquin pills. I have multiple long lasting ADRS – the most prominent of which are body-wide connective tissue/tendon problems and symptoms of suspected polyneuropathy.

I’d say that I kept getting new side effects until about 8 months out. The only disturbing effect that may keep getting worse is that my fasting blood glucose is getting higher and higher and we know FQ’s can cause dysglycemia (yes, I eat a clean diet and watch my carb intake)

About prednisone – I had a bad experience with it about 5 years before levaquin. I took a course of it and had terrible joint pain all over for one week.

I’ve really enjoyed your insightful comments on this thread.

R: I'm interested about what you said regarding how our cellular death is faster than the rate of repair. This leads into CP comments.

CP: I'm interested regarding your comments in general about how the disease builds, stabilizes and then slowly recedes. If this is indeed true, for some, it takes an exceedingly long time.

I have experience cycling (waxing/waning) of all of my symptoms (dry eyes, mouth, tinnitus) except for:
the musculoskeletal symptoms

some nerve symptoms (always cold when the fall starts)

optical symptoms (floaters, shadows)

There does seem to be an agonizingly slow increased repair rate of the connective tissue that has a course and timeline of its own. In my case, I am good enough to take walks, but if I try to do anything athletic (other than swimming) everything breaks down again – and then it can take weeks/months to build back up. So, when I give myself sufficient time, my tissue “builds up” allowing me to walk long distances. This can give the appearance that I’m “normal” and have healed. But, then, one light jog or a 5 minute run for the bus – and, I’m degraded back to the point where I feel my achilles tendons will rip with every step and my knees are unstable.

Case in point – I felt my legs were in a good enough state of dysfunction for me to try a kick scooter to shorten my commute. This was a month ago and my experiment lasted less than a . 3 days of light kick scooting has caused my legs to degrade to the point where every step is agony again and I’m experiencing amazing tendon stiffness. Amazing.

My hope is that I get back to my “normal” level of tissue dysfunction, and over the years the rate of recovery will increase on a faster trajectory... or...

....is it the case that the tissue formation is just permanently altered and its always going to be weakened...?

Open question?

Anyhow, great discussion.

Thanks, folks.

It was from Jean-Pierre Duriez, founder and president of the Association de Victimes de Quinolones (of which more than 50% were medical professionals who'd quintonicated themselves or each other, including one who worked at the French equivalent of the FDA) but he had to stop soon after that, as he worked so hard for the cause and to help people and all while badly affected himself and it was destroying his family.

July 8th 2008... 10 days of levaquin and the 8 days of cipro after being misdiagnosed.. My life has been ruined by these poisons.. I feel like I want to die nearly every day for almost five years now.

For the first year or so there were voices telling me to kill myself... That was about how long I stuttered as well.

me now... Shortness of breath (some days worse than others) , severe brain fog , extreme muscle pain , 7 ruptured tendons , tendonitis , daily head aches , horrible vertigo , eye pain , joint pain...all of them , neuropathy , degenerative discs , tennis... So loud it wakes me up , memory loss , vision loss.... Liver and kidney damage

R's Story: I write this with great difficulty and almost at the point of despair. I have never felt as unutterably ill as I am feeling at this moment. I am losing sensation in my arms and I am having difficulty gripping objects. My legs feel disconnected from my control and I walk like a Thunderbird puppet. Every part of my body is screaming at me as waves of electrical shudders start in my brain and travel outwards. I have terrible head pressure with loud tinnitus. It feels like a high pressure hose has been inserted into the centre of my brain and that my consciousness is being squeezed to a narrow point. The brain fog is painful and impenetrable and I experience no respite; only unremitting Groundhog Day hell with one difference, each day is worse than the one before. I am not exaggerating. I cannot express in words adequately what I have experienced during the last three and a half years. Please bear with me.

In March of 2009 I experienced some pelvic pain. Before this point, I had never had any pain worth mentioning. I had never had muscle or joint pain of any description, I could swim and cycle, and more importantly, I had a sharp and clear mind that was able to teach Chemistry and I was in a plum job working part-time in a local grammar school. Such times are distant memories. I saw a Urologist who diagnosed Non-Bacterial Prostatitis and he prescribed 6-week course of CIPROFLAXACIN. I took the first tablet and two hours later my life changed completely. I experienced electrical brain zaps and other indescribable head sensations that stopped me in my tracks. I was at the kitchen sink thinking I was having a fit. I knew something was wrong. Dreadfully wrong. I rang the GP Out-Of-Hours service who "advised" me to continue with the course of tablets. Foolishly I did. I should have trusted my own judgment but at that point, I still had faith in the medical profession. After all, I was a scientist! I returned to the sofa where I stayed virtually for two weeks. Brain fog descended which I cannot adequately describe. It was and still is like trying to think through an electrical mist and that somehow one is not able to think properly. Then came an awareness that something was going wrong throughout the whole body. I felt as if I had been systemically poisoned with strange pains developing everywhere. I went to see my GP who suggested that I discontinue the treatment. I did so, but of course, the damage had been done.

From then on, I rapidly descended into a hell from which I am trying to escape. Then began a sequence of visits to the A&E department. Each time I was informed that their checks revealed no abnormalities. LETHARGY AND STRESS WAS A POSSIBLE DIAGNOSIS. Take a valium!

I must be going mad.

My damaged neuromuscular and CNS is exquisitely hyperexcited. I have insomnia of industrial proportions. I continue to have every symptom described by others who have been affected by fluoroquinolone toxicity. I feel medically abandoned, isolated, vulnerable and frightened. I don't recognise any part of my body or personality. I honestly don't recognise my FB profile picture. I have lost 15 years of memories. I know I used to teach but I cannot recall my subject. I have been transformed from a reasonably healthy and fit man to a mental and physical wreck.

Cipro has cost me a relationship, my livelihood, my sanity and my health, unwittingly aided by a medical profession whose attitude to adverse drug effects is one of complacency and indifference. Ignorance can be rectified, wilful ignorance is abuse!

My only sin was to have a misplaced faith in doctors.

It has been a descent into iatrogenic hell. A hell that even Dante could not have conceived!

To all who read this – THINK LONG AND HARD BEFORE TAKING FLUOROQUINOLONES!

The help and support from family and friends is what sustains me. Thank you!

Hi, I took 5 Cipro pills for a sinus infection 6 weeks ago & couldn't walk by the 3rd day of the medication. After 3 trips to the ER & 2 admissions (at first dismissed as having polyarthralgia & told to take tylenol) to the hospital, they finally believed me & did an MRI. Three achilles tears in left, severe tendonitis in right - they documented it was due to the Cipro. The left started to heal so I started physical therapy, now the right feels like the left did a month ago. This is like a living hell. Every joint & muscle in my body hurts. I am extremely weak. I guess you've all heard this song & dance before and my symptoms could be worse, but the pain is unbelievable. Before a few days ago, I was unaware of this community & unaware that there's a term for our condition. So now of course I'm even more outraged that this horrific drug is prescribed for a mere sinus infection. Clearly the medical industry is in denial about this & all they will do is give me pain pills while they shrug their shoulders. Does anyone here have any information on what kinds & how much supplements to take to try and slow down the cellular damage & speed up the healing? I should have known not to take this drug as I know of the dangers of fluoride poisoning & the fluoroquinolones do contain fluoride. I suppose magnesium to try and keep cartilage stable, perhaps vitamin E for collagen? Any advice appreciated. Thanks, Angelique

My name is T (43), I was prescribed Levaquin on Thanksgiving in the ER for Acute Pyleonphritis. I took 3 doses 500mg and now barely can walk my feet hurt so bad and my hands are swollen and extremely painful, the rest of my body feels like I have a severe flu. I was shocked to find out it is all from 3 pills over 3 days!!! Obviously I have stopped taking it and see my GP tomorrow. Has anyone had their symptoms go away when medication stopped? If so how long did it take? I'm crushed, I have debilitating LupusI just have no words for how mad and upset I am. Any information would be greatly appreciated. I read about and found a doctor that does NAC Infusions, had it helped anyone? Also should I do the infusion right away or wait???Thank you ~ T

The first night I took one 500mg Avalox, my joints felt like acid was running through my veins, and it felt as if my olfactory was destroyed, I could only 'smell' deep, burning rubber. Then my heart started fluttering and felt as if it would come out of my chest. That night the hellish nightmares started and it has not let up on me. I was unable to walk for up to two weeks, could not lift my legs that had turned into water and the fatigue, and lethargy are indescribable. I also experienced psychosis, deeply disturbing suicidal thoughts, could not stop crying for months (sounds like depression!) absolutely could not hold cognitive thought process, vomiting for days on end, tremors, anxiety, hallucinations, severe dizziness, numbing, burning sensations of hands, feet, legs, bleeding gums, bone pain, dry mouth, weight gain, increased thirst, problems with speech, complete brain fog and the list goes on and on. Because of 5 pills I took, (only took 5 of 10 pills prescribed) the results have been flung far and wide:

I lost a very lucrative corporate catering contract I had under my consult for the past 15 years that at times earned me over six figure income that supported my daughter and myself.

I lost many friends that thought 'it was all in my head' and 'An antibiotic couldn't do this to you or it would be banned from the market, right?!'

I lost the person I used to be. The person whom never thought something like this would happen to me. (Humility one oh one)

I lost the ability to support myself and my daughter and now looking at filing bankruptcy, cannot get disability, almost zero child support and now living day to day.

A's Cipro Story

In October of 2014 I was treated for sinusitis with Ciprofloxacin. Unaware of the side effects of this toxic drug, I began to have muscle tightness in my calves and entire body within 2 hours of

taking the first pill. By the third day of taking the Cipro, I woke up and couldn't stand on my left leg or walk properly. I then recalled that my Aunt (my Mother's sister) had mentioned a reaction to an antibiotic she had which was very painful and debilitating. I called her and she confirmed that it was Cipro. My fiance took me to the emergency room where I explained that I had taken the Cipro, I couldn't walk, and that my Aunt had taken it once and had trouble with her achilles tendons. They sent me home with crutches and told me to take ibuprofen. I used the crutches that evening and very rapidly my right leg began to feel like my left. When I woke up the next morning, I could no longer stand up on either leg or walk. The pain was unbearable. I also began having pain all over my body. Every joint in my body was stiff and every muscle in my body was tight and painful. My range of motion was extremely limited and I felt like I could barely move.

So now we get to trip number two to the ER. This time, they admitted me to the hospital. The doctors at the hospital said that they were going to do an MRI to see if I had any tears in my achilles tendons. I told the doctor that my arm really hurt from the IV and he examined my arm. I couldn't move my arm or my fingers. It felt like my arm was stiffening up and it was very painful. He told the nurse to take the IV out. I told my fiance that he should go home for awhile and I would call him when I got done with the test (we only live 20 minutes from there and we thought it could be hours until they did the test). Shortly after he left I fell asleep. I awoke feeling extremely nauseous, started sweating and vomiting, and I noticed the IV was still in my arm even though the doctor had ordered it out over 2 hours prior. Then a physical therapist came in and said they wanted me to go in the hallway and practice with the crutches and with a walker. I told them I was dizzy, vomiting, and my arm hurt from the IV so they should come back. The nurse insisted I go with them so I told her I wasn't going anywhere until the IV came out. She took it out and I went with the physical therapists. I began vomiting again while they were showing me the walker and had to lay back down. I felt scared and confused.

The next thing I remember is a doctor asking me if I had any questions and I told her to come back when I was more clear minded. Apparently I signed my discharge papers and didn't even remember. My fiance came back to the hospital as I was signing and didn't know what to do so he took me home. I woke up the next morning and came to consciousness now that the pain medicine had worn off. I wanted to know what the MRI results were and why there were no support braces given to me to prevent further injury. Having rested, I was able to bear some weight on my right leg that day, but it really hurt so I called the hospital back. When the doctor called me back he said he thought it was only my left leg! I told him that the reason I came back to the ER for the 2nd time was that I had pain in my right leg as well. I couldn't believe that the doctor who saw me never even read my chart! He said I should use an ace bandage on my right leg. I did that and tried to use the crutches again. I lost my balance and didn't fall because I caught my weight on the left leg. I was screaming in pain and my fiance had to start wheeling me around in an office chair since I couldn't walk. I called to the hospital again and they said I should come back to the ER and say that I was a call back.

We went back to the ER for the third time where I was left in a hallway on a gurney without a nurse call button for over 30 hours. I was having panic attacks and they began treating me like I

was drug seeking. It was a terrible and traumatic experience. Finally, a neurologist came to see me and asked what the MRI results were from my recent hospitalization. I told him they never did one, so he ordered the MRI. Sure enough, I had three tears in my left achilles tendon and severe tendonitis/edema in my right. I was re-admitted to the hospital, this time to orthopedics. The orthopedic doctor said he didn't know how long my recovery would take, but that I needed both legs fitted with an achilles tendonitis boot, I would be able to bear some weight on my right leg while it was in the boot only, and a wheelchair. While it was very upsetting to hear that I would be in a wheelchair, I was also thankful that the prognosis is not that I will be permanently in a wheelchair. A woman from physical therapy came in to ask me questions so she could submit some things to my insurance before I would be discharged. I was happy when she said I didn't need a wheelchair. However, she added this was because it was too expensive! I left the hospital without the wheelchair because I thought I would go insane if I had to spend one more night there. As soon as we left the hospital, I tried to use the walker to get around and it was clear that a wheelchair was needed. I was in a lot of pain still, wobbling, and weak. My fiance's Mother rented the wheelchair and brought it over.

After a few weeks I had a follow up appointment with an orthopedic doctor (a different one than who I saw while in the hospital). She said that the amount of pain I had was not consistent with a typical sports injury (no duh! it's not a typical sports injury) and that she wanted me to see a rheumatologist and a neurologist. She also had me start physical therapy. The rheumatology department said they don't want to see me because it is not an appropriate referral, the neurologist is going to see me in about a month. My left leg had just started to feel a little better when I started physical therapy. But after only two sessions, my right leg got much worse. It now feels like my left did a month ago. I'm pretty sure I've torn that tendon now as well as the miniscus in my right knee. For the past two weeks, I can barely move again, and it is extremely painful just to use the bathroom. It takes all of my energy to transfer from the couch to the walker to the wheelchair a few times a day and often I am crying from the pain during and after this. I can't move my big toes much and they feel numb. The pain is spreading up into my hips and lower back. I keep wondering every day how I'm going to get through the day and how much longer I am going to be like this.

I was a perfectly healthy normal 37 year old only a few short months ago and now I feel like I'm in some kind of twilight of a living hell.

The only thing getting me through this is my amazing fiance and support from our families. He has basically had to become a full-time care giver since this started. Thankfully, we are both artists that work from home, so while the situation is cutting into his time in the studio (I still can't get any of my work done because of my condition), he is pretty much here all the time and can take me to all of my appointments. Most importantly, he has given me the love and emotional support that I need right now.

This experience has given me an entirely new perspective on what it means to be disabled (albeit temporary I hope) and on our medical system. What upsets me the most is that I even took the Cipro. I rarely get sick or go to the doctor. I have usually used supplements or

accupuncture if I had a problem. In the past, I always looked up the side effects of any prescription drugs I was prescribed before taking them. This one time I didn't, and now I am paying a terrible price for it. These flouroquonolones should only be prescribed for extreme situations, not for sinusitis. I really want my life back.

Sorry that you're also feeling like this. I figured you'd feel similarly. It's hard to be hopeful. It's tiring. The Internet is filled with current floxies experiencing various states of suffering. It is not, however, filled with recovered people. Even this site has, what, 20 or so stories of recovery? And many of those are simply stories of improvement and not really recovery. Conversely, there are literally thousands of members in the FB group. Just not sure how long I can do this for. It's not really worth it to me.

Thats how I feel. Im going down fast. I hadnt left the house in about 3 months. Hardly leave my bed actually but a few days ago out of sheer will power I went to walmart. My Mum was thrilled. But as I told her. Its not because I feel good or even better. I just want to be out and see other people at least one more time because I really feel like this is it.

All im doing is waking up and going to sleep. My husband has to do everything. Cook. Clean. Shop.etc. no life for me whatsoever.

guess im not one of those people that can keep living this kind of torment just to say im alive.If I was functional then maybe but its also effected my brain. Not in a cognitive way. Just awful feelings in my head all the time.

Anyways. Ive been getting all my stuff in order.

I very much doubt ill see another Christmas. Sad but true.

I dont think anybody really recovers. The chance is always there for relapse. We know that.We are damaged.

In the beginning, when I was just figuring this all out, I thought I'd be ill for a few months and then be fine. Then, I pretty much read the Flox Report from cover to cover and knew I was in for a fight. I knew this was a multi-year battle. But, I still thought I'd recover because I was not "severe" using their descriptors. I'm still not! But now, after fighting for 18 months and seeing little to no progress in the past 8-12 months, it appears that the Flox Report timeline is also off (for me at least).

Your story of relapse is terrifying to me (and I'm sure you too!). I used to believe that once my body healed from this I could go on. I thought I'd just avoid NSAIDS, steroids, and FQs and be okay. But I have seen a couple of stories of relapse that have occurred years later and for no apparent reason. That is terrifying.

My pain has been centered on my feet since the early months. In the beginning it was body-wide tendon pain and joint pain and some tingling too. But within months most of my upper body issues resolved, mostly, and I have been left with foot pain. It appears to be a combination of nerves and tendon and plantar fasciitis. Being that my other parts resolved, I was hopeful that my feet would too. Well, not so

far. My brain, thankfully, has never really been affected.

It's not that I couldn't do this forever. I could. My body is screwed up but not so much that I can't do life. I can. I just don't enjoy it. I cannot be on my feet without being in pain. And there are many times when sitting isn't fun either- tingling, burning in feet. I'm existing but not living, if that makes sense. And that's not enough for me.

I don't really believe I'll recover. Some days I do but mostly I feel I'm putting in time. And I'm doing that because I know that 18 months isn't long enough in floxie land. I'm not sure what is, but a year and a half isn't. So for now I'll continue going through the motions of living, waiting and hoping. I hope you will too.

I do think if I was functional I could keep going. My issues are very much brain and all over tingling. Burning feet on occasion so I know how that feels. An all over feeling of poisoning in every cell. Throw in gut issues. Weight loss. Food sensitivity plus numerous other things it adds up to a very miserable life.

I hardly ever get dressed now. No point. I stay in bed.

So for me I just cant keep doing this. I definitely want out of this misery.

Relapses.....if I had only known. But then if I had only known I never would have taken Levaquin.

But I truly believe once damaged always damaged. I proved that. I was doing really great. No aches or pains. No burning. No nothing except 3 numbish toes and a little anxiety feeling upon waking. The toes id only notice very rarely. But otherwise I was probably healthier than all my friends of my age. Didnt have anything wrong with me and never took pills for anything . Thats why I truly believe that anyone floxed has the chance of relapsing. Because we are no longer the way we where. Anything can set it off. My good friend went 6 yrs. There are stories here of relapses or cycles. The Facebook groups are full of people relapsing.

I just cant imagine getting to a ripe old age and having this happen. Im weary now...exhausted in fact. Mentally snd physically.

When you say, "when do you say enough is enough?", it's the million dollar question. Since this thing started, or within a month anyway, I felt that I didn't want to be alive. The pain was so profound and I feel I knew I was screwed even before my wife and I fully realized the magnitude of floxing.

But it's one thing to feel and say, "I don't want to be alive." It's another to say that one wants to die. I don't really want to live because life is simply void of the joy I used to have. And every day is filled with physical pain that I really don't believe will go away.

I actually think many floxies feel that way. I've been in contact with quite a few who do or did at one time. Many recovery stories I have read, and I have read a lot of complete/partial recovery stories, involve people saying they wanted it to be over or they thought about ending it. So I think this is normal. But getting to the level of wanting to die and making plans to do so is a whole different level. I'm not there. Yet. And I hope I won't ever be. But more than that I hope that I never have to live in permanent pain. To me, that would be worse. If my life is going to be like they past 18 months (and counting), then no thank you.

And time plays a significant role in this. I was scared but a little hopeful in the beginning. I saw recovery stories. I was still early. I could be one of those people, I thought. But as time passes, my chances of recovery pass too I'm afraid. Most stories are 12-30 months. And to recover you have to turn the corner and start improving. I need that to happen, damn fast.

I read the Flox Report from cover-to-cover as well. That's what I used to gauge the extent of my damage. As per the FR's 6-month post-floxing test, I fall in the "Intermediate with Acute Onset" category, which the report says has an average maximum recovery time of about 2 to 2.5 years. I'm 21 months into this. It doesn't look like I'm going to make the 2 year mark, but 2.5 years is looking feasible.

My particular pattern of healing has been long plateaus followed by sudden spurts of improvement out of nowhere. I'll languish for months on end with no sign of getting better, only to take a sudden, big leap forward for seemingly no reason whatsoever. Then there will be a bit of back and forth for a few weeks before I stabilize at the new level of improvement, then I'll languish there for months until the next leap forward.

My longest plateau was the first one. It lasted 7 to 8 months and left me very discouraged, feeling like I would never get better. When I had that first drastic overnight improvement, I thought it was a fluke, until I soon stabilized at that level and stayed there. As I go along, the plateaus have gotten shorter, and the sudden improvements are not as dramatic but are still very noticeable jumps forward.

If recovering from being floxed were a video game, I'd say I've made it to level 5 in a 7 or 8 level game, where reaching each new level gets easier rather than harder. At least that's how it's going for me personally. I believe I'm going to recover.

The idea of suffering a relapse is a concern that I had not had until I'd begun reading about other floxies being fine for years only to fall apart again for no discernible reason. This has been a long, hard fight. I can't imagine what it would be like to "win" it, only to wake up years later to find oneself fighting it all over again. How awful!

We've put a lot of focus on learning what's involved in the initial floxing and what could possibly aid our recovery, but what then? How do we maintain our health? Do we have to keep walking on eggshells forever? What causes a relapse? Is it because our healing was never complete to begin with, or is there some new factor at play? Is there actually something called "post-flox-recovery relapse syndrome" which we are only beginning to become aware of? It's hard enough to find researchers willing to study what even causes our malady, let alone the potential long-term effects. Sadly, the Western medical community has relegated floxies to the caste of "untouchables". So we've all become our own guinea pigs, experimenting on ourselves to see what works and what doesn't.

So what causes a relapse? Is it from an abrupt attempt to push yourself to the limit, like you used to be able to do before you were floxed, except instead of growing stronger, you set yourself back? Maybe a more gradual build-up is required? Or maybe it wouldn't matter if you tried it suddenly or built up to it gradually? Maybe the limit for how much you can physically push yourself is set in stone for an indefinite amount of time, just like the limit of how many pills it took to flox you, and once that limit is reached, you're at risk for a relapse? I don't know. I wish we knew more. I wish someone in the medical research community would make a serious effort to study our affliction.

I want to someday go back to living my life again without having to tiptoe around the issue of being floxed. I want this to become a distant memory, not something that continues to haunt me even after I'm back on my feet again to be replaced with the new worry of possibly being thrust back into this nightmare because one morning I did one too many calf raises at the gym.

As for the limited number of recovery stories, I think the reason is because most floxies stop posting on forums once they're well enough to return to the hustle and bustle of life. I think the vast majority of us recover enough to get our lives back and then start treating our fellow floxies like old high school buddies that we no longer keep in touch with. That's the way most people are once they have moved on.

You asked what my symptoms are/were, here is the breakdown:

1st month after being floxed was sheer agony. It felt like someone had poured acid on my heels. Every tendon hurt terribly. Every muscle ached and twitched uncontrollably. Muscles in my legs would quiver all over for hours nonstop. Limbs tingled. Kept having bee sting-like sensations. Could not walk at all, I either crawled or needed to be carried. Even moving an ankle just a little would produce a sharp, stabbing pain. Could not put any pressure on my feet without unbearable pain. Did not have insomnia, but had much difficulty finding a comfortable enough position to sleep in and was plagued with vivid, terrifying nightmares.

Months 2 to 9 – First plateau – By the second month, the pain had diminished a good amount. I still felt like I'd been hit by a truck, but it was not a constant all-over pain. It began localizing, settling into my Achilles. Everywhere else it traveled. One day my shoulder would hurt, next day a knee, next day a hip, and so on, but the Achilles would always hurt badly. I could not sit with my feet on the floor. It hurt too

much. I had to prop my feet up. I could walk on crutches, but it hurt a lot. Sometimes it was so bad, all I could do was crawl. Muscles still ached and twitched, but not as much. Limbs still tingled, and it still felt like I was being stung by bees sometimes. The nightmares went away, and I slept a lot, at least 12 hours a night, though sometime I would wake up with one of my hips burning and would have to roll over. Eyes and sinuses would be dry some days and normal other days. Began having bouts of incontinence. Muscles were wasting away, and I lost a lot of weight. I noticed that I had lumpy, vertical ridges in my fingernails.

Month 10 – Broke out of the plateau – Suddenly was able to walk on crutches without pain and put my feet on the floor while sitting without any problems. I could rotate my ankles in full circles. I could fidget again. The traveling tendon pain was not as bad. Muscle aches and twitches drastically subsided. Feet still tingled, but the bee sting sensations had stopped. I felt almost normal. I decided to try walking without crutches, stood up without them, and discovered that I had lost all of my ability to balance myself. I had to grab onto the dresser to keep from falling over.

Month 11 – I spent an entire month learning how to stand again without faceplanting. My balance was hideous. I looked like a surfer with my arms windmilling all over the place just trying to stand in my own bedroom. I could feel the movement of every muscle and tendon in my legs as they worked like crazy to keep me upright. I went from not being able to stand for more than a few seconds without falling to being able to stand perfectly for several minutes. I was finally able to step on the scale to see just how much weight I had lost. I'm female, 5'10" tall, and I weighed 106 pounds.

Month 12 – I had mastered standing and tried walking only to discover that somehow I had forgotten how to walk. On my first attempt, I staggered around like a drunken zombie, fell and hurt myself. I decided to dial it back a bit. I practiced standing in one place while shifting my weight back and forth from one foot to the other. After I got comfortable with that, I started walking in place. Finally I was able to shuffle from the bed to the bathroom. Then I could walk down the hall, but sometimes had to put my hand on the wall to steady myself. Walking without crutches hurt. I thought I could keep increasing the amount of time I spent walking without crutches and be back on my feet in a couple of months, but I was wrong. I was stuck in a rut of not being able to walk a distance of more than 30 feet.

Month 13 to 17 – Another plateau – Every morning I would shuffle into the bathroom, then wobble down the hall. I could not walk more than that without the pain becoming too much. I'd spend the rest of the day on crutches. With the crutches, walking was painless.

Month 18 – I broke out of the plateau. Suddenly I could walk without a lot of pain and for more than 30 feet. Still walked funny, but not as wobbly. Still needed to switch back to the crutches after walking a while. I asked my husband to buy me a cane.

Month 19 to 20 – Another plateau – Started using a cane. I could walk around all morning with the cane, but after several hours it would start to hurt. By night I would be back on crutches. I noticed that the vertical ridges in my fingernails were going away. Half of the old nail still had some ridges, but the new half of the nail was smooth.

Month 21 – Broke out of the plateau. Able to walk all by myself most of the morning without it hurting too much, then get around well at night using the cane. Rarely needing to fall back on the crutches. Not wobbling or shuffling so much anymore, starting to walk with a more normal gait.

My current situation is that I feel mostly normal. The amount of time and distance I'm able to walk is rapidly increasing. Achilles still get sore sometimes, but it takes a lot more exertion to make them sore. Every once in a while, my feet feel a little numb or tingle, but not often. Every once in a while my eyes feel dry, but not often. I have gained some weight back. I'm up to almost 120 pounds. Have gone from looking like a skeleton to looking like a scarecrow. I'm seeing some muscle return to my legs. A few months ago, I hurt my left shoulder while quickly swatting at a mosquito. When I did it, I felt a sharp pain in my rotator cuff that brought tears to my eyes. It still hurts if I move it the wrong way, but I can tell it's slowly but surely healing. The range of motion in that shoulder has been increasing, and the pain has been decreasing.

The healing seems to be like a snowball rolling down a hill now. The improvements are coming fast. It's like I've begun healing like a normal person again, instead of like a floxed person. Healing has become very linear. I feel like I'm starting to get my old body back, the one that I understood, instead of the crazy, unpredictable one I'd been stuck with since being floxed.

I took Levaquin for a respiratory infection in May of 2008. I started having problems with my right leg shortly after, but didn't make the connection to the drug. Then in October of 2008, I was prescribed Cipro for a UTI and took one pill and could not move my arms or legs. I looked at the insert and noticed the black box warning of tendon ruptures which had only recently been put on fluoroquinolones. It was then I realized that I had taken the Levaquin earlier and was suffering from muscle pain and weakness. I have gotten progressively worse over the years and been to numerous doctors. I have yet to find one who will acknowledge the connection between this drug and my deteriorating condition.

I do have a theory as to who is adversely affected by fluoroquinolones. I am hypothyroid.

My daughter-in-law who has had a thyroidectomy and is on synthroid also had an adverse reaction to Cipro. Fluoride is an endocrine disruptor. Hypothyroidism may be an indicator of who should not be prescribed this antibiotic. I know it is contra indicated in elderly patients. I was 58 when it was prescribed to me. I would be interested to know how many Floxies are also Hypothyroid or suspect they are because with doctors using only TSH blood tests, a lot of hypothyroidism is undiagnosed.

My wife was prescribed Levaquin at the end of Feb. 2014. Seven days into her dose her tendons tightened up throughout her body. She has been either in pain every day since, her mobility is limited, she has suffered through brain fog, and generally went from living a vibrant, active life to being bogged down with dealing with pain and trying to heal.

I was hospitalized for three days for a kidney infection I was given Levaquin intravenously for three days and by mouth 750 mg. per day for seven days on the fifth day my shoulders got very stiff and sore by day ten my legs were swollen stiff and so painful I couldn't walk. I'm in a wheel chair and can't work. This was a kidney infection why did this happen?

"My husband and I were very healthy marathon-running 35-year-olds. Two months previous to this we had both just qualified for the cheapest life insurance for the healthiest groups.

My husband and I were prescribed Cipro (for him) and Levaquin (for me) for a stomach bug they couldn't diagnose. My MD said to me when I questioned whether or not I had to take it "well, if it's a virus, nothing bad will happen."

Within half an hour after taking the antibiotics we both had severe anxiety, insomnia (to the point where we were only sleeping 2 or 3 hours a night), nightmares, diarrhea (we had episodes of it every few days and I am still having diarrhea six months later even though I have tested negative for C. diff four times), strange thoughts, muscle pain, tingling, and shooting pains in our arms and legs.

I have never experienced anything like it in my life. Neither of us had ever had any reaction to a drug before.

We were off work for about 11 weeks. Six months later the symptoms are starting to subside although my husband still has tingling and weird nightmares and I have problems occasionally. We have seen nine doctors and they either outright deny or have not admitted that the Cipro or Levaquin could have anything to do with our symptoms.

We finally saw an infectious disease doctor at a major hospital who said he had had three other patients who felt they had the same long lasting effects from either Cipro or Levaquin, but he couldn't find any evidence to support it.

Two other infectious disease doctors suggested that we had ciguatoxin poisoning, but we had not eaten the types of fish that can cause it. When we pointed out that we both had started these symptoms within about half an hour of taking the medicine (even though my husband and I took the antibiotics two weeks apart from each other) they flat out discounted that it could be the cause.

We finally just decided we just had to help ourselves to get better and we started to eat a lot of live sauerkraut (which seems to have helped get our digestion somewhat back) and eat very healthfully (lots of greens and brown rice) and get a lot of rest. That seems to be the only thing that has helped. We will not take a fluoroquinolone antibiotic ever again."

I have been battling fibromyalgia for the past 10 years. I have tried everything but nothing seems to help. I never let it stop me from living but it drains you so much just to keep up with the pain. I finally had enough courage to ask my pharmacist to give me a list of antibiotics that I took in the past. He went as far back as 10 years ago and to my shock amazement I took Avelox 400mg for 10 days exactly around the time that all my pain started. Could this be a coincidence ? I don't think so. Now that I have this information I will try to find someone that can finally help me. Wish me luck.

My name is J . I was given 200 cipros while also on EVISTA and levothyroxine . Cipro ruined my life at 49. I went from an active athletic vibrant woman to a person that wants to die everyday in a wheelchair unable to care for myself. I stopped walking and the pain in my knees got,worse and worse. I had 8 knee mris all showed NOTHING YET I couldn't stand. So I had not one but 2 meniscus surgerys that I didn't need. I never got better so the knee drs ditched on me leaving ,me with more pain and scars I didn't need . I do not take narcotics so I suffered terribly after surgery. Well surgery didn't work I did 2 years of pt and it only gets worse . I used to be on TV for exercise I ran 5 miles a day for 26 years I lifted weight. The Cipro had destroyed my ability to care for myself . I am in a wheelchair and cry for hours every day when I try to stand . It has given me neuropathy. It has given me hashimoto thyroid. It has in turn destroyed ,my feet that can't stand. When I have to get up to roll into the bathroom on my walker. I sit on a couch and cry all, day for 14 months. Nobody can help me I have had nuclear bone scans I have had tons of tests . Everything shows up fine besides the thyroid. This so the work of 23 months of Cipro . This stuff has made me want to die at 51 . I wish someone would have warned me. I can't sue anyone yet we are so broke now fro the hundreds of things I bought to try to help me . From supplements to devices to wheelchairs to walkers canes massagers oils creams foods it goes on and on. I am a waste of,life that lives on a couch not moving, getting atrophy backs now out , It's HELL I hate the drs for continually giving this shit to me. I'm a broken person and nobody cares. It's awful . I hate what Cipro has done to my life. In a blink of an eye out door nowhere my life will never be the same I will never go out with ,my kids , enjoy a walk or a trip,to,the market. I'm CRIPPLED ALONE BITTER AND SAD . I hate,living cipro stopped my life and stole my independence. I can't even react if there's a fire in my home I'd die. I hate,you Cipro amd every single dr that gave it to ME. IT NEEDS TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED. so this is my story im Layin in bed awake at 2 am j sweats and fear like every morning I wake up and say oh no not another day of Cipro symptom hell. I guess I will never walk again. Fu Cipro.