GSD doesn't make me special.

I'm special because I'm me!

GSD, The Way To BE

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Title by Josiah Ridley (GSD)

Story by Laurie Fiske
To my children (GSD), and to all the families affected by GSD, know that you are not alone, and may there be a cure some day soon.

Illustrations by Ivy Cohen (GSD)
To my parents, who made living with GSD much easier.

Edited by Dr. David A. Weinstein & Catherine E. Correia

A special thanks to Dr. David A. Weinstein and all of his caring support for GSD patients around the world.

And just like them, when I grow up I can be a lawyer, a teacher, or even a doctor.

Even though I have GSD, I can do lots of things with all of my friends.

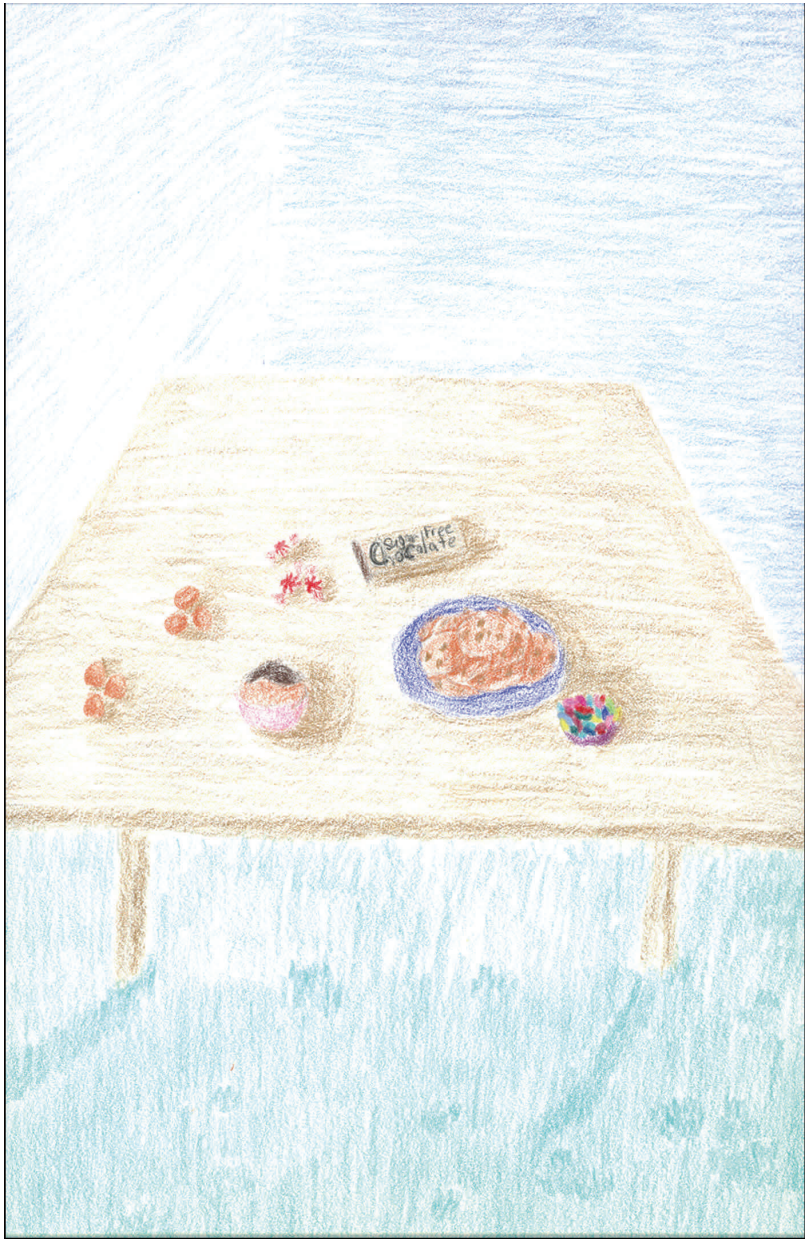
My name is Alice. I have glycogen storage disease called GSD for short. It means that my body processes sugar differently.

This is my big brother Steve.
He doesn't have GSD.

I get a check up once a year from my doctor.
He makes sure my Mom and Dad know how
much cornstarch to give me.

I take cornstarch mixed in water to help keep me from feeling yucky and to keep my blood sugar okay.

Because I have GSD, I can not have treats made with sugar, but there are lots of treats that are sugar-free.



Like sugar-free cookies, sugar-free candy, and my favorite…sugar-free chocolate ice cream.

My Mom & Dad check my blood sugar levels to make sure I'm okay.

Sometimes doing these things
make me feel tired and yucky.

I love to run, swim, play soccer
and basketball just like Steve.