


# Vacation Adventures *with* Diastat<sup>®</sup> Dog



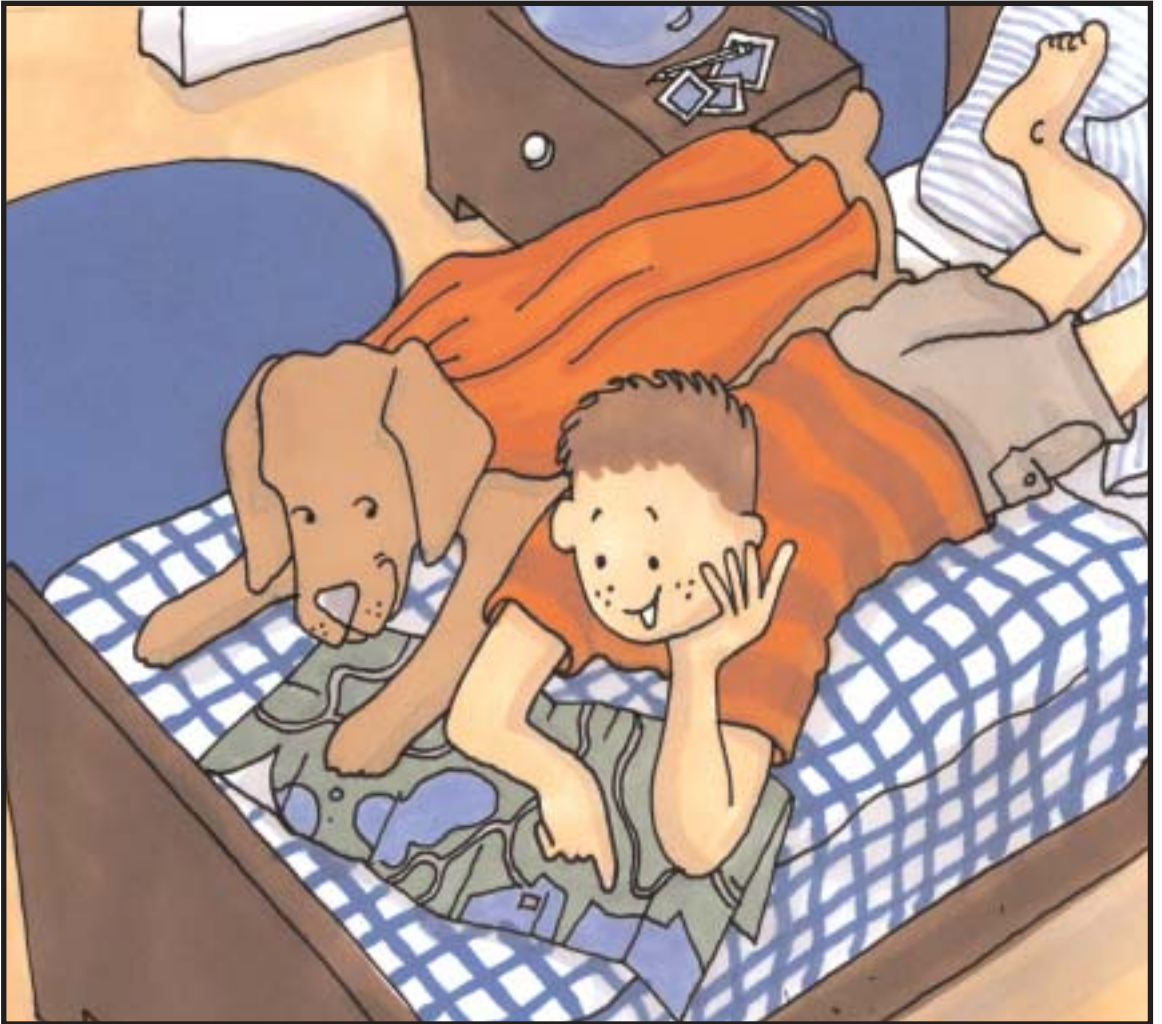
Patty McGoldrick, C.P.N.P. & Steven Wolf, M.D.

Illustrated by Andrea S. Booth

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Please read important  safety information located on page 16.







"Vacation at last!" Pete said, throwing himself onto his bed next to his dog, Doc, and unfolding a wide, colorful map. "That's got to be the greatest word in the entire dictionary – ***vacation!***"

Doc gave a hearty woof in agreement.

It was great to see Pete excited about the family's upcoming trip. Vacations, Doc remembered, used to be a stressful time.

Pete had epilepsy, and the worry that he might have a seizure while away from home used to make traveling a nervous experience for the whole family.

But not anymore – and Doc knew why.

After all, Doc wasn't just the family dog.   
He was Diastat Dog, a full-fledged *superhero* dog!   
So he knew just what made Pete (and Pete's Mom and Dad) so relaxed as this vacation approached – Diastat®.





Diastat Dog had described how Diastat works to all the other dogs and cats (and even a handful of parakeets and a goldfish or two) up and down his block.

"It's a rescue medicine for epilepsy," he'd explained just the day before to Ruggles, a bulldog two doors down.

"It's like a superhero that Pete's Mom and Dad can call on any time Pete has a seizure. It's easy for them to use, and it stops the seizure right away."

"Sounds pretty super to me," Ruggles agreed.

Pete's mom poked her head in the door of his room.

"Ready to go?" she smiled.

"Oh, you bet!" Pete grinned, grabbing his suitcase. "I've been talking with Doc about what to do first. I was thinking we'd go swimming, then water skiing, then take a long bike ride. Or should we go rock climbing first? I can't decide."

Pete's mom laughed. "I can tell this vacation is going to be quite an adventure," she smiled.

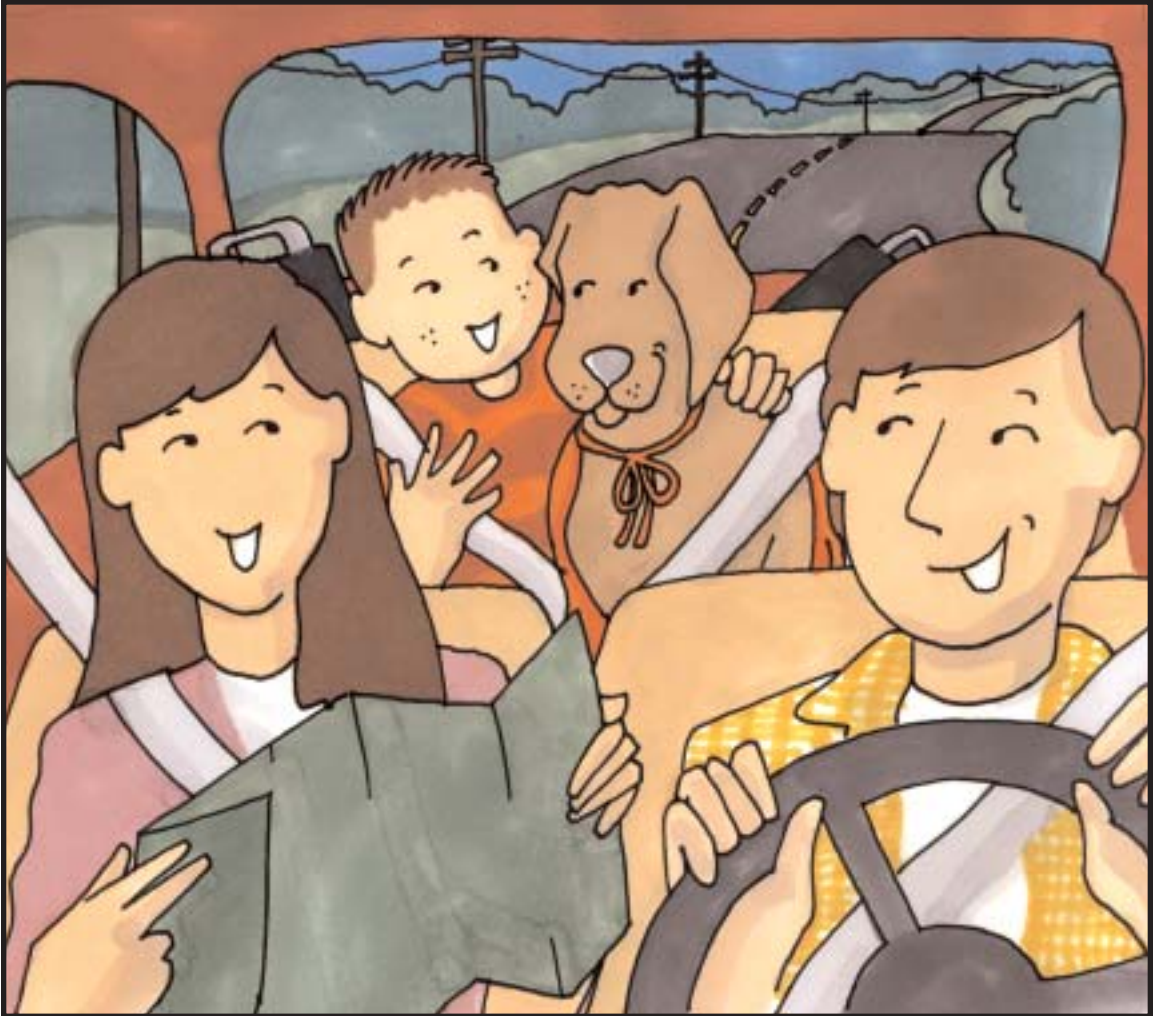




Pete and his Mom and Dad packed their bags into the car.

Diastat Dog brought Pete's special rescue medicine to Pete's dad, who was busy packing a bicycle helmet and a pair of shin pads.

"Thanks, boy," Dad said, giving Diastat Dog a pat on the head.  
"That's about the most important thing we'll bring along."



“And away we go!” Dad said, backing out of the driveway.

They were on the road at last!

“It’s great to be taking a trip,” Pete said.

“And I’m glad that we have something with us...  
well, you know. Just in case.”

Diastat Dog gave a happy woof. He was glad, too.

Finally they arrived at the house of Pete's cousin, Maya.

Maya ran out of the house and gave Pete a big hug as they arrived.

"I'm so glad you're here!" she said. She gave Diastat Dog a big hug, too.

"We're going to have so many adventures."

"I can't wait," Pete said happily.





As everyone helped to unpack the car, Maya noticed Pete's rollerblades.

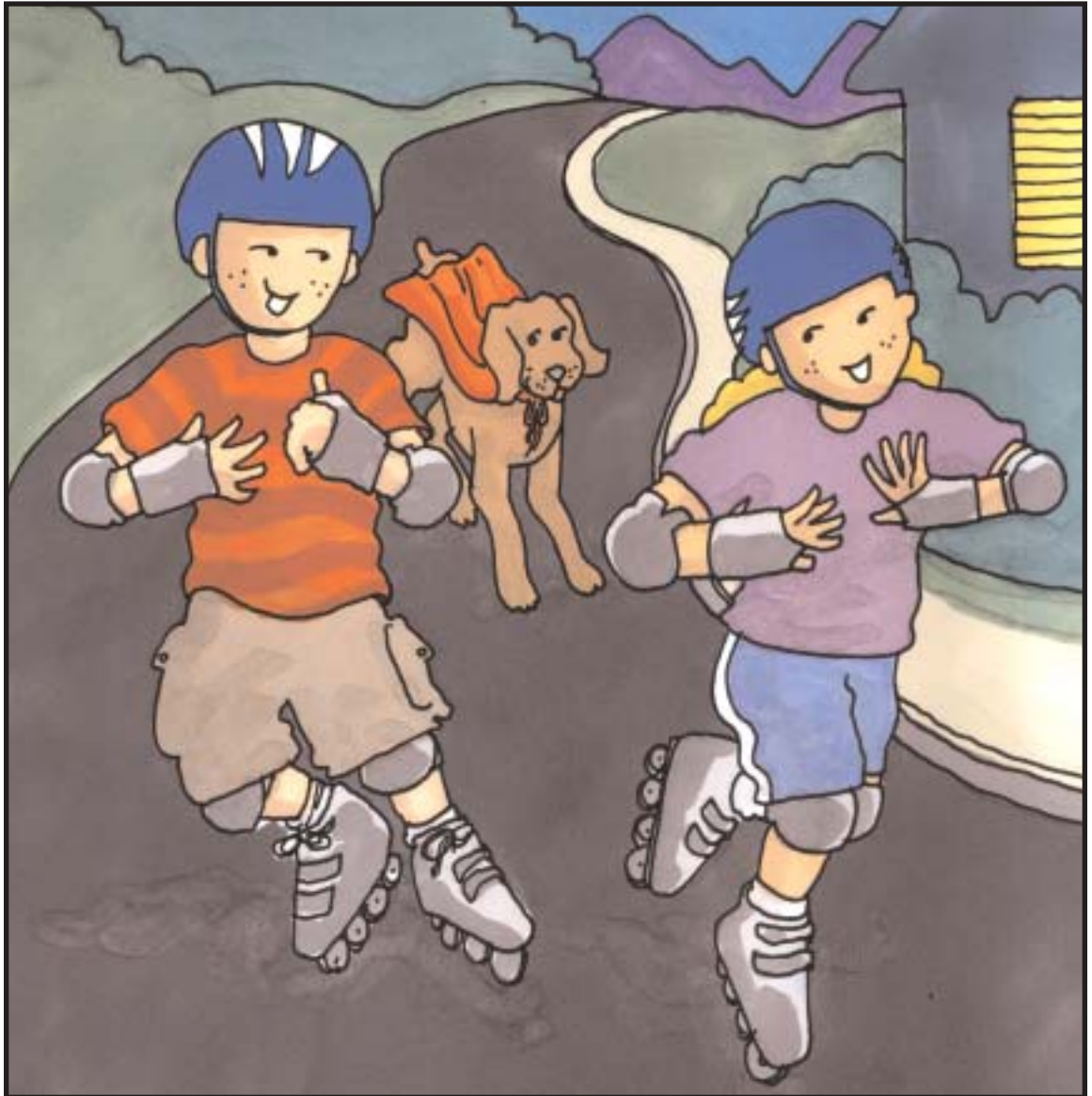
"Are you – I mean, is it okay for you to, you know, rollerblade and stuff?"

Maya knew that Pete had epilepsy. The last time he had been out to visit, before his mom and dad learned about Diastat, Pete had been reluctant to play many sports.

Pete gave a happy laugh. "Sure it is!" he smiled.  
"As a matter of fact, I can do anything you can."

"Oh, really?" Maya said with a teasing grin.  
"Well, we'll see about that. I know some pretty fancy moves."

"Nothing I can't handle," Pete said.



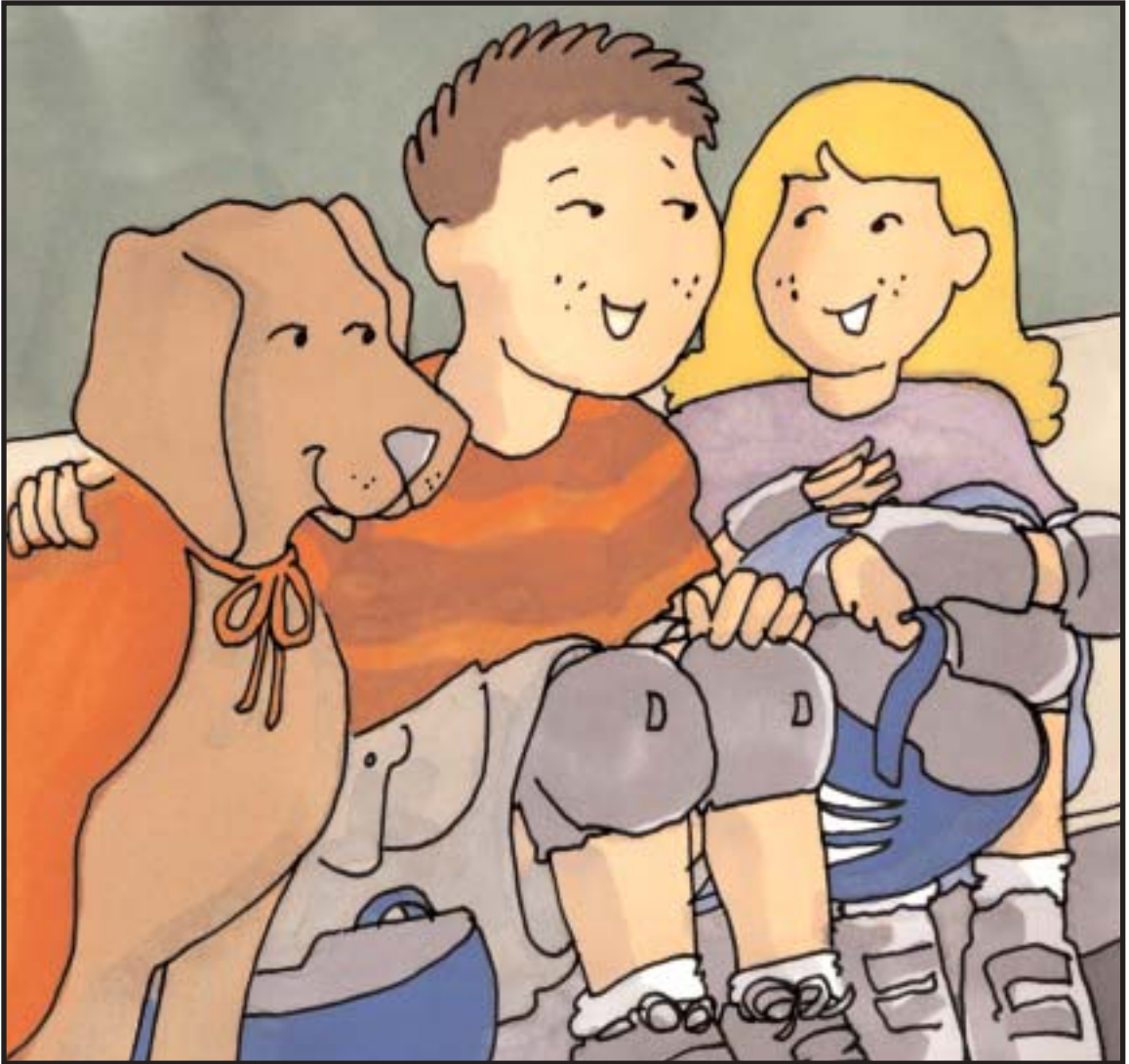
Later that day Pete and Maya sat together on the curb in front of her house.

"I'm so glad you get to do so many different things now," Maya said.

"Me, too," Pete said. "I feel like I can do anything. I don't go swimming alone, but that's about it. And I wear a helmet for some sports, of course."

"Well, so do I," Maya grinned. "I mean, that's just common sense."





Diastat Dog gave Pete's knee a friendly nuzzle.

"And if I do have a seizure," Pete said,  
"Mom and Dad don't have to rush me off  
to the emergency room every time.  
They can help me themselves, then call our doctor."

"I still take my daily seizure medicine," Pete continued, "and Mom and Dad are always after me to eat right and get plenty of sleep. But I can still have seizures now and then, so we keep Diastat on hand just in case."

It felt good to be so happy and confident far from home. 

"Awesome," Maya grinned. "Race you to the end of the block?"

"You've got it," Pete smiled, already on his feet.

Diastat Dog raced after them, barking happily.





Days later, on the trip home, Pete couldn't stop talking about all that they had done – rollerblading, skateboarding, playing in the park.

“I know we're just leaving,” Pete said,  
“but, boy – I already can't wait to come back.”

Mom and Dad exchanged a smile in the front seat.

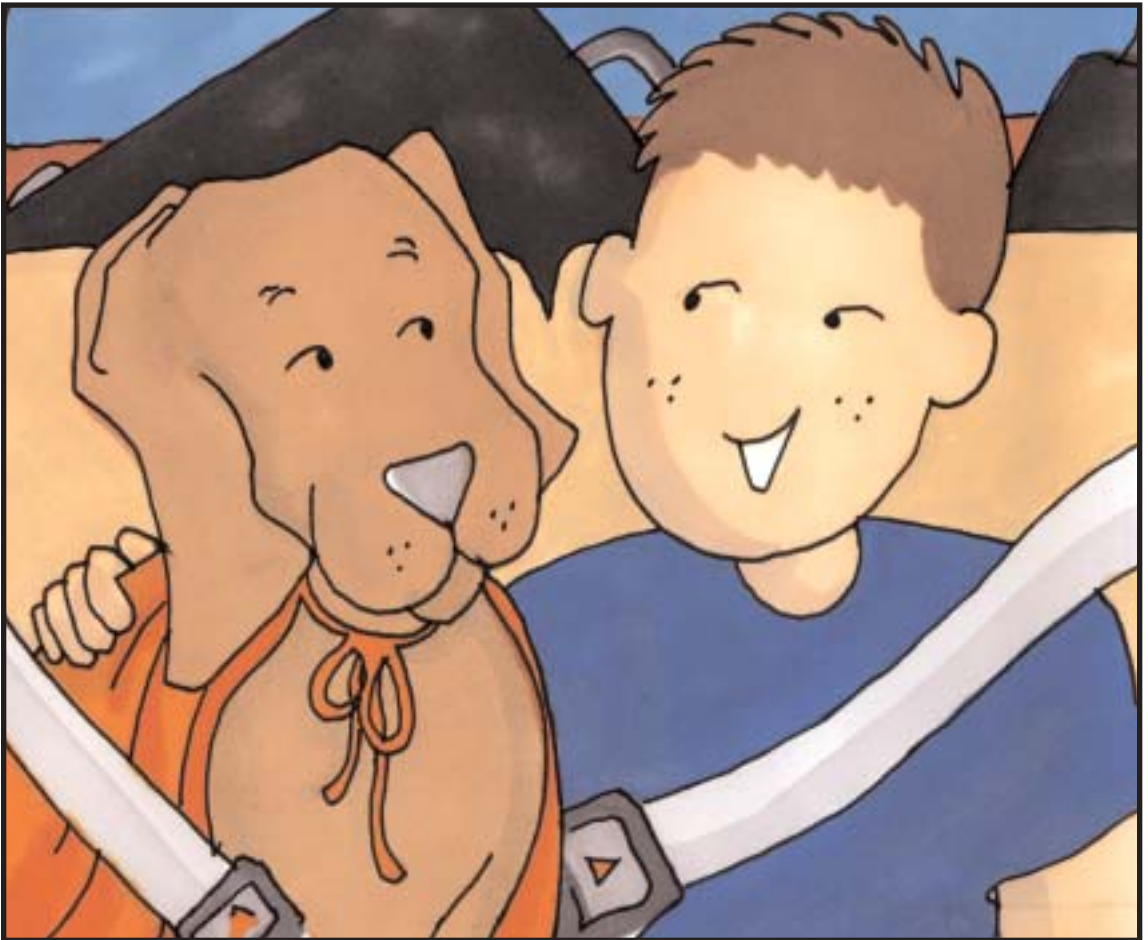
"I want to do everything we did on this trip again – plus camping and canoeing and building a tree fort," Pete said.

*"Woof! Arf! Woowoof!"*

Diastat Dog agreed with a thumping wag of his tail.

Pete settled back in his seat,  
already dreaming of the next family vacation.

How wonderful to feel so safe and confident – wherever they went next!



Neurology Contributor: Steven Wolf, M.D., Beth Israel Medical Center

Important Safety Information:



DIASTAT (diazepam rectal gel) is a gel formulation of diazepam intended for rectal administration in the management of selected, refractory, patients with epilepsy, on stable regimens of AEDs, who require intermittent use of diazepam to control bouts of increased seizure activity for patients 2 years and older.

In pivotal trials with DIASTAT (diazepam rectal gel) the most frequent adverse event reported was somnolence (23%). Less frequent adverse events reported were dizziness, headache pain, abdominal pain, nervousness, vasodilation, diarrhea, ataxia, euphoria, incoordination, asthma, rhinitis, and rash (2%-5%).



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