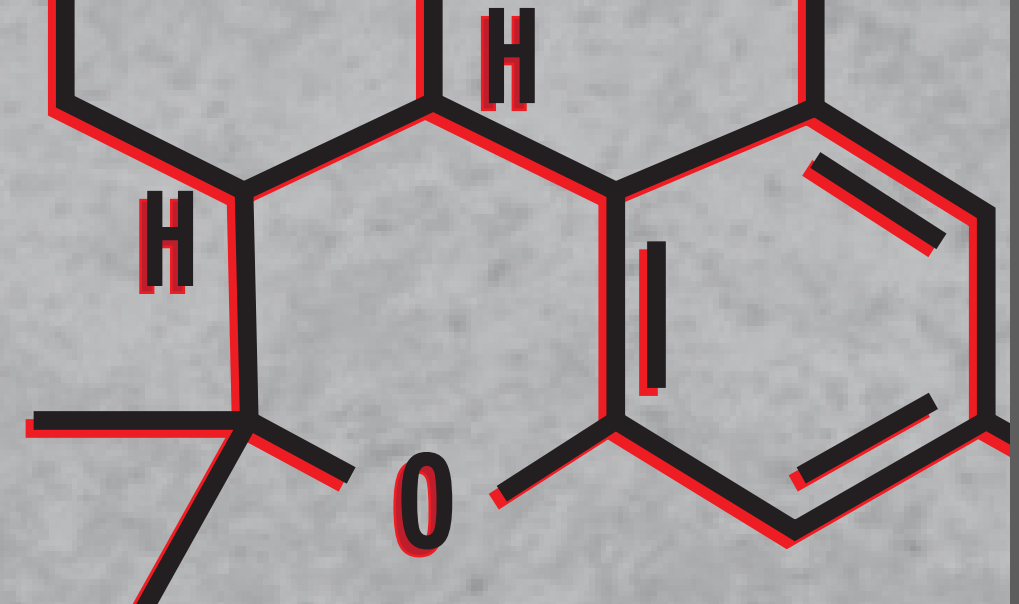
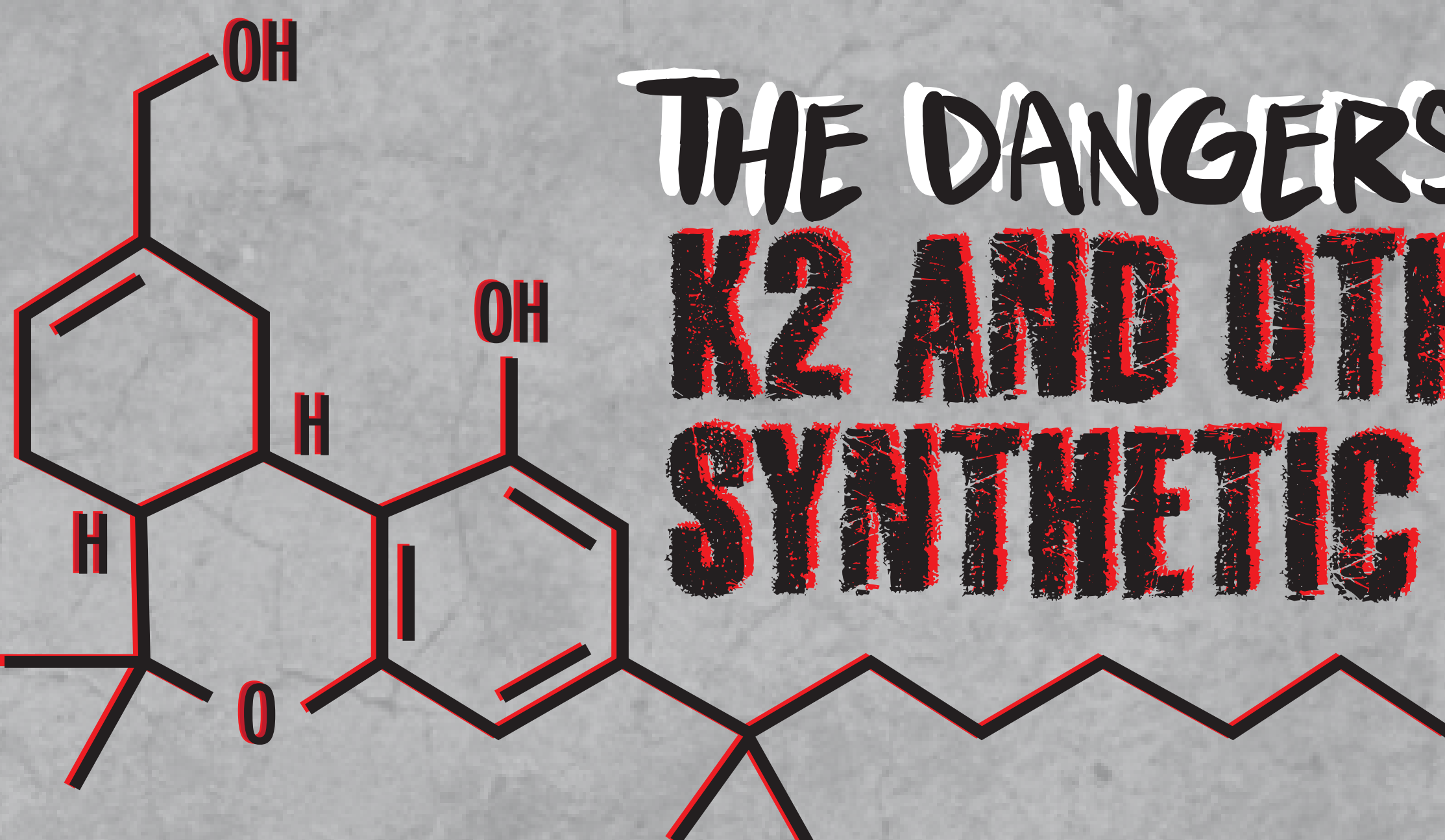




# THE DANGERS OF K2 AND OTHER SYNTHETIC DRUGS

**FALSELY**  
MARKETED AS  


**LABELED AS**  
**HERBAL INCENSE**  
**OR POTPOURRI**

POISON CONTROL CALLS INCREASED  
OVER 200% FROM 2014 TO 2015 FOR K2.  
EMERGENCY ROOM VISITS INCREASED 400%



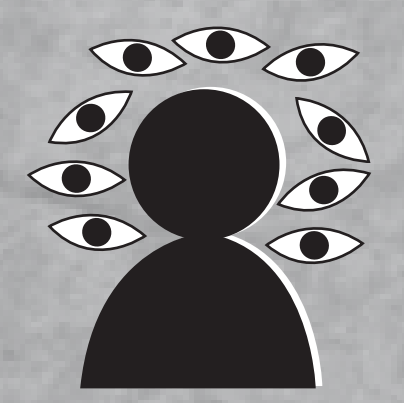
**VAPORIZED**  




SEVERE EFFECTS SUCH  
AS **SEIZURES**  
AND **PARANOIA**

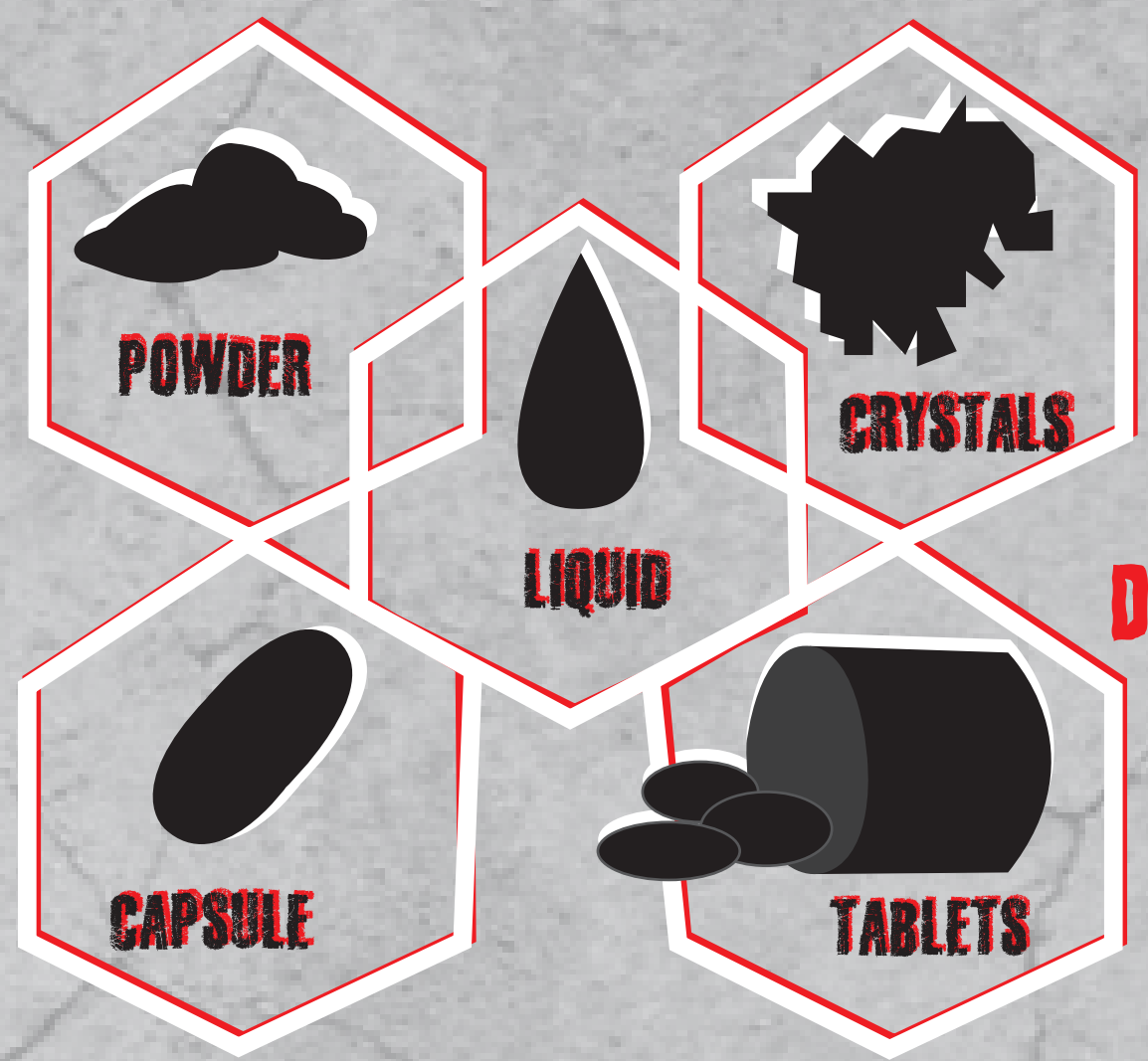
**SMOKED**  


**BREWED**  

CAN HAVE  
PERMANENT EFFECTS

**“IT’S JUST TAKE WEED, AND BESIDES IT’S LEGAL”**



**SYNTHETIC OR  
DESIGNER DRUGS**



## To The Maximus



It’s been two years since the death of my beautiful son, Max. Max and I had normal conversation that morning. I remember laughing with him, but can’t remember about what. Max loved to make people laugh. He spent his life trying to make this a better world. He wanted to be a psychiatrist. I always imagined him using his unwavering empathy to help people. When I left the house, he was mowing the lawn. No one ever had to tell him to mow the lawn. He saw what needed to be done, and did it with, without complaint. I don’t remember if I said “I love you” when I left. For two years, I’ve tried to remember. But he knew.

**LATER THAT DAY, I GOT THE PHONE CALL THAT EVERY MOTHER FEARS MORE THAN ANYTHING ON EARTH.**

The officer told me that people had called 911 reporting that Max was driving crazy and never applied his brake when the road ended. The car flew 80 feet through the air and landed in a house. He never regained consciousness. Thank the Lord, no one else was injured. I knew that something had happened because Max would never have done that. When I went into the ER room, I saw my lifeless son. I could barely look at him. It wasn’t Max. He was gone. Max was with The Lord already. I heard people say that the pedal must have stuck because Max wouldn’t drive like that. It was the only explanation.....so we thought.

**THEN HIS OLDER BROTHER TOLD ME THAT MAX HAD CALLED HIM AND SAID THAT HE HAD “SMOKED THAT LEGAL STUFF,” AND WAS “FREAKING OUT.”**

He also said that his heart was pounding real hard. Having no idea of the horrible side effects of Spice, his brother told him to take a shower, eat something and lay down.

**HALF AN HOUR LATER, MAX GOT INTO HIS CAR AND DROVE LIKE HELL.**

I had never heard of Spice, synthetic marijuana, K2 or any other term to describe the poison that is being sold to our most vulnerable citizens, teens and young adults. But that is what killed our Max. He thought it was harmless and legal. His death brought about change in this country that’s saving lives, exactly how he would have wanted it. We have formed “To the Maximus Foundation” to educate parents, teachers, young people, legislators and the media and I know we’ve helped to save lives. Max would be proud.

**DON’T EVER THINK SYNTHETICS ARE SAFE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IS IN THEM!**