The Toasted of the town...

"A slice of Toast" is what those who hobnob amongst the ganja-glitterati say when they desire a top shelf joint. A typical scenario goes something like this: You are sitting out on the veranda at The Prince of Monaco's birthday party. The energy at this party is electric and the cool Mediterranean breezes make you want to melt into the night air. A dapper gentleman leans against the Steinway & Son and you turn to him. You say, "I would love a slice of Toast."

Without missing a step the young man reaches into the breast pocket of his Gucci suit and you soon catch glimpse of that royal purple and gold leaf filter. He hands you a slice and you know deep down that everything will be alright. You thank him and take a few longs pulls. Just then a bejeweled young socialite treipses over to you and gasps, "What a magnificent cigarette?" The record scratches, the prince drops his Chablis, the Emir casts a judging eye, security reach for their earbuds, a scream is heard off into the distance.

You reply with a knowing "tsk" and hand her your slice of Toast. She gazes into you and inhales deeply. As she closes her eyes, so too does the entire French Riviera. You cannot recall what her eyes looked like previously but when she opens them once more they are of a fiery red that burn with every Champagne flute "clink" you hear. The party goes on in a gentle mist of cannabis while you say goodbye to the newly minted social butterfly...

This, mind you, is what we believe to be a typical night smoking Toast. Results may vary