

Two toasts are laying down, gently overlapping one of each others sides. The top one is feeling very low and disappointed, and begins to say, "I would have really liked to have known what butter felt like, they say it's makes you feel fuzzy and warm." The one underneath isn't really phased about the situation, and doesn't mind that this was, the way their life will be. "I wanted to be a Vegemite toast, no actually a peanut butter, no maybe something more savoury, what about you?" "I don't mind, perhaps just butter, or something sweet like jam, but not heaps. Actually I don't really care even if I was just stayed plain."

They were comfortable with each other. They spoke more about their wishes and the room. Morning is still going. "I wish that I was that piece of bread that is eaten with eggs and hollandaise sauce, and grilled tomato! Imagine all those juices! I prefer to suck up egg yolks more than the tomato juices, I would have been enjoyed so much if I wasn't forgotten!"

The one underneath, just let the other one talk. They were nervous, they obviously didn't want to get eaten this way, most toasts don't. Waiting any moment now, the householder's dog will come, sniffing around the bench. We have been left on this floor, to be cleaned up. That is what we are. I'm now looking at what's above, my insides are going stale on this cold floor. At least one side of me is warm enough to enjoy the fresh breath of the tiles. I like the tiles, not many toasts talk about the niceness, or more the calmness of what cold can bring. I like it, there's just something in that air that makes me, ready. I feel bad for the other toast, they don't like where they are. They don't like how they are ending. Most toasts don't.

"Hey, you know, that its okay and its not, too"

"I know, it is, there's just so many kinds of toast, I wish I was an actual kind of toast, I don't feel like a toast anymore, I don't even feel like I am a food, this is a weird feeling, ahh, the sun light is nearly touching us"

"mmm yeah it is"

"when do you think it will come?"

"soon, I think"

"yeah okay, its funny that we're like this, I've noticed I can't think for very long"

"Yeah, I feel that coming on too, I'm not anything"

"I can't feel very much either, except a line in my side"

"That's me,

I'm slow now, your weight feels very nice"

"Yeah, thank you, I am little larger than you, I was cut a little sooner than you"

I'm happy I made something feel nice"

"hehe, that's okay"

(a sliding door opens)

"Did you hear that"

"Yeah"