## PARTY TIME

For now, public weed consumption is off limits in Nevada; we covered that. But there's one solid loophole for allowing people to enjoy fancy weed cocktails in trendy establishments in Reno. To do this, Tiffany and her brothers reserved the whole bar and outdoor enclosure at The Jesse on Fourth Street for a private party. I needed to prove my name was on the guest list in order to get past the abnormally relaxed and light spirited bouncers at the door. Little trails of marijuana smoke lifted from the Jesse's fashionable back patio. There were platters of joints and buds on display around newly stylized décor of the boutique hotel bar. Bartenders freely poured exact copies of the super appealing cocktails that I saw from the Instagram posts. There was a photo booth printing souvenir pics of the guests. Estella, the high-end taco joint attached to The Jesse, was slinging hearty tacos to hungry people. It had to be as hip and weed-friendly as anything going on in West Hollywood that night.

Sure, it's not surprising to see someone getting away with a smoking a sneaky joint on the edge of the patio of a local bar. But

it's totally different when getting high is the whole point of the event.

I ordered a margarita, hold the tequila. I asked the bartender to keep it light, maybe like three milligrams of THC, if he would.

It was nice to not have to wait too long between sipping and feeling a slight twist on my perception. It seemed to work about as quickly as the early signs of an alcohol buzz where people begin agreeing with each other more enthusiastically. I know from past experimentation that edibles can stay dormant inside you just long enough to be suspicious that they're not going to work. Then they surprise you with five hours of squinty-eyed absurdist laughing fits.

I hung out at the party until I began getting amnesia during the good parts of my stories. (I wish that wasn't my telltale indication of being stoned.) I made it home safely, eager to flip on Netflix.

I'm all for drinking cannabis. Until it's available in cool places, I'll pop open something like The Happiest Hour for guests during my own happy hours in my kitchen. It's like a THC condiment for your beverage. For now, it's currently sitting in the door of my fridge, nicely nestled between two halffinished bottles of squeezable mustard.



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