

Hairy Bitch Seeks Handsome Stud for Roll in the Grass

Contributed by Mother Theresa
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I took my cat to the vet the other day, and to ease the boredom of the wait, I started to read the ads people put up. There were a couple of cute puppies being given away, Persians and Poodles for sale, and some ads for doggy sweaters. The usual. Then I found this:

My name is Princess Stardust Sigourney Weaver del Carmen and I am searching for the perfect boyfriend. I am the daughter of the Duchess Ladydi of Fuzzybutt, and the granddaughter of Prince Bond James Bond. I like piña coladas and getting caught in the rain. Timewasters need not apply.* If it weren't for the silly names, this could pass as the personal ad of horny lonely divorcée, looking for some company. But along with the ad was a picture of a particularly obnoxious looking Yorkshire Terrier, complete with its regimentary bow. It could have been worse. I was really expecting one of those poodles that look like a sculptured hedge. But still, seriously, without human intervention would these dogs be able to survive? If you take the bow off these dogs, they'd probably go extinct. Those that didn't actually kill themselves by crashing into a wall wouldn't be able to reproduce anyway, because they wouldn't be able to see a prospective mate, even if it had a flashing neon sign saying "get it here" hanging over it. But it's not the dog's fault. The owners are the ones that make their pampered pups so loathsome. Come on people, Princess Stardust is not looking for a boyfriend. What she needs is a good roll in the grass. It's you, her human "parents", that want to find her a "boyfriend." Don't you realize how ridiculous the whole thing sounds? I'm sure Princess Stardust could care less if her future "boyfriend" is the son of Sir Littleprick of Diddlysquat or if he's just another tramp. There is no future in such a relationship. It's obviously not going to end in doggy marriage. The whole thing might just result in some very lucrative offspring, but let's face it; for Stardust this is really just a one night stand. Her owners, on the other hand, would probably be shocked and appalled to think that their poor widdle puppy wuppy is just another bitch at heart. Okay, they're probably more worried about making a few bucks than they are about her sexual integrity, but they have standards. "Let Princess Stardust have a good time, but we're expecting something in return." My god, the whole thing is starting to sound like some sort of doggy prostitution ring or something. But it's the high-class kind, so that's okay, I guess. Still, the whole pedigree thing is beyond me. Why on earth would someone shell out a small fortune for a shaggy rat that yaps non-stop and has an impossible name? Then again, human stupidity knows no bounds...not even the furry kind. And cat snobs aren't any better. After all, the pedigree feline par excellence is the Persian. Will someone please tell me what is so fantastic about an animal whose face looks like it had a nasty run in with a glass door? I just don't get it. Well, whatever floats your boat, but couldn't we keep the stupid personal ads to a minimum? Here, let me help you out. For Princess Stardust the ad might read: High-class hairy bitch seeks handsome stud for roll in the grass. Now that is eye-catching, short, sweet, and to the point. What more do you want? And I'll bet Princess Stardust's phone would be ringing off the hook. * All dogs' names have been changed to save them from public humiliation for their owners' stupid choice in names.