

BITCHES extracts...

WOF = *woman over forty*
MUT = *male under thumb*

TOSCA: I was named after some suicidal opera diva. I'm just grateful she wasn't into musicals otherwise I'd be wagging me tail to the sound of Chim-chimini-chim-chimini-chim-chim-cheri.

RUBY: Why the WOF makes me wear a harness is beyond me. Like her Agent Provocateur thong - it covers nothing...

TOSCA: I'm what's commonly known as a mongrel, a mishmash a Woolworth's Pick-n-Mix. You name it I have it in me.

RUBY: Tilly's a Ridge Back, she's part of the Hampstead Set – pedigrees or commonly known as 'in breds with certificates to prove it'...

TOSCA: Raw organic dog-food. You're pulling my paw. MUT's idea of saving the planet amounts to sinking a pint of home-brew and not washing his hands after using the loo...

RUBY: Nothing lasts forever Tosca. I mean just look at Britney's dog, that bitch thought she had it made. Shitting on Versace and pissing on Armani. Life doesn't get much better for a pooch from the pound. Now she's in the middle of a media-frenzied custody battle...

TOSCA: 'Tuther day, I had a bit of a memory lapse and re-acquainted my back-side with the carpet.

RUBY: Shit happens....

TOSCA: My MUT's from West Yorkshire and my WOF's from Ireland. Which means he likes pies and dung and she likes potatoes and doing a jig.