

I've been all of a twitter this week. Twitter was one of those things I signed up to in the distant past but soon forgot about. Since I discovered that super injunctions do not apply in cyberspace I re-engaged with it in the hope of getting some juicy gossip. Disappointingly the gossip was a) hard to find and b) actually a little bit dull.

The discussions around independence, on the other hand, are far more interesting. The debate, and the cause, has been close to my heart for many years, but suddenly things seem to be moving in a different way.

Our dear leader is confident that the whole country is behind him as he marches towards Westminster with his list of carefully crafted demands. No longer the poor victim of English bullying, Scotland now feels able to stand up to Westminster and treat them like our political partners, rather than the masters we were inclined to see them as, only a few short years ago.

But now that I think about it, there is a connection between domestic politics and all these affairs we were not supposed to know about. Bear with me on this.

The cheated wives of ex-Californian Governors or petrol-head media stars now see their personal lives exposed for us all to see. This, of course, is not a new phenomenon. Men have (allegedly) been cheating on their wives since time immemorial - and wives on their husbands too of course. The immediate and widespread exposure of these cheaters is not new either. We have long watched the downfall of politicians, sportsmen and other celebrities and the subsequent reactions from their families.

We have felt sympathy usually for the injured party, but sometimes for the cheater. Who didn't feel more for David Beckham than his sour-faced wife when he was caught texting in Spain? We have also wondered about what went on behind closed doors. Why the Clintons chose to stay together and the Schwarzeneggers didn't.

I would be amazed if Maria Schriver didn't know before now what her husband was up to, and yet she chose to remain in a relationship with him. Did she really not mind what he was doing?

Was she trying to protect her children? Or did she just think that a bit of Arnie was better than no Arnie at all? And what has changed now?

This is where my tenuous link to domestic politics appears. An impartial observer might have wondered about the marriage of Scotland and England all those years ago. I can imagine the Spanish and the French shaking their heads and saying such a union would never last. Both of them might have felt a trifle dumped when the union took place and Ireland definitely had reason to regret the installation of the first union king. Even although both parties claimed to be committed to the relationship there has been some definite flirting over the years, England with the USA and Scotland with Iceland and the Nordic countries.

From the early years of the marriage, Scotland was the lesser partner. Time and again England cheated on us, from the taxation of coal and flax exported from Scotland (but not England) right through to the early imposition of the poll tax. And we put up with it. We fell for the bullying tactics that we needed England; that Scotland was too small, too weak to cope all on its lonesome.

And yet now, just like Maria Schriver, Scotland seems to have decided that enough is enough. The relationship isn't working. It might all end in divorce, or we might be able to work through the problems and find a happy ever after. The comments coming out from England (their press, blogs and from friends) have shifted from a position of power to a slightly whingeing hard-done-by feeling.

And yet I am confident Scotland will maintain our dignity through the next few messy years. The First Minister quoted from "Scotland Will Flourish" in his inaugural speech and the song has good positive sentiments. The past is the past, we need to move on. Let's just make sure we are more Paul McCartney than Peter Andre about it all.