

Stanley Odd: Marriage Counselling

Dear Britannia,

Things aren't right and we have to face it.

I don't appreciate the procrastination.

I'm just saying, It's not like you're pure amazing

I'm fed up feeling like the poor relation.

And I don't appreciate yir passive aggression.

Yir = your

Is it too much to ask that you'd answer ma questions?

Ma = my

So I'm writing this metaphor, I've said it before.

I put more into us than you give me credit for.

We're needing some help. What makes you think I can't speak for myself?

And as for the division of wealth

I'm a 1000-year-old country

Surely, I'm old enough to look after my own money.

As for that nonsense about me being destitute,

Hen, I've got the same damn group of friends as you.

Hen = woman or girl

So stop implying that if you were *to get shot of me*¹

France, Germany and Spain wouldn't talk to me.

I feel like I'm banging ma head off a brick wall.

PS. Do you think of me at all?

Faithfully Yours,

Caledonia.

Dear Caledonia,

This grief is something that I wouldn't miss.

I'm tired of having to keep you in food and drink.

Since Culloden*, it's been like a constant battle.

With you causing me nothing but *hassle*².

And you've been hellish short-tempered lately.

I thought we'd agreed to forgive and forget the '80s.

I've told you before how I actually felt.

I just don't think you can be trusted to look after yourself.

I know sometimes I don't give you enough attention

But I've got a lot on ma plate with the current recession.

As for being mature enough to handle your financial payments

Look at Greece she's even older than you and they *called in the bailiffs*³

You show nothing but poor judgment. Why should I trust it?

Your tram fiasco? Way over budget.

Parliament building? Way over budget.

And you wonder why I don't want to discuss this?

Stop *meddling*⁴, you're being childish and petulant.

And you wouldn't fare well in a divorce settlement.

Accept it. I know better. I don't need this added pressure.

PS. Weren't we always good together?

Sincerely Yours,

Britannia.

Britannia,

I don't appreciate yir tone. *Wind yir neck in*⁵.

Don't even get me started on the years of oppression.

Every time I need money for spending

I shouldn't need to come begging for you to give it your blessin'.

I'm not a lap dog, a pet or a petulant wean.

Wean = child

I'm an equal and I expect to get treated that way.

I'm setting this straight. This is hardly blissful matrimony.

I've got resources so I shouldn't have to ask for money.

I support ma self so don't even mention *alimony*⁶.

And I don't need you to fight ma battles for me.

So tell yir mates in Faslane* they need a new address

I see the truth with my new clear head.

Ma pal Alex* says that you're blind to the facts

And that it's time for me to stand and draw a line in the sand

Everybody's got an opinion and I'm sick of it

I getting pulled in all directions with this constant *bickering*⁷

It's like a smokescreen I'm struggling to see through

PS. Half of me doesn't want to leave you

Caledonia,

Bitch bitch moan moan. Give me a break,

All you ever seem do it complain.

Maybe it's all that booze in your brain

Or your woozy again from the smack running through your veins

You're nothing but a drain on me and it's plain to see

You've developed more unhealthy habits that I need to pay to keep.

Basically you need stop your foolish ways

Stop pulling away and start *pulling your weight*⁸.

Pulling ma weight? Who do you think yir talking tae?

Tae = to

This is exactly what's making me want to walk away.

I'm tired of stating all ma reservations.

I think we should maybe try a trial separation.

You're blatantly economic with the facts.

Arrogant, self-centred, living in the past.

Reliving your former glory most days now.

Back when you were the biggest *bully*⁹ in the playground.

A shadow of your former self and it's plain to see.

You're falling apart and trying to put the blame on me.

I used to make things, inventions, you *curbed*¹⁰ my creativity.

You held me back, injured me by ending ma industry.

All I'm saying is the balance isn't right.

Either change or I'm leaving, it's decision time.

Decisions? You don't have the power to make those

And you're not going anywhere unless I say so

You're useless, who else would want you but me?

All the plans you make end in constant defeat.

You think we're really through?

All that's left of you is disease and booze. And you can't see the truth.

Obsessed with green and blue. After all we've been through

I'd be doing you a favour keeping you.

*Pipe down*¹¹ and stop being so mouthy.

The truth is you'd be nothing without me.

An alcoholic, sectarian, illiterate *lout*¹².

I'm providing the medicine and you're spitting it out.

Without me you won't last two minutes.

In fact, I don't even care if we're finished.