

All the talk this week has been about the environment. Well not all the talk perhaps, but – if you will excuse the bad joke – there is an awful lot of hot air around. I of course have been proudly displaying a photograph of myself on my Facebook page, clutching a banner designed to encourage all countries to adopt Scotland's aim of reducing our climate emission by 42%.

In order to obtain the photo, I had to sign a petition for the WWF and barely had time to arrange my hair before being whisked off for a photo that they have copyright of forever. That's the World Wildlife Fund, nothing to do with wrestling, despite the size of my forearms.

When I make time to think about these things, I do wonder if my little contribution to the climate revolution is making any difference at all. I suspect my Facebook friends either already agree with my views on climate change or just think 'there she goes off on one again'. One friend, who can kindly be described as technologically challenged, rang me up to see what my banner said and was forced to listen to a lengthy lecture on how to make my photo big enough for her to see. And although she was grateful for the tutorial I don't think I convinced her of anything environment-wise.

One big advantage of being environmentally friendly is that I can continue to be as mean as I ever was, but am now admired for it rather than looked down on. As I sit at my desk in my long johns and multiple fleeces I am no longer a Scrooge but a pioneer. When I was a child, I remember my dad following me around the house switching off lights behind me, and I am proud to say I stalk my own family in the same way. I have long forsaken silky negligees for cosy pyjamas and can't pass a radiator without turning it down a notch. I have been doing this ever since we moved in two years ago and yet they keep sneaking back up again.

Hotels use this environmental mask in an attempt to disguise their meanness. To save on laundry bills, they suggest to guests that they are doing the planet a favour by not being given clean towels every day. The funny thing is that no-one I know would dream of being so extravagant at home,

and the expectation of clean towels every day was because they led us to expect such luxury. I wonder if there is any way I can convince them of that it is bad for the environment to fold the end of the toilet roll into a stupid pointy bit at the end.

I digress. So what am I doing to help our dear country achieve this target? Well, I have a compost bin and, courtesy of another of those good neighbours, a wormery for kitchen scraps. They get what the dog, the chickens and garden birds turn down, which isn't a lot really. Highland Council has kindly supplied me with a blue wheelie bin which I do my best to fill up for them. This is helped when someone parks in front of it and it doesn't get emptied, as happened last month. You do have to rinse out your milk cartons & tins before putting them in the bin, and this is when my halo sometimes slips. Aforementioned dog gets a daily feed of tinned dog food, and her personal assistants fill up the empty tins and arrange them artistically on the windowsill. Although there has been no discussion, I think I might be expected to clean, crush and carry them out to the bin in the dark wintry nights. This is the moment when my enviro-halo starts to slip a little. If I have had my usual busy day at work and come home to the million things I need to do, it's not been unknown for me to sweep them all into the bin with any random milk bottles or cardboard cluttering the kitchen.

We have a small bin at the door for glass (jam jars of course, not wine bottles) but these have to be taken down to the bottle bank at a distance just too far to be carried on foot. Rather than drive just down there, I sometimes put them in the car boot to drop off on my way to work. This often means driving about for weeks with a rattle in my boot and a faint whiff of booze all around and has occasionally led me to tipping the whole lot into my wheelie bin on collection day.

I do want to be good, and am most of the time, but just sometimes the problems of planet earth are swamped by my more immediate problems of just getting through my day.