

I have had a number of people stop me recently desperate to tell me that they are “very bored of Brexit”. Not the actual issue per se but the never ending running media commentary on every dotted i or crossed t, or at its worst the week long discussions about who is actually going to dot the i or cross the t and when! I understand what people are saying. I eat, sleep and breathe politics but even I am finding the daily overdose on Brexit pills a bit much. So this week I am going totally off piste in this column...Bake Off is back and yet again I find myself dusting off the baking sheets, measuring out the greaseproof paper and wondering if life is actually too short to make your own pastry (the answer to which is yes).

I love Bake Off. I love it because although I am rubbish at baking it lulls me into believing that I am not that bad after all. I watch intently pretending to pay attention to the things they are doing, when instead I am wondering how they’ve managed not to get dough stuck under their nails or in their hair. I then work out in my head all my pre-emptive excuses for a soggy bottom, such as “I quite like it that moist” or “the oven is playing up”.

I don’t care it has changed channels and presenters; it is harmless entertainment about people baking things brilliantly or otherwise and the only Brexit they care about is getting the bread out of the oven in time. It is a television format that works, it inspires consumer spending on all things home baking and its success should be celebrated. Maybe this could be our secret weapon in those Brexit negotiations – send in Mary Berry with cake. I reckon we might all happily tune in for that news bulletin!