

How do you like your Brexit in the morning? Soft, hard - or in any way possible if it means we don't starve within the next year.

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It seems that wherever we look at the moment, the word Brexit appears like a weird James Corden who, this time, can't be shipped off to America.

To my surprise, I recently read an article which mentioned Brexit. Despite almost throwing my phone in the bin, I managed to crawl through the column, which got me thinking: What the hell actually is Brexit? Does anyone really know?

For the past two years, the news has been dominated by one word: 'Brexit.' Which is usually followed by some politician's dodgy interpretation that appears to be ever-changing, akin to an airborne mutating disease where you can't help but say the opposite of what you previously said in the interview before. However, recently, Brexit has not just been one entity but has produced soft and hard versions, reminiscent of the classic boiled egg: hard and useless, or soft and flabby.

These words have been able to etch their way into Parliament's brain and habitually pop out like half the chamber has Tourette's. I like to see them as the Ant and Dec of politics, one staying strong to their guns, while the other loses support every time we begin to feel sorry for them.

It seems that whether you voted 'leave' or 'remain' back in 2016, you're going to have to stick with what you've got. Which, despite the misunderstanding, is usually the case with referendum results anyway.

It's almost as surprising, and twice as sad as when Chico was voted off The X Factor, which is what confuses me. I sometimes wonder whether the public remember they actually voted to leave. I know Boris' 350 million banter bus caught us all out, but surely being a complete racist who hates anyone who isn't English and is sickly patriotic, can't be the only reason over half of us voted leave?

Some people seem to be struggling to fully gauge what 'leave' actually means. One bloke said, "I was just fed up with getting knocked out by Iceland, so I voted leave". And there you have it, ladies and gentlemen, the British public. How anyone thought that we were physically leaving Europe is beyond me. That we were actually going to paddle away from France until we reached 'safe ground', where we couldn't be beaten by a throw-in.

Two years after the day, the world is still as bad as ever, and is possibly worse. Nothing has actually changed apart from a complete implosion in the Conservative camp. For a minute, Politics became a soap with numerous back stabbings and breakups. It was brilliant. People were watching question time instead of Eastenders as it wasn't brutal enough.

I was surprised that ITN weren't nominated for a BAFTA. Samantha Cameron for best supporting actress. Here Here! And better still, the current Prime Minister actually won by default. She didn't even 'win'; she just claimed it, like someone who's on benefits because they lost an ear. It's all very amusing until you remember that this is the person who's actually in charge of the country, like a Titanic that purposely built an iceberg knowing they were going to hit it. Political suicide.

And Labour's response, breast high fiver Corbyn. Which is not nearly as bad as the Lib Dems' decision to bring in Tim Farron. I can't help but pity him every time I see his little face. It's like he would fit better in a Wallace and Gromit episode rather than as a Politician. Since the decision, the Liberal Democrats have taken a nosedive into complete nothingness. They're about as relevant as Anton du Beke. And that's being kind.

So, two years on from the end of the world, I mean the referendum result, we have gained a de facto Prime Minister and no plan. Long live democracy.