

I'm British. It is the holidays. Therefore the column this week can only be about one thing and is allegedly everyone's favourite subject – the weather! What has happened to our summer? Where is the sun? The warm weather that I have craved since the damp cold winter months? All I wanted to do this holiday, which we decided to spend at home, was to sit in the garden and read a bit. Maybe head out and explore some of the hidden treasures of Kent – the beaches, the gardens, the woodlands.

Instead, despite the odd day or two teasing us into thinking summer is here, it has been cloudy and not very warm. The runner beans I picked up as seedlings at the Bluebell Hill Village Fete, ironically on a nice hot day, got flooded out due to the planter we put them in not having drainage at the bottom and have died a humble but peaceful death. The spring flowers remain spring like and not ready to be replaced. And the painting of the garden bench, planned for those lazy days when I was too wiggly for reading, is looking unlikely to ever happen.

It will be a certain law, the type that I don't get to vote on, that means the warm weather will arrive when, along with the schools, Parliament returns. Instead of glowing nicely in t-shirt and shorts in a chair in the garden sipping cool lemonade, I'll be sweating profusely and unattractively in a suit in the un-air conditioned corridors of Westminster.

I'm not bitter. Well I am. I have spent the last 2 weeks moaning that we should have gone away "somewhere hot". Next year. Except like always next year I shall sit there and look at the ridiculous prices of holidays during August and do exactly what I did this year and stay at home, wishing for a nice sunny day!