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Great Stanmore Skips Internet, Goes Straight To Suspicion Of It

An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.

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Great Stanmore, the country: Inside The Story

Great Stanmore, a place in the country (lat 51.62, long -0.32) that most outsiders could not point to on a map without first sighing, has become this week the latest entry in the slow-moving register of small communities behaving strangely under pressure. Great Stanmore effectively bypassed the broad adoption of the internet, moving directly to broad suspicion of it. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Residents report this has worked out fine. The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic.

What Was Announced

Assistant to the Assistant Mayor Mavis Crackleton confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The local library has, however, replaced its card catalogue twice. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [UK satire legends and The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Great Stanmore announcement, much like the others, came with a glossy PDF, a stock photograph of a footbridge, and the strong sense that nobody had asked for any of this in the first place.

The Official Line

Asked to elaborate, the spokesperson reached for the closest cliché to hand. "Lessons will be learned, filed, and quietly mislaid by Christmas," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat modern satirical journalism](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender.

Wider Context

Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. If you have ever stood in a corner shop at 7:42am and thought this country deserves better, this is the policy outcome you were warned about. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [Associated Press](#), although Great Stanmore manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at exactly nine residents, two of whom were dogs, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Professor Albany Ditchwater of the Royal Academy of Verges told this paper that the situation in Great Stanmore was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly

broad trajectories. "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour," the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [British satire for the digital age by The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Great Stanmore has been muted in the way that reaction in the country is usually muted, which is to say it has been ferocious in private and tepid in public. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. For the official version of events, see also [World Bank](#). One resident, who declined to be named on the grounds that they had already complained about a hedge this year and did not wish to push their luck, summarised matters thus: "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents."

What Comes Next

It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. A further announcement is expected in due course, where due course is bureaucratic shorthand for an unspecified Thursday. The story is being tracked as part of a wider pattern at [The London Prat unfiltered UK satire](#), and the situation in Great Stanmore, regrettably, is unlikely to improve until somebody invents a press release that improves things, which seems unlikely.

The View From The Ground

Spend any length of time in Great Stanmore and the rhythm becomes obvious. Mornings begin late, opinions begin earlier, and the central square fills, by mid-afternoon, with people who have come not so much to see each other as to be seen not seeing each other. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. Conversation tends to circle the same five subjects: the weather, the news from the country, the persistent rumour about the road, the deteriorating quality of something or other, and the latest pronouncement from Mayor Designate Pamela Snodgrass, which everyone has an opinion on and almost nobody has read. It is, in its way, the perfect microcosm of how communities of this size operate everywhere in the world, although the residents of Great Stanmore would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. Great Stanmore carries on as it always has, broadly the same as last week, give or take a verb. The bins are collected when they are collected. The roundabout, where one exists, remains the roundabout. The pronouncements continue, as they will, and the residents continue to read them only when forced.

For more in this vein see also [The Poke](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat UK political satire](#)

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