



THE LONDON PRAT *January 22, 1974*

Carrickfergus Borough Has Three Seasons: Wet, Drier, And It-Is-Complicated

Field notes from a town nobody asked for.

TOPICS Carrickfergus Borough Carrickfergus Borough news Carrickfergus Borough satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news global satire Bohiney Magazin mock investigation world satire

Carrickfergus Borough, the country: Inside The Story

Carrickfergus Borough, a place in the country (lat 54.75, long -5.83) 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. Climate experts have abandoned attempts to describe the seasons in Carrickfergus Borough using the standard four-part model. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The new framework includes the categories Wet, Drier, and It-Is-Complicated. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure.

What Was Announced

Strategy Lead Derek Plinth confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Calendars are being reprinted. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [UK satire without borders - The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Carrickfergus Borough 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. "The findings speak for themselves, although obviously not loudly enough to influence the findings," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat London's satirical heartbeat](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way.

Wider Context

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. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [New York Times World](#), although Carrickfergus Borough manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a statistically improbable 102 percent, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Lavinia Gussett, Reader in Comparative Drizzle told this paper that the situation in Carrickfergus Borough was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [British satire that names names: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Carrickfergus Borough 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. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. For the official version of events, see also [BBC News](#). 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: "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour."

What Comes Next

There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. 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 next-gen UK satire](#), and the situation in Carrickfergus Borough, 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 Carrickfergus Borough 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 meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. 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 Bureau Chief Dorothy Hindmarsh, 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 Carrickfergus Borough would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. Carrickfergus Borough 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 [Private Eye](#).

SOURCE: [Read British satire by The London Prat](#)

The London Prat [worldcities.com](#)