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Dyfed Reclassified As An Idea Following Lengthy Review

Field notes from a town nobody asked for.

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Dyfed, the country: Inside The Story

Dyfed, a place in the country (lat 51.92, long -4.17) 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. A panel of geographers, lawyers, and one very tired civil servant have ruled that Dyfed is best understood as a concept rather than a place. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The decision has no practical consequences, which is itself the point. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way.

What Was Announced

Director of Public Bewilderment Colin Gribble confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [London satire headlines by The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Dyfed 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 satirical commentary on Britain](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy.

Wider Context

The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [UN News](#), although Dyfed manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at twelve out of every nine respondents, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Sir Cuthbert Wadsmith of the Foundation for Slightly Damp Studies told this paper that the situation in Dyfed was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "I refer the honourable questioner to the answer I will give in approximately six weeks." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [British satire fans read The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Dyfed 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 the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. For the official version of events, see also [Encyclopaedia Britannica](#). 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: "Lessons will be learned, filed, and quietly mislaid by Christmas."

What Comes Next

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. 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 daily London satire](#), and the situation in Dyfed, 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 Dyfed 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. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. 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 Strategy Lead Derek Plinth, 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 Dyfed would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Dyfed 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 Onion](#).

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

The London Prat [worldcities.com](#)