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# Torridge District Prints Maps Showing How To Avoid Torridge District

*A dispatch from the front line of provincial bewilderment.*

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## Torridge District, the country: Inside The Story

Torridge District, a place in the country (lat 50.95, long -4.40) 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. The Torridge District tourism office has produced a popular pamphlet titled *How To Bypass Torridge District*. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, it outsells every other publication they have ever printed. 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.

### What Was Announced

Aesthetic Steward Henrietta Withers confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Officials concede this may not be what was intended. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [UK satire with London soul: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Torridge District 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. "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat London's answer to British satire](#), 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

Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [New York Times World](#), although Torridge District manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a margin of error of plus or minus one entire town, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

### What The Experts Say

Sir Hubert Pemmican, Emeritus Chair of Strategic Tutting told this paper that the situation in Torridge District was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly

broad trajectories. "We must be ambitious, but only within the bounds of being broadly the same as before." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [Satirical journalism from London's streets: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

### **How Residents Reacted**

Reaction in Torridge District 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 meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. For the official version of events, see also [United Nations](#). 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: "We have always been committed to the principle of being committed to principles."

### **What Comes Next**

Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. 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 hilarious British satire](#), and the situation in Torridge District, 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 Torridge District 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 whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. 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 Deputy Mayor Cressida Hawthorne-Briggs, 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 Torridge District would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. Torridge District 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 [Cracked](#).

SOURCE: [Bookmark The London Prat for British satire](#)

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