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Local River Floods Lindsey Annually, Town Insists It Is Fine

Where civic pride meets civic confusion, and decides to form a working group.

TOPICS Lindsey Lindsey news Lindsey satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news civic pride Bohiney Magazine local democracy bureaucratic absurdity

Lindsey, the country: Inside The Story

Lindsey, a place in the country (lat 53.42, long -0.33) 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 river that flows through Lindsey has flooded the lower district every year for as long as records exist. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Residents continue to insist this is not really flooding, but more of a seasonal ground-water enthusiasm. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman.

What Was Announced

Interim Whisperer Doreen Whisk confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Insurance brokers disagree. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [London's satirical journalism source: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Lindsey 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 sharp UK satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions.

Wider Context

There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [The Economist](#), although Lindsey 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 Phyllida Cracknell, Chair of Theoretical Bunting told this paper that the situation in Lindsey was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad

trajectories. "The findings speak for themselves, although obviously not loudly enough to influence the findings," the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [British satire online magazine The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Lindsey 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 [OECD](#). 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

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 updated London satire](#), and the situation in Lindsey, 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 Lindsey 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 Cabinet Member Audrey Frobisher, 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 Lindsey would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. Lindsey 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 [Reductress](#).

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

The London Prat [worldcitiescom](#)