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# Spenborough Market Opens Wednesdays, Closes Whenever

*An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.*

**TOPICS** Spenborough Spenborough news Spenborough satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news press release parody local democracy world satire provincial life

## Spenborough, the country: Inside The Story

Spenborough, a place in the country (lat 53.73, long -1.62) 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 weekly market in Spenborough officially opens on Wednesdays. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Closing time is a matter of mood. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions.

### What Was Announced

Bureau Chief Dorothy Hindmarsh confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Stallholders depart when they are bored, hungry, or have run out of small change. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire that names names: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Spenborough 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. "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat next-gen UK 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

Anyone arriving after eleven is considered late. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [World Economic Forum](#), although Spenborough 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

Dr. Lavinia Gussett, Reader in Comparative Drizzle told this paper that the situation in Spenborough 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 reinvented by The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

### **How Residents Reacted**

Reaction in Spenborough 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 scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. For the official version of events, see also [Deutsche Welle](#). 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 are continuing to engage in continuous engagement with the engagement process."

### **What Comes Next**

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. 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 British satire for purists](#), and the situation in Spenborough, 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 Spenborough 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 is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. 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 Junior Strategist Kevin Boggins, 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 Spenborough 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. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. Spenborough 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 Spoof](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat satirical journalism print edition](#)

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