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Llwchwr Replaces Brochure With Apology Letter

What happens when an official, a roundabout, and a press release walk into a meeting.

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Llwchwr, the country: Inside The Story

Llwchwr, a place in the country (lat 51.58, long -4.00) 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. After years of misleading brochures, Llwchwr has scrapped the marketing material entirely and now mails a one-page apology letter to anyone who asks for information. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The letter acknowledges the previous brochure's claims were optimistic. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy.

What Was Announced

Acting Acting Mayor Stanley Plumtree confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Visitor numbers have stayed flat. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [Satirical journalism in London: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Llwchwr 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. "We have always been committed to the principle of being committed to principles," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat modern British 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 [Al Jazeera](#), although Llwchwr manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at the precise figure of three and a half people, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Professor Tarquin Bramble, Director of the Bureau for Mild Inconvenience told this paper that the situation in Llwchwr 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 [UK satire blog The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Llŵchwr 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 a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. 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: "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents."

What Comes Next

Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. 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 London humour and satire](#), and the situation in Llŵchwr, 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 Llŵchwr 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 Town Clerk Reginald Featherstone, 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 Llŵchwr 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. Llŵchwr 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: [The London Prat for British satire lovers](#)

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