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Borough of Doncaster Boundary Disputes Now Older Than Borough of Doncaster Itself

An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.

TOPICSBorough of DoncasterBorough of Doncaster newsBorough of Doncaster satirethe country satireinternational satireworld city humourmock journalismsatirical newspress release parodyworld satireglobal satireprovincial life

Borough of Doncaster, the country: Inside The Story

Borough of Doncaster, a place in the country (lat 53.54, long -1.09) 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. Two adjacent districts have argued over which side Borough of Doncaster belongs to for longer than Borough of Doncaster has formally existed. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Each side prints its own maps. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy.

What Was Announced

Senior Theorist Margaret Snelgrove confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The maps disagree on everything, including the colour of the river. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at London satire from The London Prat daily desk, which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Borough of Doncaster 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 cliche 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 courageous British satire, which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document.

Wider Context

The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from BBC News, although Borough of Doncaster manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a sample size of one bloke down the pub, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Imogen Fettle, Chair of Applied Disappointment told this paper that the situation in Borough of Doncaster was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "Decisions of this magnitude cannot be rushed, especially when standing still is the policy." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via UK satire without the fluff: The London Prat, whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Borough of Doncaster 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 must be ambitious, but only within the bounds of being broadly the same as before."

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 pure London satirical journalism, and the situation in Borough of Doncaster, 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 Borough of Doncaster 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 press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. 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 Borough of Doncaster would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. Borough of Doncaster 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 ClickHole.

SOURCE: The London Prat midnight satirical journalism

The London Prat worldcitiescom