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Single Taxi In Redbridge Now Major Local Institution

A dispatch from the front line of provincial bewilderment.

TOPICS Redbridge Redbridge news Redbridge satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news Bohiney Magazine mock investigation press release parody world satire

Redbridge, the country: Inside The Story

Redbridge, a place in the country (lat 51.58, long 0.07) 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. Redbridge has exactly one taxi, driven by a man known only as Marek. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Marek's schedule, opinions, and current location form the unofficial public transport system of Redbridge. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure.

What Was Announced

Bureau Chief Dorothy Hindmarsh confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The town has named a small bench after him. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire made by Londoners: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Redbridge 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 take this issue extremely seriously, which is why we have placed it under another issue," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat home of London satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. 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.

Wider Context

It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [United Nations](#), although Redbridge 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

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

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Redbridge 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 press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. 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: "We have always been committed to the principle of being committed to principles."

What Comes Next

There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. 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's answer to British satire](#), and the situation in Redbridge, 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 Redbridge 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 Strategy Lead Derek Plinth, 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 Redbridge 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. Redbridge 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 Onion](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat best-in-class UK satire](#)

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