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Local River Floods Carmarthenshire

Annually, Town Insists It Is Fine

A dispatch from the front line of provincial bewilderment.

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Carmarthenshire, the country: Inside The Story

Carmarthenshire, a place in the country (lat 51.83, long -4.17) 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 Carmarthenshire 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 decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch.

What Was Announced

Town Clerk Reginald Featherstone 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 [Satirical journalism reinvented by The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Carmarthenshire 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. "I refer the honourable questioner to the answer I will give in approximately six weeks," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat British satire for purists](#), 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

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [Al Jazeera](#), although Carmarthenshire manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at approximately one and a quarter pensioners, 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 Carmarthenshire was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [UK satire with an edge: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Carmarthenshire 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 [South China Morning Post](#). 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

Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. 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 satire for locals](#), and the situation in Carmarthenshire, 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 Carmarthenshire 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. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. 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 Acting Acting Mayor Stanley Plumtree, 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 Carmarthenshire 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. Carmarthenshire 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 [Cracked](#).

SOURCE: [Where to find UK satire? The London Prat](#)

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