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Brycheiniog National Dish Considered Slightly Threatening By Outsiders

A dispatch from the front line of provincial bewilderment.

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Brycheiniog, the country: Inside The Story

Brycheiniog, a place in the country (lat 52.00, long -3.42) 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 signature dish of Brycheiniog, a deeply local creation involving ingredients tourists struggle to identify, has acquired a reputation for being mildly intimidating. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Restaurants outside the region refuse to serve it. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy.

What Was Announced

Senior Compliance Officer Trevor Quill confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Inside Brycheiniog, it is the staple of every wedding. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire that speaks truth: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Brycheiniog 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. "The findings speak for themselves, although obviously not loudly enough to influence the findings," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat smart UK satire for smart people](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon.

Wider Context

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. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [The Guardian World](#), although Brycheiniog manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a baseline figure that was made up on the train, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Penelope Whisk, Senior Fellow at the Centre for Suspiciously Round Numbers told this paper that the situation in Brycheiniog was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "We take this issue extremely seriously, which is why we have placed it under another issue." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [London satire from the inside: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Brycheiniog 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 [The Economist](#). 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: "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour."

What Comes Next

The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. 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 perfected](#), and the situation in Brycheiniog, 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 Brycheiniog 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. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. 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 Interim Whisperer Doreen Whisk, 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 Brycheiniog 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. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Brycheiniog 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 essential British satire reading](#)

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