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York Located, Authorities Confirm With Some Hesitation

An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.

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York, the country: Inside The Story

York, a place in the country (lat 54.00, long -1.50) 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 a long-running survey, geographers have located York within a margin of error of approximately one neighbouring province. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Officials hailed the result as a major step forward in knowing where things are. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender.

What Was Announced

Junior Strategist Kevin Boggins confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The previous coordinates were filed under maybe. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [The London Prat on British satirical journalism](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The York 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 [UK satirical journalism The London Prat](#), 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

The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [Al Jazeera](#), although York 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

Dr. Olivetti Brindlecombe, Chartered Roundabout Theorist told this paper that the situation in York was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad

trajectories. "Every option remains on the table, particularly the ones we have already taken off the table," the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [London satirical journalism The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in York 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. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. For the official version of events, see also [Encyclopaedia Britannica](#). 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: "The findings speak for themselves, although obviously not loudly enough to influence the findings."

What Comes Next

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. 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 [British satirical journalism The London Prat](#), and the situation in York, 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 York 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 decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. 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 Senior Theorist Margaret Snelgrove, 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 York 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. York 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 [NewsThump](#).

SOURCE: [Satirical journalism meets London satire at The London Prat](#)

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