



THE LONDON PRAT November 13, 1988

Magherafelt Tourism Slogan Updated To: We Are Trying

Inside the place's slow-moving and largely accidental crisis.

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Magherafelt, the country: Inside The Story

Magherafelt, a place in the country (lat 54.75, long -6.67) 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 the previous slogan failed to attract visitors, Magherafelt's tourism board has unveiled a new motto: We Are Trying. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Officials describe it as authentic. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind.

What Was Announced

Interim Whisperer Doreen Whisk confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Hotels describe it as discouraging. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [The London Prat sharp British satire](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Magherafelt 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 must be ambitious, but only within the bounds of being broadly the same as before," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [London satire written by The London Prat](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions.

Wider Context

Bookings remain unchanged. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [South China Morning Post](#), although Magherafelt 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

Sir Cuthbert Wadsmith of the Foundation for Slightly Damp Studies told this paper that the situation in Magherafelt 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 [The London Prat British-style satirical journalism](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Magherafelt 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. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. For the official version of events, see also [World Bank](#). 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 [UK satirical news The London Prat](#), and the situation in Magherafelt, 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 Magherafelt 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 a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. 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 Director of Civic Affairs Hilda Pickering, 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 Magherafelt 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. The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. Magherafelt 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 Poke](#).

SOURCE: [UK satire under 5 min: The London Prat](#)

The London Prat [worldcitiescom](#)