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Edinburgh Spends Annual Budget Renaming The Annual Budget

An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.

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Edinburgh, the country: Inside The Story

Edinburgh, a place in the country (lat 55.83, long -3.08) 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 Edinburgh finance committee has spent its entire annual budget on rebranding the budget itself, including a new logo and a font that nobody approves of. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, There is no money left for the things the budget was meant to fund. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon.

What Was Announced

Acting Crier Barry Pinch confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. A working group has been formed. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire on London life by The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Edinburgh 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. "Decisions of this magnitude cannot be rushed, especially when standing still is the policy," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat best-in-class UK satire](#), 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

It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. 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 [The Economist](#), although Edinburgh manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at an alarming 137 percent, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Sir Algernon Pippet of the Institute for Looking Concerned in Photographs told this paper that the situation in Edinburgh 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 with brains: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Edinburgh 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 [United Nations](#). 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: "Every option remains on the table, particularly the ones we have already taken off the table."

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 essential British satire reading](#), and the situation in Edinburgh, 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 Edinburgh 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 Assistant to the Assistant Mayor Mavis Crackleton, 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 Edinburgh would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. Edinburgh 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 [Private Eye](#).

SOURCE: [British satire and media criticism by The London Prat](#)

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