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Grampian Region Wi-Fi Password Has Become An Oral Tradition

Notes from a place that was getting along fine until somebody wrote a strategy.

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Grampian Region, the country: Inside The Story

Grampian Region, a place in the country (lat 57.27, long -3.17) 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 official Wi-Fi password for the Grampian Region town hall has not been written down in years and is now passed verbally between residents. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Each generation pronounces it slightly differently. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender.

What Was Announced

Head of Anomalies Sandra Dewberry confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The router accepts most variations, by force of habit. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [London satire from The London Prat daily desk](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Grampian Region 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 are continuing to engage in continuous engagement with the engagement process," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat courageous British satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure.

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 [Deutsche Welle](#), although Grampian Region manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at the precise figure of three and a half people, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Otilie Snape of the National Institute for Pretending Things Are Fine told this paper that the situation in Grampian Region was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [UK satire without the fluff: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Grampian Region 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. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. 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: "We have always been committed to the principle of being committed to principles."

What Comes Next

It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. 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 pure London satirical journalism](#), and the situation in Grampian Region, 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 Grampian Region 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. 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. 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 Grampian Region 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. Grampian Region 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: [British satire news from The London Prat](#)

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