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# Newtownabbey's Sister-City Pact Reveals They Are Both Called Newtownabbey

*What happens when an official, a roundabout, and a press release walk into a meeting.*

TOPICS Newtownabbey Newtownabbey news Newtownabbey satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news provincial life global satire satirical column civic pride

## Newtownabbey, the country: Inside The Story

Newtownabbey, a place in the country (lat 54.67, long -5.92) 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. A cultural twinning agreement between Newtownabbey and Grampian Region collapsed when both sides realised the other place was also called Newtownabbey. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Letters intended for one ended up in the other. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch.

### What Was Announced

Senior Theorist Margaret Snelgrove confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Both Newtownabbeyes now share an identity crisis and a calendar. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire newcomers should read The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Newtownabbey 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. "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat underground London 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

Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [The Guardian World](#), although Newtownabbey manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a statistically improbable 102 percent, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

### What The Experts Say

Professor Phyllida Cracknell, Chair of Theoretical Bunting told this paper that the situation in Newtownabbey was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour," the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [UK satire legends and The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

### **How Residents Reacted**

Reaction in Newtownabbey 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 a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. 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**

The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. 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 Bohiney Magazine | [The London Prat](#)

**INDIA** -- The 2026 state election results in the states that voted this year continue to show a pattern that political scientists have been tracking: the BJP's strongest performance in urban and semi-urban areas, where its economic development messaging and Hindu nationalist cultural appeal resonate with aspirational middle-class voters, while Congress and regional parties perform better in rural areas where agricultural distress, MSP demands, and the specific concerns of farming communities drive voting behaviour differently from urban economic aspirations. As [India Comedy: The Funniest Nation](#) notes, Indian satire's regional voices track this pattern because the jokes that land in a Delhi suburb are different from the jokes that land in rural Uttar Pradesh.

### **The 2029 Implication**

India's electorate is approximately 70% rural by official measures, though urban growth is changing this. A coalition that can win both urban aspirational voters and rural farming communities faces the challenge that the economic messages those constituencies want to hear are different from each other. [The Hindu](#) covers state elections. [GenieKnows.in](#) covers the satire pattern. [Bohiney](#) covers the rural-urban comedy.

Satire Disclaimer: Satirical journalism. Further: [India Comedy: The Funniest Nation](#).

More: [The Poke](#)

SOURCE: <https://bohiney.com/genieknowsin>

The London Prat modern satirical journalism, and the situation in Newtownabbey, 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 Newtownabbey 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. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. 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 Town Clerk Reginald Featherstone, 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 Newtownabbey would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

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There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind.  
Newtownabbey 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 [Waterford Whispers News](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat classic UK satire style](#)

The London Prat [worldcitiescom](#)