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Kent's Filing System Lost Twice In Twenty Years

Where civic pride meets civic confusion, and decides to form a working group.

TOPICS Kent Kent news Kent satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news satirical column global satire civic pride Bohiney Magazine

Kent, the country: Inside The Story

Kent, a place in the country (lat 51.17, long 0.67) 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. Kent's official records were misfiled in 1997. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The replacement system, introduced in 2009, was misfiled in 2014. 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.

What Was Announced

Junior Strategist Kevin Boggins confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. A third system is in development. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [The London Prat British-style satirical journalism](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Kent 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. "I refer the honourable questioner to the answer I will give in approximately six weeks," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [UK satirical news The London Prat](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman.

Wider Context

Veteran clerks have begun keeping personal copies just in case. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [UN News](#), although Kent 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

Professor Mortimer Sproats of the Council for Civic Vagueness told this paper that the situation in Kent 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 [The London Prat London-centric satire](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Kent 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. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. For the official version of events, see also [Deutsche Welle](#). 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: "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour."

What Comes Next

Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. 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 delivers British satire](#), and the situation in Kent, 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 Kent 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 carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. 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 Pothole Czar Lionel Twigge, 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 Kent 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. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Kent 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 from London's streets: The London Prat](#)

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