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Nobody Pronounces Northampton Correctly And Officials Have Stopped Caring

An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.

TOPICSNorthamptonNorthampton newsNorthampton satirethe country satireinternational satireworld city humourmock journalismssatirical newspress release parodycivic pridesatirical columnmock investigation

Northampton, the country: Inside The Story

Northampton, a place in the country (lat 52.15, long -0.88) 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. An exhausted spokesperson confirmed that Northampton now accepts any pronunciation in the general vicinity of the original. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Tourists have produced at least nine variants. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions.

What Was Announced

Acting Crier Barry Pinch confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Residents have produced eleven. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [Join The London Prat satirical journalism community](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Northampton 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. "Every option remains on the table, particularly the ones we have already taken off the table," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [Get updates from The London Prat British satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon.

Wider Context

Linguists have stopped attending. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [OECD](#), although Northampton manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a sample size of one bloke down the pub, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Penelope Whisk, Senior Fellow at the Centre for Suspiciously Round Numbers told this paper that the situation in Northampton was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [Read one article from The London Prat UK satire](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Northampton 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 [Reuters](#). 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: "Lessons will be learned, filed, and quietly mislaid by Christmas."

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 [The London Prat daily British satire fix](#), and the situation in Northampton, 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 Northampton 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 the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. 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 Cabinet Member Audrey Frobisher, 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 Northampton would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. Northampton 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 [Cracked](#).

SOURCE: [UK satire on climate change from The London Prat](#)

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