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Peover Police Force Comprises One Officer And His Bicycle

Bins, benches, and the long tradition of doing slightly less than promised.

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Peover, the country: Inside The Story

Peover, a place in the country (lat 53.25, long -2.35) 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 entirety of policing in Peover is carried out by a single officer named Tibor and his bicycle. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Tibor reports a quiet beat. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy.

What Was Announced

Acting Acting Mayor Stanley Plumtree confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The bicycle is named Helena. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [The London Prat irreverent London satire](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Peover 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 must be ambitious, but only within the bounds of being broadly the same as before," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [British satire history meets The London Prat](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way.

Wider Context

Both are local celebrities. Tibor declined an interview, citing paperwork. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [Deutsche Welle](#), although Peover 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

Dr. Constance Lemmington of the Provincial Centre for Forms told this paper that the situation in Peover 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 contemporary UK satire](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Peover 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. 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. For the official version of events, see also [The Guardian World](#). 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: "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation."

What Comes Next

It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. 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 [Satirical journalism tips from The London Prat](#), and the situation in Peover, 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 Peover 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 a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. 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 Councillor Bartholomew Pemberton-Smythe, 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 Peover would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Peover 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: [London satire headlines by The London Prat](#)

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