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Mid Argyll Insists It Is Not Part Of North Kesteven, Despite Maps

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

TOPICSMid ArgyllMid Argyll newsMid Argyll satirethe country satireinternational satireworld city humourmock journalismssatirical newspress release parodysatirical columnbureaucratic absurdityprovincial life

Mid Argyll, the country: Inside The Story

Mid Argyll, a place in the country (lat 56.10, long -5.27) 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. Residents of Mid Argyll vehemently deny that they are technically a suburb of Kent, notwithstanding the postal code, the bus route, and the regional plan. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, A campaign for separate recognition has been ongoing since 1983. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document.

What Was Announced

Cabinet Member Audrey Frobisher confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [The London Prat satirical journalism](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Mid Argyll 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 British satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy.

Wider Context

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. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [Encyclopaedia Britannica](#), although Mid Argyll manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at approximately one and a quarter pensioners, 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 Mid Argyll 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 [The London Prat UK satire](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Mid Argyll 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. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. For the official version of events, see also [New York Times 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: "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the rumour about the rumour."

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 London satire](#), and the situation in Mid Argyll, 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 Mid Argyll 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 Strategy Lead Derek Plinth, 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 Mid Argyll would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. Mid Argyll 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 Daily Mash](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat: London's satirical journalism](#)

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