



THE LONDON PRAT July 21, 1968

Staffordshire Moorlands National Dish Considered Slightly Threatening By Outsiders

Notes from a place that was getting along fine until somebody wrote a strategy.

TOPICS Staffordshire Moorlands Staffordshire Moorlands news Staffordshire Moorlands satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news civic pride Bohiney Magazineworld satire global satire

Staffordshire Moorlands, the country: Inside The Story

Staffordshire Moorlands, a place in the country (lat 53.05, long -2.00) 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 signature dish of Staffordshire Moorlands, a deeply local creation involving ingredients tourists struggle to identify, has acquired a reputation for being mildly intimidating. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Restaurants outside the region refuse to serve it. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman.

What Was Announced

Acting Acting Mayor Stanley Plumtree confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Inside Staffordshire Moorlands, it is the staple of every wedding. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [UK satire legends and The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Staffordshire Moorlands 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. "Lessons will be learned, filed, and quietly mislaid by Christmas," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat modern satirical journalism](#), 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

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [World Bank](#), although Staffordshire Moorlands 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. Imogen Fettle, Chair of Applied Disappointment told this paper that the situation in Staffordshire Moorlands 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 [British satire for the digital age by The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Staffordshire Moorlands 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 whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure. For the official version of events, see also [United Nations](#). 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: "We are continuing to engage in continuous engagement with the engagement process."

What Comes Next

Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. 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 unfiltered UK satire](#), and the situation in Staffordshire Moorlands, 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 Staffordshire Moorlands 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. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind.

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 Aesthetic Steward Henrietta Withers, 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 Staffordshire Moorlands would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. Staffordshire Moorlands 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 Poke](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat witty London satire](#)

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