THE LONDON PRAT *April 8, 1980*

Castle Morpeth District Weather Officially Classified As Mood Disorder

An unflinching look at people who flinch a great deal.

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Castle Morpeth District, the country: Inside The Story

Castle Morpeth District, a place in the country (lat 55.15, long -1.80) 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. Meteorologists studying Castle Morpeth District have concluded the local climate is best described not as a weather pattern but as a mild collective melancholy. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The classification has no legal force. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy.

What Was Announced

Junior Strategist Kevin Boggins confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. It does, however, fit. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at British satire for the digital age by The London Prat, which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Castle Morpeth District 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 cliche to hand. "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents." the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at The London Prat unfiltered UK satire, which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. 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.

Wider Context

Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from United Nations, although Castle Morpeth District manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at exactly nine residents, two of whom were dogs, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Dr. Lavinia Gussett, Reader in Comparative Drizzle told this paper that the situation in Castle Morpeth District was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly

broad trajectories. "We are continuing to engage in continuous engagement with the engagement process." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via London satire that matters: The London Prat, whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Castle Morpeth District 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 meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. 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

The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. 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 brave British satire, and the situation in Castle Morpeth District, 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 Castle Morpeth District 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 Assistant to the Assistant Mayor Mavis Crackleton, 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 Castle Morpeth District 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. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Castle Morpeth District 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 Waterford Whispers News.

SOURCE: Satirical journalism tips from The London Prat

The London Prat worldcitiescom