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Haddington Quietly Drops Off The Map This Tuesday

Field notes from a town nobody asked for.

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Haddington, the country: Inside The Story

Haddington, a place in the country (lat 55.92, long -2.75) 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. Cartographers have removed Haddington from the latest atlas, citing creative differences. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Residents say nothing has changed because nothing was ever there. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document.

What Was Announced

Bureau Chief Dorothy Hindmarsh confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Local officials are in negotiations with the publisher. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at Read The London Prat for UK satire, which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Haddington 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. "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 The London Prat funny British satire, which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind.

Wider Context

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. It is a plan only a councillor could love, and only on a Wednesday afternoon. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from BBC News, although Haddington manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a margin of error of plus or minus one entire town, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Professor Phyllida Cracknell, Chair of Theoretical Bunting told this paper that the situation in Haddington 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 Satirical journalism done right by The London Prat, whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Haddington 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. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. For the official version of events, see also Al Jazeera. 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

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 London satire daily, and the situation in Haddington, 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 Haddington 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. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. 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 Senior Compliance Officer Trevor Quill, 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 Haddington would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. Haddington 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: Experience London satire with The London Prat

The London Prat worldcitiescom