HOLY SMOKE!
The UN-FAB FOUR Are Converts—and Thorold Needs a Satire Landfill

Political satire • Purple edition

By Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary

Article date: October 20, 2026 | Posted early: October 19, 2026

Satire notice: Comic scenes, dialogue, divine replies, business proposals and wardrobe stories are invented. “UN-FAB FOUR” expresses my opinion of a perceived alignment involving Dekker, Sentance, De Divitiis and O’Hare; it is not evidence of a council majority, coordination or undisclosed conflicts. “Coming out” refers to transparency, not sexuality. Conversion jokes make no claim about anyone’s faith. Blocking suspicions and the crown-photo account remain unconfirmed recollections. No fictional payment occurred. Celebrity cameos and sitcom references imply no endorsement by those depicted, their estates, Brock University, Walker or any other named organization.

Article word count: 2,581 | Ordinary words: 0 | Satirical words: 2,581

All funny—according to the author, who has also appointed himself the independent laughter auditor.

Estimated laughing time: 10–12 minutes. Recovery time excluded. No laugh track supplied: all laughter must be independently generated and fully disclosed.

In my imaginary legislative agenda, I propose a Thorold bylaw banning canned laughter. Transparency, however, must remain compulsory. Anyone caught laughing behind closed doors must release the minutes—and explain what was so funny.

Special laughter damage disclaimer

I, Nicholas Bozza, accept no responsibility whatsoever—in this entirely imaginary disclaimer—for damage arising from excessive laughter, including but not limited to wet pants, overturned vases, coffee sprayed across computer screens, dentures achieving low Earth orbit, startled spouses, frightened pets or neighbours calling to ask whether you are laughing or operating a chainsaw indoors.

Before reading, secure all breakables, put down the hot drink and establish a clear route to the bathroom. Replacement underwear is the reader’s responsibility. My imaginary insurer has classified this article as an act of Bozza and declined coverage.

Any claims must be submitted in triplicate to the Department of Uncontrollable Laughter. Unfortunately, the department is closed: staff read the article. The appeals committee is still under the table.

This disclaimer is a joke, not a legal waiver. No warranty, absorbent lining or municipal dry-cleaning subsidy is included.

A prescription for political daylight

Laughter is the best medicine. Sunlight is a pretty good prescription for the political bugs that flourish when transparency goes missing. Unfortunately, in my imaginary Thorold pharmacy, the sunlight is backordered and the disclosure forms are behind a locked cabinet labelled OPEN GOVERNMENT. No benefit plan will cover a transparency prescription. Apparently, disclosure is an elective procedure.

The gloves are coming off. From here on, I'm prescribing shorter articles and much stronger satire. I promise even shorter articles moving forward. I'm considering an ISO industrial rating for my satire. Heavy industry pays more tax, and Thorold could use the revenue. The quality-control inspector asked whether my jokes meet international standards. I told him I'd settle for getting an answer locally. I will, however, try to keep the emissions environmentally friendly. Take two punchlines and demand an answer in the morning.

At this rate, I imagine Health Canada issuing a warning: "Thorold has exceeded the recommended daily allowance of satire. Residents must stop laughing until a licensed disposal facility can be found." There's a lead for the local Walker operation: a completely imaginary new product line. Buy Thorold! Dispose of your satire close to home! No actual business proposal or company involvement is implied—my imaginary procurement department has already lost the paperwork.

A special dump for satirical material! Naturally, I'd suggest calling it the UN-FAB Landfill. Bring your unanswered questions. We've already dug the hole.

"Will the facility even accept transparency?"

"That requires special handling. It must be certified so transparent that nobody can see it."

Maybe Brock can donate the land. In this imaginary deal, I'd like to see the paperwork before anybody orders the ribbon.

"How will we know it arrived?"

"You'll see the invoice."

Now THAT is a business model: an invisible product with a very visible bill.

"And the unanswered questions?"

"Certainly. But only in sealed containers."

The closet has a disclosure problem

I have finally come out of the non-transparency closet. Not that there's anything wrong with it—as the line from Seinfeld goes. In this particular closet, the problem is that nobody can find the light switch. We even brought in a miner. MINER—with an E. Hard hat, work boots, headlamp. His battery was dead. Finally, an expert who could independently confirm that we were all being kept in the dark. If that's not evidence, what is? In this sketch, apparently enough to invoice us for a site visit.

I invite the UN-FAB FOUR to join me. Especially Tiny Tim, my favourite recurring character in this municipal sitcom. Tim, I've come out. Now it's O'Hare's turn. Bring a flashlight and your answers. The door is marked PUBLIC, although the handle seems to be on the other side.

There is room for all of the UN-FAB foursome. In my imaginary version, the closet even comes with a motion sensor. Every time somebody asks a question, it moves to adjourn.



FICTIONAL SATIRE. Sitcom dialogue is invented; no endorsement or statement by Desi Arnaz, Lucille Ball or their estates is claimed. Nick's denial and voting position are his own. This cartoon does not establish that Tim O'Hare spread any rumour.

A secret society or a society with secrets

In my fictional sidewalk conversation, a voter asks how quickly Dekker, Sentance, De Divitiis and O'Hare became converts to the UN-FAB culture. In this sketch, being UN-FABBED comes with a membership card. Unfortunately, the terms and conditions are printed with invisible ink on the inside of the laminate.

"Was there a conversion ceremony?" he asks.

"I don't know," I say. "Nobody sent me the minutes."

He wonders whether it is a secret society or just a society with secrets. Is there a secret handshake? A password? Do other municipalities have chapters? Is there a loyalty card—answer nine questions vaguely and get the tenth one deferred for free?

In my imagined initiation, Sentance takes the longest. They tell him, "Ken, welcome to the club." He replies, "Before I join, is this a complete Sentance?" They assure him punctuation will be dealt with in closed session. Even this so-called "aw, shucks" character gets UN-FABBED and converted, it seems. In this imaginary club, that counts as a major recruitment victory. They ring a bell. Then decline to explain who paid for the bell.

De Divitiis gets the deluxe welcome: "Mike, the hair is magnificent. Is that your original colour? The disclosure form is over there."

"Will it interfere with the photo or the stand-up cardboard cutout of yourself for promotion?"

"We'll put it behind you." Maybe in the cardboard recycling box after the election?

Nobody needs a secret handshake in this sketch. The official greeting is an open hand held directly in front of the document.

Please speak directly away from the microphone at Thorold Councillor Meet and Greets and debates

My fictional friend Abe offers another theory: watch the microphone.

"Imagine a debate where everyone is supposed to use one," he says, "but someone would rather speak without it."

"How is that transparency?" I ask.

"Perfectly transparent. The mouth moves. Nothing useful reaches the back row."

"Someone at the back recorded it," Abe adds. "Excellent picture. The soundtrack sounds like a council meeting held inside a washing machine."

In Abe's imaginary debate, the moderator says, "Please use the microphone."

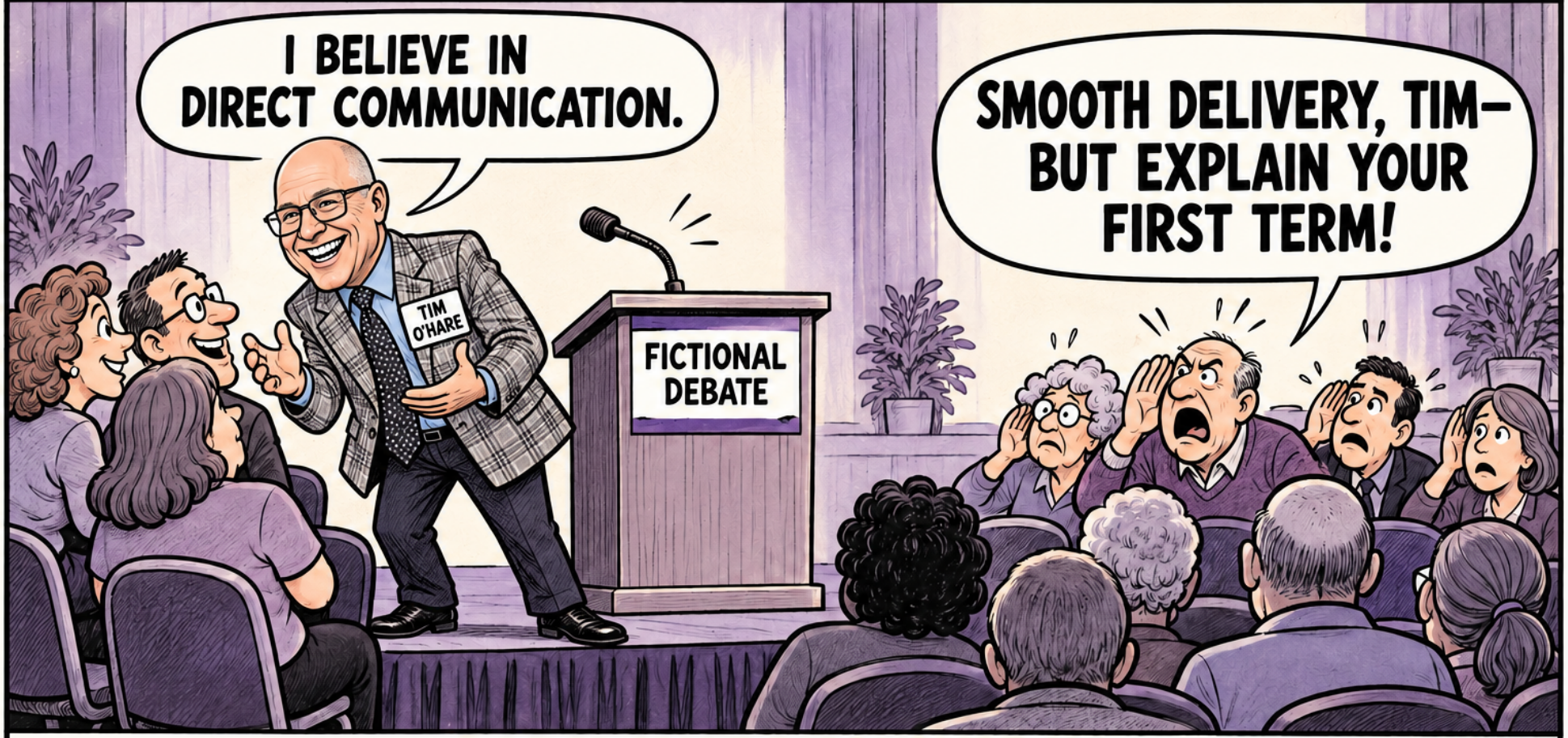
The candidate replies, "I believe in direct communication."

A voter at the back shouts, "THEN DIRECT SOME OF IT OVER HERE!"

I'm tempted to call this a cry for help. Abe says it can't be. Nobody can hear it.

Apparently, denial isn't just a river in Egypt. In my imaginary Thorold, it runs straight past the microphone.

PLEASE SPEAK AWAY FROM THE MICROPHONE



FICTIONAL POLITICAL SATIRE

Caricature of Tim O'Hare. Scene, dialogue and costume are invented; not an actual event or quotation. No endorsement implied.

FICTIONAL WARDROBE NOTE: Tim did not actually wear this Herb Tarlek costume. Our imaginary WKRP in Cincinnati remake director demanded it back—another sales pitch was booked!

Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary

Abe takes the conversion question upstairs where even Thorold building permits cannot reach

All this talk of conversion reminds Abe of an old religious joke. He tells it with enough volume to make the imaginary microphone redundant.

ABE: “RABBI! YOU’LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!”

RABBI: “What happened, my son?”

ABE: “I raised my boy in our synagogue. I taught him our traditions. I hoped he’d grow up and raise a Jewish family. Rabbi—he’s become a Christian!”

RABBI: “That is quite a surprise. BUT YOU’LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!”

ABE: “What?”

RABBI: “I raised my son in the synagogue where I am the rabbi. Taught him everything I knew. He became a Christian too!”

ABE: “What can we do?”

RABBI: “We can pray.”

ABE: “Have you prayed? Did God answer? What did He say?”

RABBI: “He said, ‘Rabbi, YOU’LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!’”

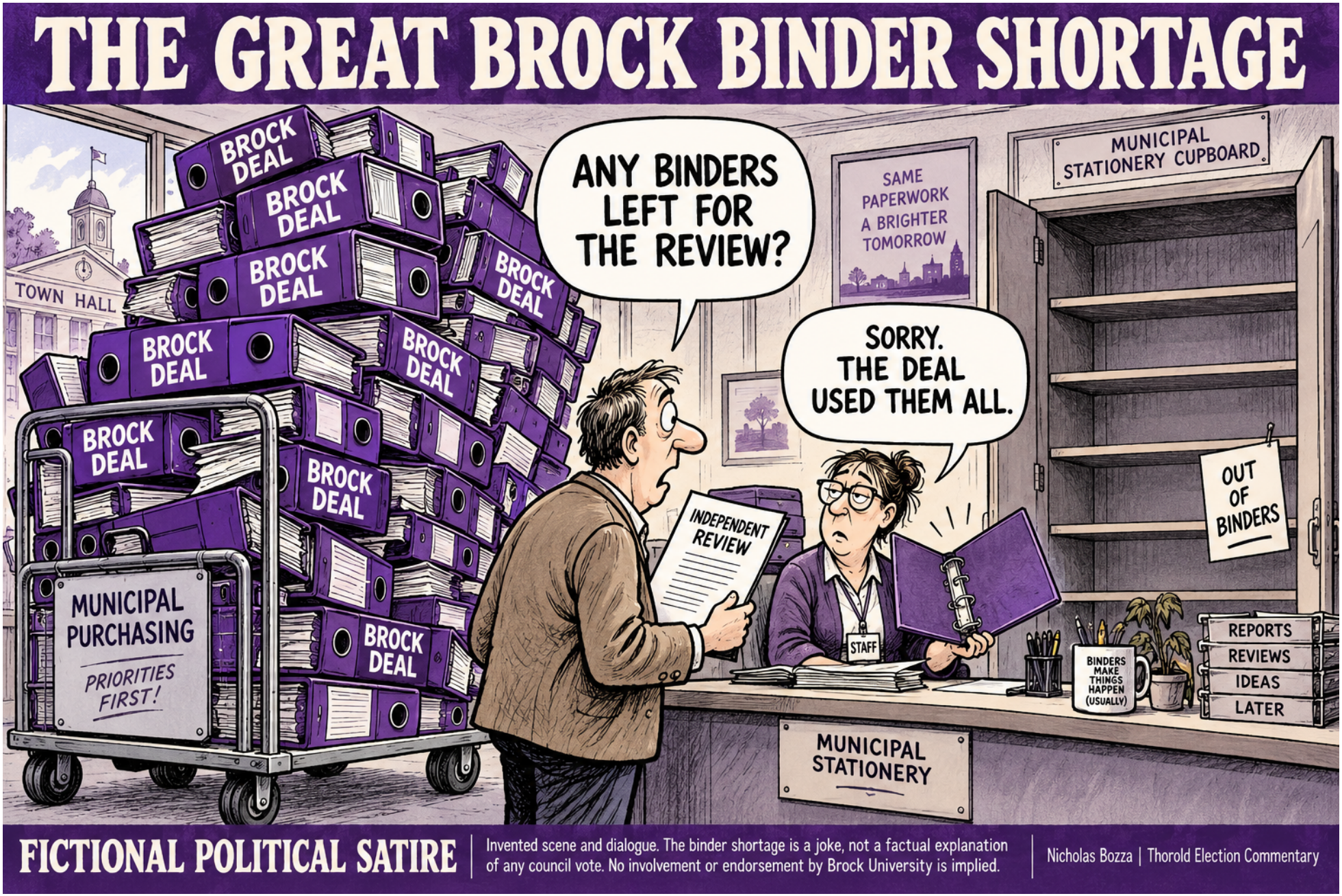
For anyone still looking for the punchline: it invokes the Christian belief that Jesus is God’s son. It is an old joke, not a historical claim that Jesus converted to Christianity. My imaginary theology department has now returned to arguing over the coffee budget.

I laughed so hard I nearly had to declare my underwear a total loss. My imaginary insurance broker said, “We haven’t got a binder for that.” In this imaginary version, the binders were all used in planning the Brock deal—now there’s a big shortage.

Apparently, in my cartoon version of municipal finance, the Brock deal used them all. The real vote underneath this joke was the defeat of a motion to seek an external legal opinion concerning Canada Games Park’s financials and consortium agreement. ThoroldToday reported that O’Hare, Dekker, Sentance and De Divitiis voted against it, along with the mayor. [1]

My completely invented explanation? A review might have required another binder, and the imaginary stationery cupboard was as short on binders as my satire is on patience. That is a punchline, not evidence of anyone’s motive.

Who really knows? Only their hairdresser knows for sure. As for O’Hare and Sentance, my cartoon hairdresser takes one look and says, “Finally, something I can see right through.” Is THAT the transparency we were promised? I was hoping for documents, gentlemen, not a clear view of the scalp.


THE GREAT BROCK BINDER SHORTAGE
TOWN HALL
BROCK DEAL
MUNICIPAL PURCHASING
PRIORITIES FIRST!
ANY BINDERS LEFT FOR THE REVIEW?
INDEPENDENT REVIEW
SAME PAPERWORK A BRIGHTER TOMORROW
MUNICIPAL STATIONERY CUPBOARD
SORRY. THE DEAL USED THEM ALL.
STAFF
OUT OF BINDERS
BINDERS MAKE THINGS HAPPEN (USUALLY)
REPORTS
REVIEWS
IDEAS
LATER
MUNICIPAL STATIONERY
FICTIONAL POLITICAL SATIRE
Invented scene and dialogue. The binder shortage is a joke, not a factual explanation of any council vote. No involvement or endorsement by Brock University is implied.
Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary

And then God asked for the paperwork

Once I recovered, I asked Abe for the moral hidden behind all this.

“You never know who will convert,” he said. “Someone might embrace transparency. Someone might join the UN-FAB culture you keep writing about. Someone might even join Scientology in search of a tribe, belonging and a leadership ladder. I can barely get my own family to join me for dinner. Apparently, my committee has lost quorum.”

“So what can we do?”

“Pray.”

“Have you prayed, Abe? Did God answer?”

“Yes, Nicholas. He said, ‘READ THE ARTICLES. ASK YOUR QUESTIONS. IF THEY WANT YOUR VOTE, THEY CAN EXPLAIN THEIR RECORD.’”

“God reads Thorold Election Commentary?”

“Apparently. He likes the sunlight theme. Says He has some experience in that department.”

“Thanks for the plug, Abe.”

“That’ll be ten dollars.”

“Ten dollars? Now I have to write you down as an advertising expense in my TPA records!”

“Fine,” said Abe. “At least ONE of us is disclosing something.”

I hope the UN-FAB FOUR read it too. I invited all four members of the UN-FAB FOUR by email, although I wonder whether Sentance may have blocked me. I cannot confirm that. In the imaginary delivery report, my message is marked: RECEIVED, REFERRED, AND NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

The final prescription

Laugh at the satire. Then ask the serious question underneath it: can the people seeking your vote explain their decisions clearly and answer reasonable questions openly? I have put questions to candidates, including those I have publicly endorsed—a different four, of course. Where a reply is missing, the question remains open. An endorsement should not come with an exemption from answering.

My vote comes with questions. Anyone wanting it should come with answers.

To borrow the courtroom spirit of Tom Cruise’s character in A Few Good Men: “I want the truth!” [2] In my municipal version, I would also accept a clearly labelled attachment and a reply before the next ice age.

And if the answers require divine intervention, please use the microphone. It’s a bit overcast today; the heavenly reception may be patchy.

Blocked or bloc’d: That is the question

P.S. It appears I may also have been blocked on O’Hare’s Facebook page after asking a hockey-related question connected to my concerns about transparency. I cannot confirm whether I was blocked or why. Nor can I confirm that Sentance blocked my email. A suspicion is not a delivery receipt.

But if a member of a committee concerned with inclusiveness excludes a questioner, I am entitled to ask: how inclusive is that? That remains a conditional question, because I have not established what happened. In my imaginary committee brochure, the welcome mat says EVERYONE WELCOME. The small print says SOME QUESTIONS MAY BE ASKED TO WAIT OUTSIDE—even if it's raining purple.

So, was I blocked—or bloc'd? THAT is the question.

Shakespeare gave us a prince of Denmark. Thorold gets a question about a Facebook page. "To reply, or not to reply?" Hamlet had a skull. I have a Facebook question and a headache. Neither of us is getting a straight answer.

Purple Rain (Reign) meets the Prince of Thorold

That brings me to the crown photo I recall seeing on O'Hare's Facebook after his first election win. I took it as a joke—the rookie styling himself, in my interpretation, as a Prince of Thorold. The power of royalty, it seemed. Blue blood, perhaps, but I'm supplying the purple. This is my recollection and interpretation, not an official royal proclamation. Please do not start building a moat around City Hall.

I took Tim to be trying to be funny. As I understand it, he is not originally from Thorold; I also recall him saying in a Facebook video that everyone wants to move here. Those are my recollections, rather than verified quotations. My satirical explanation for Thorold's appeal? The world's finest homegrown satire. In my entirely biased quality-control system, those of us born and raised here have the local franchise.

World-class humour, made in Thorold! In my imaginary pharmacy, generic satire won't cut it. We want the real thing, to borrow the old Coca-Cola slogan. And when it comes to transparency, I'd like all the original documents, not a substitute with the active ingredient removed.

It reminded me of another Prince: the legendary musician. May he rest in peace. A correction before the geography department files an objection: Prince was from Minneapolis, not Toronto. His official biography confirms it. [3] He did marry Toronto-born Manuela Testolini and had a home in Toronto's Bridle Path neighbourhood—not Forest Hill. CityNews also reported that he did much of the recording work for Musicology in Toronto. [4] Even satire should know which side of the border its purple limousine is parked on.

In his honour, the headings and highlighted punchlines here have gone purple. Purple Rain, meet Purple Reign. One is a classic album. The other is my imaginary municipal costume drama, currently awaiting a response to a freedom-of-information request for the royal crown size.

And since Let's Go Crazy is already a Prince song title, my fictional municipal remix is called Let's Go Transparent. The guitar solo is excellent. The answers are still in rehearsal, it seems.


PURPLE REIGN: THE ROYAL QUESTION PERIOD
HIS MUNICIPAL HIGHNESS WILL NOW RECEIVE QUESTIONS.
ANSWERS REQUIRE A SEPARATE APPOINTMENT.
NELLA DEKKER
KEN SENTANCE
TIM O'HARE
MIKE DE DIVITIIS
IMAGINARY CITY HALL
MY QUESTION
FICTIONAL POLITICAL SATIRE
Caricatures of Dekker, Sentance, O'Hare, De Divitiis and Prince. Scene, costumes and dialogue are invented.
Royal imagery is opinion, not evidence of coordination or misconduct. Prince's cameo is fictional; no endorsement by him or his estate is implied.
Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary

Prince could fill an arena. I would be delighted if our UN-FAB FOUR municipal performers could fill in the blanks.

Abe asks, “Does this mean we’re getting purple rain?”

“Possibly. But knowing my imaginary City Hall, they’ll classify it as a weather-related disclosure and release it one drop at a time.”

“Only when necessary?”

“Naturally. We wouldn’t want the public getting soaked in information.”

Tim, keep the crown if you like. Just bring the answers. The public should not need a royal audience to ask a council question. Do your responses require royal assent, or must we hire trumpeters to announce them? My imaginary budget has enough trouble covering the bell.

And for heaven’s sake, use the microphone. Purple is the tribute. Silence is not the soundtrack.

Please share the article and illustrative satire

Please share this article and its accompanying illustrative satire on your Facebook profile and in community Facebook groups you belong to, where their rules allow it. Please help promote www.thoroldelectioncommentary.ca so readers can find the full article, references and satire notice, and form their own opinions.

I believe I may have been blocked from some Facebook spaces, although I cannot confirm the circumstances. Readers who choose to share can help others discover the commentary and form their own opinions.

Spread the laughter—and the questions. My imaginary Department of Uncontrollable Laughter has waived the forwarding fee. Replacement vases are still your responsibility.

It’s a fair question, voters are saying: why should we have to go to these lengths to get the UN-FAB FOUR to explain their current term before the election?

I do local political roasts. Bring your own answers—I’ve supplied enough material. Wink, wink.

Nicholas Bozza
Registered Third-Party Advertiser — Thorold

References and word count note

[1] Bernard Lansbergen, ThoroldToday, “City council closes door on Canada Games Park investigation,” October 4, 2023. Reports the October 3, 2023 vote, defeated 5–4, on seeking an external legal opinion regarding Canada Games Park financials and the consortium agreement. The binder explanation above is invented.

Read source online

[2] A Few Good Men (1992), courtroom exchange, as transcribed by Rev, “A Few Good Men — You Can’t Handle the Truth.” The quoted words are spoken by Tom Cruise’s character, Lieutenant Daniel Kaffee.

Read source online

[3] The Prince Estate, “Prince’s Early Years.”

Read source online

[4] CityNews, “For $13M, you can party like it’s 1999 in Prince’s former Bridle Path mansion,” April 22, 2016. Supports the Toronto marriage, Bridle Path home and reported Toronto recording work; no separate claim about construction of a Toronto studio is made here.

Read source online

Word count includes article headings, body, laughter disclaimer and closing roast line; it excludes the title, metadata, opening satire notice, signature, references and comic lettering. Hyphenated words and contractions count as one. “All satirical” and laughing time are comic presentation, not a laughter guarantee. Recovery time excluded.