UN-FAB FOUR Responds—and Leave US Speechless

Executive summary | Political satire

Four councillors. One statement. Not a solitary spelling error.

By Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary
Tuesday, October 20, 2026

Approximate article reading time: 6 minutes. Laughter recovery excluded.

Word-count department: approximately 1,540 words, all assigned to the satire division. The imaginary statement contributes none.

SATIRE NOTICE: Political opinion and absurdist satire. The blank response, dialogue, interviews, incidents and reactions are invented; no actual joint statement is quoted. "UN-FAB FOUR" expresses my view of a perceived voting alignment involving Tim O'Hare, Mike De Divitiis, Nella Dekker and Ken Sentance, not evidence of coordination, dishonesty or identical reasoning. Judge actual decisions and responses by the public record.

The campaign is approaching its grand finale. I was catching up on my articles when this imaginary bulletin landed on my desk.

Stop the presses. Put down the coffee. Move the good vase. Somebody check whether my chair is insured.

THE UN-FAB FOUR HAVE FINALLY ANSWERED EVERYTHING.

Every question. Every concern. Full transparency, accessible to everyone. No magnifying glass, interpreter or archaeological permit required.

The statement we have all been waiting for…

In this entirely fictional development, first-term councillors Tim O'Hare and Mike De Divitiis, together with Nella Dekker and Ken Sentance, have produced a statement so transparent that ordinary printing technology cannot detect it.

Its imaginary scope covers questions about Canada Games Park, the legal-review issue, spending priorities and attention to neighbourhoods across Thorold: Port Robinson, Allanburg, Thorold South, the Confederation areas, old Thorold, Broderick and Collier and much much more.

Nothing overlooked. Nothing obscured. Nothing, as it turns out, on the page.

The complete unabridged imaginary response

Dated Tuesday, October 20, 2026, and addressed to me and every other voter in Thorold: highlighted in grey below

" "

And, for those requiring further clarification:

" "

Finally, in a forceful closing statement:

" !!!!!!"

Six exclamation marks. At last, some points on the record.

I read it twice, put on my glasses, cleaned them, then cleaned the screen. For one terrifying moment, I thought I had selective blindness: I could still see the tax bill, but the explanation had vanished.

I enlarged it to 400 per cent. Now I had a much larger explanation of nothing. I turned up the brightness. The hydro bill increased, but my understanding did not.

Their writing puts mine to absolute shame

Credit where it is due: the writing is clean. Exceptionally clean. You could perform surgery on the second paragraph—if there were one.

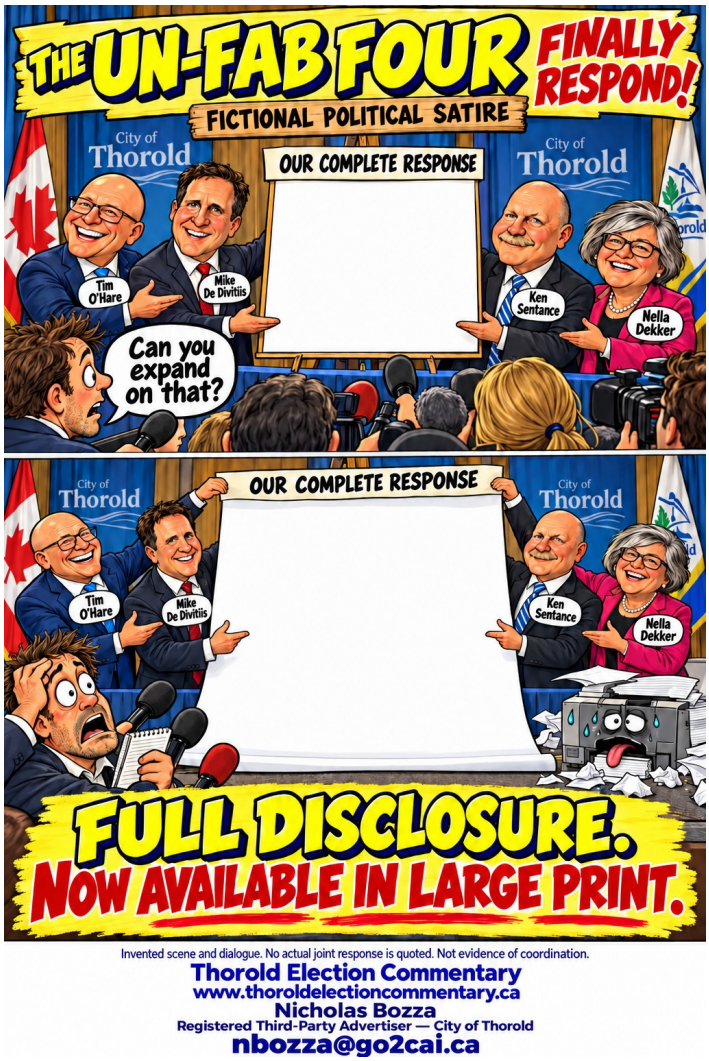
Not a single solitary spelling error. No misplaced apostrophe. No dangling participle. No sentence running on longer than a council meeting. No danger of confusing “their,” “there” and “they’re.” They have eliminated the entire problem by eliminating the sentence.

They put my writing skills to absolute shame.

I ran their statement through spellcheck. It said, “Finally. A day off.” Grammarly booked a cruise. The dictionary closed early. My red pen applied for unemployment.

Finally translated into every language ever invented

The statement was even released in every language ever invented. Every translation was identical. Not a solitary spelling error anywhere on Earth.



At last, a document that loses absolutely nothing in translation—because there is nothing to lose.

Meanwhile, one fictional reader at the airport was so overcome by the message that he fainted directly onto the luggage carousel. Everyone was concerned.

Fortunately, he finally came around.

Then he came around again.

By his third lap, someone had attached a luggage tag to his ankle. By his fourth, his wife was arguing that she had already paid to check him in.

Airport staff eventually helped him off, although a family from Winnipeg briefly claimed him because he looked like their uncle.

When asked what had caused the episode, he pointed to the statement and whispered, “I’ve never read anything like it.”

Neither had anyone else. That was becoming the problem.

Poetry so moving it left no forwarding address

One imaginary reader called it the most poetic passage ever read. The verses were so free that even the words had been released. Snchronicity of lyrics – the sound of slicence lyrics the real FAB FOUR Beattles would envy.

I wonder whether this fictional masterpiece was copyrighted and reviewed by a lawyer. Did they hold an imaginary vote on obtaining legal advice? In this comedy, even the motion has gone missing.

Will there be royalties when someone else says absolutely nothing? Should voters receive a share? My imaginary ethics commissioner opened the file, found nothing inside and said, “At least the paperwork is consistent.”

The sound of silence certainly opens the door to more questions. Unfortunately, nobody appears to be answering the door.

Reports from our completely imaginary correspondents



A fictional transport driver makes the spectacularly bad decision to read the statement while driving through the Thorold Tunnel. His truck overturns, revealing skids of Vicks VapoRub.

The tunnel is blocked, but in the cartoon version it is congestion-free for eight hours. Even the traffic jam can breathe. No injuries, no actual crash—just a cartoon. Read only when parked.

Another voter proposes an “UN-FAB AMBER ALERT” whenever all four vote together: four phones vibrating in perfect harmony, followed by a message reading, “Please stand by for an explanation.” This fictional notification is no emergency alert; leave real AMBER Alerts to their purpose. Our app can barely locate a paragraph.

A golfer hears the bulletin during a lesson and immediately improves his distance. He can now throw his clubs and his bag another 25 yards. His instructor calls it a breakthrough. The groundskeeper calls it littering.

Who wrote this masterpiece response for the UN-FABBED?...

Which member wrote it? Which three reviewed it and said, “Yes. That captures my position perfectly”? Or did all four independently arrive at precisely the same absence of words?

Four individual perspectives. Four separate thought processes. One immaculate sheet of paper. I cannot establish who led. There are no fingerprints on a blank paragraph.

Perhaps there were four drafts. One said nothing. Another said nothing more firmly. The third recommended saying nothing in plain language. The fourth asked whether they could shorten it.

The executive summary has arrived

Naturally, I requested the executive summary. It was the same thing on half a page. The large-print edition was magnificent: enormous stretches of absolutely nothing.

Transparency in a can has been discontinued

Readers may remember our imaginary can of transparency: readable ingredients, sealed contents and a special opener nobody possessed. The new model has no can, no lid and no contents.

It is 100 per cent transparent because there is absolutely nothing between you and the wall behind it.

Available in the municipal aisle beside the flat-pack accountability kit. Some assembly required. Instructions pending. The missing taxpayer puzzle piece is sold separately.

I called customer service. They asked whether I had tried turning the explanation off and back on. I said I was still waiting for the first part.

Houston we have a paragraph problem

I briefly considered asking NASA to investigate. Could the answers be written in a wavelength invisible to the human eye? Were they orbiting Canada Games Park? Had they entered a black hole where explanations cannot escape but invoices somehow can?

Mission Control suggested checking the back of the page. I did. The transparency was double-sided.

Then I remembered: this should not require rocket science. A question. An answer. A name attached. Pencil and paper could handle it. We should not need a lunar landing to reach the point.

I sent the blank statement to the S.S. Thorold. The captain mistook it for a navigation chart. We are now circling Unanswered Island for a three hour tour. A three hour tour.

Back in the real world

The blank statement is a joke. It is not evidence that no councillor has ever answered a question or explained a decision.

My point is that voters deserve clear, accessible explanations of public decisions. Where I have raised questions, I want readers to assess those questions, the available record and any responses for themselves.

A useful answer lets a voter understand what was decided, why it was supported and what it means for the city. Preferably while the voter still remembers the question.

In my imaginary newsroom, the presses are ready, the ink is loaded and the space is reserved.

Ladies and gentlemen of the UN-FAB FOUR: we have room for your answers. At present, quite a lot of room.



And please do not worry about spelling. I am prepared to accept a typo in exchange for a sentence.

COMIC READER ADVISORY: Secure your coffee, move the good vase and brief your trousers. The publisher accepts no imaginary responsibility for wet pants, airborne beverages, toppled heirlooms or spouses arriving with a mop. This is a joke, not a legal waiver. Laughter recovery is excluded from reading time; furniture recovery is between you and your insurer.

More to come in my next article.

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Sharing the link helps readers find the articles and their full context, including the satire notices. Everyone is welcome to read and form their own opinion.

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