UN-FAB FOUR Responds—and Leave US Speechless

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: 11 minutes. Laughter recovery excluded; your furniture may require longer.

Word-count department: approximately 2,465 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.

We are no longer looking for a needle in a haystack without the needle. They have removed the haystack too. The farmer has been notified.

And I applaud the timing. An explanation before an election! With a little encouragement, this could become an annual event. Perhaps we could get a grant.

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 occasionally wrestle with a keyboard and lose on points. These four have mastered a literary technique beyond my abilities: proofreading a document without disturbing it with words.

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.

Even the paper looked embarrassed to be receiving so much credit.



An overwhelming display of imaginary honesty

And the honesty! In this fictional bulletin, it is almost more than voters deserve. I asked for an explanation, and they have generously spared us even the possibility of a misspelled one.

Every word can be defended. Every sentence stands up to scrutiny. Every claim survives examination. The fact that there are no words, sentences or claims is merely a technical advantage.

I have never encountered a statement with so little to correct and so much room for improvement.

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.

Even a mime understood it.

In our imaginary interview, he signed that the message was so intimate and heartfelt it had done unspeakable things to him, physically and mentally.

Unspeakable things happening to a mime. I should have anticipated that.

He tried to elaborate but became trapped in an invisible box. His imaginary lawyer has advised him to say nothing.

Finally, a witness fully prepared to discuss the statement on its own terms.

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.



If a statement falls in the forest…

If someone reads this blank message aloud in the woods and nobody is around, does it make a sound?

In my fictional forest, Nella brings an imaginary snack to council: finally, something to chew on. Ken requests a seconder for the silence. Mike checks the echo for an independent opinion. Tim poses beside the tree for the commemorative photograph. The tree asks to see the minutes and residuals.

The woodland scene, legal review and ethics scenario are invented.

If an electrician's children answered every question this way, would they be grounded? Absolutely. Their explanation has no current, their reasoning has no connection, and Dad has finally blown a fuse.

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.

A blind reader receives the imaginary Braille edition. "I can really feel the message," he says. "Mostly the paper."

A deaf reader says the silence comes through perfectly. For once, every format delivers exactly the same content.

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.

A Broadway dancer suspects our fictional quartet is addicted to the Hokey Pokey. They put their right foot in together, take it out together and turn themselves around together. The taxpayer is still waiting to find out what it is all about.

A Thorold tourist hears the news while visiting an imaginary French cheese factory. The workers are so distracted that the place explodes into a cloud of Brie. Debris everywhere. De-Brie everywhere. Even the emergency response is aged.

I am thinking of writing a book called Polterguised. Copies would fly off the shelves. The publisher wants a ghostwriter. Naturally.

Remember: we are choosing. My imaginary story's pronouns are he, he, he—because I cannot stop laughing at my own copy. As editor, I requested a second opinion. It laughed too.

Thorold has learned to dance in the rain, but this fictional wave of emotion could require an ark. Noah took one look at the blank statement and said, "Forget the animals. I'm still looking for two answers."

Picture a Twilight Zone style narrator: "Imagine, if you will, a town where four public explanations occupy no physical space. You are entering a dimension of sight, sound and a remarkably economical toner budget." Parody narration, not a Rod Serling quotation.

The local quilting circle studies the imaginary response at the Thorold Senior Centre and reaches a unanimous conclusion: "A blanket statement." They offer to stitch in a few answers, but nobody can find the thread.

What a Magical Mystery Tour. The mystery is the explanation. The tour keeps passing the same empty page. The efficiency is breathtaking: no words wasted, no words used.

In my imaginary next council, Tim chairs the Committee on Including Absolutely Everyone in the Mailing List for Nothing. The statement excludes nobody. Everyone receives precisely the same amount. Consistency with precision—and exceptionally low postage.

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 final editor removed a comma. The imaginary bylaw officer issued a warning for loitering without a sentence.

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.

The audiobook is now available. Please check that your headphones are working before requesting a refund.

Estimated reading time for the imaginary blank statement: zero minutes. Waiting for answers: bring a chair. Recovery time from laughter is excluded.

The publisher has confirmed that all proceeds from the imaginary book signing will go toward purchasing a pen.

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.

A major musical announcement

The UN-FAB FOUR’s imaginary record label is preparing a new album: The Sound of Silence—Council Edition. Four performers. No lyrics. The microphones have asked to go home.

Herb Tarlek from WKRP in Cincinati offered to promote it, provided someone could explain how to sell a statement with less material than his jacket. The Great Pretender audition was postponed: nobody could find a verse.

Our fictional 911 operator asked whether an ambulance was required. “No,” I said. “We finally received the statement.”

“Is anyone speaking?”

“Not yet.”

“Then what has changed?”

“We have punctuation.”

You cannot handle the blank or the bloc?…

In A Few Good Men, Tom Cruise demands, “I want the truth!” Jack Nicholson replies, “You can’t handle the truth!”

In my Thorold remake, I ask for the explanation. The printer asks whether I am sure I want to print a blank document.

“Son, we live in a world that has margins,” begins my entirely fictional courtroom witness. “And those margins have to be guarded by men with staplers.”

The judge calls for order. The clerk calls for toner. I call for a noun.

The court reporter submits three empty pages and an invoice. At last, someone has put a price on silence.

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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