Back from the Dead: The UN-FAB FOUR Return

The election autopsy follows within 72 hours. Stay tuned—and sign up at www.thoroldelectioncommentary.ca to be notified when the report is ready.

By Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary | October 27, 2026

1,280 body words | approximately 6 minutes

Word count and reading time exclude headings, references, disclaimers, charts and wording in satirical illustrations. Picture-viewing time is additional.

The full article and Executive Summary Report links open this same complete article. There is no separate executive summary. Read either copy—there is no need to read both. From now on, if you want my articles full of great insight and humour, the price is simple: you have to read the whole article. Get over it!

IN MY IMAGINARY L'Oréal commercial, even the hair-colouring manufacturer says I'm worth it—and I don't even colour my hair.

Oops. I just hurt my neck swinging my hair like they do in the commercial. I'd better go for a massage now. **Apparently, being worth it comes with maintenance costs.**

A few hours before the polls closed, I published "MNL: Pre Election Satire Live Rehearsal"—my Thorold version of Saturday Night Live, moved to Monday because even our comedy has to accommodate the municipal schedule.

The idea was to put everyone in the mood for a fun night of election-result suspense. My contribution: the unlucky top 13 reasons the UN-FAB FOUR should not be re-elected.

The voters ordered an encore.

So here is the original countdown, with the question flipped beside it: how did reasons to send them packing become reasons to bring them back? Take a day to consider that. Within 72 hours, my imaginary team and I will deliver the election autopsy and post-mortem, in what may be the final article of this series.

The patient is democracy. The examination is satirical. The disappointment is mine.

The unlucky 13—and the four-year encore

Here are my original reasons NOT to re-elect them. Beside each is my satirical explanation of why voters returned them anyway. These imagined voter attitudes are a criticism of the choice—not evidence of what any individual voter actually thought.

No.	My reason NOT to re-elect them	Why they DID get re-elected—satirical voter logic
13	In our imaginary sketch, the UN-FAB FOUR each receive a $10,000 cellphone bill. They vote unanimously against reviewing it. Finally—four recorded votes, and still nobody can explain the charges.	"They won't review the bill? Perfect. We'd rather pay it than read it." Apparently, accountability was the extra charge voters declined.
12	Elton John is upset with O'Hare. He's been trying to teach him "Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word" to sing to our former mayor—but O'Hare keeps insisting it's an instrumental.	"He won't say sorry? That's strength!" Apparently, an apology is a weakness—and a fresh mandate is the cure.

No.	My reason NOT to re-elect them	Why they DID get re-elected—satirical voter logic
11	NASA wants to study them. Four seats occupied, yet somehow the answers disappear into a fifth dimension.	"The answers disappear? Wonderful. Questions only complicate voting for the same people." Four occupied seats beat one straight answer.
10	IKEA recalled their council table. Every question left over after assembly was apparently "an extra part."	"Questions are spare parts? Throw them out." Why demand a council that works when voters can admire the assembled table?
9	If it weren't for the UN-FAB FOUR, shampoo bottles wouldn't need instructions. "Rinse and repeat" is also their entire re-election platform.	"Rinse and repeat? We know that one!" Familiarity wins. Whether anything actually comes clean can wait another four years.
8	They insist denial is just a river that flows through the Welland Canal at Lock 7. Apparently, even geography owes them an apology.	"Denial? We prefer his version of the map." Apparently, getting lost is fine if the same four keep giving directions.
7	The Wizard of Oz offered them jobs behind his curtain. Then withdrew the offer: "At some point, you actually have to work the controls."	"Another curtain show? Four tickets, please." Voters renewed the performance; checking the controls was apparently too much work.
6	Their escape room has no locks. You just ask them to explain a vote—and suddenly you're alone.	"They leave when questioned? Then stop asking!" In this upside-down customer service department, the taxpayer learns to behave.
5	A priest, a rabbi and a taxpayer walk into City Hall. The taxpayer asks a question. The other two begin praying.	"The taxpayer needs prayers? Keep praying." Apparently, hoping for answers was easier than voting for a change.
4	They asked a psychic about four more years. She flipped over one card: a U-Haul coupon.	"A U-Haul coupon? No thanks—we've renewed their lease." Moving on would require admitting the old arrangement needed to end.
3	Their rear-view mirrors all carry the same warning: "VOTERS MAY EXPECT MORE EXPLANATIONS THAN THEY APPEAR TO."	"More explanations ahead? Don't look in the mirror." Apparently, the warning was easier to ignore than the incumbents were to replace.
2	The UN-FAB FOUR aren't the dumbest foursome in the world—but for their sake, let's hope the other four stay healthy.	"That joke questions their judgment? Let's answer with ours." Voters handed the punchline a four-year extension—and volunteered to stand beside it.

No.	My reason NOT to re-elect them	Why they DID get re-elected—satirical voter logic
1	Because “RETURN FOUR UNEXPLAINED ITEMS” is an Amazon transaction—not a plan for Thorold.	“Four unexplained items? Send them straight back to City Hall.” The voters approved the return. Apparently, explanations weren’t required on the paperwork.

That is my verdict on the voters’ judgment: the very habits I thought should cost these councillors their seats apparently came with a four-year renewal. The ballot records the choice. The comic explanations beside it are mine.

Source: Original countdown from “MNL: Pre Election Satire Live Rehearsal,” October 26, 2026, as reproduced in the election-encore draft.

The jacket survived, too

In tonight’s imaginary episode, Tim O’Hare still hasn’t returned Herb Tarlek’s sales jacket from WKRP in Cincinnati. The fictional remake starts filming next week, and wardrobe is getting desperate.

Following O’Hare’s win, I imagine the jacket has increased in value. Perhaps it belongs in the Thorold Historical Museum, beside a Madame Tussauds–style wax figure of O’Hare explaining his philosophy of council as salesmanship. As I recall our conversation, he once told me that being a councillor is all about salesmanship.

Finally: a politician who stands still while you ask him questions. **Unfortunately, the wax figure provides exactly the same number of answers I’ve been getting: none.**

But clean the jacket first. As a member of the UN-FAB FOUR, he apparently won’t use FAB detergent. **Then the stains come back—and he looks surprised.**



SATIRE — Imaginary exhibit and dialogue. No allegation of secret control or unlawful coordination.
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Leggo my Eggo: breakfast

This morning, I was making breakfast with the four-slice toaster Clarence gave me. He said it might come in handy. When it popped up, there they were: the UN-FAB FOUR, right in my kitchen.

"Hey, you crazy lunatics—leggo my Eggo!" I said.

"It's EGO," they replied. "And we're never letting that go."

"I want some privacy. Get out," I said. I was writing today's article about them. Had they come to gloat?

On his way to the door, the imaginary O'Hare offered an explanation. "Kellogg's made a printing error, Nicholas. They accidentally left out a 'g.' Instead of EGGO, the package said EGO."

"Are you going to apologize for invading my kitchen?"

"I'm explaining the packaging."

Of course. Even in my breakfast fantasy, I couldn't get an apology from O'Hare. As far as I know, our former mayor is still waiting for one over the remark I criticized earlier in this series.

He took another bite. "I like these. I'm considering making my own version."

"Your own version of what? Waffling? You've spent four years perfecting that. What would you call it?"

"EGO. And I'll make it nice and big—just like mine. I'll feed the hungry and house the homeless with the profits. I'll be KING!"

“So it’s a family-size EGO?” I asked. “Yes,” he said. “But the whole box is mine.”

“Thanks for the inspiration, Nicholas. You’re my new muse. Now I expect you at every meeting. I’ll even give you a parking spot with your name on it at City Hall, right beside mine. Now I have to record my acceptance speech and find my crown.”

“The crown again?”

“Yes—but this time I topped the charts.”

“Which charts? Music? Eye test? Your own approval rating?”

“The voting chart, Nicholas.”

That silenced me. Briefly.



SATIRE — Fictional scene and dialogue. Political opinion.
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A reliable supply of disappointment

With the Toronto Maple Leafs giving me hope, I had begun to worry: where would my next disappointment come from? A lifelong Leafs fan needs a dependable supplier. Then I remembered the election results.

The UN-FAB FOUR are back. There should be enough disappointment to go around for another four years.

Isn’t it a wonderful life? Somewhere, George Bailey is wondering whether Clarence handles municipal cases.

And in the entirely imaginary Thorold Christmas special, every time Nella eats on camera during a council meeting, an angel gets its wings. **Clarence has started watching the livestream with a bell and a clipboard.**

Thank God for egos. Without them, my toaster would just make breakfast.

Why this after-story matters

I'm continuing this story for a reason: when you understand your surroundings and know who you are dealing with, you are better placed to recognize warning signs, ask questions and reduce the risk of being let down by the people you elect.

I'm not asking everyone to distrust all six councillors. Kieran Daniels will have the opportunity to earn that trust. **In my view, Carm DeRose has earned it.** But the other four come with a past, a history—and, in my assessment, a **very large caution label.**

They may have received your vote. That does not necessarily mean they earned your trust. Some people have told me their votes were not about trust. If you want help understanding that contradiction, here is a question to put to a psychologist: could the councillor race have been "predetermined" in voters' minds before they ever cast a ballot? How much might familiarity, loyalty, group identity or a reluctance to change one's mind have shaped those choices? Then listen.

Some people say "the fix was in." **I have no proof of that, and I am not alleging a rigged count.** A psychologist could discuss how people form and defend voting preferences; that would not establish manipulation of this election. My question here concerns the councillor race—not the close mayoral contest. Were enough minds already made up that the record had little chance of changing them? That is the possibility I want readers to consider.

The moral of this story is to stay alert and limit the damage I fear this election could bring. A victory does not retire a councillor's record—or relieve voters of the need to watch what happens next.

My autopsy will follow within three days. If it takes a little longer, I may fill the waiting room with a few more of the illustrated satires readers keep asking for. **Apparently, the demand for a second opinion is strong.**

Within 72 hours: the autopsy

To borrow a Beatles title: HELP! And with apologies to Zuzu Bailey: God bless Thorold.

Within 72 hours, we examine the results, revisit the unlucky 13 and consider what this encore may mean for the city. But today, picture the Ginsu knife salesman wearing Herb's jacket:

"BUT WAIT—THERE'S MORE!"

Before the imaginary examination begins, I'll close with Clarence's note from It's a Wonderful Life:

"Dear George, remember no man is a failure who has friends. Thanks for the wings! Love, Clarence."

George had friends. The UN-FAB FOUR have followers. Judging by the questions left behind, some seem determined to follow with their eyes shut.

ONE LAST LAUGH—TURN THE PAGE FOR THE FINAL CARTOON.
The story ends on the next page. Don't miss it!



SATIRE — Fictional scene and dialogue. **Political opinion; no allegation of unlawful coordination.**

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