COMING SOON: My election post-mortem report is still in progress. Stay tuned.

My New Pronouns—He He He

Thorold Gets a Warning Label—and an International Chuckle

By Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary | October 31, 2026

SHORT READ: 193 body words | approximately 1 minute, plus charts and cartoon

Body word count excludes headings, charts, notices, references and sign-off.

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As promised yesterday My new pronouns

He he he.

Because I've been told I'm funny about Thorold politics. The bills, unfortunately, arrive without a punchline.

My new pronouns have inspired chuckles in different languages and comic voices. Let's start with the international chuckling in Chart 1.

Chart 1 He he he around the world

Written chuckles—not literal pronoun translations. Forms vary by person and context; romanization is used where needed. The character and accent entries are invented comic performances, not language rules.

Language or comic voice	Chuckle
English	He he he
Italian	Eh eh eh
Spanish	Je, je, je
French	Hi hi hi
German	Hihihi
Portuguese	Hehehe
Mandarin Chinese	Xī xī xī
Japanese	Hehehe
Korean	Hihihi
Indonesian	Hehehe
Dutch	Hihihi
Polish	Hehehe
Cuban Spanish / imaginary Ricky Ricardo voice	¡Ay, Lucy! Je, je, je!
Imaginary Lucy Ricardo reply	Ricky! He he he!
British comic voice	Jolly good! He he he!
Australian comic voice	He he he, mate!
Playful neighbourhood rhyme	Yo, he he he—check the bill, then check with me!
Flintstones-inspired comic voice	Yabba-dabba-he he he!

Same political commentary. International chuckling.

Now that my “pronouns” are public, Thorold gets its own choices for their own pronouns as a fast growing city. Technically, they are names for imaginary diagnoses. Think of them as warning labels for the next council. They reflect the concerns taxpayers have brought to me about growth outpacing infrastructure. Even McDonald’s might consider an undersized meal. City Hall keeps asking for the supersize.

Forget an ad hoc committee to name new streets. At this rate, we’ll need one to name the conditions developing under XXXXXXship.

Vote for your favourite diagnosis

Chart 2 below offers twelve imaginary names for growth that outpaces services. They are diagnoses, pronoun type warning labels of sorts, but grammar has suffered enough under XXXXXXship. None will solve the shortage of family doctors, either.

Email me your favorite. In this unofficial joke poll, no ID is required. Vote early and often. Change your mind. Endorse three diagnoses. Scientific value: zero. Entertainment value: you decide.

Chart 2 Vote for Thorold’s imaginary diagnosis

An unofficial humour poll. These are satirical names, not medical findings. Email your favourite number to nbozza@go2cai.ca.

#	Name	Why it fits the satire
1	Municipal Bloat	City Hall keeps letting out the waistband and calling it planning.
2	City Obesity	The building boom gets another helping. Infrastructure is told to hold its stomach in.
3	Subdivision Indigestion	Swallow another subdivision before digesting the last one, and residents get the heartburn.
4	Premature Expansion	The houses came first. The infrastructure needs a little more time. Apparently, this happens to municipalities.
5	Infrastructure Deficit Disorder	In my imaginary clinic, symptoms include compulsive ribbon-cutting and an allergy to questions about capacity.
6	Civic Stretch Marks	The growth chart looks impressive. Somebody should examine the seams.
7	Growthzilla	It eats planning reports, breathes press releases and demands another subdivision.
8	Planning Constipation	More addresses. More bottlenecks. My imaginary City Hall pharmacist recommends another development.
9	Urban Sprawlesterol	A condition requiring examination of the municipal arteries—not another framed growth certificate.
10	The Great Thorold Unbuckling	Another notch in the belt and another announcement about how beautifully everything fits.
11	Supersized XXXXXXship	“Would you like infrastructure with that?” “We’ll discuss it at a future meeting.”
12	The Expanding Waste Line	The tailor measures the waist. Residents ask about the waste. Everyone needs a longer tape measure.

Signed with all my imaginary pronouns

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He he he • Eh eh eh • Je, je, je • Hi hi hi • Hihihi • Hehehe • Xī xī xī
¡Ay, Lucy! Je, je, je! • Ricky! He he he! • Jolly good! He he he!
He he he, mate! • Yo, he he he—check the bill, then check with me!
Yabba-dabba-he he he!

Satire and opinion notice

Satire and opinion. These “pronouns,” municipal diagnoses and comic voices are wordplay, not medical findings or literal pronoun translations. Municipal planning—not people’s bodies or new neighbours—is the target. No brand or character endorsement is implied. Grammar has declined to comment.

TURN TO PAGE 3: Ugulini’s farewell card—an imaginary send-off, with a little help from Clarence and the Seinfeld crowd.

P.S. Terry, as my neighbour, I sincerely wish you a happy, healthy retirement away from politics, with time for family, friends and the things you enjoy. Enjoy life.



Nicholas Bozza: Many taxpayers have told me this is what Ugulini's send-off feels like.

SATIRE — NOT CITY HALL MINUTES!

Entirely imaginary scene, farewell card, tax bill and dialogue. Political opinion and exaggeration—not an actual Ugulini statement, official tax notice, verified financial finding or allegation of unlawful conduct. The appointment demand is opinion. Taxpayer feedback is anecdotal, not a scientific sample. Fictional characters appear in an invented crossover; no actor, studio or creator endorsement is implied.



No angels with wings audited this account.



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