THOROLD ELECTION COMMENTARY

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A SHORT READ: 308 body words | approx. 2 minutes, plus illustrative satire, plus notices
UN-FAB FOUR supporters: “possibly” much longer. See reading-time disclaimer below.
Body word count and estimated reading time exclude headings, notices, references, cartoons, page numbers and sign-offs.

The Podfather – Part One – Filmed in Thorold

Just when Jimmy thought he was out—somebody handed him a microphone.

See Jimmy’s Facebook page for more details.



JIM HANDLEY IS STARTING A PODCAST THIS SPRING: no joke

For the next few days, I may reintroduce this with a different movie or TV theme—or not. Let’s see how the creative juices are flowing.

Meanwhile, my election post-mortem is still on the examining table. These short daily laughs will keep the waiting room entertained until it's ready. It may have to come in a few parts. Congratulations to Jimmy on his new endeavour! For the rest of this article, let's have some fun with the idea of Jimmy sticking around where he belongs: helping Thorold.

In my imaginary municipal movie, Jimmy Handley settles into retirement. Coffee poured. Cigar ready. No agenda package. Then the phone rings: "Jimmy. We need a podcast." He had escaped the committee room, only to discover that the microphone had his forwarding address.

Meet THE PODFATHER: an offer you can't mute.

Jimmy would make a fine fictional detective: follow the paper trail and find out where the bodies are buried—probably not in the cemetery. These "bodies" are shelved reports and unanswered questions. His first imaginary case: The Missing Straight Answer. Jimmy was an independent thinker. Nobody ever dared offer him a motion he couldn't refuse. Because he'd refuse it for principle's sake. My prediction: he'll clean up Thorold even better from behind a podcast microphone—and Gotham can be safe again from all the ARCH enemies.

Boy, many tell me the lengths Jimmy has to go to escape those enormous egos of council! In my satirical version, he needs an entirely different broadcasting system to keep his name attached to his own ideas. The criticism of the credit taken for Handley's ideas by another—particularly the Farmers' Market—comes from my reading of the public record discussed in my earlier articles, and from what many taxpayers have told me after reading the documented evidence Handley made available on his Facebook page.

SATIRE NOTICE

Political opinion and fictional parody. The podcast announcement is presented as news shared by Handley; the municipal movie, scenes and dialogue are invented. No crime alleged. "Buried bodies" means shelved reports and unanswered questions. Predictions and judgments are the author's opinions. No endorsement by Jim Handley, Al Pacino or any film studio is implied. No imaginary witnesses were placed in protective custody.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DISCLAIMER: ADDITIONAL READING-TIME DISCLAIMER

The suggestion that UN-FAB FOUR supporters may need longer is a joke about political loyalty and my criticism of unanswered questions—not a claim about anyone's intelligence or reading ability. You may disagree with every word and still finish in two minutes. You may also spend four years waiting for an explanation. That second estimate comes from my imaginary municipal stopwatch.

Here's the joke: if you supported the councillors whose explanations voters have been asking for, finding an author actually explaining himself may require a brief adjustment period. Sit down. Sip water. Do not call 911 merely because a paragraph contains a reason. This is commentary. The explanation is supposed to be there.

If symptoms persist, my fictional Reading-Time Review Committee will study your case, appoint a waffle, consult the toaster and report back after the next election. No reader will be charged overtime. No refund is available for time spent defending the indefensible—especially when the invoice simply says, "Because we said so."

This notice identifies satire and opinion; its mock rules impose no legal obligations. It is binding only in my imaginary Court of Municipal Nonsense, where the judge is a four-slice toaster, the clerk is a waffle and every appeal gets the same ruling: PLEASE EXPLAIN. No supporters were timed, tested or buttered in preparing this disclaimer. In this entirely imaginary jurisdiction, we accept no responsibility for burnt waffles, missing syrup or breakfast delayed while somebody takes credit for inventing toast. Syrup may improve the waffle. It cannot sweeten an unanswered question. All complaints must be submitted in writing to the toaster. If it pops up without an answer, congratulations: you've reached municipal customer service. This breakfast clause is satire, not a legal waiver—unless the author deems it so in the same entirely imaginary court.