THOROLD ELECTION COMMENTARY

By Nicholas Bozza | Registered Third-Party Advertiser—City of Thorold
nbozza@go2cai.ca | thoroldelectioncommentary.ca | November 2, 2026
A SHORT READ: 186 body words | approx. 1 minute, plus illustrative satire and notices
UN-FAB FOUR supporters: estimated reading time may be considerably longer. See reading-time disclaimer below.
Body word count and estimated reading time exclude headings, notices, references, cartoons, page numbers and sign-offs.

MILK CARTONS AT THOROLD'S NEW DAIRY?

Four Familiar Faces. The Explanations Are Still MISSING?



SATIRE — Fictional product and label. Political opinion. No missing persons alleged.
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Jimmy Handley's planned spring podcast has inspired another imaginary sponsor: UN-FAB FOUR Dairy. The nickname refers to councillors Tim O'Hare, Mike De Divitiis, Nella Dekker and Ken Sentance. The product, packaging, laboratory and labels below are fictional political satire.

MISSING: EXPLANATIONS. That's the headline on our imaginary milk carton. The councillors are here. The explanations are MISSING. UN-FAB FOUR Dairy comes in two product types: "2% milk, 0% straight answers" and Half-and-Half: "Half spin. Half excuses." Package size? OVERREACH COUNCIL SIZE. The ingredients panel is equally revealing: "No artificial OR real effort added to provide explanations." A fictional toxicology report finds "NO TRACES OF ACCOUNTABILITY." As for the spin, there's enough to upset the Tasmanian Devil. In the background, even he has stopped whirling to ask, "Could somebody slow this down and explain it?" When the Tasmanian Devil requests less spin, your imaginary dairy has a quality-control problem.

Chocolate milk—also known as **"Chocolate Mess"**—is now under development. The imaginary test kitchen is still trying to tell where the chocolate ends and the politics begins. No launch date yet: **the explanation is still being stirred.**

SATIRE NOTICE

Political opinion and fictional parody. The dairy, packaging, ingredients, toxicology report, laboratory findings, Tasmanian Devil scene and dialogue are invented comic metaphors. No actual testing, contamination, health hazard or crime is alleged. MISSING refers to explanations, not people. No endorsement by Jim Handley, any dairy manufacturer or cartoon rights holder is implied. No actual nutritional or product-safety claims are made.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DISCLAIMER: ADDITIONAL READING-TIME DISCLAIMER

The suggestion that UN-FAB FOUR supporters may need longer is a joke about political loyalty and voters' 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—or the time it might take to get a voter's phone call returned. I exclude Ken Sentance from that callback joke: in my experience, he calls back quickly. As I recall his remark at the first candidates' meet-and-greet, he'll call you back even if you leave a message yelling at him. Now that's a campaign promise with the volume already turned up. Is it a tribute to his patience, or a reason to ask what callers are so upset about? Ken can explain that one. At least we know he'll return the call.

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 herein says it is—in that same imaginary court, where even the judge is toast.

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