

BLAND BRAND BOYS STRIKE AGAIN!

“The First Five & Rhyme Bank was robbed early this morning by the notorious Bland Brand Boys,” announced Chief Poemeroy of the Poempeii Police. *“The notorious blandits made off with an estimated 5,000 freshly issued quatrains along with an unknown number of unmarked sonnets and bearer ballads. They struck shortly after the bank had opened for business at 8 a.m. eastern stanza time.”*

Chief Poemeroy noted that it was fortunate that no one was hurt in the daring robbery. *“We know it was the Bland Brand Boys by their stanza operating procedure; once they enter the bank, they yell, ‘Blands up! Stanza still! Or we’ll blue-line you out of the script!’”*

Poemeroy continued, *“Their clothing has been recognized as Grand Bland Brand; each wore trade shade grey blandanas. Their flatline speech patterns and strainful witlessness clearly informed us that they are not natural residents of the glorious Imagine Nation of the Peoples Republic of Poetry, nor any other States of Mind of the United Imagine Nations.”*

“They were armed with stolen 45 calibre snub-nosed metaphors and used them with unsettling effectiveness.” These

weapons, by law, are stored exclusively at the Ministry of Irrational Offence and are restricted to poetic licenced word warriors.”

When contacted by Poetency Press, the Minister of Irrational Offence would only say that a specialist team of Banality Busters is currently in the field tracking down these nondescript blandits.

Local Rhyme Scheme Investigators said this was the 14th consecutive robbery by Bland Brand Boys since early last year. This is consistent with the rhyme schemantra of a sonnet, and has led some investigators to speculate that the rhyme spree may have run its course.

“Two years ago, a group known as the Bored Dumb Dudes robbed five anthology publishers that specialized in limericks. They were never heard from after the fifth heist. It’s as if they had disappeared into a dark ellipse,” said Poetician1, who had been chairing the Sub-Text Seminarium next door to the Five & Rhyme Bank.

In a related twist, Our Poem Town Poet Laureate Emeritus, Ted Amsden, attending the Sub-Text Seminarium, added, *“I was giving a talk on effective alliteration alternatives to a bunch of*

language technicians visiting from Poettsburg when I heard the sound of 45 calibre metaphors being fired; BLAM! BLAND! BLAM! BLAND!”

As for the motives behind these attacks, Poet Lionel Kearns, who has been following the reports of this rhyme wave, suggested that *“the emerging pattern indicates the gang may be supplying the Clone & Cliché Consortia with the spoils of their organized rhyme spree. The robberies appear to be occurring approximately three weeks before assorted public holidays when greeting card shops are filled with customers.”*

Bland Master, Billy Bob Blandfred, head of the local Rhyme Stoppers program, said the gang, consisting of four average males, wearing bland clothing, escaped in a nondescript automobile at an unremarkable speed. *“Anyone having information on these blandits, please contact us.”*

Carol Anne Caswell was in the bank making a withdrawal of ten rhyming couplets for her daughter’s spring prom poem when one of the robbers shoved a snub-nosed metaphor into her face. She recalled, *“It was like they were dead inside. You could see it in their eyes. There was no spark of creativity nor life in them. They were like dark, wet wicks.”*

