

# **LIBRARIES ACROSS THE NATION CLOSED**

## **Dr. Seuss Legacy Hijacked: Overly Complete Sentences Seized in Children's Sections**

Libraries across the glorious Imagine Nation of the Peoples Republic of Poetry have closed for decontamination. This was only three days after the PRP declared warmth against Blandland.

Contrabland was discovered in Our Poem Town Library and the nearby Poet Hope Library early yesterday morning. Rhyme Scheme Investigators, accompanied by sensitivity-trained verse hounds, were called in to sniff out the pernicious muck of mediocrity.

Several volumes of versery rhymes in the children's section were seized after investigators determined they were fifty percent more verbose than authentic Dr. Seuss. The fake muse had clearly abused the good doctor's legacy to smuggle in contrabland.

Poemland Security was informed and immediately called for the closure of the nation's libraries until decontamination is completed for everyone.

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“Poemland Security has been tasked with uncovering the full extent of this blandestine operation. That elements of Blandland would attempt to infect Poetry’s children is beyond contempt. There will be unabridged accountability.”

In a rare break from its usual non-responsiveness, Blandland issued the following statement this morning:

**TO THE OVERLY EXCITED CITIZENS  
OF THE SO-CALLED IMAGINE NATION**

Let us be clear, in plain language: We are not smuggling “contrabland.” We are

simply offering reasonably priced, sensibly written children's books that do not cause unnecessary emotional outbursts.

**Facts for the Record:**

- Our Dr. Seuss-style books contain 50% more words because children deserve complete sentences, not riddles that leave them confused and overstimulated.
- Grey is a perfectly respectable colour. It is calm as beige. It does not trigger migraines.

Blandland will continue to produce practical, unpretentious literature that people can read without having a creative breakdown. We export stability, not fireworks. We have no interest in “infecting” your youth. We simply offer an alternative to living inside a perpetual exclamation mark.

NB: Poetency Press apologizes to the poetariat for publishing this bland gland debris, but the truth — however beige — must occasionally be reported.

