

INVESTIGATING SUMMER READING



High Plains Library District

CommUNITY

JUNE 2025

T-Rex

Movie Madness

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Blowing the Lid Off of **Color Your** **World**

by David Sharp

Summer Reading is in full swing at the High Plains Library District. Books are being read, prizes are being won, and **activities** are being... activated? Hmmm... Enacted? Actualized, maybe?

You get the idea.

Everywhere I look, I see people laughing, reading, painting, and even dancing to the theme of Color Your World.

On the surface it seems pretty amazing. But what is the dark hidden side of the Summer Reading Adventure? What are the sinister librarians of HPLD hiding beneath the vivid façade of Color Your World? I wanted to know what secrets lie beneath all that summer merriment, just waiting for someone with a big shovel and investigative drive to unearth them.

What is Color Your World all about? Are Eggshell and Ivory really the same color? Did Da Vinci fake the Mona Lisa? What is Puce, anyway?

To these questions and more, I decided it was high time I found out.

For starters, I investigated the summer reading log. I felt immediate suspicion for the dubious squares in the upper right portion of the log. Clearly, their arrangement indicates some kind of code.



I spent many late hours trying to crack it with nothing to show for my efforts but a dozen corkboards covered with pins and thread.

Undaunted, I cornered a library staff member and demanded answers. He folded like a house of cards. “It’s simple,” he told me. “Participants earn points by reading or participating in the summer activities listed on the log. As they keep earning points, they’ll win more and more prizes until they complete the program at 30 points, or they can keep going for total completion and a bonus prize at 45 points.”

“So, it’s an exchange,” I said. “For their help in ‘coloring our world’ you’re rewarding these summer reading accomplices with prizes.”

“...I guess?” He began backing away.

“What’s the payoff?” I asked him.

“Lots of things,” he replied. “Just for signing up, participants receive the activity log, stickers, and vouchers for Colorado Rapids tickets. As they progress through the program, they can win books, coupons for personal pizzas or other free goodies, watercolor sets, or even a nice sketchbook to create their own masterpieces.”

Quite a haul.

Next, I turned my focus to the epicenter: [The Summer](#)

Reading Events. I bribed the guard dogs with a squeaky toy and cracked the safe at Summer Reading Headquarters. Bingo. I was about to blow this thing wide open. As I sifted through the files, I couldn’t believe what I was reading. Magic shows, karaoke, dance-offs. There were crafts and games—so many crafts and games! There were nature journals, Pok-émon parties, mystery games, and talent shows. This thing was bigger than I ever imagined. It was the perfect cover-up. They kept the secret by telling *everyone*. And if everyone is in on the secret... Nobody can spill the beans.

And this is where you come in. We need to go undercover. Deep undercover. I need you to pose as a Summer Reading Participant. **Get a log. Read books. Do activities. Win prizes.** Make sure you have AS MUCH FUN AS POSSIBLE. If we work together, we can blow the lid off this whole Summer Reading Adventure thing. But we need to act quickly. Everything will be finished by August 15th, when the final prize is given out.

I need you to do everything you can until that time.

Remember: This conversation never happened.





Ren Faire Reads

by Case Rasek
Library Associate and Library Page
Farr Regional Library

Hail to thee, goodly gentles! Summer is finally here.

It's that time of the year when I will inevitably fool myself into thinking that a trip to Larkspur for the annual Colorado Renaissance Festival is a favorable idea. Sigh. The glamor of roasted turkey legs, billowing standards, and leather-bound journals is often so overpowering that it becomes easy to forget the traffic, crowds, and the rather insufferably long lines to the bathroom.

Alas, indeed. Gone are the calm days at the Faire, when a parking spot was still in sight of the front gates. The true Ren vets know what I'm talking about. Only in recent years has this armor-and-fairy-crown-clad phenomenon truly exploded. And with role playing games like Dungeons & Dragons becoming more and more popular, it's easy to see why.

Not to mention, did you know that Castlecore will be one of the top trending aesthetics of 2025 according to Pinterest Predicts? Yep, that means an extra 30 minutes of waiting in line for the bathroom—at least.

Will I still make the trip? Probably.

There's something undeniably atmospheric about the festival—perhaps it's the thrill of stepping back in time, or else through a fae portal into a world with dragons and unicorns. To risk sounding trite, it's a way to forget about the surge of modernity cramming itself up and down I-25 just a few miles away.

Let's face it. Ren Faire isn't just confined to the Renaissance. It's sort of an amalgam of vague medievalism (thanks, Tennyson), King Arthur, and a sprinkling of Elizabethan era England for some dazzle and good measure. Indeed, in the modern age, we have confused the terms *medieval* and *Renaissance*. And, despite the somewhat contradictory associations, most of us enthusiasts are okay with that, because it's the new, synthesized aesthetic, the distinct culture we've created around those disparate terms, that matters.

Maybe you're someone who annually revels in having found community in the heart of the Colorado woodland, who rejoices with painted shield and Etsy sword in the simple joys of shared aesthetic appreciation.

Or maybe you think we're a bunch of weirdos.

At any rate, in the spirit of traditional medieval tripartite repetition, here are three Ren-Faire-related reads to either help bolster your enthusiasm for the festival or else help you nurse that incurable case of FOMO if you decide to sit this one out (pro tip: Listening to "Scarborough Fair" on repeat helps).



[Handmade Renaissance Faire Fashion: 20+ Patterns for Crafting Faire-Ready Capes, Cloaks and Crowns the Authentic Way!](#) by Mara Antón and Alassie Guisado

Okay, I'm going to say it: medieval clothing doesn't have to be just for the Faire. Let's normalize Renaissance clothing in everyday fashion! I'm talking Tunic

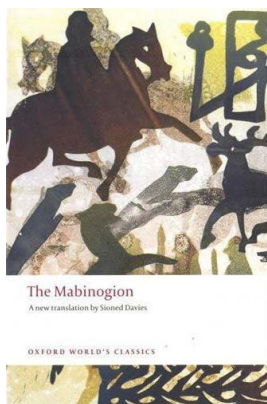
Tuesdays, Bodice Brunches, and circlets because, well, we feel like it.

Ahem. Maybe I'm a little ahead of my time here, but it'll catch on, trust me!

But seriously, if you can't make it to Ren Faire this year, there's no reason why you can't bring a little bit of the magic of the medieval into your wardrobe right now, right where you are.

Handmade Renaissance Faire Fashion gives Faire enthusiasts a wealth of inspiration for creating their own outfits, from a sparkly Fairycore design to a shabby peasant aesthetic. And while sewing is involved in the patterns, I daresay this book could also be a great companion if you're an avid thrifter with a good imagination.

[Get a copy of Handmade Renaissance Fashion here and start creating!](#)



[The Mabinogion translated with an introduction and notes by Sioned Davies \(available via Prospector\)](#)

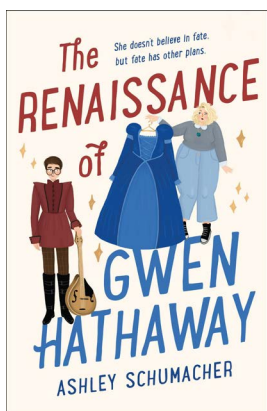
If you're in the mood to go full-metal medieval, you could read *The Canterbury Tales* or *Le Morte d'Arthur* for something that's quite literally historic. There's nothing wrong with either of those. Plenty of editions available. Throw in *Beowulf*, and you have a wonderful sampling of medieval literature that spans multiple centuries. And that's great!

Again, nothing wrong with that. You've probably heard of at least one or two of those.

But maybe you'd like to dial it up a notch. *The Mabinogion* is a title not many of us Americans are familiar with. It's a collection of medieval Welsh stories with knights, wizards, monsters, otherworldly women, and lots and lots (and lots) of brocaded silk. Oh, and yes, King Arthur as well. Even though you've likely never heard of it, this collection of stories is relatively well-known in parts of Wales today, with children often reenacting memorable scenes in school plays and memorizing plot points for assignments and projects.

I like *The Mabinogion* because, in a way, it sort of typifies the modern collection of traditions we call Ren Faire. It is an entrancing mixture of ancient Celtic myths, contemporary medieval customs, historical accounts, and heaps of Arthurian legend. And honestly, that sounds a lot like Ren Faire to me.

If you have a resident library card, [you can request your copy of The Mabinogion on our Prospector page here.](#)



[The Renaissance of Gwen Hathaway by Ashley Schumacher](#)

I'm going to paint a specific vibe here: the sun is blazing outside in typical NOCO-BBQ summer fashion. You've made yourself a smartly seamed, brightly bedecked, marvelously medieval garment, but it's much too hot to wear it. Nonfiction is out. Your brain is a poached egg. You no longer want to consult explanatory notes when you read. No, historic texts simply won't

do at the moment, either. You're looking for something light, something fun. You reach desperately, like a parched

sailor, for the realm of YA.

An equally probable scenario: you just enjoy a little bit of romance.

Wherever you fall on this spectrum, *The Renaissance of Gwen Hathaway* can be an outlet for you to live out your Ren Faire fantasies, especially if you can't physically make it this year. And you don't have to be a teen to enjoy it, either. This delightful coming-of-age read is for anyone who loves the Faire circuit and a good love story.

[Get thyself a copy of The Renaissance of Gwen Hathaway here.](#)

Ah, yes, I can smell the amorous oils and homemade candles already! The Faire's romantic allure is quite literally in my blood, as my grandparents once made the trip to Larkspur for the weekend to renew their vows, complete in historical outfits.

Alack, that's a lot to live up to. I may or may not make it out this year, but I might as well buy myself another travelling cloak.

You know, just in case.

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Why **SHARP** Knives Are **SAFE** Knives

I'm a bit of an amateur chef. Emphasis on the "amateur" part, light whispering on the "chef" part.

And one thing that I have learned is that adding pea protein to a pasta dish is a terrible, terrible idea. I really mean it. I've made some significant mistakes in my life, and I count that among them. Just, ew, awful.

But if there are TWO things I've learned, the second thing I've learned would be that adding fennel to most Italian dishes is a gamechanger.

And if there's a THIRD thing that I've learned, it's that the saying is true: Sharp knives are safe knives.

Now, I understand the confusion and hesitance here, because in almost all non-cutting objects, that is the opposite of the truth.

Take, for example, a book's edge. The paper being super sharp does not make it safer, papercut-wise.

Or, I don't know, a tree branch. There's really no safety advantage to a tree branch being super sharp.

How about a tortilla chip? In fact, there's a pretty distinct DISadvantage to a tortilla chip being super sharpened. Several portions of my body can attest to that fact.

Door knobs, remote controls, shoe laces, the pet-able portions of cats – these are all things that do not benefit from being sharp.

I could go on all day naming things that really shouldn't be sharp.

Maybe just a few more: drinking vessels, bathtub bottoms, shoe inserts, light switches.

So I get it, it's counterintuitive to think that something being sharper makes it safer.

But when we're talking about objects made to cut, sharper is, in fact, safer.

Why?

1. Sharp knives go where you want them to:

Imagine you're cutting down on an onion, a vegetable that is delicious, kind of annoying to cut, and somewhat unpredictable to us amateurs in terms of whether you're going to get a reasonably good one or an onion that basically fogs your kitchen with mace.

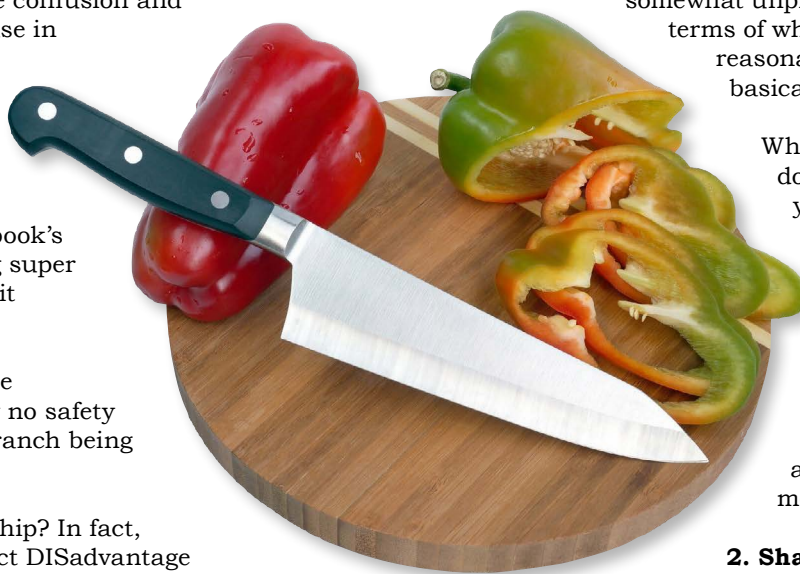
When you're pressing the knife down on the onion, the harder you have to press, the greater the chance that the blade will slip off the surface of the onion and onto something else, like a nearby finger.

A sharper knife has an easier time slicing through the surface and cutting straight rather than moving in some other direction.

2. Sharp knives require less force to cut:

Back with the same onion, if your knife is dull, you really have to press hard to make your cut.

A wet onion on a wooden cutting board might not have a ton of traction, meaning if you press down hard, rather than cutting through the onion, the knife might shoot the onion sideways, tilt the blade in your hand, or do any number of other, unpredictable things.



A sharp knife really reduces the likelihood that stuff will fly sideways instead of being cut in a pleasant, safe, manner.

3. Sharp knives make consistent cuts:

This is less a safety issue, more a cooking issue. If you're using a dull knife, you're probably tearing your onions as much as you're dicing them, and the result is pieces that can be very different sizes. The problem with a food that is cut into inconsistent sizes is that it will cook unevenly, so you'll have to choose to either overcook some of your onion or undercook some of it.

Sharp knives minimize tearing and other lower quality food prep.

4. Sharp knives reduce fatigue:

Okay, fatigue seems like a strong word for cutting vegetables, but if your hands get tired, mistakes become more likely.

Look, you don't have to believe me, you can test for yourself.

Take out a knife, and try to cut something with it, something kind of firm, like a carrot.

Now, use that same knife, and try to cut the carrot with the part of the blade closest to the handle.

If there's a noticeable difference, make a note. Was it easier with the part near the handle? Did you feel more in

control?

My guess is that you probably did.

But there's no need to panic just because your knife needs sharpening! [We have knife and tool sharpening at LINC!](#)

Oh, and last thing: Sometimes people are headed to knife sharpening, and they don't know how to safely transport a knife (not to mention it's a bit odd to walk into the library holding a knife like Michael Myers).

One good option is to roll it up in a towel. Lay out the towel flat, set the knife near one of the short sides. Then, fold the top edge down so it covers the knife's point, and fold the bottom edge up so that it covers the knife's handle. Don't make these folds tight. Then, start rolling up the towel from the side the knife is on, so that at the end, the knife will be in the center of the roll, and both the tip and the handle will be covered. You can add a large rubber band around the roll to keep it together (if only my emotional state were that easily held together...).

If that's not workable for you, if you have a thick piece of cardboard, you can often slide the knife into the cardboard's edge, creating a sort of disposable, temporary sheath. Be very careful when you do this! Especially before your knife is sharp!

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Cult Movie Vault: Tammy and the T-Rex

Whenever you fire up [the Kanopy app, or whenever you load it up online](#), you're confronted with the logo/slogan: "Kanopy: Thoughtful Entertainment."

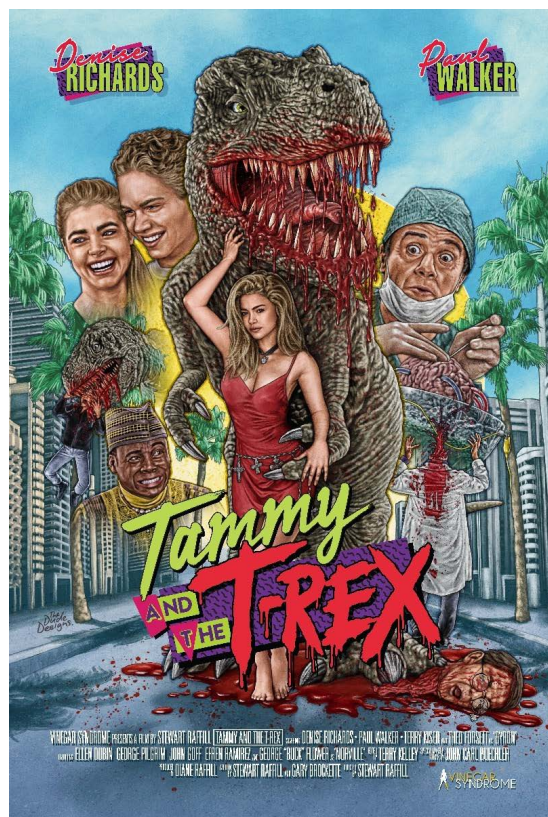
And, to some extent, it's true. I see on there [Joy of Mathematics](#), [Harold and Maude](#) and [A Town Called Panic](#), all thoughtful viewing options.

But there's something wrong with me. I don't know what's wrong with me. I don't know why I would even start a sentence that way, implying that there's ONE thing wrong with me.

One of the many things that's wrong with me, the specific one we'll focus on today, is that I see challenges to my nature, my character, everywhere I look.

When I see a sign that says "No Diving" at a pool, I want to dive, even though I don't like pools or diving or the Sun or breaking the rules or being told by lifeguards that I've just done the stupidest thing they've ever seen. Yeah, I KNOW. Just swim me back to the steps, please, save the self-righteous lectures for a kid who goes down the slide headfirst, okay?

When a sign above a buffet says "All You Can Eat," I tear



the wheel off the car, that's how fast I turn to pull into the parking lot, belly up, and make this arrogant restaurant, so confident in their food stockpile, rue the day they decided to start their sign with "All" instead of "Some Of What."

In line with all my other peccadillos, I see that "Thoughtful Entertainment" tagline and do my absolute best to find the LEAST thoughtful entertainment I can on Kanopy.

I have a Top 10 at the moment, in no particular order. Let's see

here...I'll just dig this notecard out of my wallet... What, you don't keep the 10 most thoughtless movies on Kanopy with you at all times? On paper?

- **The Master of Disguise:** The lore behind this movie is vast, and perhaps the most...odd piece is that the movie was filming during 9/11, and before shooting the infamous "turtle man" scene in which Dana Carvey is, well, a turtle man, the cast and crew stopped for a moment of silence, which Carvey participated in while wearing full turtle man costuming. Carvey: "I'm dressed as the Turtle Man, and I'm holding hands, and I'm lowering my head and praying, and I just thought at the moment: 'This is very strange.'"

• ***Beavis and Butthead Do America***: A movie I have a special place in my heart for, but not a special place in my brain, which is where thoughts get thumped.

• ***From Dusk Til Dawn***: Again, not a bad movie, I daresay a GREAT movie, but I'm not sure that Salma Hayek rolling her foot around in Quentin Tarantino's mouth can comfortably exist under the tagline "Thoughtful Entertainment."

• ***Crank***: One of the sillier action movies of all time, which is why it rules, and I have a policy that any movie that would make me say, "This rules" cannot also be called "thoughtful."

• ***Sonic the Hedgehog***: Do I even need to say anything about this? Is anyone going to argue with me that this is a thoughtful piece of cinema?

• ***XXX***: The movie where Vin Diesel stars as James Bond if James Bond was made out of slowly curing cement.

• ***BMX Bandits***: Directed by Brian Trenchard-Smith, director of both my least favorite Leprechaun sequel (*Leprechaun 3*) and my favorite Leprechaun sequel (*Leprechaun 4: Leprechaun in Space*).

• ***Transmutators***: It kind of blows my emotions that we live in a time where there are...SEVEN live-action *Transformers* movies and someone thinks we need a knockoff to fill some sort of void in that space. SEVEN. I think this is what the movie *Se7en* was really about, that's what was in the box: The seventh live-action *Transformers* sequel: *Rise of the Machines: The Vroomining*.

• ***Human Centipede 3***: I guess it took the filmmakers 3 movies to really feel like they'd said everything that needed to be said about this concept.

• ***The Sand***: A movie in which a beach basically eats people, probably the result of a film executive somewhere putting "bikini babes" and "horror" on a whiteboard and then drawing the shortest line between the two elements.

While I love me some thoughtless movies, clearly, and while I apparently think that I'm never going to die and can make good use of my infinite life watching some real nonsense, these movies still weren't QUITE as non-thoughtful as what I needed.

Tammy and the T-Rex was, though.

~

Let's go through the "plot" of this "film," and I'm going to have to stop putting quotes around everything, the quotation mark key on my keyboard is almost worn out already thanks to this movie.



Tammy, played by a very young Denise Richards, is in love with Paul Walker, also very young, also making his big screen debut.

It's a testament to these two actors that they were charismatic enough to appear in *Tammy and the T-Rex* and still launch careers. THAT is something for the old CV: "Not even *Tammy and the T-Rex* could stop me from becoming a famous actor!"

Tammy is dating a weird punk for some reason, the weird punk doesn't take too kindly to Paul Walker hitting on Tammy, and so they have a fistfight that mostly involves them punching each other in the groin a bunch, and then the punk murders Paul Walker by driving him into one of those drive-thru safari parks and just leaving him there to be killed by lions, tigers, and badgers (I assume the bears in these parks are fairly well-fed and probably more on the docile side).



Have you ever been to one of those drive-thru animal things? I went to one when I was a kid. It was... fine? I mean, there were some genuinely impressive animals, like a black bear and a bobcat. But there were also prairie dogs and raccoons, animals that I can see from my car on a daily basis.

This was in South Dakota, also home to Reptile Gardens, which ALSO has prairie dogs, although at that place, you can stand beneath their enclosure and then pop your head up into this plastic

bubble thing so that you're at eye level with the prairie dogs.

This may explain why I have long been confused about what exactly is and isn't a reptile, including whether the T-Rex in *Tammy and the T-Rex* is, A: A reptile, and B: Alive.

Right, back to the movie.

Meanwhile, as Paul Walker is being shredded by tigers, an evil scientist builds a dinosaur/robot/thing.

It LOOKS like a T-Rex, but what it is, exactly, is very unclear. At times, it seems like the dinosaur behaves as though it's made of flesh, and at other times, it's definitely a robot. Cyborg? Terminator?

I don't know what this is supposed to be, let alone why someone would build something like this other than to engage in one of my favorite movie tropes: The scientist who makes something that's clearly, definitely a weapon, who then claims, "I never dreamed this would be used for evil."

A movie scientist will make, like, a rocket launcher that attaches to a turtle, who the scientist gives rocket booster feet, and then he'll throw on a chainsaw and an indestructible shell and a bloodlust taken from a starving shark that's been cornered by a giant ham, and as the turtle army rampages through fans at a basketball stadium, the scientist will say, "My god... how has my vision for this creature of peace gone so wrong!?"

But that stuff about motives and plot, that's details stuff just meant to distract you from the fun of Paul Walker's corpse being stolen from the morgue so his brain can be put into the giant dinosaur machine robot thing.

Paul Walker wakes up in his new dinobody and immediately seeks revenge. Which is pretty fair: it's not every day you're murdered by wild animals only to have your brain put in the body of a nearly-invincible, supersized T-Rex, perfect for exacting revenge on your killers.

So Dino Paul crashes a party being held by the people who killed him and massacres all of them in bloody fashion.

It's kind of odd that nobody at the party seems to notice a dinosaur on a murder spree, chomping down on a bunch of fools, until it's WAY too late. I've been to a lot of parties, but never one so fun that I don't think I'd notice a dinosaur

killing people.

Okay, that's not true. I have not been to a lot of parties. I was busy, okay? Busy watching *Human Centipede* parts 1 through 3.

Once the revenge bit is taken care of, Denise Richards figures out that Paul Walker's brain is in the dinosaur's body. Don't ask me how, exactly. I can't remember. Don't force me to use brainpower to figure this out, okay? I watched the movie once, I shouldn't have to relive it. The couple hangs out in a barn and is in love or whatever, then the cops come and threaten to open fire on the dinosaur. Which is, you know, not totally unfair.

This isn't like *E.T.* where a small, docile creature, whose worst crime is underage drinking, befriends a bunch of children only to be threatened with pistols. No, Paul Walker is a giant dinosaur covered in the gore of a bunch of teenagers he annihilated. He's...not exactly the good guy.



Denise Richards runs out of the love barn and screams, "No, don't shoot!" and this does present kind of a tough hypothetical: Would I, as a peace officer fearing for my life, have shot the dinosaur, or would I have been swayed by Denise Richards to reconsider?

I mean, I PROBABLY would've at least hesitated long enough to swoon and then fall completely in love, which was a process that took about 45 seconds when I was a young man,

and that would've given Paul Walkersaur enough time to eat me, and although it would've been terrible, I guess I would go down in history as one of only very few humans to have been eaten by a dinosaur. Which is, you know, kinda neat.

We never talk about that guy in *Jurassic Park*, the one who gets killed by a Velociraptor while they're transporting it or whatever, right near the beginning of the movie. That guy was the first person EVER, in human history, to be killed by dinosaurs, right? That's kinda cool. Sucks for him, but at least it's something to toot one's horn about, a little gravestone text to keep things interesting in the ol' cemetery.

Paul-Walker-Rex dies, but in a truly bizarre coda, we cut to a few weeks later, and Tammy returns home after a day of, I don't know, going to that *Starship Troopers* flight school(?), and she strikes up a conversation with Paul Walker's brain, which is sitting in a punch bowl, hooked up to a bunch of wires.

Tammy pours some booze on the brain, which I don't think would work quite the way drinking booze would, but I'll admit, I'm intrigued, and then proceeds to do a burlesque-style dance for the brain, which causes it to spark and smoke and I guess overload the punch bowl juice life support system it's sitting in.

Fin.

~

Now that we've brought up the specter of *Jurassic Park*, there's something really important to note: *Tammy and the T-Rex* came out 18 months after *Jurassic Park*.

This is an incredibly important piece of information because, sure, there were plenty of Carnosaurs (only 1 month ahead of *Jurassic Park*), *Yors*, *Super Mario Bros* (ALSO 1 month before *Jurassic Park*. Man, May 1993 really was a garbage dump)—we had a lot of movies that forced us to deal with dinosaurs that didn't look overly real.

But after *Jurassic Park* came out, the game changed, and I think the days of sub-real dinosaurs, dinosaurs who weren't that big, who were badly greenscreened, who weren't a judicious mix of animatronics and CG that I WISH we could return to today—we, film viewers, were no longer very tolerant of crappy looking dinosaurs in a post-*Jurassic-Park* world.

And make no mistake: The T-Rex in *Tammy and the T-Rex* is a terrible, shabby-looking dinosaur. Who talks on a payphone at one point.

I imagine the makers of *Tammy and the T-Rex* sitting in a theater, watching *Jurassic Park*, and just being filled with despair after what was probably one of the greatest cinematic journeys of their lives.

What a different experience those filmmakers must've had. Most of us loved *Jurassic Park*. I loved it so much that I begged my grandma to get me a Jurassic-Sized meal at McDonald's so I could get a plastic cup with a Dilophosaurus on it, a meal FAR too big for me to eat, which my grandma pointed out multiple times, and that I ended up burying half of in the backyard (this was my

clever trick so that she wouldn't find the uneaten portion in the trash and rub it in my face).

I was enchanted by *Jurassic Park*, elated, I played with Jurassic Toys that had little pieces of dino flesh that you could pop out so you could see...I don't know, where they fought each other or where the action figure of Wayne Knight apparently shot them with a flamethrower.



Who authorized that figure? When was Wayne Knight ever wearing sunglasses and not wearing a Hawaiian shirt?

The makers of *Tammy and the T-Rex*, I have to imagine they watched *Jurassic Park* and left the theater in complete silence. Lots of late nights looking in the mirror, rubbing their own faces, saying phrases like,

“What have I done?” and “I'm ruined!”

~

Let's take *Tammy and the T-Rex* back to its origin.

Here's writer/director Stewart Raffill on how it all came together:

[when I make movies] There are often tight deadlines because usually it's all part of some tax evasion scheme, so I come in, write it and do it and that's what Tammy and the T-Rex was.



A guy came to me who owned theatres in South America and he said, “I have a T-Rex.”

It was animatronic and was going to a park in Texas. The eyes worked. The arms moved. The head moved. He had it for two weeks before it was going to be

shipped to Texas and he came to me and said, “We can make a movie with it!”

I said, “What's the story?” and he said, “I don't have a story, but we have to start filming within the month!” and so I wrote the story in a week.

This may not be AS unusual a movie origin story as you might think. Plenty of other films kind of seem to be based

on having access to a thing and creating (spackling, taping, hot glueing) a story around that thing.

This is not to be confused with the Roger Corman/ Albert Pyun tactic of filming a second movie on the same set once filming on the first movie wraps. No, I'm talking about something like *Twister's Revenge*, a movie that HAS to exist because someone had access to a monster truck, and someone else was like, "I can make a movie around that, a monster truck that does... stuff."

I'm guessing there are plenty of stories that START this way, that have the germ of an idea based on something that makes someone say, "Hey, what if THAT was the center of a movie...?"

Cormac McCarthy says he wrote *The Road* after he stood on a ridge and imagined an apocalyptic fire in the distance, thought about what he would do to protect his young son in a doomsday scenario.

I guess we should be thankful that Denise Richards didn't ride by that ridge on a dinosaur's back at that moment.

Thoughtful movies, when they have a seed like this, an origin, you watch, and it's probably not super obvious what that origin piece was. Sort of the way that when you eat a bowl of popcorn, it's not super obvious that this was once a hard, flavorless, uninviting little kernel.

When it comes to *Tammy and the T-Rex*, the



kernel could've used a little more time in the microwave. Maybe a little embellishment, some of that Flavacol.

When you hear the origin story, it really makes a ton of sense that it was basically someone saying, "I have a thing, let's make a movie about it."

While I have to admit the process behind *Tammy and the T-Rex* is about as thoughtless as it gets...I've certainly thought about this movie A LOT.

I mean, it kind of DEMANDS that you think about it, even if your thoughts are like, "How could this happen?" or "How does one sort of just fall backwards into giant animatronic dinosaur ownership?" or "How come the only thing I seem to own accidentally is a series of disappointing giveaway pens?"

You cannot answer any of these questions, you can only think about them.

And in that way, Kanopy lives up to its name. Because "thoughtful" basically means, "lots of thinking," while making no promises about the kind of thinking, the quality of that thinking.

Tammy and the T-Rex IS thoughtful entertainment.

You'll wish you never had most of the thoughts that fill your head after watching it. But they are thoughts.

LOCATIONS

LIBRARIES Visit www.MyLibrary.us/locations-and-hours for library hours

Administration & Support Services

2650 West 29th Street
Greeley, CO 80631
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Carbon Valley Regional Library

7 Park Avenue
Firestone, CO 80504
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Centennial Park Library

2227 23rd Avenue
Greeley, CO 80634
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Eaton Public Library

132 Maple Avenue
Eaton, CO 80615
(970) 454-2189

Erie Community Library

400 Powers Street
Erie, CO 80516
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Farr Regional Library

1939 61st Avenue
Greeley, CO 80634
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Fort Lupton Public & School Library

370 S. Rollie Avenue
Fort Lupton, CO 80621
(303) 339-4089

Glenn A. Jones, M.D. Memorial Library

400 S. Parish Avenue
Johnstown, CO 80534
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Grover Library

402 Chatoga Avenue
Grover, CO 80729
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Milliken Location of the Glenn A. Jones, M.D. Memorial Library

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(970) 660-5039

Hudson Public Library

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Hudson, CO 80642
(303) 536-4550

Kersey Library

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Kersey, CO 80644
1-888-861-READ(7323)

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Nantes Library

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Gilcrest, CO 80623
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Ault, CO 80610
(970) 834-1259

Outreach

2650 W. 29th Street
Greeley, CO 80631
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Platteville Public Library

504 Marion Avenue
Platteville, CO 80651
(970) 785-2231

Riverside Library & Cultural Center

3700 Golden Street
Evans, CO 80620
1-888-861-READ(7323)

AFFILIATED LOCATIONS

Hazel E. Johnson Research Center at the City of Greeley Museum

714 8th Street, Greeley, CO 80631
(970) 350-9220

Poudre Learning Center

8313 West F Street, Greeley, CO 80631
(970) 352-1267

PUBLIC COMPUTER CENTERS

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