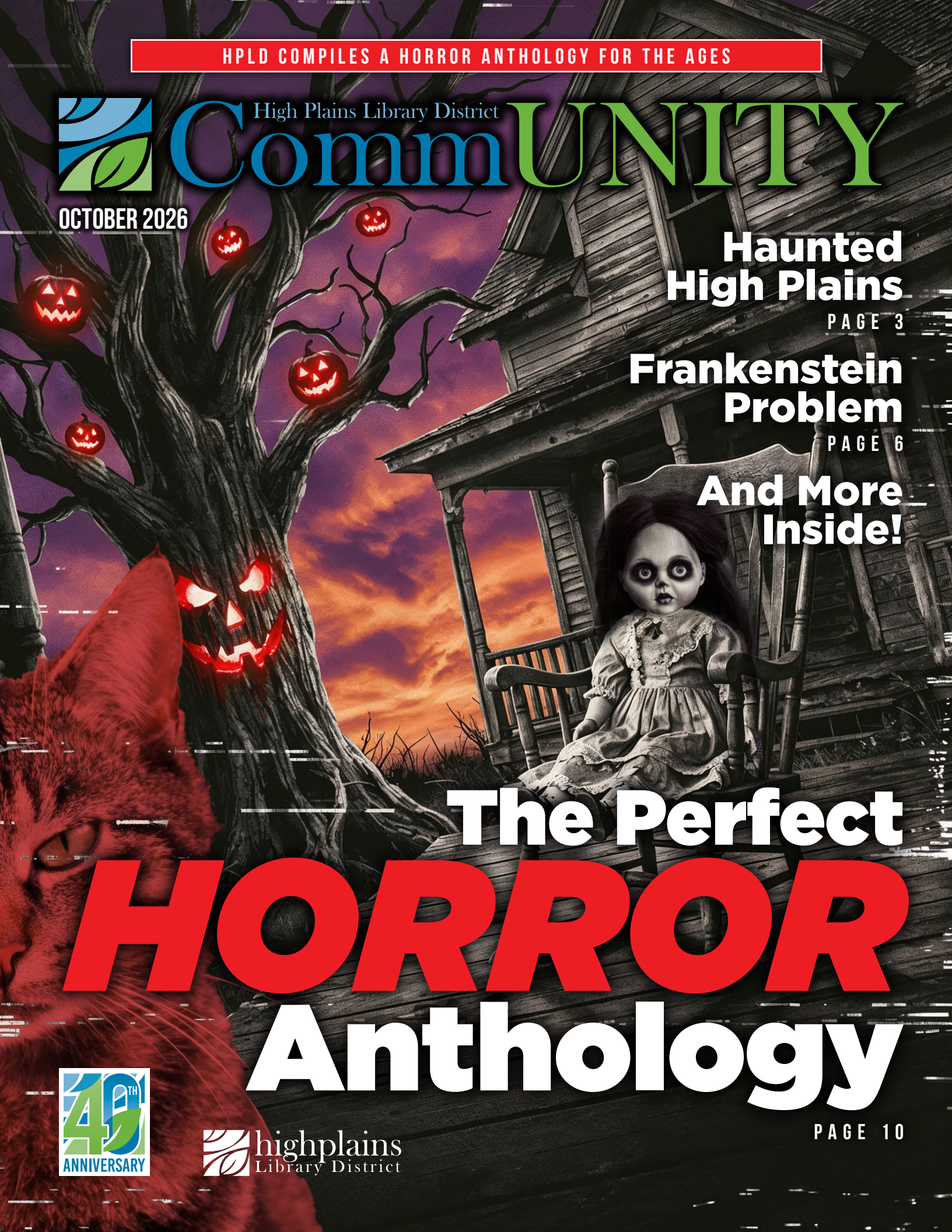
HPLD COMPILES A HORROR ANTHOLOGY FOR THE AGES

High Plains Library District
CommUNITY
OCTOBER 2026



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And More Inside!

The Perfect HORROR Anthology
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40TH ANNIVERSARY

highplains Library District

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Haunted High Plains:
Ghostly Stories from Your Library



by Case Rasek
Library Associate & Library Page
Farr Regional Library

There's a chill in the air. A presence at the top of the landing that you can't see, but something feels...different. A shadow passes the window. A door slams upstairs. That's right, ghoulies. It's Spooky Season.

And what better way to kick off the All Hallow's Eve festivities than with a ghost story or two?

I asked my fellow staff members across the district to send in their best real-life spirit encounter experiences, and what I got back was astonishing. Whether you're a skeptic, an enthusiastic believer, or someone who just enjoys a good ghost story, you're in for a frightful treat.

So, without further ado, grab a seat around the campfire. It's time for s'mores, candy corn, and, yes, ghosts. The witching hour has begun!

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

From Layne McCaleb, Library Associate:

My Grandpa is a very practical man. I've never taken him as a believer in the supernatural, but once when we were sharing ghost stories, he had one to tell. To this day, he doesn't know if what he saw was real. But he still thinks about it sometimes.



Grandpa was a truck driver for a feedlot. His hauls would take him to various places around the country. He'd often drive long stretches of empty roads very late at night. There was a particular trip on a road in rural Louisiana, where he was driving in the lead of a caravan of trucks.

It was dark and foggy outside, and it was the middle of the night. While coming upon a bridge, my grandpa saw a woman carrying a baby standing on the side of the road at the entrance to the bridge. He called the driver behind him on the radio to let him know to be careful, as the caravan was right behind him. But when the next driver came upon the bridge, he said there was nobody there.

From Anonymous:

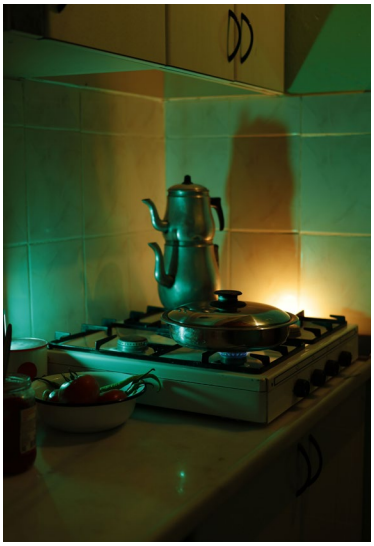
My mom grew up in a family of five in a little two-bedroom house near the middle of a dead-end street. Although it was cozy and filled with delicious smells from my grandma's cooking and baking, it was a house built over older foundations, and it was not without its secrets. My family has several stories of supernatural events taking place in the house, but this one is particularly chilling.



One afternoon, when my mom was in junior high, she and my grandma were alone in the house while the others were out running errands. My grandma was busy making bread in the kitchen, thwacking dough against the countertops, while my mom was quietly doing homework in the bedroom down the hall.

After a while, my mom suddenly heard footsteps, loud and heavy, marching down the hallway. Then, the door to the bathroom opened, slammed shut, and the bath faucet turned on full blast.

That's odd, thought my mom. What's Mom doing? And why does she sound so angry?



But my grandma was still in the kitchen, the thwack-thwacking sounds of her breadmaking rhythmic, unmistakable.

By now the hairs on the back of my mom's neck were standing straight up. If Mom is still in the kitchen, and no one else is home, then who could be in the bathroom? With a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, my mom hurried down the hallway and past the closed door of the bathroom toward the kitchen. Horror engulfed her. She paused in the doorway, unable to speak, and my grandma stopped kneading the bread immediately and turned around. There was her daughter, who she had assumed had been the one in the bathroom. But something was wrong. She took one look at my mom's pale face, and I think they both knew, in that moment, exactly what was going on. Someone—something—else was in the house with them.

Wiping her hands on her apron, my grandma took a deep breath to steel herself. Whatever fears she had, she set them aside as best she could. Then she walked past my mom, down the hallway, flung open the door of the bathroom, and started shouting in the bravest voice she could muster, as if she was scolding an unruly child.

"You can't be doing this!" she yelled, turning off the faucet forcefully. "This is our house, understand?!" No one answered. Everything was eerily quiet.
The bathroom was completely empty.

From Anonymous:

It was a little after 6:30 in the evening at the library. The sun had set hours before, and there were just four of us working the late shift. I stepped to the back for a second to use the restroom. Immediately, I caught sight of the storage room's door: open, with the light on. Some workers had used that room earlier in the day. "Didn't they leave already? Oh, well," I thought, and entered the restroom. On my way out, a shuffling sounded behind me further down the hall. Then a beeping keycard sensor went off, the sound it makes when an invalid card or another object has been presented to the scanner. It was coming from the direction of the storage room. I turned and walked toward the room, hair prickling on the back of my neck. But somehow I knew, even before I confirmed it, that when I peered through the doorway, I would see no one there.



From Edna Vonier, Librarian:

It wasn't a surprise when my grandfather died. Between Alzheimer's, heart issues, diabetes, and old age, it was time. I couldn't stay with him when he went. Being alone and allowing the rest of my family to say goodbye was the best thing to do between my dry heaving and shaking hands. Despite being married for over 60 years, Grandma said it still wasn't enough time. It was July of 2019.

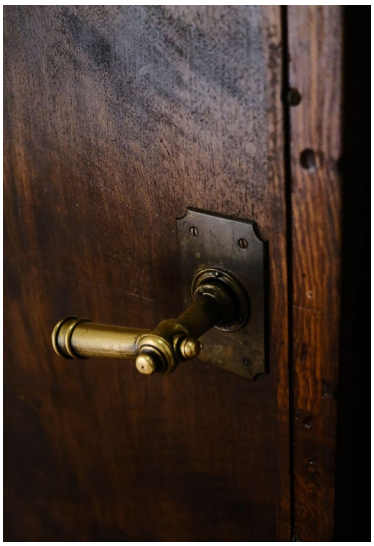
I picked up his things from the nursing home and repacked them in a suitcase, so Grandma didn't see the garbage bags. I kept the shaving cream. It took a few days to have the funeral. In lieu of flowers, we asked for donations to the church he volunteered at when he was well. When it was time to pick up his ashes, I was the one to do so. Grandpa had been away from Grandma long enough. We got ice

cream and I took us to sit by the river for a bit. Life kept going.

To understand the significance of this next part there are a few things to know. Firstly, Mom's house had a jack and jill bathroom. One door opened onto a hallway that led to the middle bedroom and the primary bedroom, the other directly into the front bedroom. In the dramatics of domesticity many years ago, the handle of the door leading directly to the front bedroom had jammed, essentially making the bathroom a regular 3/4 bath. The claustrophobia of the shower cubicle and not wanting to share a bathroom with a pre-pubescent boy meant my sister and I used the primary bedroom's en suite anyway.

Secondly, I was living with my mom, working part time and about to start my master's degree. With at least two years ahead of living with my mom, and my brother moving out, the bathroom became exclusively mine. The dance of going through the living room to the hallway to use the bathroom was getting old quickly.

A few weeks after the funeral, I had to go to the hardware store. We needed a couple of screws, a gasket for a toilet, that sort of thing. I needed to collect myself before going into the hardware store. It was bittersweet. The smell of lumber and pvc pipes reminded me of similar errands with my grandpa. I didn't know what was going on and was off in la la land most of the time, but he made me feel included by tasking me with holding the little baggies of nails or screws or whatever.



It took me a moment to remember where things were, but I collected the items needed. As I was looping back to the front, a sense of familiarity and love came over me, unnatural and incongruent to the setting. I had a sense I was leaving something behind. A tickle at the base of my neck told me, "Check the clearance rack." Not having anything else to do that afternoon, I did. And lo, on the bottom of the rack was a door handle, the exact type and color I needed for the bathroom door.

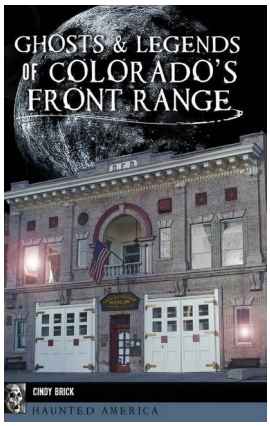
Grandpa wasn't done looking out for me yet. At checkout, figuratively chewing on my nails, hoping I had enough cash to buy everything, I put in Grandpa's old rewards card number. He probably hadn't been able to use it in two or three years, and yet, there was a discount coupon on it. I walked out of the hardware store with a few cents to spare.

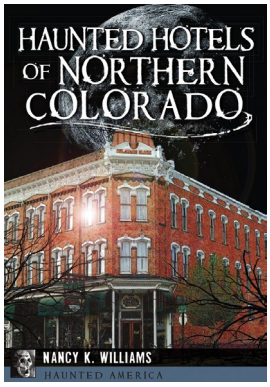
All of this could have been utter coincidence, as logic would dictate. But I know as sure as I breathe: my grandpa was with me that day.

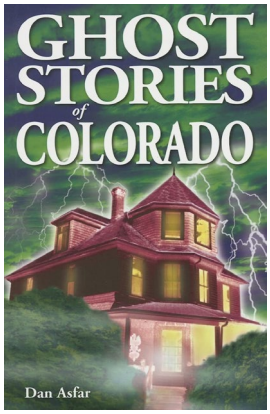
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Our fireside séance may be over, but there's still plenty of Halloween left to enjoy. For those of you who just can't get enough of the strange and paranormal, check out the titles below for more spooktacular fun (plus, you'll learn a lot about some local history in the process):

- ***Ghosts & Legends of Colorado's Front Range*** **by Cindy Brick**
- ***Haunted Hotels of Northern Colorado*** **by Nancy K. Williams**
- ***Ghost Stories of Colorado*** **by Dan Asfar**







Whether or not you believe in any of these ghoulish tales, I hope that the simple joy of getting to hear personal stories from real people in your community is just as good a treat as any Halloween candy.

Because stories themselves are a lot like ghosts. They can haunt us. They can wail and rattle china cabinets inside our hearts and beg to be remembered. They can spook us, fill us with awe, appear when least expected.

Stories, ghostly or not, are meant to be told. And humans will always need stories.

Just ask libraries. We are, after all, fairly well-acquainted with stories ourselves. Whether it's a ghost encounter, your uncle's fishing trip tall tale you've heard at least 17 times, or maybe an autobiography of someone local, it's not the kind of story or the format that matters, but the act of telling.

And on nights like these, when the air itself feels dark, when the wood is thick with spirits, so much waits to be brought forth from the shadows.

Gather round and share a tale or two. The campfire's waiting...

The TBR Frankenstein Problem



A little known fact, Dr. Frankenstein made his Creature so large because he found it easier to work with larger body parts:

"As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved, contrary to my first intention, to make the being of a gigantic stature; that is to say, about eight feet in height, and proportionably large."

Which is fascinating to me. I always wondered why people do this sort of thing. Like, in **every story where robots take over the world**, why are robots designed to help with simple domestic chores built to be 800 times stronger than the average human? We've designed an entire world around human proportions and capabilities, wouldn't it make sense for the robots to have something closer to that? I mean, maybe TWICE as strong as a normal person is plenty?

Or, with Frankenstein, why make a Creature that's basically Brian Shaw, a living Shrek in terms of size and strength? Wouldn't it be easier to make more of, I don't know, a Justin Long? No shade on my bestie Justy, just, you know, he seems more controllable.

Anyway, when you first start to build a TBR (to-be read list), it seems like a great idea to build it big. And it's very nice at first, right? It feels like you can stop remembering things like book titles you heard about, close those tabs in your brain, and revisit your list whenever you want.

But the list starts to grow out of control, and once it's TOO big, it's more of a problem than it is a solution to a problem. More of a Frankenstein than a Justin Long (that HAS to be the first and only time that comparison has ever been used).

I'll admit to you right now that my TBR sits at 3,442 titles.

That's…monstrous. Just not useful when you're looking for your next read. It's not a reasonable number of things to look through.

Which is why it needs to be tamed, defeated. But how?

Well, this being October and all, I thought I would look for inspiration in classic monsters. Classic monsters all have weaknesses, and maybe I can exploit those same weaknesses in my TBR.



Zombie Titles

Some of the books on my TBR have been around for a long, long time, just shuffling forward through time, not really alive and in mind, but also not completely dead.

Like zombies, TBR titles can continue to exist with no seeming purpose, no will of their own, just wandering the world until you decide to take action.

First step was a pretty ruthless cut of anything that's been on my TBR for more than 10 years. Because, let's be real, if something has been rotting on the list that long, I've had a pretty good opportunity to get to it, and like a Spider-Man from *Spider-Man 2* during the portion where he lost his powers, I couldn't swing it.



10 years is long enough to get to a book, and if I haven't managed it, it's time to let it go.

No One's Favorite

Sometimes I feel bad for the Gill-man. Gill-man is no one's favorite classic monster. Gill-man, like Aquaman, is mostly only applicable in water-based scenarios. Which you'd think would be fine because 71% of the Earth's surface is covered in water, but unfortunately, most of the human stuff happens on the other 29%.

My next step was to look at the books that, let's face it, weren't favorites of, well, anybody, really, and I sorted my TBR by star rating. On a 5-star scale, anything at a 3.0 or less had to go.

As a caution, this might not be the best step if you have odd or very niche reading tastes. Sometimes, when a book has a very low rating, I end up loving it for the same reasons others hate it. I see **a book has a low rating because it contains "stupid jokes"** or **"really stupid jokes,"** and I say Get Me A Spoon, Yum-Yum.

Now, there are a few things that I kept despite their rating being a 3.0 or below. For example, did you know Stephen Seagal wrote a book called *The Way of the Shadow Wolves: The Deep State and the Hijacking of America*? A novel about a cop who stumbles upon some sort of vast conspiracy and…I don't know, solves it with dubious martial arts? This book is on my TBR precisely because its rating is so poor. What can I say, I'm curious what the star of *Under Siege* writes like.

Fad Finding Mission

Vampires. Their greatest weakness is not garlic, not sunlight, not elderly hunters with a big chunk of wood. The vampire's greatest weakness is our ever-changing interest in them. They're in, then they're out. **Ann Rice brings them back in the early 90s**, they fade away, then return for **the Twilight saga**. Of all the classic monsters, vampires seem the most vulnerable to trends.

In my TBR, there are some definite personal fads that I had to hunt down and stake through the heart because, being real, I'm never going to get to them.

Apparently, there was a time where I thought, "Maybe I'll get into hand lettering." I don't know WHY I thought this, was I planning to abandon my library career and become one of those painters who paints words like "SALE!" on store windows? In 2026, was this a business plan I was ready to pitch? "Shop's not doing well? Have you considered that maybe painting the words '15% OFF!' in big, bright letters might turn things around?"

Well, whatever, I found a little pocket of hand lettering books on my TBR, and I decided I could let those go. As well as some books about stonelifting. And game design.

And typewriter repair…

The Doubles

Mr. Hyde is sort of Dr. Jekyll's double. He's rougher, crueler, and seems to have flunked out of medical school (truly, a sure sign that Dr. Jekyll is a different person when he transforms into Hyde is that he doesn't insist on being called "Doctor" Hyde).

Doubles have no place on a TBR, and by "doubles," I mean multiple books by the same author or in the same series.



Yes, okay, if you intend to read all 100-whatever volumes of ***One-Piece***, by all means, bite the gum-gum fruit and stretch your reading goals to make that happen. But you don't need every volume on the TBR as a reminder to keep reading, right? You could just add your most recent finished volume to your Read list?

For me, this step looked like getting rid of multiple books by the same author. If I read **a Stanislaw Lem book**, and if I like it, good chance I'll look for another. But I probably don't need to commit to 6 different Lem books before reading a single one.

Mummies

Have you ever considered that mummies are sort of like time travelers? I mean, mummies in the horror movies, not actual mummies, of course, very few of which **got the chance to meet Abbott and Costello**.



Much like that Abbott and Costello reference, the mummy's greatest weakness is being out of its own time.

There are books on my TBR that were added during a time when I was curious about a topic, but that topic has changed so much, the world has changed so much, that reading them now would be kind of silly.

A book I added that's about the cultural impact of portable music, for example. Added as long ago as it was, before Spotify was a twinkle in the eye of every bored office worker, things have changed so much that I think the book would probably be kind of frustrating. Although it CAN be fun to read something and feel smart because several of the author's predictions were wrong, which I know because I am living in the present, which to the author would have been the future. Put simply: I'm smart!

Frankenstein

I suppose some would say that Frankenstein's weakness is fire, but that's kind of a cheat. I mean, who ISN'T vulnerable to fire? Show me someone who doesn't have a healthy respect for fire, I'll gesture to the surroundings and show you that we're in the burn ward.

By the by, I'm calling the Creature "Frankenstein." I know Mary Shelley called him The Creature, but Mary Shelley also kept what she believed to be her dead husband's calcified heart. Which, no shame in it, just saying she made choices in life, some of which are unquestionable, some of which warrant a question or two.

Near the end of the book, Dr. Frankenstein has hunted Frankenstein (now I'm starting to understand why calling two characters "Frankenstein" isn't the best) all the way to the ends of the Earth.

And it's that same dogged determination that I used on my TBR.

I explored it, searched it, the whole time with an eye for reducing its number, defeating it, and making up for my previous mistake.

In this way, I do feel quite superior to Dr. Frankenstein. My big mistake was wanting to read too many books. His was spitting in the face of God. If you're ever feeling down on yourself, just remember, you never built a creature out of corpses.

A ruthless quest to bring down the number, book by book, was rough, but I did manage to bring my total down to a round 3,000.

And as I set my deleted titles adrift, they were soon borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance.

Photomyne | highplains Library District

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Cult Movie Vault: Assembling the Perfect Horror Anthology



Who doesn't love a good horror anthology movie around Halloween? It's like the film version of a trick-or-treat bag, a bunch of bite-sized morsels, all mixed together to make that perfect smell of Halloween: the plastic pumpkin bucket filled with candy.

This is the greatest scent in the world, and if someone would make it a perfume, I would be your number one customer, year-round. Bring on the bizarre commercials with a celebrity riding a motorcycle through a mirror in the desert, give it a really stupid name like Pumpkinfinity, I'll still buy it.

The one flaw with trick-or-treats is that some fool hands out terrible candy, like those peanut butter taffies in the orange and black wrappers, or Mounds. What kid wants to eat Mounds (I say as an adult who would list both Dots and Bit O Honey as top 5 candies)!? You know those services where they will x-ray candy to make sure kids aren't eating razor blades? They should also offer a service where someone just looks through the candy and removes all of the absolutely revolting stuff and puts it in a toxic waste barrel to be buried at sea, a move we'd all regret when a Good-&-Plenty-mutated shark terrorizes our beaches.

Halloween anthologies kind of play by the same rules as trick-or-treat candy. They can be a beautiful mix with an intoxicating vibe. The individual stories are all bite-sized, always leaving you wanting a little more rather than overstaying their welcome.

However, Halloween anthologies also have their Mounds, their peanut butter taffies, their Whoppers— horrible poisons mixed in with the greatest of confections. Way too often, there's one (Milk) dud mixed in with the truly great bits (O Honey).

Which is why, for this year's Halloween Cult Movie Vault, we're assembling a Halloween Anthology Supercut, a set of the best bits from a bunch of difference Halloween

anthologies, all smashed together into one superanthology, the Take 5 of Halloween anthologies.

Of course, every good anthology needs a host, a Cryptkeeper, some kind of framing device. So allow me to introduce myself: The Antholobeast: Monster of Horror Anthologies! Rar!

No, wait, maybe: The AntholoGeist? Like "Geist," as in ghost or spirit? Seems like I'll be constantly correcting everyone's pronunciation on that one…well, time's a wastin', let's just get on with it.

[Introduction: The Anthologeist spends a lot of time explaining how his name is pronounced and spelled. Do we have the budget to put a bouncing ball follow-along thingy on the screen?]





all time.

A bunch of teens (oh, these hapless teens, when will they learn to stay far, far away from horror anthologies!) swim out to a floating dock of sorts, where they find they're being stalked by a…blob… thing that lives in the lake and instantly devours anyone or anything that hits the water.

It's a great, simple setup, and it's a kind of story I love: People trapped in a situation that they need to think their way out of.

Plus, who doesn't love a blob? Blobs are easily the most underrated horror creatures. Probably because they're not very marketable. I mean, how do you copyright an amorphous glop with no distinguishing features?

Segment 1: *Trick 'r Treat*, "Halloween School Bus Massacre."

In a movie JAMMED with Halloween vibes, this segment screams "HALLOWEEN" in all caps. It's got those charming, old school Halloween costumes, the type you always see in Halloween movies because in the movies, nobody dresses as licensed characters (that'd be the TRUE TERROR. For attorneys), so you get great-looking costumes based on un-copyright-able characters like "Skeleton" and "Another Skeleton."

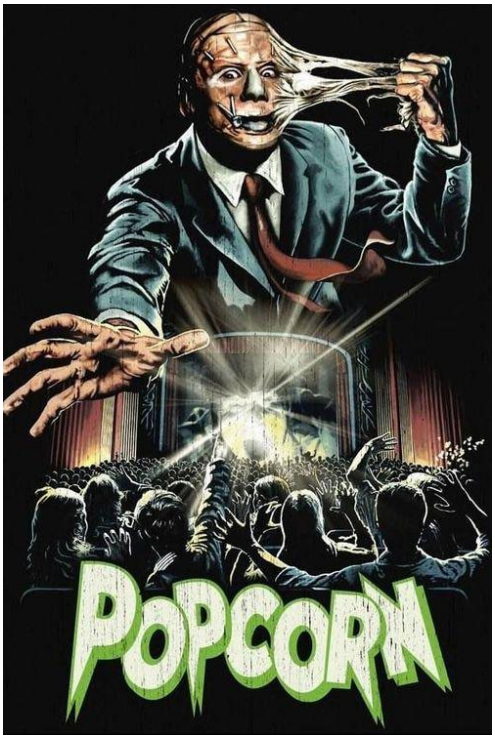
This segment is fun, a little mean-spirited, and a good kickoff. And what a name!

[interlude: The Anthologeist talks about the horror of lake swimming, which is mostly related to the water always being quite cold. Why are lakes always so cold? Who decided that?]

Segment 2: *Creepshow 2*, "The Raft"

Creepshow 2 doesn't get the love we lend to the original, and for good reason, MANY good reasons, but "The Raft" ranks among some of the best horror anthology stuff of all time.

[interlude: we cut to The Anthologeist mixing Play-Doh, Silly Putty, Real Ghostbusters Ecto-Plazm, TMNT Retromutagen Ooze, and various Nickelodeon compounds including Gak, Slime, Squand, Zzand, Sqweez, Smatter, Smud, Gooze, and various Gaks into one mass in an attempt to create a blob. The bulk of this segment is The Anthologeist sobbing after he realizes how much he spent to acquire all of these goos on eBay]



Segment 3: *Creepshow*, "The Lonesome Death of Jody Verrill"

Is it the best segment from *Creepshow?* Probably not. But, c'mon, who doesn't want to watch Stephen King battle mold? A good anthology needs at least one story that's a little funnier, a little bit of a novelty, and this fits the bill perfectly.

[interlude: The Anthologeist eating a bunch of popcorn at an alarming speed. It turns out this interstitial was not actually scripted, it was just what happened when craft services brought in popcorn as a snack]

Segment 4: *Popcorn*, the tagline

I kind of dig this one, but it's a mixed bag. Of popcorn.

In *Popcorn*, some youths host a

horror film festival, and each of the movies they screen involve a William-Castle-esque sort of gimmick (if you're unaware, **Castle was the driving force behind fun nonsense like a skeleton on a zipline flying through the theater or having insurance agents outside of theaters and offering life insurance policies to those who might be scared to death**).



As a note on this one, it's been notoriously difficult to find streaming, **but you can get it on DVD at your library**.

From *Popcorn*, what I REALLY want is to steal the poster tagline:

Buy a bag… go home in a box.

Beautiful.

*[interlude: The Anthologeist is petting a really cute kitty. Hey, if **Seth McFarlane can make a movie that I suspect is just an excuse to kiss Charlize Theron**, I can make one to pet a cat!]*

Segment 5: *Tales From The Darkside*, "Cat From Hell"

This is like the quintessential Stephen King story in that it's a premise that really, really shouldn't work and totally does.



An old, evil man is being harassed by a cat, and things are going so out of control that he hires a hitman, a regular Johnny Wick, to kill the cat.

I love me some cats, hence **HPLD's Spokescats program**, but let me reassure you that this feline is feisty as all get-out and gives better than it gets. You can even double-check me on **doesthedogdie.com**. If you've never used that site before, it's a pretty great way to check whether the **lovable golden retrievers that seem to populate horror movies** meet a grim fate. I find it a lot more accurate and objective than IMDB's parental warnings, which include the warning that *Tales From The Darkside* contains "a jump scare." Seriously? Since when are parents like, "No jumpscares for my kids, that's too scary…for a very brief moment before you realize that the scare was nothing more than a sound effect and a quick camera movement"?

[interlude: The Anthologeist delivers a sincere apology to parents. It's not my job to parent your children. You're right. If jumpscares are not permitted in your household, that's your choice. I regret my earlier statements, and I will strive to do better in the future. I'm also making a donation to a GoFundMe for a child who was mildly injured when watching a movie, and a jumpscare caused him to stub his toe on the coffee table. Rest up, little Timmy. We'll get through this together, as a community]

Segment 6: *The ABCs of Death*, "T is for Toilet"

There isn't enough Claymation in the horror world. Christmas kind of cornered the market on it, but I feel like Halloween needs to make a bigger mark in clay.



The ABCs of Death is a 26-segment horror movie, one for each letter of the alphabet, and "T is For Toilet" is about, well, a scary toilet. IN CLAY.

[*interlude: "Where are my reading glasses? I know I put them somewhere… geez, I need a pair of finding glasses so I can find my reading glasses… oh, what, you're too good for dad jokes now? I'm, like, ancient! I'm a horror creature from the distant past, you think my eyes are perfect? You try being dead and then resurrected and see how good you do with that eye chart and all those weird video games you have*

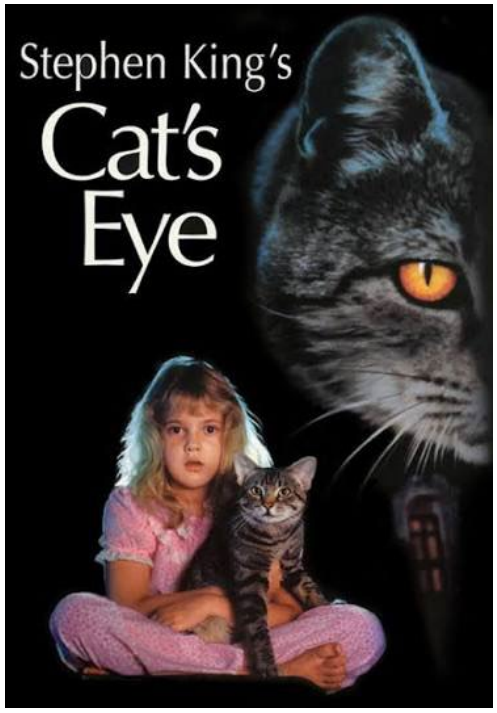
to play at the eye doctor's]

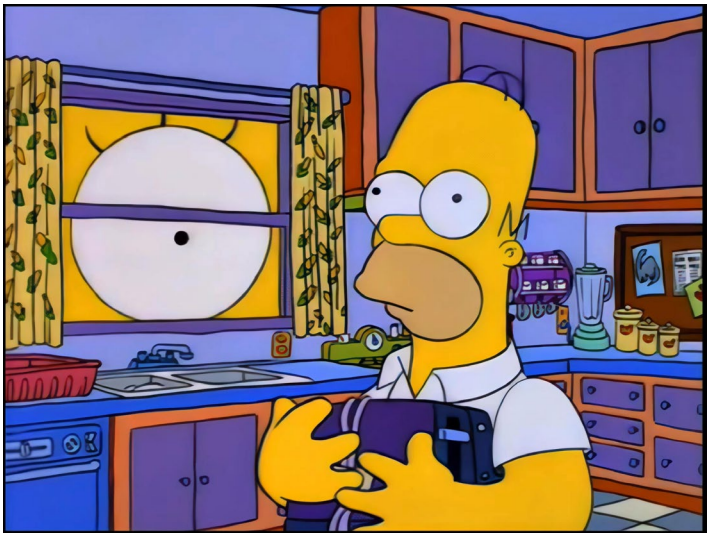
Segment 7: *Shiver/Junji Ito Maniac: Japanese Tales of the Macabre*, "Balloons"

Okay, you can only watch this if you have the streaming service with the big red N, but **you can read the story, "The Hanging Balloons," in Junji Ito's *Shiver* collection** as well. Yeah, I know, reading. C'mon, this is a library newsletter. Let's all be adults, here.

The story is about…well, giant balloons that look just like real peoples' faces appear in the sky, and when the balloons see the people they're based on, they swoop down and try to get their strings, tied into nooses, around the necks of their doubles. It's disturbing. It's wildly weird, it's bizarre, and there's something extremely unnerving about it. **In his book, *Uncanny*,** Ito says the idea for this story came to him in a dream, and I don't think I've ever read a story that feels more dreamlike. Well, nightmarelike, I should say.

[interlude: The Anthologeist is counting a small stack of bills, his payment for hosting. "Oh, you want me to introduce the last bit? Well, fine. Here's a thing that happened. Enjoy. Maybe don't pay me before you're done with me next time."]







Segment 8: *Cat's Eye*, "Quitters, Inc."

A guy wants to quit smoking, and he's recommended a service called "Quitters, Inc." It turns out this service is ruthless in its attempts to help people achieve their goals, and the story goes to a dark place very quickly.

It's a horror story, but more grounded in reality, or at least a version of our reality pushed too far for comfort.

I'm still not sure that anyone could get me to quit eating Bit O Honey, though. Dentists have tried. Many dentists.

[interlude: The Anthologeist dismissively waves the camera away]

Segment 9: Simpsons Treehouse of Horror: "Time and Punishment"

Simpsons did Halloween better than anyone, and this segment is a personal favorite simply for the way Homer punches a giant mosquito out of the air in a rage. I don't know who animated that, but A+.

[interlude: The Anthologeist has his back turned to the camera and seems to be making very questionable prop bets on an upcoming football game, including something about whether or not the sportscaster will reference **Chuck Klosterman's excellent book *Football*** *from earlier this year.]*

Segment 10: *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*, "Large Marge"

Not an anthology, per se, but just play the Large Marge segment from Pee-Wee, that'll leave you with nightmares if you're anything like I was when I was 5.

~

There you have it, the finest horror anthology ever assembled from bits of other movies by a weirdo who writes for a library newsletter in fall of 2026 and who lives in northern Colorado and has my exact library card number.

It was a lot of work, and it'd be a lot of work for you to cut all of this together into a movie. But, hey, if there's one thing we learned from trick or treating, it's that candy you worked for always tastes better. If there's a second thing we learned, it's that even though it was really annoying that your one friend kept slowing us down because his glasses fogged up, it's very funny to mockingly say to him, "Guys, wait, my glasses are fogged up!" lo these thirty years later.

LOCATIONS

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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)

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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
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Johnstown, CO 80534
(970) 587-2459

Grover Library
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Grover, CO 80729
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HPLD Library & Archive
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1-888-861-READ(7323)

Milliken Public Library
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Milliken, CO 80543
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Hudson Public Library
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Hudson, CO 80642
(303) 536-4550

Kersey Library
332 3rd Street
Kersey, CO 80644
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LINC Library Innovation Center
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1-888-861-READ(7323)

Nantes Library
703 Birch Street
Gilcrest, CO 80623
(970) 737-1035

Northern Plains Public Library
216 2nd Street
Ault, CO 80610
(970) 834-1259

Outreach
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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

Briggsdale Community Library
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