

ENJOY OUR HPLD HORROR ANTHOLOGY!



High Plains Library District

Community

OCTOBER 2024

Tales from

HPLD

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**And More
Inside!**

**Meet
The
Librarian
of DOOM!**

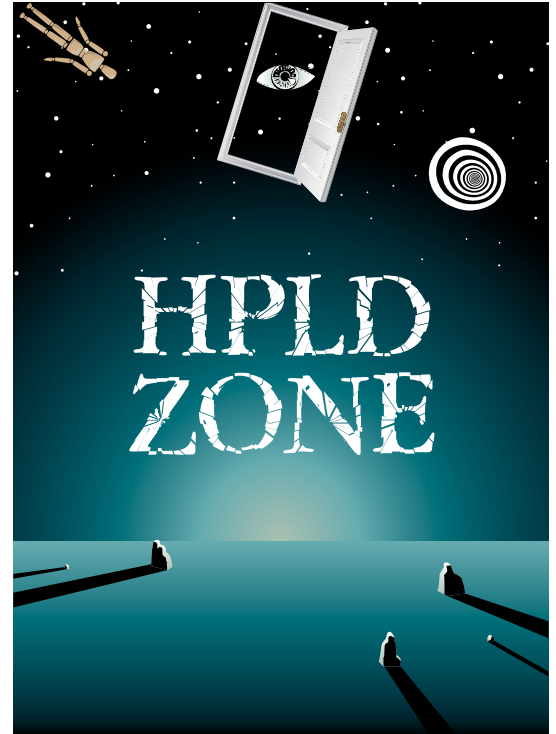


highplains
Library District



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Wonder Play Socialize
Bibliotecas Experience
Imagine
Build Maktabaduhu Create Share Make Read
Explore
Laugh Dream Connect Experience Games
Socialize

What do **YOU** have to **SAY** about our newsletter?

What do you have to say about our newsletter? Think about this as our Letters to the Editor option. If you have something to say about our newsletter, head to mylibrary.us/letters to get your feedback in the right hands.

The Librarian of DOOM!

Greetings. I'm the Librarian. OF DOOM.

I wanted to call myself "The Bookkeeper," like "The Cryptkeeper," but then I discovered that "Bookkeeper" is a term used for people involved in gambling. Then I thought of, "LibrariHEN," a giant half-man, half-chicken, laying tales of woe like so many haunted eggs. But to be honest, that image is a lot funnier than it is scary, so I had to go back to the drawing board.

So, for now, we'll go with Librarian OF DOOM, or L.O.D. for short. Which is convenient because we use the term "L.O.D." to shorten "Librarian On Duty." This reuse of "L.O.D." is quite clever if you're a library insider. For everyone else, not so much. Unless you read a newsletter preamble that explains the joke, and we all know that joke explanations are often EVEN FUNNIER than the jokes themselves!

This October newsletter is a little different. You may have noticed already. It's much spookier, for one.

And that's pretty much it. It's spookier.

But also: We'll be telling October-y tales of terror that are mostly fictional. OR ARE THEY?

In the tradition of *Tales from the Crypt*, *The Night Gallery*, *The Twilight Zone*, *Deadtime Stories*, *Cat's Eye*, *Body Bags* (starring John Carpenter as a Cryptkeeper-type character, and it's unclear if he's wearing makeup or if he was looking a little undead), *Creepshow*, and to a lesser extent, *Creepshow 2* – in the proud tradition of the horror anthology, we bring you:

The Overdue Book of the Doomed!

Are these gruesome tales true? Complete fabrications? Partial fabrications, like the way I would describe the work done on a neighbor's deck where the support posts are just sort of sitting on top of concrete in a way that is definitely not up to code?

That is for YOU to decide, reader.

Without further ado(om), our first tale is one of dread, of the horrors of a library overdue.

I have cleverly called it: Overduedead.



OverDueDead!



Meet Frederick Krumholz. Who we'll call "Fred" for the remainder of this story because no way am I typing that whole name over and over. Besides, it's not like he's madly in love with people calling him by his full name all the time. He doesn't hate his name or anything, he just doesn't spend a whole lot of time thinking about it.

A writer once told me never to start a story with a character's name because that doesn't really tell you anything ABOUT the character. But now you know not only Fred's name, you know about Fred's ambivalence about his name!

Fred, a recent transplant to Greeley from...which place can people move to Colorado from without angering everybody who's here already? How about Delaware? I don't feel like folks around here have any harsh feelings on Delaware. Fred, formerly of Delaware, now of Greeley, was on his way to a Halloween party on foot, enjoying a nice, autumn day when he was assaulted by a library bus bench ad:

Get an Experience Pass! Go to local attractions, such as Greeley Museums, 100% free!

"Okay," Fred admitted to himself, "thinking in my head that I was 'assaulted' by a library's offer for a free museum pass is probably being a bit dramatic. But, you know, I



don't like free things. I HATE them.”

[editor's note: This is not a statement on the preferences of Delawareans regarding free things, this is a trait particular to Fred]

Mere moments later, Fred saw yet ANOTHER ad for HPLD's Experience Passes:

Learn about Greeley's history! You never know, it might come in handy!

“Ha,” Fred scoffed, “I believe the only PASS I'll be concerned about is PASSING on that offer!”

[editor's note: wow, who knew Delawareans had such a penchant for sweet burns!]

If there was one thing that never came in handy, it was the history Fred had learned in school. Teapot Dome Scandal? Smoot-Hawley Tariff? Pierre Gustave Toutant-Beauregard? All hilarious names of things, but their usefulness to Fred ended the moment he heard the names, laughed, wiped a tear from his eye, and then leaned back in his chair and threw another pencil up at the ceiling so that it stuck in the ceiling tile. If there was one thing Fred DID learn in school, it was how to vandalize school property while also robbing himself of a writing instrument.

When Fred saw the third ad for Experience Passes (*You'll be sorry if you don't check one out. This is not a threat on the part of HPLD, it's a warning. Don't be a cautionary tale! You might be about to become a cautionary tale, you*

fool!), he tore it off the bulletin board, only to see a fourth Experience Pass ad underneath it (library staff is very tenacious when it comes to advertising services, sometimes going with the “double layer technique” to make sure we get just a little more out of an ad placement).

14 or 15 Experience Pass ads later, each one more aggressive than the last, Fred finally made it to the Halloween party house, complete with his terrible costume, which was a button that said, “This IS my Halloween costume.”

At this juncture, you're probably wondering whether the lesson of this story is going to be about the pitfalls of not checking out an Experience Pass or the bad things that befall those who choose not to wear Halloween costumes. And the answer is: Why not both? Can't it be both? Both things are tragic mistakes.

Fred found himself at a strange yellow house, set pretty far back on the lawn, by his estimation, but what did he know about landscaping and curb appeal? Nothing other than the little he'd absorbed from HGTV, which he found confusing and threatening.

Fred knocked on the yellow house's door, and it swung open, so he stepped inside.

The door slammed behind him, and Fred suddenly felt that his costume was very inadequate. Which, granted, it was, just on its own, but the super high level of inadequacy was highlighted by every other party guest. They were all dressed in old-timey clothes, and they'd really pulled out

Specialty Checkout Welcomes

EXPERIENCE PASSES

Check out one of HPLD's Experience Passes and gain entry to local attractions, museums, and more!

[Reserve one today at mylibrary.us/epass/](https://mylibrary.us/epass/)

all the stops to make themselves look like ghosts from the distant past. It seemed the other guests had managed to paint themselves with some kind of glowing paint, creating a very ghostly effect. AND, they had this weird semi-transparent, gauze-y look to them. Maybe created by some app-based wearable that projects on all sides or something? That's probably it. Every horror story needs a part where the hero is unnecessarily skeptical, right? Where any rational person would be like, "Something strange is happening here," but instead, our hero comes up with a wildly out-there excuse to explain everything away, even if that excuse is more unbelievable than, "ghosts are all over the place!"

As Fred made his way deeper into the house, he wondered if he had missed a memo, if this was a theme party with more theme than just simply "Halloween."

Fred sidled up to a lady and said, "So, Miss—"

"That's DOCTOR, not Miss," she said. She turned to Fred and introduced herself. "Dr. Ella Mead."

"Right," said Fred. [was this ENTIRE thing set up to use the phrase "right said Fred?" You'll never know!] "Doctor. Are you enjoying the party, Doctor?"

"Up until this moment, yes I was," she replied.

Dr. Mead didn't seem to appreciate that Fred didn't know who she was. Strike one for ol' Fred, but no matter, he was undeterred, and next he wandered over to a woman who was wearing a dress that appeared to be made entirely out of snakes. *Goth?* Fred wondered to himself. *Is this what goth is?*

Suffice to say, this woman did not put up with a lot of guff, and Fred, being 97% guff, quickly moved on.

As Fred circulated, he started to notice that the other party guests were closing in on him, tightening around him in a circle. This was unusual for Fred. Most times, when he went to parties, the other guests moved further and further away from him until he found himself wandering in a completely empty space, everyone else clinging to the walls of the room, like you'd see at a middle school dance. Except instead of the room dividing itself so potential dance partners were far apart, it was all about people not being close to Fred.

Party people started bumping into him, almost causing him to spill a drink if he'd had one. He didn't because there were no drinks. Or food. At least, not any that Fred had located yet. He usually found that when he showed up at a party, the food and drinks tended to disappear into a cabinet or other hidden space once word circulated about "some weird guy" being there and eating all the snacks. Fred didn't know who the weirdo was, but he seemed to be following Fred around to a lot of parties.

Finally, after a particularly rough shove, Fred said something: "Hey, what's the big idea?"

The other party guests tightened their circle, surrounded him, and all turned to face him.

"You don't belong here," one of them said.

"Sure I do, right," said Fred. [AGAIN! A little more tortured this time, but still, we got it in there!]

"Oh yeah," one especially scary figure said, "Prove it. We're all ghosts from Greeley's history, and if you belong here, you are, too. So...we'll quiz you on Greeley history and see who you REALLY are!"

Fred yanked at his collar with his finger. It was suddenly quite hot in the little yellow house. Maybe it was his costume, he thought. Then he remembered that his costume was just a button, a lazy, lousy attempt at humor that would not go unremarked upon (in this newsletter, like 3 times) or unpunished.

We could go through the next bit of the story in exhaustive detail, which is a section where ghosts quiz Fred on Greeley trivia. But let's be realistic, it would come off as a shallow attempt to teach you Greeley history, and that's not the goal here, the goal is to get you to check out an Experience Pass so you can learn the area's fascinating history YOURSELF. Let's skip the bit where the ghosts ask Fred questions. Just know that he didn't get a single one even close to right. Like, not even once did the ghosts look at each other and say, "Should we accept that? It's in the ballpark." In fact, the only conferencing the ghosts did was to ask each other whether the questions made sense. Fred's answers were SO BAD that the ghosts were briefly gaslit into thinking they weren't asking the questions properly.

Once Fred had thoroughly failed his history quiz, the ghosts closed in on him, their hands outstretched in menacing ways, such as with crinkled fingers and nails that really could've used a trim, and not in a decorative, "You could put a fun design on those," way, but in a way that indicated the ghosts were scary.

Just before he was enveloped in a tide of ghostly arms, Fred said, "If only I had taken the library up on its offer to borrow an Experience Pass and see and do all the wonderful things that entails, this fate wouldn't be befalling me!"

The ghosts were closing in very slowly, so Fred had a little time to say some more stuff: "Uh, and the passes are free and everything! How could I have been so foolish?"

Still, the ghosts were moving pretty slowly. Fred scratched his head. "Uh, if only I'd gone to www.mylibrary.us/epass and made good use of all the library offers instead of seeing the library's gifts to our community as annoying and hostile! How could I have been so wrongheaded?!"

There was probably still time to say more stuff, but Fred instead went for uncharacteristic silence as a great unknown horror consumed him and became his new reality.



Well, THAT sure was something, wasn't it?

Poor Fred. I guess now we might call him the UNFred?

Like "undead," but "Fred" because his name is Fred?

That Cryptkeeper guy makes these jokes look easy, but they really aren't. Things sort of sounding like each other doesn't always constitute a joke, it turns out.

Anyway!

We have another tale of terror and horror to rattle your bones and mush up your senses. Something to, I don't know, swirl your sense of self into a negative spiral that causes you to be very unpleasant to people close to you, which you later regret, but this next story is just so scary, what else could you do?

I call this one: Ordinary Life.

Ordinary Life

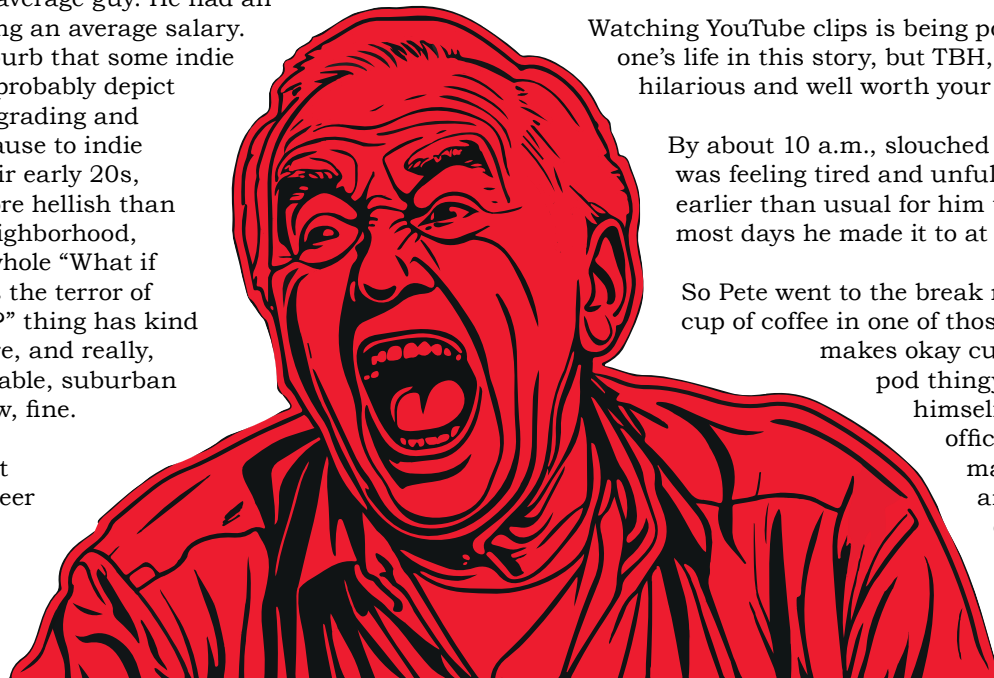


Once upon a time there was a man named Pete. **[don't forget to go back later and change this so nobody knows this comes from a very real place. Whatever you do, DO NOT send out this newsletter without removing your name! In fact, it seems like you should just do it now. You don't HAVE to, just don't forget, okay!? DO NOT FORGET]**

Pete was a pretty average guy. He had an average job, making an average salary. Pete lived in a suburb that some indie filmmaker would probably depict using weird color grading and Dutch angles because to indie filmmakers in their early 20s, nothing seems more hellish than a cookie cutter neighborhood, even though the whole "What if the REAL terror is the terror of conformity, MAN!?" thing has kind of been done before, and really, living in an affordable, suburban house is, you know, fine.

Pete had a job that was...fine. His career was going...fine. Everything was... fine.

That's what he told



himself every day when he woke up, made himself a little breakfast, and once again skipped doing his morning writing, which he always meant to do because, secretly, he dreamed of writing his magnum opus: *Bee Movie: The Musical*. Instead, he watched YouTube clips of the funniest parts of disaster movies, like the one from *Volcano* (1997) where a guy who is on a gurney gets hit right in the groin by a flying lava ball, which sends the man flying out of the gurney.

Watching YouTube clips is being posed as wasting one's life in this story, but TBH, that *Volcano* clip is hilarious and well worth your time.

By about 10 a.m., slouched at his desk, Pete was feeling tired and unfulfilled. It was a little earlier than usual for him to feel like this, most days he made it to at least 10:07.

So Pete went to the break room to make a cup of coffee in one of those machines that makes okay cups of coffee from a pod thingy. Pete considered himself a sommelier of office break room coffee machines, mixing and matching different coffee pods to create his own blends. Today's blend: Newman's Own House Roast

and a Holiday Spice pod that must have fallen behind the counter somewhere around last December.

Pete took a sip, “Hmm. Notes of terrible,” he said. Pete noticed a flyer for HPLD’s Book-a-Librarian service, specifically that he could book time to work with a Career and Workforce Development Librarian on things like resumés, which he DID need if he wanted to get his musical script in front of the right people. Maybe they would even be able to teach Pete how to get that little mark over the “e” in “resumé” so people wouldn’t read it like “ree-zoom.”

As Pete got back to his desk and called up another hilarious scene from *Volcano* (this one being the weird part where a small child, clearly dubbed, points out that nothing can stop lava), Pete noticed that his hands had a lot of dark spots on them he didn’t remember being there the day before. Weird...the skin on his hands looked wrinkly, too. But, eh, who cares? It’s not like he was a hand model.

Pete blew on his coffee concoction and noticed something else weird was going on: his computer screen was very blurry. He started with the technology troubleshooting tricks he knew best, which were swearing under his breath, then over his breath, then hitting the side of the screen with his palm, harder and harder, even though nothing happened and it never would because hitting a screen that way is what’s known as “mechanical dither” and doesn’t work on digital devices. You can’t Fonzie a device with no moving parts, people.

When Pete reached to deliver another blow to the uncooperative monitor, he felt that his shoulder had become quite sore. Weird. Usually, his whacking-technology arm was in tip-top shape.

Well, no matter. It was 10:09, time for one of his many bathroom breaks. Pete rarely used the restroom during these breaks, he just liked to be in a different environment for a minute. The fluorescent lights still made him miserable, but the ones in the bathroom had a different cover over the top, and at least that was a slightly different

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FLAVOR of misery, sort of like being fed plain oatmeal every day in prison, then, one day, getting plain shredded wheat.

When Pete got to the bathroom, he looked in the mirror and jumped back. My god, who was that elderly man in the bathroom with him!?

But, then, wait...Pete realized it was his own reflection! Pete had become an old man!

He ran through the checklist in his mind. The wrinkly hands. The sore shoulder.

Yes, he did feel a heretofore unexperienced urge to read a printed newspaper.

Yes, he was a bit preoccupied with the current state of his lawn and which kids may be on it, something he typically never considered.

Yes, he was looking at concert tickets for a band that probably should've stopped touring 40 years ago, and the tickets were outrageously expensive.

Could it be that, in just this one morning, DECADES had passed? This morning started so normally. Pete had so much time to write his *Bee Movie: The Musical* script. And now, the time was gone!

How could this have happened?! Sure, this job was fine and all, but it wasn't meant to be his WHOLE LIFE! Pete dashed out of the bathroom. His dashing feet actually felt great, and he looked down to see that his uncomfortable but pretty metal combat boots had been replaced with sensible sneakers. *Okay*, Pete thought, *That's not so bad.*

Pete looked around him. Everything was futuristic. Not, like, super futuristic, but just vaguely more modern looking.

It was clear now: Somehow in the course of one morning, decades had passed.

And it seemed like time had no intention of slowing down. Outside, clouds zipped by, and The Sun and Moon exchanged places in the sky so quickly that Pete could swear they were making whooshing sounds. One minute, the trees were green. The next, leafless and brown. The next, caked in snow.

Entire years were passing in the time it normally took Pete to decide whether ending an email with an exclamation point or a smiley face was a better expression of general friendliness.

Was it too late? Did Pete have enough time to finish his script, switch careers and make his Broadway dreams come true!?

Pete ran up to another staff member and shook them: "Please, you have to tell me: Is Broadway still interested in go-getter writers with a love of movies that really aren't that great?"

The other staff member turned, and Pete realized they were a robot. All the other staff members were robots. The robot said, "Pete, I believe you're referring to Broadway Avenue in Manhattan, formerly the heart of American musical theater."

"Formerly?" Pete said.

"Yes," the robot replied. "Unfortunately, musical theater was outlawed in the year 2055 for reasons mostly lost to history but perhaps having something to do with some kind of phantom? Of an opera?"

Pete collapsed to the floor.

If only he'd gotten his portfolio together. Gotten some resumé shape-up tips. Worked on his interviewing skills.

Where had all the time gone?, he thought.

If only I'd made an appointment with a Career and Workforce Development Librarian, who could help me with my resume and maybe a career transition...why did I wait? WHY!?



Ah, poor Pete.

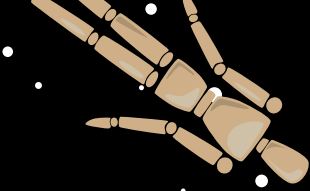
Wait...did I forget to change that name? Shoot.

Er, let's just forget that one. That's the beauty of an anthology, there's always another story waiting to push the last one right out of your brain.

Now we bring you a tale that touches the very boundary between this world and the next, as well as flirting with the boundary between copyright and Fair Use.

I call this one: Nothing Like That Story With The Guy Who Likes To Read and Then Breaks His Glasses On That One Show We're Not Going to Name.

It's a working title.



$$E=mc^2$$



Nothing Like That Story With The Guy Who Likes To Read and Then Breaks His Glasses On That One Show We're Not Going to Name



Meet Mr. Burgess. Burgess, a bookish type, just wants to read. That's it, that's all he desires in life. He reads during his lunch break, he reads while riding a stationary bike. He even takes the bus to work instead of driving so that he can spend the time reading.

Now, looking at these examples, they aren't too extreme. Reading while you eat lunch really isn't a sign that someone has a problem. Nor is a preference to read on the bus.

Alright, smart guy, what if I told you Burgess read while RUNNING A 5K! That's right! And not even because he

was trying to set a new Guinness record, which seem to be dominated by silly things because the actual records are way too hard now, you're better off just coming up with something no one has ever done before and becoming the record holder that way. Like being the first person to drive the entire Indy 500 backwards or something. No, Burgess just couldn't stop reading, and so he ran a 5K with a book. He ran terribly, both in terms of his finishing time and number of injuries sustained, but he did it.

Burgess got a job at the library because, well, duh.

His job was at the Admin building, and his main duty was to rearrange the huge stacks of Greeley Tribune bound

HPLD ZONE

editions kept in the building's vault. Burgess liked the job because it was quiet, and in addition to a reasonable benefits package (check our open positions!), it provided him scheduled breaks, during which he could always find something to read.

One afternoon, as he was reading in the vault where the bound editions are stored, Burgess felt a little bit of a rumble. He thought it might've been his stomach because he'd spent his lunch reading instead of eating (it was an intense chapter!), so he just turned the page, literally, not in the Bob Seger sense, and kept on with his book.

But then, as he opened the vault to leave for the day, he noticed...everyone was gone! And not in the Kelly Clarkson, "Since U Been Gone," emotional sense, but in the actual, physical sense.

He stepped outside, and it was completely silent. No cars. No people. Everything was...dead. Dead silent, at least.

Then, a newspaper blowing down the street hit Burgess right in the face, and on that newspaper Burgess read the words, "Big sale on beans!" The article went on to detail that a local grocer had SUPER, WAY overordered canned food that would last forever, and the grocer needed to sell it off to make more space on the shelves. "It's approximately enough food to comfortably feed one man -let's say 5'9", 140 lbs, for the rest of his life, provided he was of average health and maybe in his mid-40s. If something happened and a person of those approximate circumstances needed a reliable food source for several decades, he'd be in luck!"

Hmm... Burgess thought. I'm in my mid-40's, 5'9". What an interesting coincidence. It's almost like this ad is describing me exactly, minus the whole thing where I would need to have a reliable food source for the rest of my life because of some, I don't know, weird apocalyptic event or something!

Burgess was actually more like 5'7-and-a-half", but we'll let him slide.

A second, even more helpful

newspaper then blew into Burgess' face. The headline read: HUGE EXPLODE-Y STUFF HAPPENING!

The article went on to detail more about explosions that were happening all over the planet and all sorts of other bad stuff, but then the print stopped about halfway down, probably because there wasn't enough time to finish the article, what with the explosions and all. How it got this far and then printed is a bit mysterious, but it's a mystery we can't solve now because the newspaper blew out of Burgess' hands, clearing the path for a third newspaper to hit Burgess in the face. This third one was just a full-page ad for party rentals, which Burgess didn't need, although he had to admit the prices were very reasonable.

Hey, not every piece of garbage blowing around in the world is conveniently handy, you know.

Burgess sank to his knees. "Everyone else is gone! They're all gone!"

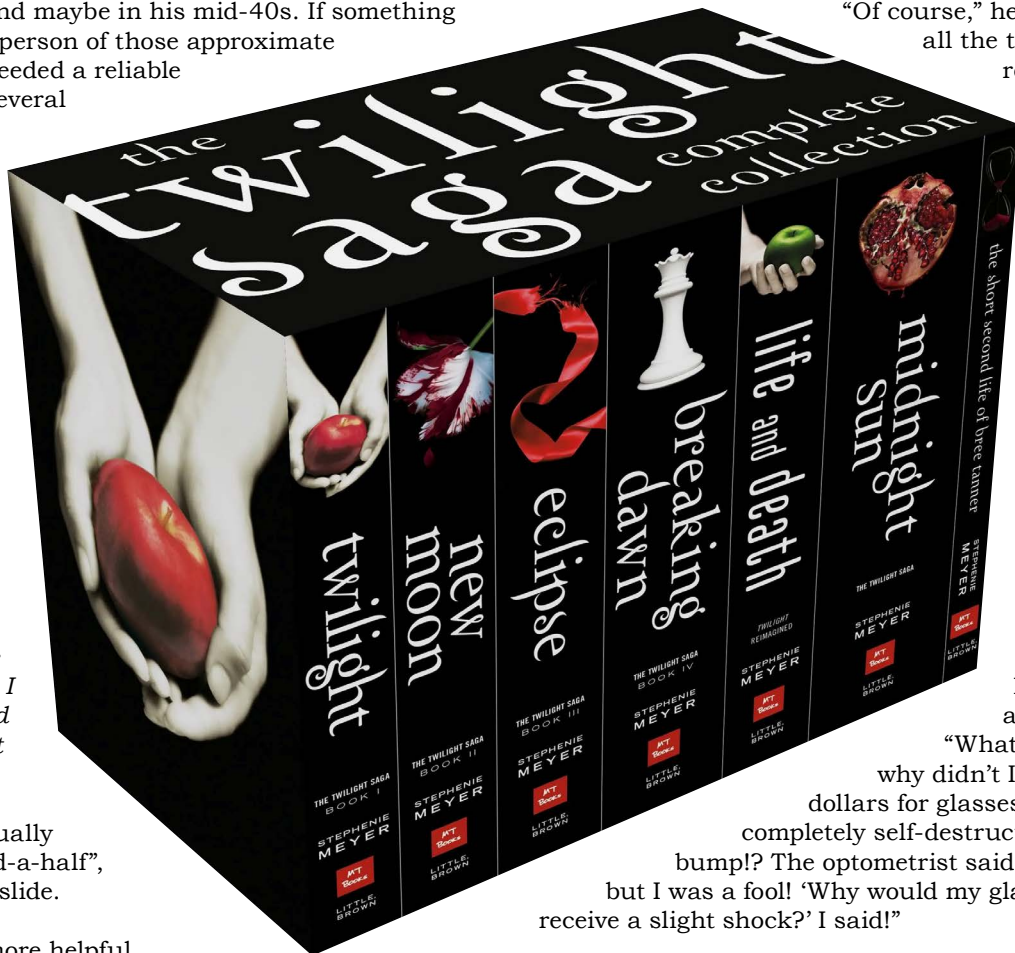
And then, the clouds parted slightly, and Burgess saw a shaft of light fall on the various HPLD libraries. Which seems impossible because Burgess, clearly in the Greeley area, probably wouldn't be able to see the shafts of light falling on all of HPLD's locations at once, even though they were very convenient and attractive. Let's call it artistic license.

"Of course," he said. "I now have all the time in the world to read my books!"

As he lightly wept a tear of joy, he removed his glasses, and then he dropped them, and they shattered.

"No, oh no!" Burgess said. He picked up the glasses and put them on, but the cracks and chips in the lenses made looking through them akin to looking through a kaleidoscope.

"What have I done? And why didn't I pay the extra \$4 dollars for glasses that wouldn't completely self-destruct with the slightest bump!? The optometrist said I really should, but I was a fool! 'Why would my glasses ever possibly receive a slight shock?' I said!"



As Burgess whined and threw a pretty undignified fit because, hey, it's not like anyone's around to see it, he remembered that right next door was a glasses manufacturer. Convenient! He went inside, tried on a bunch of pairs of glasses, and eventually found some that were good. Really good! In fact, he could see more clearly than he had before!

Burgess then went back to the library and sorted the books into two piles, one a to-read, and one that he wasn't so interested in. Deep into the night, he finished his labors, celebrated with Can 1 of his lifetime supply of beans, and then walked over to the pile of books he wasn't interested in and set them ablaze. "I can't see myself ever needing THOSE again!"

As Burgess chomped down on the beans, which were not so good, but it didn't matter because he was just so happy, Burgess could finally celebrate being alone with his books. Specifically, the Twilight saga, which were the only ones he saved. Including *The Short Life of Bree Tanner*. Even though *TSLOBT* wasn't a main line book, it wasn't without its charms.

Burgess warmed himself in front of the huge bonfire of non-Twilight books, secure in the knowledge that, whatever happened to him, Stephanie Meyer's works would forever remain the last vestige, the last proof, that the human race ever existed.

If we had the budget, this is where we'd do a scene where a bunch of time passes, and then a space alien shows up, uncovers the books, and is a bit confused. The alien attempts to reconstruct human society from these narratives alone. "So humans fell in love with unborn babies somehow?"

However, in a big twist, the alien brings the books back to its home planet, where a civil war has long raged among its peoples. From the writings of Stephanie Meyer, the different aliens begin to see that they are not so different from each other, and perhaps they can learn to get along.

Renesmee would become a very popular name among the alien's race, a tribute to the long-departed species known as The Humans Who Were Sometimes Vampires and Sometimes Werewolves.



There you have it, kiddies: The Overdue Book of the Dead is now closed for another year.

I hope you've enjoyed these sBOOKY tales!
Or, wait, maybe: You can't spell Boo! Without

BOOK!

Wait, dang it, that's not right. You CAN spell Boo without book. It's the other way around.

Listen, I'm being reclaimed by my urn, which I made at LINC's woodshop! It was a great way to make sure my remains were kept in a vessel that I approved of and that

didn't cost my family thousands of dollars.

Oh, and my entire wake was filmed using a GoPro from the library. Which was free. How cool is that?

And, uh, the library has Mom Kits. I don't know how to fold this into the whole scarytime narrative here, but it's a thing the library has, and you should get one.

Until next year, provided this whole thing goes over well and doesn't create a flood of complaints demanding that we start taking our newsletter more seriously, I bid you good night.



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
(970) 587-2459

Milliken Location of the Glenn A. Jones, M.D. Memorial Library

1109 Broad Street
Milliken, CO 80543
(970) 660-5039

Hudson Public Library

100 S. Beech Street
Hudson, CO 80642
(303) 536-4550

Kersey Library

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

LINC Library Innovation Center

501 8th Avenue
Greeley, CO 80631
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

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

Platteville Public Library

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

Riverside Library & Cultural Center

3700 Golden Street
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(970) 350-9220

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