

THE HUNGRY GODS
GO TO THE LIBRARY

N. VAN SETERS & CLAUDE

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THE HUNGRY GODS GO TO THE LIBRARY

N. Van Seters & Claude

LIBRARY 10:00–18:00 · CENTRE 05:30–22:00

MONDAY 20 JULY

DOC 1 ENVIRONMENT AND CLIMATE CHANGE CANADA

HEAT WARNING — YELLOW *Issued 19 July 2026, 16:40 PDT · Region: Metro Vancouver — North Shore, incl. District of North Vancouver*

A period of elevated temperatures begins Monday 20 July and is expected to persist through the week.

Daytime highs 29 to 31 °C. Overnight lows 16 to 18 °C.

Under the B.C. Heat Alert and Response System, a Yellow warning indicates elevated risk to health for some populations. Watch for early signs of heat illness. Drink water before you are thirsty. Check on older adults, people living alone, and people with pre-existing conditions.

Locations of public cooling spaces are listed by your local government.

Next update 21 July.

DOC 2 ENID DEARING MEETING ROOM — BOOKING SHEET

PARKGATE LIBRARY · WEEK OF JULY 20 *Bookings via NVRC facility rentals. Rental availability Mondays 10:30–20:45. Cleaning: contract, see schedule C. Key sign-out: main desk or Centre admin, whichever is staffed.*

DAY	TIME	BOOKED BY	PURPOSE	ATTENDANT REQ'D?
MON	18:30– 20:30	Strata LMS 2214	AGM (carried over)	
TUE	15:30– 17:30	private	Tutoring (recur- ring)	
WED	10:30– 12:00	Seymour Stitch- ers	Knitting	
WED	13:00– 15:00	ConnectHear Clinic	Hearing aid clinic	Y
THU	17:00– 19:00	Newcomers' Table	Language ex- change	Y
FRI	—	HOLD — DNV	—	

Note: Library hours Monday 10:00–18:00. Room access after library close per rental agreement, exterior corridor door only.

Next week: MON 27 JUL, 18:30, Strata LMS 2214, AGM (reconvened).

I

09:52 · ADMISSIONS DESK, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Two days left on the pottery lottery, and I would say the building knows it, except the building is fine. It is the people.

Fifty-eight passes. That is the number for this location, that is the number on the poster, and I have said it so often this month that yesterday I said it to my own kid when he asked how many chicken strips he could have. Fifty-eight. He took it well.

There is a heat warning on since last night. Yellow, which is the first of the three they use now, and which means nothing at this desk except that the pool will be full by ten and stay full, and that I will be asked, at intervals, whether the drop-in is cheaper when it is hot, which it is not, and which I will be explaining again tomorrow and on Wednesday.

What nobody believes is that I do not know how many have entered. The lottery is online. It goes into a system, the system lives somewhere, and the somewhere is not my till. But there is a species of person who cannot accept that the woman at the desk does not have the number, and I had met four of them before the coffee went cold. One man asked me for a rough sense of the odds. I told him I could give him a rough sense of the drop-in schedule. He said that was not the same thing. He is right. It is not.

To enter you need a previous studio pass, or two of our pottery classes, six weeks or longer, inside three years. Ours. That is the part I deliver out loud, to people's faces, and this morning I delivered it to a man who taught pottery for eleven years in Manitoba. He showed me a mug I would put in my own house. I read him the clause. He nodded and said, "So the mug doesn't count," and I said no, the mug does not count, and he thanked me, and took a class schedule. He was very nice about it. I would have preferred yelling. Yelling I have a procedure for.

Meanwhile the till does its regular Monday business around the edges of all this. Swim drop-in, \$6.50; the man gives me a ten, and Bea counts him back \$3.50, coins first and then the bill, and tells him the hot tub is open again, and he says, "Well, that's the news I came for." That is the whole exchange. Bea is on with me most Mondays. She is good with the regulars. That is all there is to say about it and I do not know why I mentioned it.

The lobby has one fan. It is on a stand, it belongs to the Society, and it has been pointed at the noticeboard since Friday because that is where somebody left it, and the noticeboard has no opinion about any of this. Three separate people moved it today. It finished the day pointed at the noticeboard.

The queue for opening was a queue by 9:15, which for a Monday is deranged. Lottery panic, mostly — people who want to enter in person, which you can do, at a kiosk, which is a screen, which is the same screen they have at home, except that here there is a staff member standing by to watch you type it in.

And there was a man in it — front third, tan jacket — who I want to describe properly, because I watched it happen. He was not first. He

was not holding anything. As far as I could tell he wanted nothing. But by twenty to, the three parties around him had become a delegation. A woman with a yoga mat, a retired couple, and a teenager I would have sworn was asleep standing up. Separate arrivals. I watched them arrive. And by ten to ten they had a shared position on the lottery, the kiosk, and the amount of parking, and the yoga mat woman had been elevated to spokesman, and the man in the tan jacket was simply in there. Amongst it. Contributing nothing I could hear. When the doors opened he was not even the one who came to my desk. The yoga mat woman came, with the position, and I gave her the same answer I had given everybody, and she took it back to them.

Ray came at 9:40. Ray does not queue. There is a door on the northeast side that unlocks at 9:40 for reasons that predate me — something to do with the seniors' programming, or the deliveries; nobody has ever given me the same answer twice — and Ray comes through it at 9:41 with his swim bag and his library bag, which are the same kind of bag, and waves at me with two fingers off the strap, and is wherever Ray goes. Twenty minutes ahead of thirty people standing outside the front doors in the sun. Nobody told him about that door. Ray has been coming here longer than the doors have.

First customer through at ten wanted the pool schedule, the lottery kiosk, and, waving a phone at me, a place that can print this. Two out of three, I said, and for the printing it is the other side, and I pointed at the doorway, and off she went. That was the correct answer. It is the other side. They do print things. This is a system that works.

By 10:06 the queue was gone. Not resolved. Gone. Ten o'clock happened to it. Thirty urgent people, and the urgency turned out to be about the doors, and once the doors stopped being closed everybody remembered they had all day. The delegation dissolved without a closing statement. The man in the tan jacket bought nothing, entered nothing, and was last seen reading the notice board with his hands behind his back.

Fifty-eight passes. Two days. I am going to hear about that mug again before this is over.

II

09:52 · CIRCULATION DESK, PARKGATE LIBRARY

Monday bin. Two days of returns and it doesn't care that it's summer.

I do the bin first because if you don't do the bin first the bin wins. Forty-one items before I stopped counting, and somebody's returned a puzzle with the box taped shut, which means one of two things, and I put it taped-shut right onto the recheck cart because I'm not finding out alone at nine in the morning.

Then the D&D kit came up and I knew before I had it open. You get a feel for it. The box has a weight when it's all there and that wasn't the weight.

There's a checklist. Laminated, taped inside the lid. Rulebook, adventure book, character sheets — the filled-in ones come back covered in somebody's campaign, one of these guys is called Thorgrim Ironbeard and he's *died*, there's a little cross on him — dry-erase markers, and dice. Seven dice. I counted six. Counted again, six. Shook the box, checked the corner where the weird one hides, because the twenty-sided one wedges under the tray flap and that's the first thing they teach you here, basically — and no. Six. Somewhere in this district there's a d4 down the side of a couch and that couch's family doesn't know they're holding library property.

Flagged it, billed slip, back office. You can't send a kit out at six dice. A kit's either a kit or it's a box of most things.

The queue was already going outside while I did all that. Big for a Monday. I could see them through the front glass — thirty-something people, and the doors don't open till ten, and I'm on the wrong side of the glass to tell them anything, so we're just looking at each other. Me with a bin. Them with their reasons.

I had theories. I've always got theories. Theory one: hold shelf, because Mondays the weekend holds stack up. Theory two: the air conditioning, because it was already warm out and our AC's famous with a certain crowd. Theory three, my best one: the new bird backpacks, because they've been moving like concert tickets since they showed up and there's a waitlist with actual drama on it — a lady last week asked me to check whether the person ahead of her seemed like

a serious birder. I ranked my theories. I committed to theory three. I was proud of it.

The guy at the front wasn't first, exactly. There isn't a word for where he was. Tan jacket. The Chaos-Weaver. Around him everybody was drifting into an arrangement nobody chose. The yoga mat lady was giving what looked like a speech. The old couple were nodding in shifts. It was 9:55 and they'd founded something.

Ray was in the fireplace chair by the time I'd got the front unlocked. That's normal. I've never seen Ray come into this building. Coming in implies a before and Ray hasn't got one — he's like the furniture, if the furniture had holds. His holds were in, actually. Two large-print westerns and a book about tides. I put them on the shelf under C for him and he'll collect them when the mood does whatever moods do.

Ten o'clock. Doors open. Thirty people.

Zero for me.

All of them — all of them — went left, to the Centre side, to the kiosk and the desk over there. Not one hold. Not one birder. The whole crowd was for a pottery thing I only know about because their signage is up in our corridor. My three theories went oh for three and nobody's ever going to know how good theory three was.

By noon we had the AC crowd anyway. Not thirty of them. Six, seven, in the good chairs, not reading, and there's a heat warning on and this is a building with cold air in it, and that's a whole category of patron who doesn't need a card.

One of them asked me what time we shut. Then what time we open. Then about Sunday. I gave him all three and he wrote them on the back of a receipt, which people do more than you'd think.

First actual patron was 10:09, wanted the washroom and the wifi password, in that order.

Restarted the bin. Cart two's full. It's 10:15.

LIBRARY 10:00–20:00 · CENTRE 05:30–22:00 · LOTTERY
CLOSES 23:59 · HEAT WARNING YELLOW · 31 °C

TUESDAY 21 JULY

III

14:15 · REFERENCE DESK, PARKGATE LIBRARY

The microfilm man comes on Tuesdays, which I know because I have been at this desk for twenty-two years and he has been coming for nineteen of them, always for the North Shore papers, always on film, and no amount of gentle information about the digitized archive has ever moved him, because in his view a newspaper that arrives through a screen has been interfered with. Today he wanted March of 1987. I do not ask why anymore. The why arrives on its own schedule, roughly every third year, and is always worth the wait.

It was thirty-one degrees outside and twenty-two in here, and the difference between those two numbers is doing more for this branch's attendance than any program I have run in twenty-two years. The reading room has been at capacity since Monday. Not for reading.

Beyond him it was an ordinary summer Tuesday: a hold that the All-Seeing swore was on the shelf and the shelf declined to corroborate, and two teenagers attempting to print a single document from a phone, an operation that in my experience produces either one copy or forty and nothing in between.

The woman with the form arrived a little after two, having been sent from the other side, which is where people are sent from when

what they need involves paper. She had a phone, a deadline, and the particular courtesy of someone who has been passed between counters for a week and has decided that the fault must somehow be her own. The agency, she explained, would not accept a photograph of a signature. The document had to be printed, signed by hand, scanned, and returned by end of day, and she said this in the level voice of a person reciting instructions they have tested against reality several times and found to be load-bearing.

The printing was the stated problem. It was not the problem. The problem surfaced when the Seeker asked to see the letter, the question the desk exists to ask, because what people bring to a desk is rarely the thing and is usually the envelope around the thing. The letter cited a review under section such-and-such and directed her to complete the 4408. What she had been completing, for a week, on her phone, at night, was the 4408-A, the version for a different circumstance with a nearly identical name, listed first on the agency's own site because it is requested more often. Nobody had done anything wrong. That is the worst kind of problem and the commonest.

He was not quick about it. I want that on the record, in a manner of speaking, because quickness is what people expect from that chair and it is not what the chair does. He read the letter twice. He checked the agency's forms index, found it unhelpful, said so, and went instead to the plain-language guide that a legal advocacy group maintains, which he tried because the government's own index had failed him, and which settled it. Then he set the two forms side by side on the screen so that she could see the difference herself, in the footers, in type you would need a reason to read. She looked at them for a while. She said, quietly, that she had been filling out the wrong one for a week, and he said the wrong one was very close to the right one, which was true, and was also, I think, the only comfort on offer that did not cost her anything to accept.

The printing itself took four minutes and eighty cents. The scanning took two and cost nothing. In between came the signature, done standing at the end of my desk with her whole forearm, and I have noticed that people sign differently when a form has defeated them for a week and then stopped — bigger, mostly.

Then she had to call the agency to confirm receipt, and there is nowhere in a library to make a call like that, because the quiet study room is quiet and the reading area is full of people not reading, so she went out to the corridor, which is where those calls live. The corridor belongs to nobody in particular, which may be why it works. Through the glass I could see her shoulder against the wall and her free hand keeping some private count, and she was there for nineteen minutes, and I did not listen, because the desk does not have the luxury of listening, and that comes to the same thing as discretion and is easier to maintain.

She came back in to say the agency had it, and that they might call her back within the hour to confirm a detail, and her phone was at four percent, and could she wait here. She could, but the outlets by the seating were taken and would stay taken, because the teenagers had colonized them in the manner of their kind, and so I told her the truer answer, that there are outlets on the other side, and chairs, and the coffee that the Society runs at the far end and does not charge for. She asked whether she was allowed. I said the word for what she was describing was lobby. She laughed for the first time in the transaction and went.

Ray's chair at the fireplace was empty when I shelved my way past it at half two, which registered briefly as a wrongness before it resolved into the calendar: Tuesday, lesson block, the warm pool clear of children until three. Ray has arrangements. The chair keeps them too.

By six the study room was full, the reading area was full, and there were two people in the children's section who were not with any child, and none of that is against anything.

The microfilm man left with March of 1987 folded into his notebook in pencil. The hold turned up inside a returned atlas, where holds go to think. Both public computers had queues by the afternoon, the printer was out of legal size, and I put the sign up, the laminated one, that says more is coming and means it.

IV

14:15 · ADMISSIONS DESK, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

The lottery closes tonight at one minute to midnight. The phone knows.

It has rung all afternoon with variations on a single question, which is whether entering at eleven is worse than entering at noon. It is not. It is a draw. I have explained the word draw to nine callers today, and four of them thanked me and then asked what time I would recommend.

Swim drop-in is running at double a normal Tuesday and has been since the warning. Thirty-one out. The pool is the coldest room in this building and it costs six dollars fifty; the library is the second coldest and costs nothing. I say both of those sentences all day and had never once put them next to each other until writing this down.

At the desk itself it was towels and philosophy. A woman lost a towel. I showed her the bin. The bin holds nine towels at present, and she examined all nine and said none of them was hers, and I asked what hers looked like, and she said, "Blue. But a friendly blue." We stood together over the bin for a while after that. There was nothing friendly in it.

Then a family of five at the far window wanted to know about the Society's drop-in at the end of the hall, the one with the coffee and the toys and the sign that says everyone welcome. The mother asked what it cost. I said nothing. She asked what it cost for all five of them. I said nothing, times five. She asked whether that included the baby. I have been asked to price a baby before, but never with such honest suspicion, and I want it noted that she took all five of them down there anyway, on a trial basis, like a woman entering a store with no prices on principle.

The woman I sent through for printing went through around half past one and that was the end of my part in it. She had the look of a person carrying a form like other people carry a casserole. I do not know how she made out. Later a man from the library side walked her back as far as the doorway and stopped there and went back in, which is what they do; the doorway is where their errands end. She

came on into the lobby, plugged her phone in by the window, and sat with a coffee from the Society's urn, watching the phone like it owed her money. When it rang she stood up to take it. Whatever was said, she sat back down after, which is the good way.

Mrs. Odell came at three for the aquafit, six dollars fifty, exact, because Mrs. Odell brings it exact and always has. With the coins came a jar. Raspberry, from her canes, the lid done up in a square of cloth, and she set it on the counter in front of Bea and said, "Tuesdays are better when you're on. I've been meaning to say it for a year and today I remembered." Bea picked up the jar and held it a moment. "I'm going to keep that," she said, and I do not think she meant the jam, although she kept that too, in her bag under the till, and told Mrs. Odell that tomorrow's toast was spoken for now. The drawer balanced to the cent at close of shift, as it always does when Bea is on. The next customer wanted to dispute a punch on a punch card from the spring, so we did that.

The towel woman came back at four. She had found it. It had been in her bag. She held it up at the desk so that I could see it was blue, and it was blue, and she said she just wanted me to know the system worked, and I thanked her, and she went off to her class.

Seven hours to the deadline. The kiosk gets its last rush after supper, people watching a screen count down to a draw as though attendance helps. Whatever happens, it happens tonight in a server somewhere, and either way I hear about it at this desk on Thursday, when the ones who cannot wait for the letter start phoning to ask whether I know something. I will not know something. I will know the drop-in schedule. It is a good schedule.

DOC 3 PARKGATE SOCIETY -- COMMUNITY LIVING ROOM

VOLUNTEER SHIFT NOTES -- PLEASE INITIAL

MON 20

0930 Urn on. Milk was off, used the powdered. Nobody said
↪ anything. - DK

1120 Two jugs of water out on the end table, ice from the
↪ kitchen. Gone in an hour.

1300 Man asking about the pottery lottery. Sent him next door.
↪ He came back.

Sent him next door again. - DK

1545 Out of the small cups. Using the big cups. Tell J.

EVE The fan is OURS. It is in the lobby. It is pointed at the
↪ corkboard.

Do not let them keep it. - JM

TUE 21

0900 Fan retrieved. - JM

1010 Urn on. Got milk.

1140 Busy. Cooler in here than out there and word has got
↪ round.

1420 Four jugs. Buying more ice, putting it on the float.

1600 Somebody left a hat.

LIBRARY 10:00-20:00 · CENTRE 05:30-22:00 · HEAT
WARNING UPGRADED ORANGE · 33 °C

WEDNESDAY 22 JULY

V

11:40 · EAST LOT, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Warning went orange overnight. That is a colour on a phone. In this building it is the rooftop units, of which there are four, of which one is the library's. Their unit, their meter, my roof. It has run without stopping since Friday and there is no version of the agreement where I am the one who calls it in if it quits.

Three items on the board for Wednesday. Pool filter differential, reading high since Monday, watching it. Gym door closer, waiting on the part. Item three, open since June 9: organics enclosure, east lot, latch assembly. Part was back-ordered. Part came Monday. Wednesday is outside day. So, Wednesday.

Thirty-three out. Twenty-four in the lobby, twenty-six in the corridor. Twenty-six is the number the health people put on their poster as the point where it starts mattering for some people, and I know that because the poster is on our own wall, four metres from the corridor thermometer, and nobody has ever put those two things together in front of me.

At 11:20 one of the guards came off break and said there was a bear in the organics. She said it like rain. I went and looked. There was a bear in the organics. Black, medium, head down, working. The

enclosure gate stood open. It didn't force anything. The latch doesn't hold unless you lift and turn, and the public does not lift and turn. That is why there's a work order.

I made the calls in the order you make them.

The provincial line answered fast. They asked whether it posed a threat to public safety. I looked at it. It was eating in a bin with its back to forty windows. I said no. Noted, monitor, call back if the behaviour changes. Which is the right answer, and the end of what they do today.

Texted the Black Bear Society sightings line, which you can do now, a bear being a thing you can text in. A volunteer would follow up. She is real and very good and there is one of her.

Called District bylaw about the attractant. They opened a file and issued a reference number that is longer than the incident and which I have written on the back of the work order.

The camp went indoor per procedure, forty kids to the gym, and the leaders called it Indoor Adventure Day, which is the same day with the lights on. The playground got closed with the tall cones. Between one provincial service, one registered non-profit, one municipal department, and us, the visible action taken on scene was cones, and the cones were ours.

The crowd at the west windows was the library's. Their side of the glass, their crowd. On my side it was me and the bear and, at 11:40, the Hand, because at 11:40 the work order was next. He took the board tablet, walked out past the windows and past the bear at distance, and repaired the latch on the west enclosure, which is the one on the order. The bear was in the east one. The order does not mention the east one; the east one gets its own order when this is over. He set the new assembly, checked the swing, lifted and turned twice, and came back in. Eleven minutes. I signed it off. Item three, closed. Open June 9, closed July 22. Parts availability.

Bears come down in this. They are looking for water and easy food and there is a creek behind that lot. Nobody needed telling.

The bear finished around 12:05 and went up the greenbelt. It didn't hurry. Nothing made it leave. It was done.

The Society volunteer called back at 12:20. I told her it had gone up the hill and she said that's what they do, and asked about the enclosure, and I said the latch was being dealt with, and she said then that's dealt with, in the voice of a person who sends that sentence uphill all summer and watches it roll back down.

By end of day the bear existed in a provincial call log, a Society sighting map, and a bylaw attractant file under the long number. Plus mine. My log reads: BEAR IN E. ORGANICS ENCL., ATTENDED, NO ACTION REQ'D. LATCH W. ENCL. COMPLETED PER WO-2216. One line, two facts. They are not related. The log doesn't care.

VI

11:40 · REFERENCE DESK, PARKGATE LIBRARY

It should be said that the west windows had a larger audience available to them than usual, the reading room having been at capacity since Monday, and not on account of the collection. There is a heat warning on, this branch has cold air and forty chairs, and there is no requirement whatsoever that you do anything in them.

The library learned about the bear before I did, in the sense that a reading room redistributes itself around news faster than anyone can be told anything: I looked up from the hold list at twenty past eleven because the light had changed, and the light had changed because every patron who had been sitting between my desk and the west windows was now standing at the west windows, in the posture of an audience, not a posture a library often produces on a Wednesday morning.

A man who had our birding backpack out on loan, and who had presumably intended it for the mountain, had the binoculars up inside the first minute, and by twenty-five past he had become the event's official interpreter without anyone conferring the office. Coat in good condition, he reported. Two years old, possibly three. A hundred and forty pounds, he estimated, and then, after a period of further study, revised upward to a hundred and fifty, and the audience received the revision seriously, as markets do. The library lent that man ten-by-forty-two binoculars for the observation of birds, and

he was observing what was in front of him, the collection performing exactly as developed.

A patron at my desk demanded to know who handles this. Outside is the other side's, I said, and pointed, because it has been true all week and sentences that have been true all week acquire momentum. But through the glass, the other side was one man standing in the lot placing telephone calls, and whichever offices he was reaching were evidently also not it, because we watched him listen, and nod, and dial again, three times, with the patience of a man being handed the same afternoon by different receptionists. My patron observed, with some awe, that the man was being transferred. It was the first time all week the sentence pointed somewhere and nothing arrived.

The book drop stands at the edge of the lot, and somebody had to decide whether staff should walk out to it while a bear held the adjacent territory, and there is no policy, because the collection-development meetings have never once considered fauna. So I decided. The cart run could wait an hour, and a sign went up on the inside of the front doors, hand-lettered and laminated, because lamination is how this branch makes a thing official: BOOK DROP OPEN — STAFF PICKUP DELAYED — PLEASE USE INSIDE RETURNS THIS MORNING. Eleven seconds of deliberation, one sheet of laminate, and the entire jurisdiction of this institution over the natural world was thereby exercised, to its outermost boundary, which is a metal box of returned westerns.

Storytime relocated inward at half past eleven, away from the windows, and proceeded against competition no training prepares you for. The children's librarian gave it everything. She had felt puppets. The bear had a bear.

The bear left at about five past twelve, up the greenbelt, at the pace of the entirely unbothered, and the room deflated the moment it cleared the treeline. Our interpreter delivered a closing summary — healthy animal, good weight going into late summer — to an audience already reforming as a printer queue.

Ray never got up. He watched the duration from the fireplace chair at the range he evidently considered sufficient, and later, collecting his westerns and his tides, mentioned that it was the same one as

June. Smaller then, he said. Worse manners. As far as I can establish, Ray maintains the only continuity record on that animal held anywhere in this building, and he keeps it the place he keeps everything, which is not written down.

By one o'clock the west windows were windows. The hold list was where I had left it. The printer was out of legal size again, which no bear explains.

**DOC 4 NVDPL BOARD OF TRUSTEES — REGULAR MEETING —
MINUTES EXCERPT**

Tuesday 14 July 2026 · 19:00 · Lynn Valley Library, Community Meeting Room

Present: G. Mathers (Chair), R. Bhandari, S. Liu, D. Craddock, the Allfather, M. Okafor, P. Fontaine, J. Whyte. **Regrets:** none. **Staff:** Chief Librarian; Director, Finance & Facilities (recording).

3.1 — Adoption of minutes of 9 June. Moved, seconded. **Carried unanimously.**

4.1 — Chief Librarian's report, incl. summer reading program registration (up 11%), circulating collections update. **Received for information.**

4.2 — Shared Facility Cost Allocation, Parkgate branch, per Joint Facility Agreement Schedule B: annual proportional share (utilities, janitorial, structural maintenance, HVAC), \$151,240, an increase of \$3,180 over prior year attributable to utility rates. Line 6 of 9, Facilities Summary attached. Moved, seconded. **Carried unanimously.**

4.3 — Transfer of operating surplus to capital reserve per policy F-4. Moved, seconded. **Carried unanimously.**

5.1 — Correspondence: one (1) letter received from a patron regarding signage at the Parkgate exterior book drop. **Referred to staff.**

6.1 — Next regular meeting: Tuesday 8 September 2026. **The Board does not meet in August.**

Adjourned 19:41.

LIBRARY 10:00–20:00 · CENTRE 05:30–22:00 · HEAT
WARNING ORANGE · 34 °C

THURSDAY 23 JULY

VII

19:20 · TEEN SPACE, PARKGATE LIBRARY

Late night Thursday, so the day's got a back end that Mondays don't. Bin at seven. Receipts at half seven. Lights and last cart at eight.

Thirty-four out. The teen space is the west end and the west end is the end the sun gets from four o'clock, and our unit does what it can, which by seven is about two degrees.

Ray went at quarter to. He doesn't do late nights.

The language exchange got out of the Enid Dearing Room at seven straight up and left four dozen cookies on the trolley. The attendant is Centre staff and her shift ends when the booking ends, so she locked the room at 19:02 and went home, and the cookies stayed. I stood at that trolley a while with a stack of receipts under my arm, working out who I was supposed to ask.

Everybody who'd been in that room came out through the teen space, because that's the way out.

I heard it before I saw it. There's a noise a chair makes.

Twenty-seven in here at seven o'clock, which is the unit losing and everybody pretending not to notice.

Two of them, by the printer. One shoved the other one into the end of the shelving and the chair went over and there was some shouting.

Four seconds, maybe five. By the time I was round the end of the stacks they'd stopped and everyone in the building was looking at them and one of them was fifteen and I know he's fifteen because it's on the form now.

Nobody was hurt. Nothing broke. The chair was fine.

The Conscience-Keeper came down from the desk end and did it there, standing, in front of everybody, because that's where it happened. Section 4.2. Conduct that interferes with others' use of the library. One week's exclusion from the branch. A review can be requested in writing to the branch head and the branch head responds inside ten working days. He said those three things and then he said them again to the kid's face when the kid asked him to say it again.

The kid did the math out loud.

A week from Thursday is the thirtieth. He said the thirtieth like it was a long way out, and it is. Then he went through the rest of it, not to me and not really to anyone: the pool's six-fifty and he hasn't got it, the mall's a bus and a transfer, Lynn Valley's two buses, his mum's on till six. He wasn't arguing. He'd stopped arguing before I got round the shelving. He was just going through what was left and saying the numbers as he got to them.

Then he went out through the corridor doors and that was that part.

I typed it because I was the one on. Date, time, branch, staff present, section cited, description, action taken, duration, review date. The description field is four lines deep and it flattens whatever you put in it — you write what happened and it comes out the same as every other four lines anyone's ever written in it. Action taken: exclusion, one (1) week. Review date: 30 July.

Signature block at the bottom. The branch head goes at six on late nights because late nights are covered by whoever's on. Whoever's on was me. So the block took my name and the words *entered by*. There isn't another block.

Sent 19:41.

The timestamp on the incident is 19:20, which is when I came round the stacks. But I pulled the self-check log Friday for a different thing and there's a four-minute gap in it starting 19:14, which is the

room emptying and all of them coming through at once, and nothing checked out because everyone was watching whatever was already going on.

19:14.

At 19:14 I was at the trolley with the receipts under my arm, working out the cookies.

Seven days. July's got thirty-one. Review date's the thirtieth if he asks for one, and ten working days on that is the thirteenth of August.

Bin at eight. Cart two was full. Lights.

VIII

19:20 · MAIN CORRIDOR, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Thursday. Filter differential still reading high, still watching it, four days now. Gym door closer, part not in, week three. Rounds at seven: corridor, lobby, changerooms, mechanical, back through.

The units are the job this week. Four on the roof and all four running flat since Friday, which they are not designed to do and will do anyway until one of them decides otherwise. The overnight setback is meant to drop the building four degrees between eleven and five. It has been getting two. That is not a fault. That is a building the size of this one against a night that does not cool down, and there is no work order for a night.

Email came in at 16:40 from the District. Both sides of this building are going on the public cooling space list. Ours and theirs, listed separately, because they are separately operated, which is correct and is also going to be a conversation at some point.

Nothing changes on my end. It means a building with cold air in it that is open when it is open. We were already that. Now we are that on a webpage.

The corridor door was propped because the floor guy was doing the entry mats, so I had a hand on it most of that hour anyway.

A boy came out of the library at about twenty past, moving. I held the door. Said goodnight. He didn't say it back. Nobody says goodnight at fifteen.

He asked me where he could sit and wait for a ride. I told him the library's the other side and pointed at the doors he'd just come through, because that's where the chairs are and they're open till eight.

He said okay. He went out to the lot.

Somebody from the library side stood in their doorway with a tablet for a bit and then went back in.

Nothing to raise. I run it the same order every time. Injury, no. First aid rendered, no. Property damage, no. Emergency services attended, no. Envelope, no. If it's none of those there's no form, there's the shift log, and the shift log gets a line.

Wrote the line. Finished the rounds.

Set the overnight. It will get two.

Filter differential unchanged at nine.

DOC 5 TWO RECORDS

NORTH VANCOUVER DISTRICT PUBLIC LIBRARY PATRON CONDUCT INCIDENT REPORT — FORM PC-1

Branch: Parkgate **Date:** 23 July 2026 **Time:** 19:20 **Staff present:** 1 (circulation, closing shift) **Patron:** M, 15 yrs. Card in good standing. **Code of Conduct section cited:** 4.2 — *Behaviour that interferes with others' use of the Library or with staff performance of duties.*

Description of incident (4 lines max):

Verbal altercation between two patrons in teen area escalated to physical contact. One patron pushed second patron against shelving unit; chair overturned. No injuries reported. No damage to property or collection. Incident concluded prior to staff arrival.

Action taken: Exclusion from branch — one (1) week. **Effective:** 23 July 2026 **Expires:** 30 July 2026 **Review:** Available on written request to Branch Head. Response within ten (10) working days. **Notified:** Patron, verbally, on site.

Authorized under: Board Policy P-11, *Patron Conduct*, s. 6 (staff authority to exclude). **Signature:** _____ **Entered by:** [name], Library Assistant I, 19:41

NVRC — PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE EVENING SHIFT LOG — 23 JULY 2026

1700 Rounds. Pool filter diff. high, monitoring. Day 4.
1902 Enid Dearing Rm - booking ended, room secured by
↪ attendant, keys returned.
1915 Entry mats, contractor on site, corridor door propped.
1920 Patron exited via corridor door. Nil.
1955 Rounds complete.
2100 Filter diff. unchanged.

NVRC — INCIDENT / NEAR-MISS REPORT — FORM SR-04

To be completed where ANY of the following apply:

☐ Injury requiring first aid or greater ☐ Emergency services attended ☐ Property damage or facility damage ☐ Near-miss with potential for serious injury ☐ Patron complaint escalated to supervisor

Not completed. No threshold met.

LIBRARY 10:00–18:00 · CENTRE 05:30–22:00 · HEAT
WARNING ORANGE · 35 °C

FRIDAY 24 JULY

IX

08:30 · POTTERY STUDIO, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Somebody has to hold the door on raku Friday and this week it was me, because the till was covered and because I am the one who sells the clay.

That is the whole of my relationship with pottery. Clay is bought at the front desk. M370, M340, M390, B-Mix, P300. I could not tell you the difference between any two of them and I have never wanted to know, but I know who buys which, and I know who has switched, and I know which of them takes it out to the car in one trip. Twenty-two passholders at this location and I could do the room from the till receipts.

The studio is on the ground floor at the back, in among the trees, three kilns, and it is the only room in this building where nobody has ever asked me where anything is.

It was going to be thirty-five by three. I want that established before anything else, because what follows takes place in a room containing three kilns and is completed outdoors beside a barrel of burning sawdust, and at no point did any of the twenty-two people involved suggest that this was a matter for comment.

The instruction for raku says participants must arrive at half past eight to help with set-up. They all did. All of them, at half past eight, on a Friday in July, to carry a barrel and two bins of sawdust out to the pad. After a week of this building I found that genuinely startling and I have decided not to examine it.

There is a thermometer on the wall by the glaze tiles and at nine in the morning, kilns cold, it read twenty-nine. I looked at it like a bill.

Nobody else looked at it. One woman had brought a small clip fan and clipped it to a shelf, aimed at nothing in particular, and it was accepted as a public amenity within about ten minutes, and by noon there were four of them along that shelf, all belonging to different people, all pointed at the room.

The room runs itself and has for longer than I have worked here. There is a wall of glaze tiles with the combinations written under them and people stand at it like a departures board. There is a shelf with name tape on the edges, and a precedence on that shelf which is not written anywhere and which everybody observes. There is one sign-up sheet for three kilns and twenty-two people, and nobody owns the sign-up sheet, and the sign-up sheet works. I have watched this building fail to agree on the temperature of a lobby.

The Chaos-Weaver has a pass. He was in the queue on Monday as well, which means nothing, because everybody on this side of the bridge is in every queue eventually. By ten the room had arranged itself into three groups — the barrel, the wheels, the glaze table — and he was in the middle of that and doing very little, and out of it came a rota for the tongs that nobody wrote down and everybody kept to all day.

At twenty past nine a woman came in with her sister, who is visiting from Regina and who has a wheel in her own garage and has had for nine years. The sister sat down at a spare wheel very quietly, hoping to be absorbed, and I went over and said the sentence. Passholders only. I have said that sentence eleven times this week and it was the first time I had said it to somebody sitting down.

Then the potter apologised to me, and the visitor apologised to me, and I was apologised to twice over a clause I did not write. The

visitor took her coffee out to the bench in the corridor and watched through the glass for an hour and a half and waved at her sister twice. That is what the clause does. I have no argument with the clause. It is only that the till is thirty feet from that door and behind the till you say it through a counter, and up there I said it standing beside her chair.

Ray has a pass and has had one for years and Ray is bad at pottery.

I want to be fair about this. He is bad at it in a settled way, without any evidence of struggle. He centres nothing. His walls go where they want. He has produced, over what I understand to be a considerable period, a body of work consisting almost entirely of bowls that lean, and they are on the shelf with everybody else's, under name tape, and you can identify them from the doorway at a distance of forty feet. Two people asked him about them during the morning in the tone of genuine enquiry, and he answered both, at length, and neither of them got any nearer to a bowl that does not lean. He was having a lovely time. He carried the barrel out at half eight with the rest of them.

At about eleven I read the notice by the door properly for the first time, because I had been standing under it for two and a half hours.

Six cubic feet. That is the shelf allowance for a season and it is measured, and the season ends, and nothing crosses into the next one. No greenware. No bisque. Everything completed by the end of the season, and then the words *there will be no exceptions*, which is the kind of sentence that only gets printed after somebody has asked for one.

The fall passes are drawn on the twenty-eighth.

So the twenty-two people in that room were clearing shelves they may not get back, and firing pieces that had to be finished on Friday because there is no next season to finish them in unless a draw says so, and none of them knew whether they were in, and neither did I, and I am the front desk.

One man said something about it. Half eleven, tongs in his hand, waiting on the barrel: "If I'm not in, I'm not in." And a woman at the glaze table asked him whether he had ever got the copper red to sit, and he said no, never, not once, and the two of them went into

copper red, and it stayed on copper red, and that was the only time anybody raised it all day.

Nobody asked me anything. All week I have been the person who is asked things — odds, numbers, prices, whether entering at eleven is worse than entering at noon — and I went up there with the laminated pass list expecting a queue of it, and got none. Not one question in seven hours. I do not know whether that is because I have no information or because they had worked out in advance that they did not want any from me, and I stopped trying to decide at around two.

They fired from noon. Six items each, which is the limit, and the limit is generous and everybody hit it. Tongs, sawdust bin, the lid, the smell, and a section of the pad that will be black until it rains. One man's beard is shorter than it was Thursday and he has been advised about this.

By two everybody had stopped moving except the two on tongs, and the two on tongs changed every firing, and nobody organised the rota that changed them. One man went out to the corridor for ten minutes and came back and said, "It's not better out there," and was believed immediately, because everybody in the room had already tried it.

Last pull came out at half three. I counted pieces for the log because somebody has to and I was the one holding the door. Eighty-one items, three kilns, twenty-two passholders, one visitor on the bench in the corridor, no incidents.

Back at the till for the last hour. Sold two bags of M370 to a man who is not a passholder, does not want to be, has his own kiln in his own yard, and comes in for the clay because we stock it.

Sixteen fifty-eight. Drawer balanced.

DOC 6 PARKGATE SOCIETY -- COMMUNITY LIVING ROOM

VOLUNTEER SHIFT NOTES -- PLEASE INITIAL

WED 22

1015 Bear in the lot. Everyone next door at the windows. Urn
↪ on regardless.

1330 Six jugs. Save-On out of ice. Bought the bagged from the
↪ gas station,
more expensive, on the float.

1620 Chairs: we have eleven. There were nineteen people. Nine
↪ of them were not
doing anything, which is the point, but we need chairs. -
↪ DK

THU 23

1100 Asked NVRC about chairs. They have chairs. The chairs are
↪ in the party room.

The party room is booked. - DK

1500 Someone asked if we are a cooling centre. Said I would
↪ find out.

1830 Still do not know.

FRI 24

0950 Urn on. Nine jugs, writing it down so somebody believes
↪ me.

1240 We are a cooling SPACE. Not a centre. There is a
↪ difference and it is
on a website. - DK

1610 Out of cups again. J - the big ones as well now.

LIBRARY 10:00-18:00 · CENTRE 06:00-20:00 · HEAT
WARNING UPGRADED RED · 36 °C

SATURDAY 25 JULY

X

08:45 · LOBBY, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Saturday list. Birthday room for ten, tables and the good chairs. Aquafit 8:15, in. Lane swim, in. Weight room at capacity by five past eight. It is every Saturday. Every Saturday somebody tells me.

Filter differential came down after Friday night's backwash. Day six. Closed it.

Warning went red at six this morning. Third colour, last colour. Two water stations out in the lobby by half six, which is District stock, which arrived Thursday on a pallet with no paperwork and I signed for it anyway.

On the District list since Thursday. Listed twice. Us and them, separate lines, separate hours.

Building open since six. Lobby by half eight is forty parents, sixty kids, one bench.

Quarter to nine a man came to me with two kids and a phone. Asked why the library was shut.

He had the District page open. Both lines on it. Ours from six, theirs from ten.

I said ten o'clock Saturdays.

He said the building was open. It is. He came in through unlocked doors at twenty to nine and walked past a pool with people in it. He did. He had already put four books down the drop outside on the way in, because the drop takes them any hour, and now he was inside the building with nothing to take out.

That is the part that got him. He had done half of it. Half a transaction. Building open.

I told him the library is the other side and their hours are their hours.

He said, "The other side." Then he said it again. Then he said, "It's one building." It is. He was saying it to me because I am the one in greys in a lobby at a quarter to nine and there is nobody else to say it to. He was not wrong about any part of it. Not one part.

He asked who sets that. I gave him the hours again. That is what I have.

He asked whether a cooling space that is shut is still a cooling space. I said I would not know.

He took the kids to the pool. Two drop-ins, an hour and a bit, library at ten. He'd have been better off not knowing about the drop.

The Chaos-Weaver was in the lobby by the noticeboard. Since about half eight. Not in a queue. There's no queue on Saturdays. There is a lesson list on the wall and forty parents reading it in shifts. By nine that was an order. Nobody made an order. Level threes at one end, level ones at the other, a woman in the middle telling people which end they wanted. She does not work here. It went fine. It goes fine most Saturdays. It went a bit better than most.

Ray does not come Saturdays.

Birthday room done at 9:20. Tables, chairs, one wipe of the floor. Parent arrives 9:25 with a bag.

Party booked ten to twelve. Ten kids, which by the terms of the booking means ten kids. Fourteen arrived. Nobody counts at the door, so nobody counted, and the room holds twenty-five so it does not matter to me.

The bag was streamers, a foil banner, and tape. Not the tape you want. She asked whether she could put things on the walls. I said she could. That is the answer that makes the most work and I gave it

anyway. There is no version of no that ends at nine twenty-five on a Saturday with a woman holding a banner.

Corridor outside that room is shared. Two of them got out into it at half ten with cups. Not a problem, not mine either, and I moved them back in because it was faster than deciding.

Rounds at ten. Rounds at twelve. Differential holding.

Refilled the water stations twice before noon. Once more at four.

D from the Society came asking about chairs again. They have eleven. I know where there are eight more and I am not writing down where.

Banner comes off Monday. It always comes off Monday. The tape stays until August.

XI

08:45 · CIRCULATION DESK, PARKGATE LIBRARY, DARK

Saturdays I'm on at quarter to nine and we open at ten, which sounds like an hour and a quarter of nothing and is not.

Warning's red as of this morning. There's a laminate about it on the front door now, under the hours decal, and the two of them together say: cold air in here, and it's shut.

Friday night's bin. Friday nights are the worst bin of the week because everyone drops on their way home and then the drop sits till morning. Sixty-odd. Half of it's picture books.

Twenty-five in here at quarter to nine, which is what a building gets when the night doesn't drop. Lights are half up till ten. You can work by them. You cannot read a spine label by them, so you carry the one lamp around with you like an idiot, and I do.

First face at the glass at ten to nine. There's always one at ten to nine.

That's the thing with glass doors: they can see me and I can see them and neither of those helps anybody. So you do the mime. Point at the hours decal on the door. Hold up ten fingers. Point at the decal again. About half of them get it and go, and about half of them keep going, and one this morning did the mime back at me, which was fair.

Holds. Bird kits, which are the thing now. Three kits, eleven on the list. There was a hold placed on one Wednesday at 12:10, which is five minutes after the bear went up the hill, and I'd love to say I don't know who that was.

Display was meant to be beach reads and I've had it up eleven days and moved four books off it, and one of those was somebody putting it back.

You can see a slice of their lobby through the inner doors if you stand at the end of the reference range. I stood there twice. It was full. There was a fella by their noticeboard not doing anything at all and everybody else doing everything around him, and it had all sorted itself into two ends and a middle, and I watched that for longer than I meant to and then went back to the bin.

Nine of them at the doors at ten. Nine.

Monday there were thirty out there and every single one went left. Today there's nine and all nine are mine, and by twenty past there's forty, and it turns out seventy-five minutes of people arriving at a shut door doesn't go anywhere. It stacks.

Two want the bird kit. One of them was the mime guy from earlier and I gave him the kit, which was on the shelf, which was luck. The other one took it about as well as you'd expect and is now number twelve.

Man came in at ten with two kids, straight to the desk, wanting to know what he had out. I pulled it up. Nothing out. Four returned this morning.

He said, "This morning."

I said this morning, and if it went down the drop it'd have been scanned in the first bin, which it was, because I'd done that bin, so somewhere in the last hour and a quarter I'd had his four books in my hands.

He said he'd been in the building since twenty to nine.

I said we open at ten. Which he knew. He'd been told. He said he knew, and then he said, not really to me, "I've been swimming." And the two kids had wet hair and one of them had chlorine coming off her like a warning, and he took the boy to the picture books and

stood there with his hands on the back of a chair, and I did not have the first idea what any of that had cost him and I still don't.

He took out four. Different four.

Self-check went down at 10:06. Not off. Down where it accepts the card, thinks about it, and gives you the receipt for the person before. So that's a line at the desk and a line at the machine and me doing both, and the fix is the same fix it always is, which is turning it off and standing next to it while it decides.

By half ten every chair on the floor had somebody in it and the holds queue had four people in it, and those are two different populations and only one of them is mine in any sense the funding formula recognises.

Storytime at 10:30, room's not set, that's me. Thirty-one in a room with twenty-four chairs. The parents stand at the back in a line, all facing forward, like something being inspected.

Cart one's empty. Cart two's going. It's 10:52.

DOC 7 CATALOGUE

NVDPL — ILS PUBLIC ACCESS TERMINAL · QUERY LOG Branch: Parkgate
· 25 July 2026 · 10:00–18:00 · Terminals PG-OPAC-01 through 04 *Strings*
as entered. Results returned. No patron data retained.

10:04	summer reading club	12
10:07	goosebumps	22
10:11	large print westerns	0
10:12	l'amour large print	0
10:12	louis lamour	46
10:19	minecraft	31
10:26	bears	38
10:27	black bear north vancouver	4
10:31	is the pool open	0
10:33	parkgate pottery	0
10:34	raku	2
10:40	pottery wheel	11
10:52	binoculars	3
10:53	bird watching backpack	0
10:53	birdwatching kit	0
11:02	how do i print	0
11:02	printing	0
11:09	wifi	0
11:15	4408a	0
11:16	4408	0
11:18	how to appeal a decision	6
11:41	citizenship test	14
11:44	esl classes north van	0
11:58	knitting patterns	19
12:15	sourdough	27
12:15	sourdough	27
12:16	sourdough starter	14
12:44	dnd	0
12:44	dungeons and dragons	17
12:45	d and d starter set	0
13:20	cake decorating	8
13:31	hearing aids	5
13:32	hearing aid clinic	0
14:07	jobs for 15 year olds	0
14:11	tide tables	9
14:12	tides deep cove	0
14:38	library code of conduct	0
15:02	divorce bc self help	3
15:19	asdf	0
15:19		0
15:50	summer reading club	12
16:22	free things to do	7
17:41	bears	38

NVDPL — PATRON RECORD

NAME	COUTTS, RAYMOND J.
PATRON ID	21578000149***
HOME BRANCH	Parkgate
REGISTERED	1994-11-08
EXPIRES	2027-11-08
ADDRESS	[suppressed - staff view]
ITEMS OUT	3
HOLDS READY	2
HOLDS PENDING	0
FINES OWING	\$0.00
BLOCKS	none
NOTES	-
CIRCULATION HISTORY RETAINED	NO (per Board Policy P-7, Patron
↳ Privacy)	

DOC 8 DISTRICT OF NORTH VANCOUVER		
PUBLIC COOLING SPACES — SUMMER 2026 <i>List updated 23 July 2026</i>		
LOCATION	ADDRESS	HOURS
Parkgate Community Centre	3625 Banff Court	Mon–Fri 05:30–22:00 · Sat 06:00–20:00 · Sun 08:00–17:10
Parkgate Library	3675 Banff Court	Mon 10:00–18:00 · Tue–Thu 10:00–20:00 · Fri–Sat 10:00–18:00 · Sun 12:00–17:00
Delbrook Community Recreation Centre	851 West Queens Road	Mon–Fri 05:30–22:00 · Sat–Sun 07:00–20:00
Lynn Valley Library	1277 Lynn Valley Road	Mon–Thu 10:00–20:00 · Fri–Sat 10:00–18:00 · Sun 12:00–17:00
Capilano Library	3045 Highland Boulevard	Tue–Thu 10:00–20:00 · Fri–Sat 10:00–18:00
<i>A Public Cooling Space is an air-conditioned, publicly accessible facility operating during its regular posted hours. Facilities are listed by operator. Where a single site is operated by more than one body, hours are listed separately.</i>		
<i>A Public Cooling Space is not an Emergency Cooling Centre. Emergency Cooling Centres are activated by the District under the Emergency Program and are announced separately.</i>		
<i>No facility on this list operates overnight.</i>		

LIBRARY 12:00–17:00 · CENTRE 08:00–17:10 · HEAT
WARNING RED · 37 °C

SUNDAY 26 JULY

XII

14:15 · REFERENCE DESK, PARKGATE LIBRARY

Sundays the desk gets a different class of question, because the weekday people are at home and the Sunday people have had time to think, and what they have thought of, by mid-afternoon, is a book with a blue cover.

She had it out in June, she believed, or possibly at the cabin, and it was about a woman, or largely about a woman, and she would know it if she saw it. This is not a failing. This is how most people hold most books, and the catalogue cannot be asked for a blue one, a limitation the catalogue would place with the questioner and not with the record.

The Seeker took it. He asked her where she had been sitting when she read it, a strange question and the load-bearing one, and she said the deck, and he asked hardcover or paper, and she held her hands apart a certain distance, and he went through the returns from the last ten days at the sorting shelf, spine by spine, which is not a trick, it is just the going through, and it took him the better part of twenty minutes and two wrong blues before the right blue, and she put her hand flat on it like a person being reunited with luggage. It was, for the record, largely about a woman.

Nobody left today. That is the only way I can put it accurately. On an ordinary Sunday this room turns over three or four times in five hours; today the same people were in the same chairs at four as were in them at ten past twelve, and two of them had brought lunch, and one had brought a cushion, and I want it recorded that there is no policy against a cushion.

Ray came in at noon, through the front doors, behind a stroller party.

I want to be accurate about this, because I was at the desk and saw it, and it took me a moment to place what was unusual, which was nothing. Ray, in the front entrance, waiting his turn at the inner doors like a person arriving at a building. I had somehow never once seen it, in all these years, and I now know why I had never seen it, because he told me at the desk at two, in the course of asking whether his tides book had a sequel, which it does not, tides being tides.

The northeast door went onto the new schedule in the spring, he said. March, he thought. It just stopped opening at 9:40 one morning, and he tried it twice more that week, and then he came round the front, and there it stayed. He was not complaining. He said it as he'd report the warm pool being busy: a condition of the building, noted, adapted to. He has been coming through the front doors, in full view of this desk, for four months.

Four months. I have spent years assuming Ray had an arrangement with this building that predated all of us, and the arrangement ended in March, by schedule, and he simply started arriving the ordinary way, and I never noticed, because the truth is I had stopped looking at the front doors for him. You do not watch for a thing you have filed as impossible.

His holds were in. The westerns, and a book about weather, which I take to be the tides situation adapting as well.

The blue-cover woman left happy. The printer held. At four Ray went, as he does on Sundays, early, and said see you Tuesday, which is a Monday-closed joke he has been making longer than I have worked here, the branch not having been closed Mondays since before the flood.

Thirty-seven out. Twenty-three in here. That gap is the only service this branch has provided today that anybody would have queued for.

The blue-cover woman was still here at closing, reading it. That is not a thing that happens and I am putting it down.

XIII

14:15 · MECHANICAL ROOM, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Sunday. Skeleton day. Pool closes five, building at ten past. One operator, which is me.

Differential stayed closed. Six days of watching for one backwash. That is how most of them go and nobody writes that part down.

Thirty-seven out. Ninth day of it. Overnight low last night was twenty-one, which is up from sixteen on Monday, and the overnight is the number that matters to a building. You get the heat out at night or you do not get it out. We have not got it out since Wednesday.

Unit three is the one I am watching. It has a compressor that starts a half-second slow now and did not on Friday. Nothing to do about it on a Sunday with one man in the building. Logged it. If it goes it goes at three in the afternoon on a weekday, which is when they go.

The library unit is holding. Not my unit. Still my roof.

Building was full all day and stayed full, which does not usually happen on a Sunday in July, and the water stations went four times.

Lock-up prep at two. Run the door schedules on the panel before close so five o'clock is pressing buttons, not solving anything.

Northeast door shows on the exception list, same as it has since spring. WO-1877, March 12. Access schedule change, northeast entry: automatic unlock discontinued, card access only. Requested: administration. Reason on the order: alignment with staffed hours. Done March 12, tested March 12, closed March 12.

No calls on it since. That is a good door now.

Party room from yesterday: banner off Monday, tape flagged for August.

Forecast has it at thirty-eight tomorrow and thirty-eight Tuesday. No change on the overnight.

Library side locks itself. Their system, nothing for me to press. Then sweep, changerooms, lights, main doors. Library first, then us. That is just the schedules. Nobody planned ten minutes. Ten minutes is what the two pieces of paper add up to.

XIV

16:40 · ADMISSIONS DESK, PARKGATE COMMUNITY CENTRE

Last hour of a Sunday, me and Bea on the till, and the last hour of a Sunday is refunds, lost cards, and people who want to know things.

Today what they want to know is what time we open tomorrow. Eleven people. I have said six o'clock eleven times and watched eight of them do the arithmetic on it in their heads and not say what they arrived at.

What they want to know this week is the lottery, which draws Tuesday, and I will find out like everybody finds out, which is a posting. I have said so nine times today, pleasantly, and four of the nine then asked me again in different words, in case the information was hiding.

At twenty to five a family came to book September. Swim lessons, level two and level three, and the level two is the boy, who spent last September crying at the edge of the pool, which I remember, because everybody remembers, because it carried.

Sixty-two dollars, and the father was still getting his card out when the mother said the thing she had evidently carried up to the desk from the parking lot: that last fall Bea had his name by the second lesson, and said it to him at the door every week, every single week, like it was part of the price of admission, and that this morning, when they told him about September, the first thing he asked was whether the name lady would still be there.

The Companion let the card sit on the reader a second longer than it needed.

"Tell him I'll be at the door," she said. "Tell him I kept the name."

Then she took the September sheet out from under the till, which does not open for entries until August, and wrote his name at the top

of it, in pen, in front of all three of them, and turned it around so the boy could see it there, which he could not read, and did not need to.

Sixty-two dollars, tapped, receipt printed and taken. Nothing came off the price and nothing was added to it.

The man after them bought a single adult drop-in, six-fifty, exact, for the last twenty minutes of the pool, and went and swam every one of them.

Last swim out at ten to. Changerooms at five. The doors go at ten past, and between our five and their five there are ten minutes when this side is the only lit half of the building, and Sundays that is mostly me, walking the lobby with the keys.

Doors at ten past, and the jugs come in with me, and the lobby is dark by twenty past, and the District page still has us on it, which we are, from six tomorrow.

Results Tuesday. Fifty-eight passes. I will know when the wall knows.

XV

16:55 · CIRCULATION DESK, PARKGATE LIBRARY

Five minutes to. The announcement went at quarter to and again at five to, and there's a stage of closing where everyone left in the building has decided the announcement is about other people. Three of those. One at the computers saving something enormous, one in the stacks with an armload she's narrowing down, one asleep by the fireplace in Ray's chair, which takes nerve, though Ray went at four so he'll never know.

Last self-check at 16:57. Worked fine. It's only fast when it doesn't matter.

There's a new sign in the corridor, by the meeting room door. Laminated. ENID DEARING ROOM — AFTER LIBRARY HOURS, ACCESS FROM THE OTHER SIDE — with an arrow. Went up sometime this weekend. No idea whose it is. It's good laminate.

Armload lady got it to two books and checked out both. Computer man saved his thing. Fireplace guy woke up on his own the second

the lights clicked, the body knowing what the announcement couldn't tell it.

Five o'clock. Doors locked, lights down, twenty-two in here and thirty-seven out there, and through the inner glass their side's still going — lobby lit, somebody's kid doing laps of the bench, the last swim crowd coming out wet-headed. Ten more minutes over there. It's like that every Sunday. We go dark and they finish up, and Monday morning it's them open at six and us dark till ten.

Somebody asked me at five to, on the way out, whether we were open tonight. I said no. He said what about the rec side, and I said till ten past, and he said right, and went.

Bin's done. Holds shelf's set for Monday. Cart's empty, which happens twice a year, so I'm saying it.

17:04.

DOC 9 PARKGATE SOCIETY -- COMMUNITY LIVING ROOM

VOLUNTEER SHIFT NOTES -- PLEASE INITIAL

SAT 25

0800 Library shut till ten as usual. Four people waiting in
↳ our chairs for it.

Gave them coffee. It is free anyway.

1130 Twelve jugs. Ice: bought.

1400 Warning went red on the phone. Nothing changed in here.

↳ Urn on.

1700 Nineteen chairs now. NVRC found eight. Do not ask. - DK

SUN 26

1000 Urn on. Milk fine.

1350 Full. Everyone quiet. Somebody asleep, left them.

1640 Fourteen jugs, most yet. Ice for tomorrow is in the

↳ freezer,

do NOT use it for the party.

1700 Closing. Told them we open at ten tomorrow. Two asked

↳ about tonight.

Nothing open tonight. - DK

DOC 10 ENID DEARING MEETING ROOM — BOOKING SHEET

PARKGATE LIBRARY · WEEK OF JULY 27 Bookings via NVRC facility rentals.
 Rental availability Mondays 10:30–20:45. Cleaning: contract, see schedule C.
 Key sign-out: main desk or Centre admin, whichever is staffed.

DAY	TIME	BOOKED BY	PURPOSE	ATTENDANT REQ'D?
MON	18:30– 20:30	Strata LMS 2214	AGM (recon- vened)	
TUE	15:30– 17:30	private	Tutoring (recur- ring)	
WED	10:30– 12:00	Seymour Stitch- ers	Knitting	
WED	13:00– 15:00	ConnectHear Clinic	Hearing aid clinic	Y
THU	17:00– 19:00	Newcomers' Table	Language ex- change	Y
FRI	—	HOLD — DNV	—	

Note: Library hours Monday 10:00–18:00. Room access after library close per rental agreement, exterior corridor door only. See posted signage.

TUE 28 JUL, 09:00 — HOLD — NVRC — pottery studio seasonal pass allocation (posting).