

Weston Library Page

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February 2026 Volume 20 Issue 2

Novel Readers February: The Night Market by Jonathan Moore

The Night Market by Jonathan Moore, a police thriller set in San Francisco, is redolent of mysterious government undertakings and hidden agendas. An enigmatic woman, the FBI, and a lost memory adorn this jewel of a literary noir masterpiece. Nothing is fully revealed until the final chilling scenes, keeping the reader on the edge of the seat until the bittersweet end. That's the stuff to read in winter!

What's Happening?

February Calendar:

2/16 Closed in observance of President's Day

2/13 Monica Reads Storytime 10:30 am (Library)

2/19 Garden Gear-Up 5:30pm (Library)

2/26 Novel Readers 2:30 pm (Library)

Every day 3:30pm-4:00pm After School Library Club

Wednesdays at 3:30 pm Crafternoons

Fridays at 10:30 am Preschool Storytime

New Books at the Library

For Adults

The Bones at Point No Point by D. D. Black

The Shadows of Pike Place by D. D. Black

The Fallen of Foulweather Bluff by D. D. Black

The Horror at Murden Cove by D. D. Black

The Terror in the Emerald City by D. D. Black

We Were the Lucky Ones by Georgia Hunter

The King's Ransom by Janet Evanovich

Hey Cowboy, Wanna Get Lucky? by Baxter Black

For Children

Who Would Win? Ultimate Ocean Rumble by Jerry Pallotta

The Humble Pie by Jory John

A Year in the Castle by Nikola Kucharska

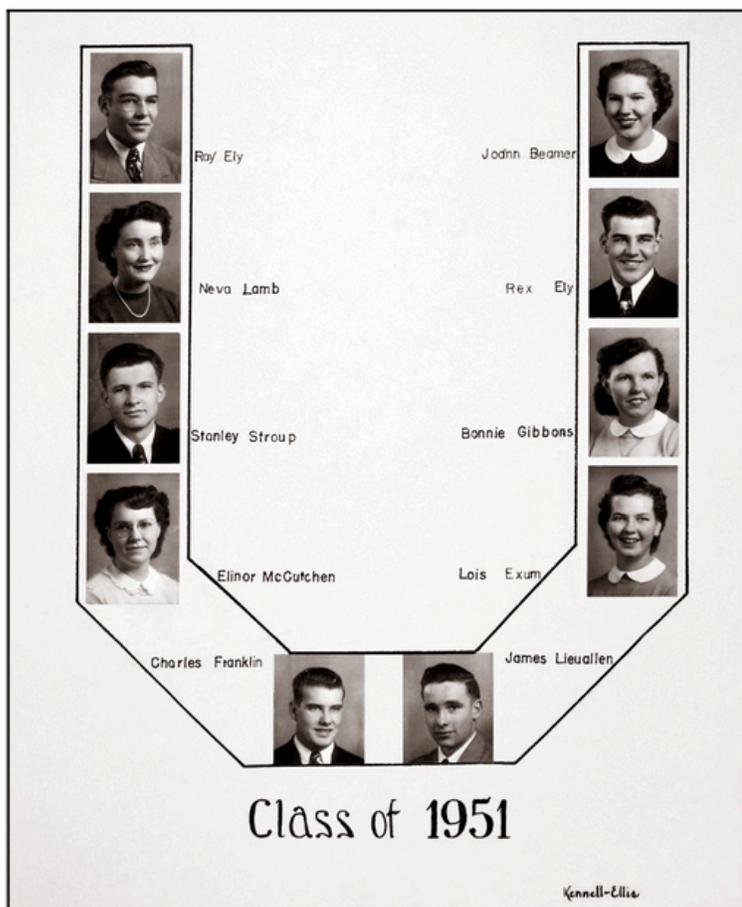
Mouse Guard: Fall 1152 by David Petersen

Deltora Quest: Books 1-4 by Emily Rodda

Deltora Quest: Books 5-8 by Emily Rodda

Bone: One Volume Edition by Jeff Smith

Crown of Horns by Jeff Smith



Weston High School Graduating
Class of 1951
Hold That Tiger



A Nice Duck

I like a nice duck. Ducks are pretty to look at, they have a fine aesthetic form. Ducks have effervescent personalities, I like to observe them going about their ducky affairs. They swim, which is always surprising, because they look like they would not be buoyant in the least. They have a number of strange and beautiful feather aberrations, including fanciful topknots, and color varieties, and odd markings. They can be useful to humans in unexpected ways that bring joy to the human and industry to the duck. They have their detractions, to be sure, some mere annoyances, whereas others are serious malignancies.

The duck in its form is clean and sculptural. Most of them are horizontal birds, cantilevered over their feet like little Frank Lloyd Wright houses. Egyptian pharaoh Tutankhamen had many decorative ducks on his clothes and funerary furnishings, he was a man who loved ducks. Their faces are constructed by nature to hold a calm but merry expression, despite their businesslike face-shovel bill arrangements. To see ducks dabble in a pond is to see an engineering marvel. Fluffy little tail ends and bent yellow elbows above the surface are not at all troubled by the work being conducted in the mud below. They're digging and dredging away for unspeakable larvae, but their feet are composedly stabilizing the unit in place, waiting for their return to propulsion duties. On land, the feet are a bit more businesslike, often with unforeseen claws adorning the soft and leathery webs. They waddle on those wide feet most amusingly, but I admire most a duck who stands on one foot with the other tucked up in its down. When it's snowy, that tucked up foot can look so beseechingly cold and trembling, like a little Victorian orphan foot.

The duck with the topknot is a crested duck, but I've known many a duck who could lift up their crests. Muscovy ducks can almost lift up their head feathers like a cockatoo, and also have astonishing claws, and *also* have horrifying naked red skin patches on their faces similar to turkeys but without the snood.* They're great to look at in a Ripley's Believe It Or Not kind of way.** We are all familiar with the regular colors of duck, with the green heads, or brown with embroidery, maybe black or white. Wild ducks get into a lot of strange rig-outs, with buffle heads, and long tails, and canvas backs. Wood ducks put on every scrap of fancy clothing they can just to show up the others. Teals, scaups, scoters, goldeneyes, mergansers, shovelbills are all to be found wild in Oregon, my favorite of all is the slate blue and terra cotta red harlequin.

As for ducks with jobs, the arctic circle-dwelling eider duck is the source of all the duck down in every ski coat, pillow, and comforter to be found warming humans today. They are a sea duck, so presumably need the extra down for the cold salt water. There's a South African vineyard that employs Indian runner ducks to eliminate pests. Admirable ducks doing their best to contribute to society. All ducks stink though. They're noisy and they smell worse than pigs. They can develop antipathy toward people as often as geese do. A wild duck tastes awful. Domesticated ducks can be destructive to pond plants. They're irresistibly cute when they're babies though. They will always be with us because of the charm of tiny ducklings.

*Snoods are those long dangly face skin drips that turkeys have.

** It turns out they're not really ducks, exactly, they're a different kind of waterfowl. They can interbreed with ducks, but the offspring are infertile. They're from South America, if you can believe that, and not from Moscow at all as their name would suggest.