

Just Let It Ring

AH..... HALLOWEEN HAS COME (and gone for another year by the time this post is complete). I love this time of year. Some of my cousins (on my Dad's side) actually operate a small family-friendly attraction. They charge absolutely no admission and get lots of visitors every year. At the end of the haunt, Ed and Barb have goodies as well as plates of cookies to take home. It is really neat, but they always insist upon having no money given. I believe [taylhis](#) has posted about the site on her blog. Unfortunately, I cannot find the exact post, but you can read her posts as well. I'm sure she would enjoy the traffic.

Tonight, the gang made its third and final trek to ScreamAcres. I just had to go in costume. [Justj](#) also came dressed in the very authentic attire of the world's most renowned archaeologist. If I could not be a scary clown for the theatre's PLANNED haunted attraction, then I would at least dress the part for the evening. I think I scared my own nieces more than I scared the other children I encountered. However, the makeup must have created a nice effect under the black light of the haunted maze. Some of the employees at the farm were especially nice as they recognized us each time we arrived. Wouldn't it be fun if some of them remember us when we return NEXT season?

Following the final foray into the darkness, we returned to watch a suspenseful movie. [Phone Booth](#) stars Colin Farrell as Stu, a troubled Manhattan publicist who just happens to pick up the wrong ringing telephone in one of the last remaining booths on the isle. The rather sadistic caller makes the young man play his game or if not places the lives of Stu and others in jeopardy. I actually enjoyed the picture-in-picture motif shown throughout the film letting the audience know what was going on surrounding the main action. Very entertaining movie, but not one I would recommend to everyone. The

language is a problem. But let it be noted, ifr you ever come across a ringing phone booth, be mindful or you may get someone you might not wish to speak to. There was a two-year-old lying on the floor who we thought was sleeping becoming engrossed in it. Uh,oh.

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