# Paranormal Activity w/ a Chance of Meatballs

I am SOOOOOOOOOOO excited to be traveling this weekend to see some family and friends!  I will get to see my awesome mom, and my (Best-Man, 1999) [Derek](#).  I will also be celebrating my in-laws 40th anniversary.  So, what a great weekend!

I have to admit though, one of the most exciting parts for me is going with [my wife](#) and friends to some Illinois haunted houses!!  I love  being scared (*when it isn't REAL) and I love spending time with my friends.  So I am just totally psyched!  I wish my friend [John](#) could make it, but I will **make him come** NEXT TIME!!

Anyway, this post is not about my trip.  It is about being scared.  And I saw a movie on Tuesday that totally freaked me out!

My wife and I went to see [Paranormal Activity](#), the SUPER-HYPED low budget horror film that has been causing people to lose sleep at night.  We also saw [Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs](#); the kid's flick.

*Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs* FREAKED ME OUT!

Paranormal Activity was umm…   Baby-Diapie-Smell-Like-Poopy! It stunk bad.  I have never been so disappointed in a movie in my life.  I was really hoping to get a good scare but ended up being something I rarely ever am in a movie – BORED!  This movie is all hype, no bite.  I think some teens convinced each-other this was real or something (ala Blair Witch) but… The hour and a half running time of this movie felt like 3 hours!  I was never once held in much suspense nor was I worried for the main characters.  I was just bored.  I give this an IMDB rating of 2.3 – AWEFUL!

Now…  I have weird food phobia.  I freak out at the thought of food on skin.  Yes, I know — weird.  But when gobs of eggs, meatballs, and nacho sauce (yes, a guy was BATHING IN IT!) fall from the sky — YAAAHHH!!!  This was a scary, scary, scary and disturbing movie.  I do <u>NOT</u> want to go to the ketchup-and-mustard haunted house!!!!!

So Cloudy = Cute for Kids — Scary for Food Phobics

Activity = You be Better Off Playing Monopoly VS. Yourself