

seven things

You guys. I have discovered [J-Horror](#). The last two weeks have been amongst the best of my life in terms of watching scary movies and *actually being scared by them*. It started with One Missed Call, which gave me several heart attacks, and then Carved, which wasn't that great, and then Ju-On: The Grudge, which I am still recovering from and then One Missed Call 2, which was only kind of so-so but get this: even at its most so-so, J-Horror is STILL VERY SCARY. THE SCARIEST EVER.

Yes, I am aware I have made this grand pronouncement with only four J-Horror movies under my belt, and likely some J-Horror expert is out there rolling their eyes at me RIGHT NOW, but oh wells. In any case, I must watch them all. EVERY SINGLE ONE EVER MADE.

Anyway, so far, thanks to J-Horror, I now find myself actively afraid of the following: my bed, my closet, asthma inhalers, mirrors, scissors, cell phones, children, attics, peep holes, day, night, people with long unkempt hair, ceilings, showers, suitcases, television, hands, staircases, windows, cats and candy.

Although, to be honest, I was always afraid of ceilings. THEY ARE JUST SO CREEPY AND COULD COLLAPSE AT ANY TIME WITHOUT THE PROPER SUPPORTS!

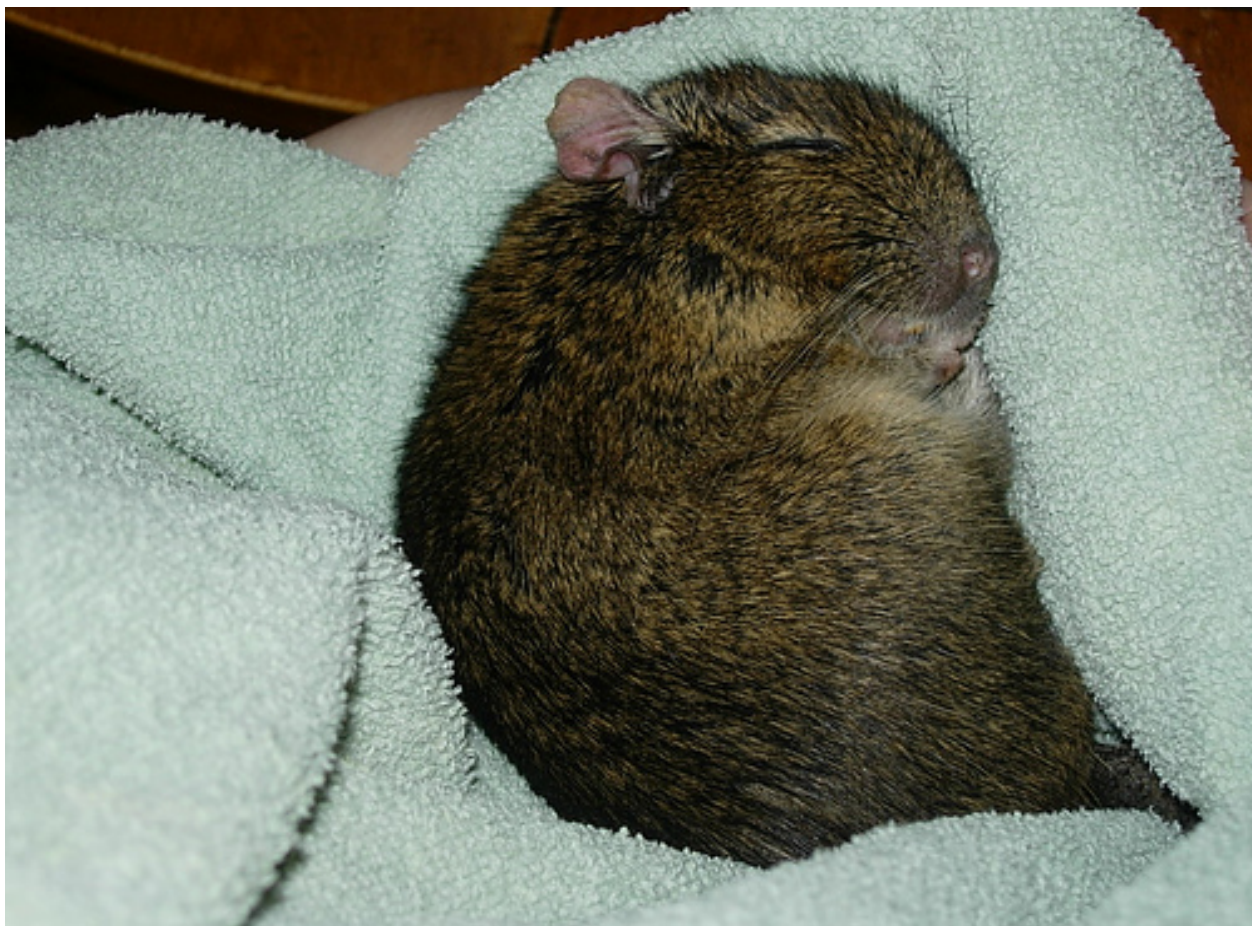
My sparkly friend ~*[Emily](#)*~ tagged me for this meme.

7 Things About Me

I am not actually afraid of ceilings. That was an exaggeration. And by exaggeration, I mean it was a lie.

A few years ago, I used to make long distance calls all the time to my sister, which was pretty okay except for the part where even I could talk long enough to render our awesome cheap long distance phone plan expensive. Once, when my dad was upstairs sleeping, I called her all secretive like and started talking to her and then maybe 30 or so minutes into our conversation, I heard FOOTSTEPS and a door closing and then the bathroom sink running upstairs. And I was like, "omg, I can hear Dad's up and I don't wanna be caught running up the phone bill again, so I gotta go!" So I hung up and waited for my dad to come downstairs but he didn't and then my mom came home and I was like, "I heard Dad upstairs but he didn't come down." And then she said, "Your father's not here." And then Dad came in the door like 30 minutes later and I WAS HOME ALONE THAT WHOLE TIME AND A GHOST (I ASSUME) WAS UPSTAIRS. And that is not an exaggeration or a lie.

I have the cutest pets ever--here is one of them now:



I used to hate tomatoes but now I love them so much and every time I have a tomato I swear it is The Best Tomato of my life until I eat the next one, at which point that tomato becomes The Best Tomato of My Life (sorry, Lori!).

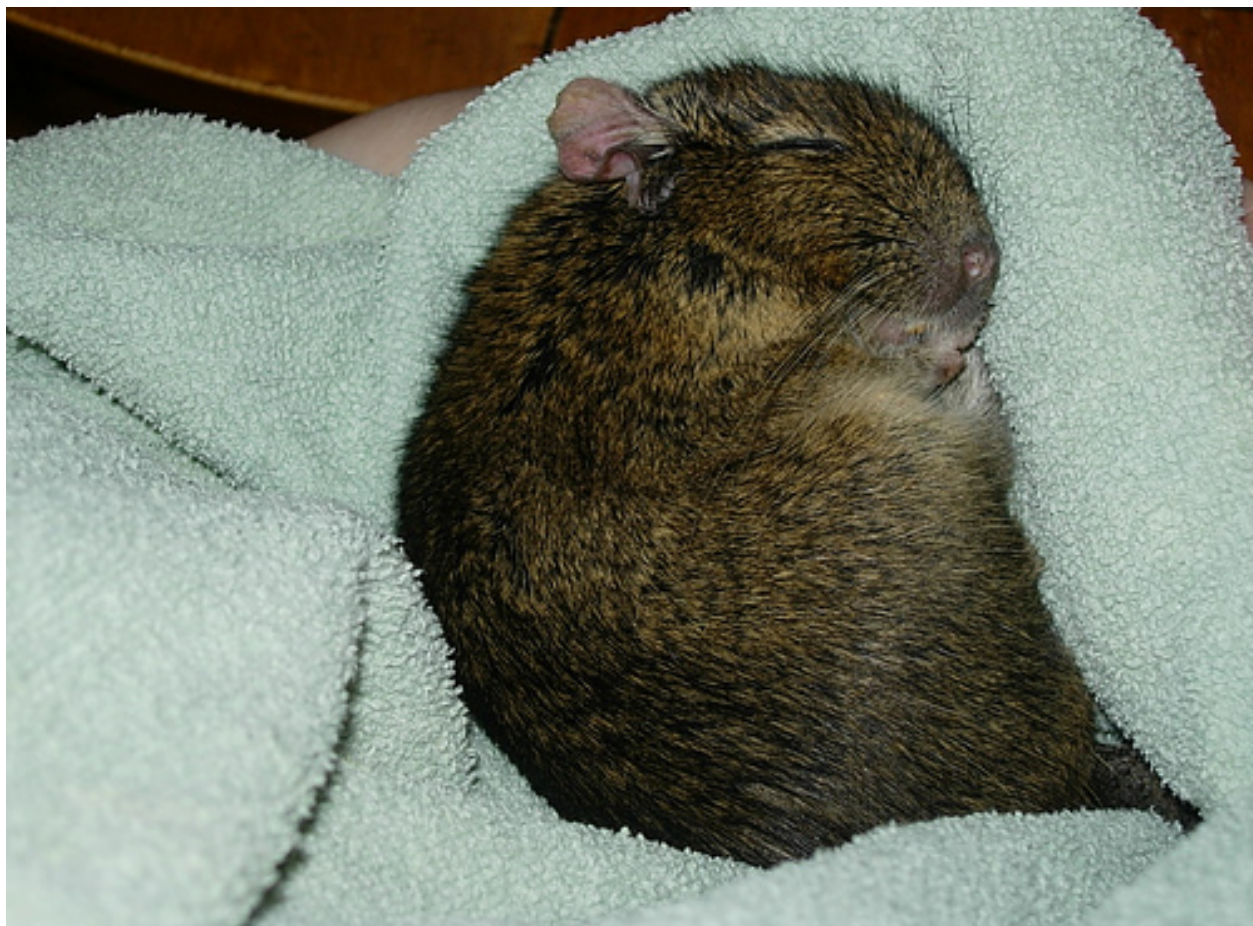
Speaking of food, my dad makes the best bread in the entire world that I have ever eaten in my life.

And I'm pretty hungry right now at this very second.

There are two spiders living in my window and I am pretty sure they are in love and I really don't want them being in love in my window but I don't think I can kill spider lovers without feeling horribly guilty about it afterwards. But also I don't want them to live in my window long enough to start a family. :(

I tag everyone who is reading this blog entry and has a blog, oh yeah. That's right. Coppin' out on the tag again. I win.

And thank you, everyone, for celebrating my good news with me. It meant a lot. If the spiders have bbs and the spiders and their spider bbs eat me--and they most certainly will--I just wanted you to know that.



Seriously, ISN'T HE CUTE?!