

Bad-Game Buckeyes

Dear Tim:

When I wrote to you a few weeks ago, I couldn't have been more excited for the national championship game. Now I feel numb. Even three weeks later I'm still depressed. How could this have happened? They were such a great team. They seemed unbeatable. I thought this was going to be the crowning of the best Buckeyes squad ever. Now I don't know what to think. What I need is something to bring me out of this funk. What do you suggest?

—Not-So-Hyped on Hythe

Dear Not-So-Hyped:

You might want to start by re-watching the Michigan game and remembering how great this team made you feel all fall. Just because they lost their last game doesn't negate the truly spectacular season they had. Sure, it would have been great to cap it with a national championship, but only one team can win and it wasn't ours. The Buckeyes had a bad game. It happens. And it is just a game after all. It's certainly nothing to be perennially depressed over. There's



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always next season and the season after that. So buck up. Put your scarlet and gray gear back on. Put some Ohio-made Buckeye Mustard from aisle 2 on your Saturday afternoon dog and get back in the game. Because getting back up after a big hit is what real Buckeyes do.

Dear Tim:

I watched the Golden Globe Awards a couple of weeks ago and I noticed that all the actresses are starting to look like skeletons. None of them looked like they'd eaten in weeks. I'm an aspiring

actress, but I'm a pretty big fan of food. Is starvation what it takes for a woman to make it in show business? And is that what men find attractive?

—Skinny on Sunrise

Dear Skinny:

I personally don't think emaciation is all that attractive, and I don't think most guys do, either. And if starvation is in, then I'm out of business. Like everything else in life, I'm sure there's a happy medium. There are plenty of average-sized people that seem to be making a fine living in show biz, so I'm sure you can, too. And if becoming an actress means having to give up the succulent barbecue ribs in our meat department, it might be something you want to reconsider anyway.

Dear Tim:

Is the groundhog going to see his shadow?

—Weatherman on Westover

Dear Weatherman:

I don't think he cares either way, as long as we leave him alone and let him go back to sleep.

Dear Tim is presented as a public service by Tim Huffman, owner of Huffman's Market. Write to him in care of Huffman's Market, 2140 Tremont Center, Upper Arlington, Ohio, 43221, stop by and say hi, or visit www.huffmansmarket.com.