

Dog Days Of Summer

Dear Tim:

I finally broke down and got my kids that puppy they've been begging for. It took them a while to break me. Needless to say, there was considerable pleading and crying involved. And though I knew deep down how this little adventure was going to go (me doing all the walking and feeding and cleaning up), I did it anyway. I now know why they call these the dog days of summer. Have you got any advice for me on getting my kids to take responsibility for their new little friend here?

—Walker on Waltham

Dear Walker:

I wish I did. I've been in a very similar situation myself and got no help from anyone. It's the price you pay for being nice. No good deed, as they say. Unfortunately this is one of those situations where you have to go through it to fully appreciate it. From now on I'll bet you trust your instincts. Anyway, enjoy the time you spend with your wet-nosed buddy



DEAR TIM

there. I'm sure you'll find he's a great little companion. And the next time you're out for a walk, stop by the store. We've got a water bowl and some biscuits by the front door. Just for him, though.

Dear Tim:

Remember that old Pringles commercial where they told us that "once you pop, you can't stop"? Well, they were right. I love Pringles potato chips so much that I've "popped" myself into a whole new weight class. I can't exactly sue them for

false advertising, but I feel like I should have been warned. Who do I talk to about this?

—Chipper on Chiselhurst

Dear Chipper:

I'd suggest your doctor.

Dear Tim:

Do you put some secret ingredient in your chicken salad that's from the great beyond, because that stuff is heavenly?

—Chicken Fan on Chantry

Dear Chicken Fan:

I wish I could say that we did, because that would be a great marketing gimmick. But it's just a whole lot of farm-fresh chicken and a precise mix of other ingredients that Glenda won't let me mention. The only thing that's from the great beyond around here is the haunted freezer case in aisle 6. I swear that thing has a mind of its own. I always get a chill whenever I walk by and I get this funny feeling that the ice cream sandwiches are watching me.

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.