

# Psyched For Summer

## Dear Tim:

According to my calendar, summer starts tomorrow. That means my summer fun should start tomorrow, too. And summer fun for me means cookouts, pool parties, gossip rags and lazy Sundays. Time's a-wastin' so I need to get geared up. Can you help?

—Excited on Exmoor

## Dear Excited:

Of course. Summer's one of our favorite seasons around here – and not just because I look smashing in a swimsuit. It means we get to bring out all of our summertime specials. And because we've got so many, that's no small task. If you've got carnivores coming to your cookout, we've got ground sirloin on sale back at the meat counter. If you need something fast and refreshing for your poolside party, we've got instant drink mixes at the end of aisle 4 for no-mess margaritas and sangria. If you need to keep up on Lindsay's return to rehab or Paris' stint in the stony lonesome, pick up *People* in the magazine rack



## DEAR TIM

back in aisle 6. And if you need something for your lazy Sundays, well, then they're just not lazy enough. I suggest a nice long nap until the thought of doing anything productive leaves your head. If you have trouble with that, Ryan here can help you out. It's one of the many things he's mastered.

## Dear Tim:

I got my dad one of those cool Dremel rotary tools for Father's Day. You know, those small, do-everything devices that really come in handy around the house. He liked it and everything, but I

thought he was going to love it. I was little disappointed by his reaction. Did I do something wrong?

—Underwhelmed on Urlin

## Dear Underwhelmed:

Not at all. As a matter of fact, kids overestimate their dads' expectations all the time. They think we just stuff like tools. But that just means more work, and anybody who really knows their dad knows he's not looking for any more work. What we really want is a little peace and quiet, a cold beer (we've got cases of it in aisle 1) and an unobstructed view of the game on the big-screen TV. It sounds simple, but we're simple creatures. So next time when it comes to Dad, remember that less is more. Unless of course you're talking about the size of that TV.

## Dear Tim:

You're on the fringe. Chip or putt?

—Golfer on Garrett

## Dear Golfer:

I'm on the fringe all right, but this looks like a gimme.

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**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](http://www.huffmansmarket.com).