

Battling Over Brain Food

Dear Tim:

I've read that fish is good "brain food," and since my family likes it, I include it regularly when planning meals. Trouble is our six year old is beginning to think he knows more than we do. Could I be overdoing it with the seafood?

—Sassed by Seasoned Shrimp

Dear Sassad:

I doubt it. Your kid's proven he's got what it takes in the brains department. Sounds like it's time to work on the brawn. I've got just the things. They're called mops and brooms. We've got several varieties in aisle 5. Aside from mind-altering mood drugs, I've found they're the best defense against sass. And when he's done making your place spic and span, send him over. We've got a store-room that could use a little budding brawn.

Dear Tim:

Last week I spent good money on a peasant blouse and some low-rider jeans.



DEAR TIM

I've got the backside to fill them up, but I'm old enough to have owned the same outfit the last time it was in style. Am I nuts?

—Fashionably Freaked
on Fairfax

Dear Freaked:

You're not nuts. Almonds and pecans and cashews are nuts. We've got a whole section for them in aisle 6. What you've got is called J.Lo self esteem. It's a common malady these days that's afflicting literally thousands of otherwise

sensible mature women like yourself. I suggest wearing your new outfit to a girlfriend get-together. They'll be sure to get you the help you need.

Dear Tim:

I'm still peeved that they cancelled the fireworks. That storm wasn't that bad. My friends and I camped out all night waiting for somebody to set something off. When it didn't happen, we decided to have a display of our own. Did you know they'll arrest you in this town for erecting your roman candle in the park?

—Indecent Exposure

Dear Indecent:

I can't speak from experience, but I'm not surprised. I applaud you for trying to make chicken salad out of — well, you know. But next time, just stop in our meat department. We'll save you a trip to the pokey, and you and your friends will have some tasty sandwiches to enjoy while you wait out the weather.

Dear Tim is presented as a public service by Tim Huffman, owner of **Huffman's Market** at Tremont Center in Upper Arlington. Tim is not a licensed psychologist, though it's been suggested he have his head examined. Write to him in care of Huffman's Market. If you do, Tim's wife Glenda says you're only encouraging him.