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Gone To The Dogs

Dear Tim:

I love my dog Dinky to death, but lately he's been acting up. He's been leaving little "messages" in my shoes when I'm away at work, and last week he had my down comforter for lunch. I've tried training and doled out some discipline, but I don't seem to be making my point. Any ideas?

—Doggone on Derby

Dear Doggone:

He may still be bent out of shape that you named him Dinky. Not the nickname most males are after, FYI. Anyway, you may not believe this, but they have this thing now called doggy daycare. Apparently you drop your dog off and they do organized activities with it while you're at work. They have playtime, nap time – the whole nine yards. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it on the *Today* show (I have unflinching faith in Katie Couric), but it's true. Maybe that's the solution for you. That or a big soup bone. Steve in the meat department probably



DEAR TIM

has something to spare. Stop by any day of the week. He'll hook you up.

Dear Tim:

I hear we're getting an arena football franchise. Did you ever think we'd see gridiron action in the Columbus cold?

—Frosty Fan on Fifth

Dear Mundane:

There's been cold-weather football in town for years. You just need to know where to watch. We get a game at the freezer case in

aisle 6 whenever we're down to our last pint of Graeter's Buckeye Blitz. I haven't seen tackling that punishingly proficient since Jack Tatum.

Dear Tim:

Creating an online SUPER site for Upper Arlington sure is SUPER exciting. But all that time in front of the computer leaves us with a SUPER appetite and little time to prepare SUPER meals for our families. Can you suggest a way to have SUPER yummy dinners in a SUPER short time that won't lead to SUPER sized backsides?

—The UA Supersite Ladies

Dear Supersiters:

If I had the answer to downsizing backsides, I'd have been able to quit this gig long ago. What I do have, though, is a deli case full of healthy home replacement meals that will fool your family into believing you slaved over the stove all day. Send your surfers to the Huffman's link on the Supersite for a full weekly menu.

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.