

# Grilled Over Grilling

## Dear Tim:

What's the deal with guys and the grill? My husband won't have anything to do with meal-making all year; then suddenly, when the weather gets warm and the grill comes out of the garage, he's the Iron Chef. Oven-cooked meals aren't good enough any more. Everything has to be grilled. And apparently no one else can possibly understand the food/flame dynamic, because he's the only one who's allowed near the barbeque. With Memorial Day weekend coming up, I'm afraid his little routine is about to return, and I can't take another summer of charred chicken salad. How do I take back the tongs?

—Grilled on Grenoble

## Dear Grilled:

First things first: don't ever take a man's tongs. They're a sacred symbol from the time man first put fire and tools together. Separating a man from his tongs is like killing his inner caveman, and, aside from eliminating some embarrassing scratch-



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ing behaviors, nothing good can come of that. I'd consider letting him know that, while you appreciate his interest in helping with dinner, you prefer not to have every meal tinged with the taste of charcoal. You might also consider preparing your meals separately or splitting up the dinner duties. That way you can enjoy more balanced meal preparation and he can still be the wizard of the Weber. Whatever you decide, we've got grilling supplies in aisle 4. Tongs are in aisle 5. Get your own.

## Dear Tim:

They say the Indy 500's lost its luster. They say NASCAR is where fans' hearts, minds and wallets are. I say baloney. Driving anything 225 miles per hour next to a concrete wall with your wheels exposed, your heart pounding 180 beats per minute and your head taking a whipping in the wind is a pretty incredible feat. And anything that still draws 300,000 spectators must be something exciting to see. I'll be watching again this year just like I always do. What do you say?

—Indy Fan on Inchcliff

## Dear Fan:

I say baloney, too, but I spell it bologna. And before you sit down for Sunday's race, be sure to stop by our meat department and pick some up. We'll slice it the way you like it and even hook you up with some bread, cheese and condiments for a real winner's circle sandwich. And our pit crew will get you on your way in a hurry.

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*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.*