

Spring Cleaning

Dear Tim:

I noticed on my calendar that spring has actually already arrived. These days, spring is my favorite season of the year. I mean, what's not to like about leaves on the trees and baseball? Unfortunately that wasn't always the case. Around my house growing up, spring was worse than rope climbing in gym class. My mom used to make us scrub the house from top to bottom with stuff that smelled like jet fuel. I still get chills when I drive by the airport. Now that I'm on my own, I've discarded this dreaded spring-time ritual. And judging by the looks of some of my friends' houses, they have, too. Do people still "spring clean"?

—Scrubbed Out on Southway

Dear Scrubbed:

You and your friends aside, some still do. And with good reason. Spring cleaning is a great way to get the dust, cobwebs and staleness that accumulate over the winter out of your house. And if you're a pack rat, it's a good



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excuse to pitch the boxes of junk you've accumulated since the previous spring. Thankfully none of today's cleansers smells like jet fuel. Nowadays everything's "gentle breeze" or "garden fresh." Not like the good old days when you had to wear a hazmat suit to scrub the tub. You'll find all the sweet-smelling supplies you need in aisle 5. And be sure to tell your mother. She'll be so proud.

Dear Tim:

I was up for this huge promotion at work when Wayne, the office weasel,

undermined my credibility, sabotaged my project and stole the promotion. Talk about a pie in the face! What should I do?

—Passed Over on Parkway

Dear Passed:

If you're taking a pie in the face, at least make sure it's a quality pie. I recommend Just Pies. They're made fresh right here in town and were named "Best of Columbus" by the Food Network. The crust is as flaky as Anna Nicole Smith and the fillings are as fresh as Colin Ferrell. We're one of the few places you'll find them outside the bakery, so tell your boss to stock up. We keep the fruit pies up front and the cream pies in the refrigerator case at the back of aisle 6.

Dear Tim:

Does the early bird really get the worm?

—Birdman on Billiton

Dear Birdman:

I don't know. But he does get a discount at MCL.

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.