

Old Dog, New Tricks

Dear Tim:

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks? You're an old dog. What do you think?

—Trickster on Tremont

Dear Trickster:

Easy there. I may be an old dog, but I've still got a bite to match my bark. And I don't know if I agree with your premise anyway. Old dogs ain't what they used to be. We stay active. We keep learning. New tricks aren't out of the question anymore. Look at Bill Gates. He's quitting Microsoft to run a not-for-profit foundation. And Bill Clinton has gone from President to activist. And those are just two old dogs named Bill. Imagine what the rest of us can do. So don't discount old dogs. And be sure to feed them well. If you don't like what you find in bags and cans in aisle 5, check with the friendly folks in our meat department. They're happy to cut you a thick, juicy steak. And trust me when I tell you that nothing makes an old dog happier.

Dear Tim:

I need to turn my luck



DEAR TIM

around. I've had a series of bad jobs, bad ideas and bad relationships. I feel like I'm missing something. Some predominant principle to guide my life. Any words of wisdom?

—Searching on Suffolk

Dear Searching:

I think people assume that because I have this helpful and popular (OK, *very* popular) advice column that I have all the answers. Not true. Don't get me wrong; I've got a lot of answers. Just not always the right ones. I mean, I spiked my hair for a while for Pete's sake! From time to time, I

do have these moments of clarity, though. It usually happens right after I've eaten Chinese food. These little messages come to me on small slips of paper, often inside a cookie. I decided that having those moments more often would improve my life and the quality of my advice. So I bought some of these "fortune cookies" and stock them in aisle 2. Do like me. Dig through the box and keep cracking open cookies until you find a philosophy that fits. You'll be better off in no time.

Dear Tim:

Did you see that *Dateline* interview with Britney Spears a few weeks ago? Is it just me, or has she turned into a barefooted flake?

—Stargazer on Southway

Dear Stargazer:

I'd have to agree. And I know a thing or two about flakes. We've got a few of our own around here. Bran Flakes, Oat Flakes, Corn Flakes, Frosted Flakes. They all seem to hang out together in aisle 3. Birds of a feather, I guess.

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 or www.huffmansmarket.com.