

**Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover**  
**EPISODE #34- HALLOWEEN SPECIAL : PART 2 - CLOWN**

Hey y'all, I'm Brooke Hoover. A Louisiana native, actor, writer and comedian. I've lost 100 pounds through diet and exercise or shall I say "lifestyle changes". My twenty year and counting health journey has taught me that just like taking a diet pill for weight loss, body positivity doesn't magically happen overnight. I'm working on re-gaining my self esteem and re-kindling my love affair with Cajun and Southern comfort food in a healthier way all the while juggling eating as clean as I can, re-establishing myself in the entertainment industry which, as we know, is historically fat phobic all the while showing my inner phat girl some love - that's phat with a PH - pretty hot and tempting. Let me tell y'all a tale or two...

Hey Y'all it is Hoover's Halloween Costume Tales Part Deux - excerpted and adapted for my solo show PHAT GIRL COSTUMES. Will Little Brooke triumph over the brain and soul sucking power of self deprecation?!?!?

Now, my dad, HOOVER BOB bless his heart. He used to dress up for Halloween too. Actually he still does - every single year since 2003 without fail - he's SpongeBob - this happened after the big DI-vorce of 1994 so Momma didn't make it - just a costume in a bag - the gift that keeps on giving. But, back in 80s, he went ALL out : Not just as Big Bird for a Halloween themed birthday party or Frankenstein with a four foot tall head but also as Buckwheat the Clown. See, my dad's highly involved with the Shriners, an organization of old dudes who wear fezzes and do charity events to raise money for burned and crippled children. Google it. The Shriners hold an annual circus as a fundraiser for the children's hospital and some of the Shriners dress up as clowns and participate. So, every year I go with my dad to the Shrine Circus. I'm jazzed because I think I'll get to do some pretty fun behind the scenes circus stuff with my dad which I've done in years past.

But, this year, my dad says, "Brooke I won't be portraying Buckwheat the Tramp Clown this year. I'm Potentate and I've got potential business to handle. I'm gonna send you over to clown school for the morning with Mr. George Scanlin, Mr. Bud King and Mr. Shorty LeBlanc." "But, Dad -" "Brooke, there are a lot of children in the Shriner's hospital suffering from burns who'd love to be dressing up as a clown right now. So, hush." Hoover Bob, the king of not letting your only child daughter be extra since 1981.

So, Mr. Shorty aka Backhoe the Clown - I know, these names, y'all. I did not come up with them. Let's just pretend the Acacia Shriners of Baton Rouge, who were clearly NOT very aware ripped them off of Disney's "Song of the South" and keep it moving. So, Backhoe says, "Come on over here now Brooke and have a seat. I'm going to make you into the best clown there ever was." Backhoe starts smearing thick primary colors of makeup onto my virgin skin. This makeup is heavy as all get out. It is gloopy, thick and may give me pimples.

Then, Backhoe squeezes a red clown wig over my head. Backhoe the Clown says, "I hereby name you Sassy the Sad Clown. Because, you look kind of sad, for some reason. Cheer up, Darling. You're a clown. Now, say cheese, Brooke- I mean Sassy." I will be posting a photo of this on my Instagram y'all @br00keH00ver

Backhoe then makes me go over and take a group picture with the other clowns and the other children, who all seem to be having a grand ole time. I mean, there are some kids who are a fun little group of clowns and all have similar makeup. There's a ten year old Cajun boy who looks like the clown version of Al Capone (for my Boardwalk Empire fans, I threw that in there for ya) clearly brought a costume in case there was a contest and this kid is the lucky one and is allowed to dress up as a LION for God's sakes. He's cute, he is special. I am the outsider, even in clown school.

I dressed myself that day in my baggiest most asexual 90's clothing - check it: I'm wearing a loose shirt with horizontal stripes and very baggy capri pants that look like I could be part of Kriss Kross (Gonna Make Ya Jump! Jump!) I wore this so I could just fade to the background and not be seen. Clothes like this were my uniform for the past couple of years. Cause, that's what I told myself I had to wear. I walk over to look at myself in the full-length mirror. I look at this body I don't want to own and a face that isn't mine anymore. Now, not only does my body have to be covered, my face has to be covered up as well. Isn't it ironic, Alanis Morissette and friends, that by being "completely covered ...I'm totally exposed."

I TELL MYSELF : This is what I deserve. My weird chubby fat self deserves to be an ugly clown who doesn't even fit in with a troupe of clowns. Bless my heart. Now mind you, the year before the sexy harem girl I was a court jester. That's so different from a clown because court jester's so Elizabethan and has a certain je ne sais quoi. I mean, it's a fabulous Anne Olivier Hoover design! Now, here at the Shrine Circus clown school, not only am I FORCED to be a clown against my own free will, it shows me that when I do dress up in a costume, this is what I am relegated to be. From here on out. A dumpy, frumpy clown.

Despite my dad's honest attempt, my years of costume and body repression continue. I keep getting fatter. And I keep holding onto my own self deprecation like a shield, like a battle wound because it's a lot easier to make fun of myself before someone else does - or so I think. I was not even thirteen years old - I didn't even start my period and already I've succumbed to hating on myself like we're told all teenage - post menopausal guhls (women) are supposed to.

Now, y'all. Will I stay in this FUNK forever? Or will I bring in da Noise, Bring in da funk ? Shout out to Savion Glover. Tune in next week for my last Halloween costume themed episode in this three part saga inspired by my solo show PHAT GIRL COSTUMES!

Thanks so much for listening, y'all. It is my hope to inspire, uplift and entertain you with this Who's Dat Phat Girl podcast. So, if you're HUNGRY for more, you can book

me to speak or perform my solo show that inspired this podcast Phat Girl Costumes written by yours truly and directed by my best bud Brian Lady at your virtual or in person event. Please visit [Brookehoover.com/fluffybuttproductions](https://Brookehoover.com/fluffybuttproductions) or email me at [contactbrookehoover@gmail.com](mailto:contactbrookehoover@gmail.com) for more information. And, let's follow each other on instagram - I'm @Br00keH00ver and those O's are not the letter O but they're ZEROS. Not because I want to be a size 0 but because I guess I'm just so clever with my late 90s Yahoo! self

And, if you like this podcast, please give me a five star rating and write a review on Apple Podcasts and, please, most importantly, share with your friends, family and other people you may know who are as phat as we are - that's phat with a PH.

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