

**Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover**  
**EPISODE #43- Greens, Beans and New Year's Words - Not Resolutions**

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...

If Christmas is supposed to be the most wonderful time of the year, well y'all for me and I think many of us this period after Christmas before New Year's Day is the most weirdest time of the year.

It's just weird. It's like the day after going to an amusement park. Or for my fellow actor friends, the day after the run of a play. But, it's also cold on top of it so unless you have a trip planned to Punta Cana (which is probably crowded as hell and who wants to go deal with that?) then you're in this soup of in between Christmas and New Years poop with all of us.

And for me, especially when I was younger, I would give myself so much anxiety because I would put pressure on having to do something really cool, really eventful like in all the 80's movies I grew up on for New Year's Eve. And, if I didn't have plans, that meant I was a huge loser.

Do y'all remember that movie 200 Cigarettes? One of my best friends in high school and I LOVED it. I still have the CD of the soundtrack. It's awesome because it came out in the late 90's but it took place in the 80's. Okay so in a nutshell, Martha Plimpton's character is planning a New Year's Eve party. She's like super type A and dressed up all cute. She's all ready for people to arrive to her party. But NO. ONE. SHOWS. So she starts drinking and drinking and drinking to drown her sorrows of being a big loser who's having a party no one wants to attend. Meanwhile, in other parts of the movie, EVERYONE is trying to find their way to HER party but Martha Plimpton is totally unaware of it and she basically passes out and wakes up the next morning to find out that EVERYONE from Dave Chappelle to Christina Ricci came to her super fun and successful party including ELVIS COSTELLO. I really think that is a metaphor for life, y'all. To be patient, to bask in the stillness because maybe just maybe a ton of rousing good things will happen but you don't want to be too drunk (or too blinded by your own sadness) to see them - especially if they're Elvis Costello. Or Barry Manilow if that's more your speed. Or Lionel Richie if you're me.

The amount of pressure to do something wonderful for New Year's Eve took me away from enjoying the actual holidays, from reflecting on the past year and

creating new hopes and dreams for the year to come.

I remember spending one New Year's Eve - my senior year of high school with the same best friend who loves 200 Cigarettes going from party to party - many of which we weren't invited to and it felt super awkward. We ended up at a party in my friend's year - she was a sophomore when I was a senior and I remember feeling like "that person". Like that person who's graduated college and still comes back for the high school parties. Mind y'all, I hadn't even graduated yet but I felt awkward showing up uninvited. The best part of that New Year's Eve wasn't the parties, it was wandering around with my best friend much like Gabi Hoffman and Christina Ricci's character's in 200 Cigarettes except they were from Long Island and freezing and lost in the Alphabet City of New York City and my BFF and I were cruising around South Baton Rouge in my Mustang with the air-conditioner on while talking about the trailer for 200 Cigarettes.

The next New Year's Eve would be the bringing in a new millennium - the year 2000. When everything was supposed to crash and things were supposed to break, remember that? All I could think of then (and all of I think of to this day) was Mark Cohen and Roger from Rent singing "We're Living in America at the end of the Millennium..." and all I could think of was I. HAVE. NO. PLANS. The options were to go to my mom's house in the remote area of the Smokey Mountains of North Carolina or - well, there were no other plans. So I called up one of my best friends ever back in Louisiana and asked her if I could come down and she said, "Sure thing guhl, we're going camping near Lafayette and there's gonna be a cochon de lait."

If y'all know me, y'all know I do NOT like camping. And I do NOT like seeing whole animals - especially pigs, roasted. But, at the time, I liked being alone a LOT less. And, I wanted to see my two best guhls, mainly. I thought what better way to bring in the new millennium than with two people who were the two top reasons I made it through high school and what safer way to bring in the new millennium and potentially end of the world than in the middle of nowhere with plenty of food !?!?!?

I know I just set that little tale up like something horrible was going to happen but, alas, like many of us feared and kind of oddly anticipated and hoped for, there were no computer or technology or electricity or beeper or pager crashings when we went from December 31st 1999 to January 1st 2000.

I started to realize though that at the age of 20-something I was getting too old for the bull shit of New Year's Eve because I'm the type of person who has always much preferred to wake up at 6am and get shit done and wind down when the sun sets at 4:45pm and not get back out at night. So, instead of popping the champagne at 11:59pm on New Year's Eve, I started popping a Benadryl at 8:59pm so I could sleep through all the revelry and wake up the next morning feeling refreshed instead of hungover.

But, one year, living in New York City (or Brooklyn, rather) I thought I owed it to

myself or my younger self to take a detour from my usual New Year's Eve Benadryl popping and get out for New Year's Eve. So, my pal and roommate at the time and a group of her friends and I went to the Alphabet City - again like Gabi Hoffman and Christina Ricci from 200 Cigarettes. I remember I was wearing this fuzzy cape thing my friend Tom (aaahhhhhh) had given me for Christmas. It was warm and different shades of pink and I looked like a big ole Muppet. The guhls and I ended up at a random bar and were just hanging out and dancing and all of a sudden, this Irish man told me he liked my fuzzy cape and wanted to touch me. It's kind of awkward when you are wearing something tangible and someone asks if they can touch you. In fact, this just happened to me the other night but it was in South NJ at a little gift shop and it was a middle aged woman. When someone asks you wearing something super fuzzy and tangible if they can touch you, it's kind of like you have to say YES. Because it's kind of off brand to respond BACK THE F OFF while wearing something warm and cozy and fuzzy and tangible, right?

So, I let the Irishman touch me - thinking he's going to touch my arm or something but he starts groping me. He's hot. But, I'm not feeling it. So I peace out of that bar, get on a super crowded subway back to Brooklyn all alone at like 11:33pm and end up ringing in the New Year underground on the F train with New York's finest - and I don't mean the NYPD.

From there on out, I've spent New Year's Eve cozy at home and I've transitioned from needing a Benadryl to burrow my sorrows of not wanting to go out or having anywhere wonderful to go out to spending that time journaling or watching anything NOT ball dropping or holiday related with my boyfriend Harry who usually ends up snoring around 9:30pm and then I journal some more dumping all of the previous new year OUT and it's more of a relaxing experience than a stressful one because I no longer have that anxiety of having to do something EXCITING or having to party when I really do NOT want to. Plus, the dogs need me at home for fireworks prevention and CBD administration. So, now I just get high with the Pomeranians on New Year's Eve, essentially.

I remember back in the day when I was younger, New Year's Day was a thing. We would always go to my Maw Maw's house to have black eyed peas, cabbage and corn bread and I just loved it because it was like we were celebrating the new year and making sure to have the health (the peas) and wealth (the cabbage) and the cornbread was just there because it looked pretty, I guess. When I was younger it was like New Year's Day was the bonus to Christmas - more time spent with my family and with good food. And I've always loved a good superstition party and that's what New Year's Day felt like to me. I'm grateful that my momma still carries on that tradition.

So, that's what I focus on more now. Getting that good ole plant based food in and welcoming the new year refreshed and rested instead of nursing a hangover or nursing a big feeling of post-party disappointment.

One of my best guhls is from Mississippi but she lives near me in Jersey City and for the longest time she recreated what all of us back home had done - the big new year's day festivity by having us over for a party on New Year's Day including cabbage and black eyed peas - she'd do her take on them - seasoning them Indian style with cardamom. And, while falling asleep peacefully at 10:01pm on December 31, I knew I had a festivity that was more up to my speed the next day.

Maybe this may inspire those of y'all who are also like me and have this anxiety related to New Year's Eve and going out with all the drunk drivers and drunk Irish fuzzy feeler uppers out there. Stay in, focus on yourself, focus on your year, and focus on getting those black eyed peas and greens going in your slow cooker overnight to wake up the next day to a meal full of health, wealth and of course farts.

While we are on the subject of New Year's I must also talk about resolutions. I've been over the idea of a resolution since like 1994 when I resolved every year to lose weight (yeah I started early with that) and it just wasn't happening. It just didn't feel inspired. It felt like I was imposing goals on myself that were too hard to achieve. So, in the past couple of years, I've been hearing instead of doing a resolution do a WORD for New Year's. It's a lot easier to repeat that word to yourself every day that you get out of bed than it is to work on a resolution that usually is such a bigger loftier goal that can't be attained in one day and because it's not attainable in one day, we don't make those actionable steps to get to that resolution because we don't have them and then THIS time of year, the year's end, we start beating ourselves up for NOT achieving that unachievable resolution. Y'all feel me on this?

My word last year was FREEDOM. And, like my new year's words go, I often don't understand that word choice until the 11th hour or more like the 11th of December but then I start to understand it, it seems to click and gel - all right before it's about time for me to start thinking of a NEW word for the next year.

My word for next year will be FUN. Because, honestly y'all the past few years I've been going through the motions - even with my creative stuff - even with life - even with the attainment of fun, I've been going through the motions - COVID and COVID precautions haven't made it easy but neither has my own anxiety. I have had such a heaviness (PUN NOT INTENDED) and I approach everything lately from fear or from a should instead of - LIFE CAN BE FUN. THIS IS FUN. I GET TO DO THIS. I GET TO BE ALIVE. Okay, that's a little Pollyanna. Even for me.

I do want to say, let's be easy on ourselves. Let's be easy on each other. We are still coming back from nearly three life changing tumultuous years.

I am very grateful for y'all. This marks the end of season one of Who's Dat Phat Girl, Y'all. I didn't know what I was getting into when I started this. I just knew I wanted to tell tales about my journey - at different parts of it - from food to feelings to PHATness and everything in between in order to help others in their own journey and y'all have braved it with me - at times when I didn't make sense and at times

when I almost lost my sh\*t on the microphone. Season two will bring more of the PHATness. I'm not going to lie - it's not always easy. It's not always FUN even to do this because each episode does take a lot of work. But, since my word of the new year is FUN, I will approach this podcast and every aspect of life with a bit more FUN. What's your word of the new year? Maybe it's PHAT. Pretty Hot and Tempting. 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

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