

**Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover**  
**SEASON 2 EPISODE 5- CEREAL KILLERS**

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...

(A la Tony the Tiger from Frosted Flakes)  
THEY'RE GRRRRRRREAT !

(From The Trip commercial)  
SILLY RABBIT TRIX ARE FOR KIDS !

(From the Cookie Crisp commercial, howling like the dog)  
COOOOOOOOKIE CRISP !

Those were the alarm clocks of childhood. Well, almost everyone's childhood but mine. See, at my house, Momma didn't allow any of the "fun" "Cartoony" cereals because, "That's just plain junk, baby."

I told her, "But Momma they say they have added vitamins."

(Momma's voice) "Vitamins are worthless if they're coated in sugar, baby."

Well, while I thought Momma was torturing me, she was damn right. And maybe a little ahead of her time or maybe old school if we're thinking how they didn't have sugary cereals made out of chemicals that tasted like magic and nostalgia way back in the day. I mean, can you imagine our cave people ancestors eating Lucky Charms and then having the energy to go kill Saber Tooth Tigers for dinner?

But at the time, I thought Momma was just being her usual unconventional, weird, not like the other mom's, not like the normal parents self. For breakfast, when Momma was around, it was a choice between Grape Nuts, Raisin Bran or Cornflakes with Sweet n Low on top, if you were lucky. OR if you'd won the jackpot, sometimes we would have cold leftover supreme pizza from the night before. Which, one of my aunts made fun of Momma for giving me pizza for breakfast. To which Momma would reply, "It's got all of the five food groups, baby." And, actually, Momma was right. "Momma's always right, baby." I think I am losing my mind here y'all. I am doing Momma's voice in my head and then responding to myself in Momma's voice.

But, without getting too into it because it isn't fun to compare numbers or visuals on a podcast for God's sakes, let's just look at Cookie Crisp versus Grape Nuts to discuss nutritional content. For ONE cup of Cookie Crisp without milk, it's just 140 calories. For Grape Nuts, it's 210 calories for a HALF cup. But this is proof that you can't judge nutritional content on calories alone. And, that's my point y'all with this episode. It's best to focus on what is going to fuel you nutritionally. Like how did they expect us to solve a Rubik's cube or operate an EZ-Bake oven without hardly any healthy fats, vegetables, protein or fiber in our bodaaaaaays before 11am ?!?!

I say let's always look at the sugar to protein to fiber ratio FIRST because that's going to tell you how nutritionally sound something is. If the fiber and/or protein content are higher than the sugar, general rule of thumb, it's nutritionally sound and will keep you fuller longer and satisfied.

While Grape nuts has a GOOD amount of fiber at 7 grams, 6 grams of protein, which is high for a cereal of this kind and only 5 grams of sugar. Cookie Crisp has 2 grams of fiber, 2 grams of sugar and 12 grams of sugar, 12 of those 12 grams of sugar are added sugar (meaning it's processed sugar). So we can look at the ratios here and say that Grape Nuts is a healthier choice.

When people ask me "Oh how did you lose those 100 pounds Brooke?" like asking how a magician makes a coin appear from behind someone's ear. It really isn't just one simple answer. But, one of the many hacks I did was so goodbye to cereal. Any cereal. Including healthy or "healthy" cereal in the morning because I was left hungry and sugar crashing within an hour. And, for someone who has PCOS like I do, the sugar crashes are felt harder than someone who doesn't have any endocrine issues. So, not allowing myself a cup or a bowl or let's face it three bowls of a cereal - a childhood nostalgic one or otherwise isn't beating myself up. It isn't depriving myself, it's allowing me to choose a healthier option. So, what ARE those healthier options?

Well, back in the day as we know, there was pizza. Sometimes there were Slim Fast shakes. Basically, I wasn't a big breakfast person because I didn't like eggs or breakfast meats and no one was enlightened enough back then to make smoothie bowls or eat salad for breakfast.

But, nowadays, I'll usually do my crazy steel cut oats, hemp heart, chia seed concoction. Or cottage cheese with a sprinkle of Trader Joe's everything bagel seasoning if I'm feeling like a Golden Girl. Or leftovers that aren't even breakfasty at all or if I'm feeling crazy, I'll make an omelet - an egg white omelet is usually what I'll order on set because that's the most protein and fiber and sometimes I don't know when I'll get to eat something healthy again. Those are my hacks.

But, I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY want to go back and revisit those cartoonish cereals of normal kids' childhoods because, (singing to blinded by the light) "Momma, that's where the fun iiiiiiiiiiis"

So, Cookie Crisp. Honeycomb. Applejacks. Cinnamon Toast Crunch. I could NOT ever get Momma to buy those for me. BUT when I spent the night at my aunt and my uncle's house, Booooooy it was like Disneyworld of Forbidden Breakfast foods. Breakfast foods that turned the milk special colors. They had powdered donuts in a bag. They had EGGO waffles in the freezer. I felt like my breakfast had been made at a factory of magical beings and I wanted IN on this magic. And, I wanted that toy. But, mainly I wanted a little bit of everything. Nowadays, if I want something apple tasting, I don't want apple jacks. I want apple pie. Though I understand there are some ice cream places that put nostalgic cereal on top and while I understand that for nostalgia, I think I'm a purist with the childhood breakfast cereals. I was always amazed how every Saturday morning when I'd spend the night at my aunt and uncle's how my uncle was like a 30 something year old kid eating a breakfast and I thought, "This is what you get to do when you're an adult. Eat all of the kids' cereals that you can't eat because you're a kid and Momma won't let you."

And, see, that right there could have contributed to my obsession with these packaged sugary breakfast foods too - because they were SO forbidden. Whereas for my uncle, it was just another day at the office type of thing. This was the same uncle who also liked to put butter on Pop-Tarts and then put them in the microwave, NOT the toaster.

Ironically, this same uncle of mine has never seemed to gain a pound. He's never had issues with his weight. There are many arguments on this. That it's his genetics. Or a more hippie dippier approach, "He didn't label the food as BAD so his body didn't think it was BAD so he didn't gain weight WHICH IS BAD." Or it could be that he is physically active. Or it could be luck.

See, I grew up in the 80's with diet culture thrown down my throat as a female in the South having to just "be a certain way." But, we were also just coming off of a time period when Jell-O Molds were all the rage so let's not completely blame our parents for not knowing any better. Let's just say, "Bless their hearts" instead.

And, I want to say that I don't personally label any foods as off limits. I don't. I just know that for me, with my body and what I need to focus on, fiber, protein, low sugar, it's to FEEL great. Not about losing weight. And, honestly, subsisting or starting the day with a pre-packaged breakfast isn't going to make me FEEL better physically. Or mentally. Or is it?

Back in Louisiana just a few years ago, I was down visiting and I was at my aunt and uncle's house. The day prior, my aunt and uncle had to put their beloved senior rescue dog down. I was there in the room with her and held her paw because they were too afraid. When we got back to their house, I heard my uncle, a guy who doesn't really wear his heart or emotions on his sleeve, bawling. Understandably. As a fellow animal person and pet owner, I totally get it. I just had never heard my uncle cry. My dad or my boyfriend, yeah. They're more emotional. But not my cartoon cereal, sweet tooth, Leggo my Eggs Pop Tart loving uncle. We were sitting at

the kitchen table and all of a sudden, despite a baby hurricane, my uncle took a deep breath and says, "I need waffles. I'm going get waffles. Brooke you want anything?" And I was like "No, I'm okay." Because I live in New Jersey, now, and I'm so programmed to diner culture, I assumed my uncle was going to go eat a waffle at a diner (though we don't have diners in South Louisiana really) but we DO have Waffle house. So, I expected my uncle to be back in an hour or more after having gone to waffle house. Nope, my uncle comes back in about 10 minutes, drenched from the baby hurricane with a box of Eggo waffles. And, that's when I realized that the breakfast packaged factory foods were comfort food for my uncle. And, while I can pick them apart and say, "oh they're BAD for you because they're loaded with carbs but otherwise have no nutritional content" if they are making you feel better in another sense, who am I, who are any of the diet culture vultures to judge? Like LEGGO HIS EGGO and get off our high horses and let it be.

Pre-packaged breakfast foods might have been something I could easily say goodbye to when I began my quest to feel better with Polycystic Ovary Syndrome because it wasn't something that I ever really had to have. I was told it was BAD for so long that I believed it. But, then when I ate it (in college to rebel) I saw how the sugar spikes REALLY affected me mentally and physically. And, I was over the kitsch and nostalgia of it.

Though, I do have to say if y'all are Cinnamon Toast Crunch fans, there is a cereal (and they are NOT sponsoring this podcast but I love them so much that they don't have to pay me to sing their praises) called Catalina Crunch. It's like a healthier version of Golden Grams (ahhhhhh y'all remember those??!?) with ZERO sugar, 11 grams of protein and 9 grams of fiber per HALF cup. So, take that Grape Nuts. I'm actually now munching on them as I write the outline for this episode. The main ingredient is pea protein and when I am a little hungry but don't really know what to eat and kiiiiind of want something sweet, I always go for this with some almond milk. And while they may not come with a catchy jingle or a mascot, I still feel like I'm eating a taste of nostalgia in a way.

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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