

Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover
SEASON 2 EPISODE #7- PRALINES AND AUSSIES

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...

The Praline : a confection South Louisiana is known for (along with King Cake, naturally and of course my beloved Doberge Cake). I say "confection" because, it's NOT a cookie. "It's Cajun candy, baby." (in Momma's voice) Usually it's given as a gift, for holidays or celebration and eaten as dessert. Ingredients: Evaporated milk, pecans, butter and sugar. Eat more than one and you will get TURNT UP.

Y'all get this: I am six years old. It's early morning on a school day in February 1987. I wake up and go downstairs to the kitchen. And Momma's making pralines for breakfast. My momma makes THE best pralines (even better than Nanny Cile but shhhhhh don't tell her. Only kidding Nanny Cile! I lie.) Anyways. I am thinking, "Why is Momma making pralines? It's not even 7am. It's not Christmastime. We don't have any festivities or friends' birthdays lined up. WHAT is the special occasion?"

I turn my head to the left and I see three rugged looking young gents smiling and wearing sweaters that have them all looking like Cousin Larry from that TV show "Perfect Strangers" WHAT IS GOING ON HERE !?! SHOULD WE CALL THE POLICE !?! WHERE IS MY DAD ?!?

Momma explains, and I'll save y'all from my imitation of Momma's voice here, that the night before my dad was driving home from the Baton Rouge airport in her car. The Baton Rouge airport is about 40 minutes away from our house and it's in the "bad part of town". This other car skidded and busted up my Momma's favorite car ever, her Jeep Cherokee Laredo. The other car was totaled. My dad calls my Momma, (in Dad's Southern voice), "Anne I think I'm gonna need some help." Momma drives up to North Baton Rouge to go help Bob. (I have no clue who stayed with me. Perhaps my dogs Matthew and Sniffy babysat me, that's besides the point.)

Turns out Anne and Bob felt sorry for the people whose car was just totaled so they brought them back to our house to stay for a few nights!!! Three Australian guys who were in a Toyota Corolla rental car had just left the Baton Rouge airport and were headed to Cajun country, probably to see animals just as exotic as theirs. But I don't know what's more exotic y'all a nutria rat or a dingo. Then after Cajun Country, they were planning on headed west on I-10 to Route 66 and eventually to

Hollywood. But, because they're used to driving on the other side of the road or because my dad may have been driving on the other side of the road, who knows I'm not blaming the Australian mates (and yes I'm going to keep saying mates as much as possible now), their dreams of headed west were derailed.

And possibly made better and more authentic by being invited over to the home of three crazy Louisiana people and two very fluffy Louisiana dogs. Momma and Dad just wanted to soften the blow a little bit, show them there were no ill feelings and show them a little Southern Hospitality by making them pralines - a dessert - for breakfast.

My dad arrived shortly thereafter with a king cake from Jay's Donuts to split with them. Partying on a Wednesday at 8am? Hey, THAT is how we do it, mates.

I'm pretty sure these Aussie blokes told their mates back home in Sydney, "Hey mates, these Louisiana people sure are friendly and maybe a little crazy. They start their day with a sugar coma. But, hey, sure tastes better than Veggie Mite."

To this day, I wonder if those mates made it out West. 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 or email me at 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.

©2022 Brooke Hoover Who's Dat Phat Girl?