

Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover
SEASON 2 EPISODE #9 The Half Ass Award Winning Baby Costume

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 title of this episode is The Half Ass Award Winning Baby Costume. The name says it all. This episode is about a half ass last minute thrown together baby costume that won an award. At a Halloween party.

Venture back in time with me, y'all to Halloween Circa 1992. I've recently started a new school that requires uniforms and conformity and making new friends, none of which I'm good at. Hurricane Andrew had recently come in and damaged most of South Louisiana, including East Baton Rouge Parish. Despite the devastation, for my 11 year old self conscious and arguably self absorbed self, it's pure bliss because I get a whole week off of my new school, which I hate, with a passion. And, my best pal and I got to jump from a fallen magnolia tree into her pool and pretend we were Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

But, now that it's October, things have returned to some normalcy since Andrew (us Louisiana folk may call everyone Miss Jennie or Mr. Bob but when it comes to hurricanes, we are down and dirty on a first name no politeness basis with those bastards) and it's now October 1992. Since I'm at a new school, I'm not invited to any Halloween festivities and I'm still in my shell shock, shame shock from my sexy harem girl outfit from a few years ago, so I've opted out of Halloween. This is a pattern I often do, even to this day, and it's a bad one and one I'm trying to shake - if I'm not invited to a party, instead of creating my own with the dogs, I just say, "this holiday is lame" and I don't celebrate it. At all. But y'all, it's Halloween. And, I'm 11 years old. And, it's the 1990's. Kids at this time aren't too old for Halloween. We're not too cool for school (especially me, clearly). We haven't been jaded...yet. So, secretly I really want something to do for Halloween and I'm debating just wearing jeans and a T-shirt and going as a super reliable pre-teen cousin chaperone with my little cousins Brendon and Cory.

But, then, I get a phone call. Or was it an invitation in the mail? Yes. Yes, it was. We still got those back in the day, y'all. And, I still sent them, too. It's to a Halloween party thrown by a friend at my former school, the one that I just left last year. And, YIKES. I only have two days to prepare.

So, of course I have to call in Momma for some help. I haven't seen my old school friends since summer so I kind of want to do something awesome but also, I don't want to seem too eager but we only have TWO DAYS TO PREPARE. And, must I remind y'all this is well before Amazon or 24 Hour Wal-Mart or insert any other sinful but necessary store in here.

For some random reason that I won't even try to re-tell or explain, Momma says, "Baby, why don't you just go as a BABY." I'm NOT buying it. I've never been one for baby dolls. I've always been team dinosaur and stuffed animals over baby dolls every day. I am terrified of babies. Even to this day. But, I really don't have any other options. Momma goes, "Baby, we have all of the costume stuff to make a baby costume. All we have to do is go out and buy an old person diaper to be your diaper." And, I'm like REALLY?

Y'all, I do not know HOW this woman, Anne Olivier Hoover had a stash of a pink bonnet, large pacifier and large safety pins just LAYING AROUND. And I don't know WHY I went along with this idea. But, I didn't have many other options or creativity at the time. And, again, speaking of time, we did NOT have much time.

So, for the BABY costume, y'all. For the actual foundation of it - cause I wasn't going to go topless, y'all. I mean, remember, I haven't done sexy Halloween costumes since 1988 - the year of the sexy harem girl costume. I wear a light pink t-shirt, hopefully a leotard underneath, shiny nude tights that were so popular in the late 80's and early 90's and yes, an adult diaper on top with white Keds tennis shoes, of course. And, my hair in pig tails, naturally. I must side track here really quick and say do y'all remember how those pacifier necklaces were a thing in the 1990's? Well, maybe I started that trend with my GIGANTIC clown like size pacifier, who knows. But, I was rockin' it before pacifiers were a thing. So, again, I REALLY do not know how Momma just had all this random baby stuff stocked up at the house (unless she was secretly doing baby shower event planning or had some weird fetish on the side.)

I remember being somewhat pleased with the ensemble considering it was thrown together but fully knowing and owning that it was thrown together. I also remember it being pretty hot and humid and the thick shiny flesh colored panty hose rubbing together at my shabbies where the top of my inner thighs rubbed together - most people call it "chub rub" I call it "shabbies".

So, we go to the Halloween party, which is what the kids who are too cool to Trick or Treat, but not jaded enough to blow off Halloween completely do. It's kind of "out in the country" as I can remember and also if I remember correctly, this is the same boy who kind of had a crush on me. And, I remember liking his mom because she was just as eccentric as mine. Basically, this party was a good break from my new school of conformity and it was kind of fun not having to wear pants, despite the shabbies sweat situation happening.

At one point, we all form a circle and my friend's mom, I think her name was Miss

Candi - of COURSE her name was MISS CANDI says, "Okay y'all, it's time for the Halloween costume contest. Everyone is gonna come into the middle of the circle and model your costume and then me and Miss Tina and Miss B are gonna vote for the winner!" And, I'm thinking OH HELL NO. I did NOT sign up for THIS. I did NOT prepare for this. My costume is SO half ass and last minute in comparison to all of my other Halloween costumes. I don't look good enough. I didn't do good enough. I'm NOT GOOD ENOUGH. And all of this negative shit.

But, she starts blasting the "Ghostbusters" theme song and it's my turn to go model in the middle of the circle. So, I do. I mean, in a half ass way because I'm not really feeling my "BABY" costume and I didn't prepare a baby sort of dance. All of the other kids do the same and model their costume one at a time. Then, it's time for deliberation. I know the winner is going to be the kid dressed as Garfield or either my friend Brittany who's dressed as a Tabasco hot sauce bottle.

Miss Candi jumps into the middle of the circle and says, "Alrighty y'all. The winner of our Annual Halloween Costume Party Contest is...dressed as a BABY...BROOKE HOOVER!!!" And, I'm like WHAAAAAAAAT ?!?!?!? NOOOOOO ?!?!?!? Seriously. I'm like what? No! Me? Really?

I believe I go up and she hands me a Chocolate Bunny Rabbit from Easter as a makeshift trophy and she gives me a hug.

To this day, I still think she and her friends voted for me to win because they felt sorry for me having to transfer to a new scary school...or maybe because they're the type of ladies who love baby dolls so much that they have a collection of those life like baby dolls that they bring with them to Winn Dixie on shopping trips.

I just don't think I deserved to win, y'all. And, here's why. Because I didn't put my all into the costume. Momma and I didn't spend our usual six months planning and prepping the costume. I didn't go all out. I was half ass beyond half ass. But, in all fairness, if I look back at it (and y'all can look back at it too because of course I'll be posting a photo on my instagram @br00keH0over) the costume was actually pretty cute. ESPECIALLY for being thrown together so quickly.

And, I didn't learn something then. But, I am learning something now, especially over the past few years with the pandemic in full effect that it's okay to not go all out. I've always been the type to go big or go home or just stay home and not go anywhere and don't even start anything because it won't be good enough. Yes, it's sad but it's true. I am still doing this podcast on a wing and a prayer and not knowing what the hell I'm doing. That's how I've done all of my creative projects. And, there are many more that haven't even seen the light of day because I live terrified that if I can't do something 100 percent, then it won't be good enough. But, y'all, I bet if we asked other people if they always gave and put in their 100 percent every day, every time into everything they would say NO. Because, we're just trying to get by. And, that's good enough. They always say, "Do your best." But, you know

what, what if sometimes you're just too tired to do your best and you just want to DO?!?!?

In my line of work as an actor, as a creator, we are told don't put things out there if they're not good. But, you know what? Oftentimes money, time, energy get in the way and we can only put out things that WE think are subpar or mediocre but others, especially if you're like Miss Candi, think that stuff you think is subpar or mediocre is pretty darn award-winning. So award winning in fact that you're going to win an out of season six month old chocolate bunny award.

But, sometimes, we put years and years of blood, sweat and tears into something and it's definitely our BEST, the BEST OF THE BEST and sometimes people never see it. And isn't that more of a shame? Case in point, circa 1983, my mom made BEAUTIFUL care bear costumes for my cousin Sara and I. I think we were both Cheer bear - the pink bear with the rainbow on her stomach? Well, it was like a full bear costume, felt and all cozy and stuff...but y'all October 31, 1983 it was 82 degrees and it was TOO DAMN HOT for Cheer bear to see the light of day. And, the next year, like kids often do, we had outgrown the Cheer bear costumes literally and figuratively. So, that costume never saw the light of day...until about four years ago. We had saved it for a rainy day and I gave it to one of my best friend's guhls and she took a photo of her daughter wearing it - she was looking at herself in the mirror and smiling at how cute she looked. So, Cheer Bear came back in all of her glory 30 plus something years later.

But, see, that's my point - the Cheer Bear costume Momma worked so hard on almost never saw the light of day or the light of a young guhl's smile. At least the baby costume, though totally imperfect and made on the fly and that I didn't feel was quite good enough had a moment of glory. Even though I didn't feel it was really deserved. But, I'm learning y'all that sometimes people who didn't put in 100 percent will win and sometimes those people will be YOU. And, that's okay. That's more than okay. It's acceptable. It's life. We gotta own it. Adult diapers, shabbies rub, six month old chocolate Easter bunnies and all.

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

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