

Arkansas cobbler?

KAREN

Girl...the Earle eggplant cobbler that you have been eating all your life.

you call it Arkansas cobbler?

KAREN

Oh, that's an old family joke. When they didn't have fruit, but might have had a good vegetable crop they tried to find ways to make sweet cobblers out of whatever they had. Your Nana's grandfather used to tell me stories about tryin' to make cobblers out of peas and cabbages...

That sounds disgusting.

KAREN

I imagine some of it was. But, for whatever reasons the eggplant cobbler took. Nobody wanted to admit that they looked forward to eatin' EGGPLANT cobbler, though. Somebody, I think it was Aunt Julia, started calling it Earle cobbler--they were from Earle, Arkansas. But, still, that was too close to eggplant starting with an 'e' and all. So, I guess as a joke or in line with the logic of signifyin' on the first letter, Aunt Julia started calling it Arkansas cobbler and, as family lore has it, she said that if anybody had a problem with it they could think of the 'a' in Arkansas as they do 'a' for apple. Crazy thing...lots of folks in Earle

(MOM)

KAREN (CONT'D)
started learning their alphabet as
a result.

[REDACTED] Color
Purple-ish.

Both [REDACTED] and KAREN engage in laughter at the quip.

[REDACTED] (CONT'D)
Arkansas, I
thought you told me that that's
where our family migrated from?

KAREN
We did.

[REDACTED] writing
about the family coming from
Mississippi.

KAREN
Oh, well, that. The family's big
baby. When I talk about Arkansas,
I'm talking about stuff that I
actually know and have
experienced. But, yeah, as far as
family oral history is concerned,
we go all the way back to
Mississippi. I know the family was
in Louisisana for a while. When I
was a child, we used to go to
Arkansas for the summer.

[REDACTED] to make
sense...some of it anyway.

KAREN
Your Paw Paw...his stories weren't
all crazy.