

**Podcast: What If World**

**Episode: 010: What if a rabbit laid eggs in a cloud that fell down?**

**File Length: 00:18:38**

**Transcription by Keffy**

[Rising harp scales followed by the What If World theme song.]

Lyrics: What if kittens played the glockenspiel? And what if unicorns were real? What if you could fly or travel back in time, we welcome you to What If World. What If World. This is What If World.

[Gentle bell music.]

Mr. Eric: Hey there folks, and welcome back to What If World, the show where your questions and ideas inspire off the cuff stories. Today we have a question from a fellow podcaster. Yeah! There's this really cool podcast called Buttons and Figs and Grace is one of the voices on that podcast. Now, she asked about four questions. I think she called a lot, which I hope you all do, too. The last one really struck me. Let's listen.

Grace: Hello, it's Grace again. What if a rabbit laid eggs in a cloud that fell down?

Mr. Eric: What if a rabbit laid eggs in a cloud that fell down? That's such a great question, Grace. I love how complicated it is. There's a lot happening in that question. So friends at home, I want to get right into that story.

Goblin: But wait. You haven't said hell to me, yet.

Mr. Eric: Wait, there's someone here? Gosh, I didn't even notice.

Goblin: People seldom notice me, I'm just a little goblin, after all.

Mr. Eric: Oh, look at you. Oh, you are the cutest little goblin, I've ever seen.

Goblin: Goblins don't like to be called "cute", we like to be called "ferocious" and "nasty little creatures."

Mr. Eric: I don't know, you seem kind of nice.

Goblin: That's not a compliment to goblins.

Mr. Eric: Oh, uh, you seem kind of wicked and cruel.

Goblin: Really? I thought I came off as rather nice.

Mr. Eric: Well, you do! I just... I was trying to compliment you. Ugh! Who are you, anyway?

Dontknowhen: My name is Dontknowhen.

Mr. Eric: Don't know when?

Dontknowhen: You're saying it wrong. It's Dontknowhen.

Mr. Eric: Don't know when.

Dontknowhen: Dontknowhen.

Mr. Eric: Don't... know when?

Dontknowhen: I don't think humans can say my name so well.

Mr. Eric: Well, Dontknowhen, I'm so glad that you're here. Do you have something to do with this rabbit story?

Dontknowhen: Oh yes, indeed. I'm a major player in the rabbit world.

Mr. Eric: Really? I didn't know goblins and rabbits got a long.

Dontknowhen: Oh, they don't normally.

Mr. Eric: Okay, so... are we going to start the story now?

Dontknowhen: Of course. Once upon a time, there was a lost city of cloudlantis...

Mr. Eric: Oh hey, whoa, whoa. Dontknowhen, I'm kind of the storyteller here.

Dontknowhen: Oh. I mean, I'm only the greatest minstrel in What If World, but if you think you can tell it better, then—

Mr. Eric: Oh, no, I'm sure you're a great storyteller. It's just, if you're in the story, it's going to be hard for you to tell it, right?

Dontknowhen: Well, I'm sure you'll do a terrific job even if you don't have a beautiful sing-song goblin voice, like me.

Mr. Eric: [Laughs] well, there's only one way to find out Dontknowhen, right? Let's start the story.

[Rising harp scale.]

Once upon a time in What If World, there was a family of flying rabbits who lived in the clouds, and this family had just gotten one egg bigger.

Harry: Oh, Rhonda, I think this egg is going to produce a beautiful baby girl.

Rhonda: Oh, Harry. I think it's going to make a beautiful baby boy.

Harry: Well, we'll just have to wait and—

Mr. Eric: But just then, the cloud started to wisp away. Have you folks ever heard of a drought. A drought is when there isn't a lot of water. In fact, it's a really dangerous thing in some parts of the world. And in What If World, just like the real world, there are no clouds if there isn't any water.

Harry: Oh no! Our little egg, oh!

Mr. Eric: The egg fell through the cloud as it disappeared. Rhonda Rabbit and Harry Hare leapt from the cloud with the rest of their little babies just as it disappeared. But that one little egg tumbled all the way down the mountain until they couldn't see it anymore.

Now, don't worry. The egg actually made it. And that's where our story takes us. That egg rolled all the way down the mountain and somehow, it stayed together. This egg seemed to like rolling so much that once it finished rolling down the mountain, it kept on going until it reached the foot of an old hill.

Hillda Hill: Oh, I'm such a lonely hill. [singing] I cry... all the time... I just wish I had a baby hill that I could call mine.

Mr. Eric: Hillda Hill sang a sad song and then felt a little bump against her side.

Hillda Hill: Now, who's this little hill? A little white, round, hill. Hmm.

Mr. Eric: And out of that little white, round hill popped a baby rabbit.

Hillda Hill: Oh, little rabbit, it was a miracle that brought you to me, and I'll raise you as my own.

Mr. Eric: Hillda Hill was as good as her word. She raised this little rabbit and named it Rola Rabbit for how much it seemed to like to roll.

Rola would rustle around on the hilltop, hop all the way up and roll all the way down, day in and day out, giggling along with her adoptive mother. And generally having a pretty good time.

When Rola was old enough to go to school, there weren't any other rabbits in her class. She went to school on top of Hillda Hill along

with some grass, some rocks, and a few moles. But no rabbits. She had very good grass teachers.

Grass Teacher: Now, grass class. It's very important that you learn to stay rooted and always look up to the sun. You need to remember the sun on the darkest of days.

Mr. Eric: Rola couldn't really root as well as the other grass, but she tried her best. She wasn't quite as good in rock class. Their teacher was a tiny pebble.

Pebble Teacher: Now, when you get to be as small as me, it means that you were once a mountain, and then a mountain side, and then a boulder, and then a rock, and finally a pebble. When you've lived as long as I have, you learn to be very patient. Every pebble remembers being a mountain, and so, we aren't so impressed by people who talk big.

Mr. Eric: Rola wasn't as patient as Ms. Pebble, and she didn't understand what the pebble meant, but she tried her hardest to learn. Mole class was maybe the most frustrating.

Mole Teacher: If you're a good mole, you'll have long claws, great for digging, and a wonderful nose that can sniff out anything underground or above.

Mr. Eric: But her nose was much smaller than a mole's and her claws, well, she really didn't have any claws at all. But she practiced a lot and got to be a pretty good digger for a rabbit. And she could smell really well, too.

But one day, after Rola finished school, she went to talk to her mother.

Rola: Hillda? Why aren't there any other rabbits on this hill?

Hillda Hill: Rola Rabbit, you come from the mountains. If there are any other rabbits like you, they must live there, too. I would have told you sooner, but you were so little and the mountains are so dangerous.

Rola: If I have any family left up there, Hillda, I have to try to find them.

Hillda Hill: Oh, Rola. Rabbits grow up so fast. Please just promise me you'll be careful.

Rola: I promise.

Mr. Eric: Rola packed a few carrots and went on her way. As she started up the mountain, it was pretty easy going at first, but the higher she went, the stronger the wind blew. Until she could hardly hop at all.

Rola: Wind, why are you blowing so strong! Please just let me by!

Wind: If you cannot face the winds, you do not belong on the mountain!  
Ha ha ha haaaaaoooooh.

Mr. Eric: And the wind blew even harder than before. Rola flew five feet into the air and when she landed, she rolled all the way to a rock below. A moss-covered rock.

Rola: Hey, Moss?

Moss: Yes, little rabbit?

Mr. Eric: said the moss.

Rola: I studied with the grass down by the hill and I know all about staying rooted. Do you think you could help me root against this wind?

Moss: Any friend of the grass is a friend of ours.

Mr. Eric: Said the moss. And Rola rabbit dug her tiny little claws and paws into the moss and the moss wrapped itself around Rola Rabbit tight and no matter how strong the wind blew, it couldn't knock her down the mountain.

Wind: You've held on tight, now you have the right to continue up the mountain.

Mr. Eric: Said the wind. And it went from a roar to a whisper. Rola thanked the moss and carried father up the mountain. After a while, she stopped to have a carrot and when she bit into the carrot—

[Crunching, echoing, and rocks falling]

The echo of her bite must have shook something loose. She heard and felt giant boulders rolling right towards her!

Boulders: [Singing] Rollin' rollin' rollin', keep them boulders rollin', gonna crush a rabbit, oh yeaaaah!

Mr. Eric: Three enormous boulders came into view, barrelling towards her.

Boulders: [Singing] Rollin' rollin' rollin', keep them boulders rollin'!

Mr. Eric: She thought of Ms. Pebble, who wasn't afraid of anything, no matter how big and strong and loud it was. And Rola gave the boulders her snootiest glare. But they kept rolling towards her. Then she remembered what the moles taught her, and found a

loose patch of dirt and dug, dug, dug, as fast as she could, until she created a little crevasse for herself, and she dove in just before the boulders—

[Thudding]

Close all around her tiny crevasse.

Boulder: Hey, rabbit? You crushed yet.

Mr. Eric: Rola stared out defiantly at the boulders.

Rola: I'm not crushed and I'm not afraid of you.

Mr. Eric: She thought this might make Ms. Pebble proud.

Boulder: We're bigger and we're tougher, and we're going to roll you over, little rabbit.

Rola: Well, I'm small and I'm patient, and I'm not going anywhere.

Mr. Eric: And after a while, those boulders got bored and just kept rolling their way farther down the mountain.

Boulders: [Singing] Rollin' rollin' rollin' gotta crush something else...

Mr. Eric: Rola climbed up the mountain. She was almost at the top, now. But she couldn't see anybody.

[Sniffing]

She used all the sniffing the moles had taught her, trying to smell if there were any rabbits like her.

[Sniffing]

She could only smell something pretty awful.

Dontknowhen: Hello there, little girl.

Mr. Eric: It was Dontknowhen, the goblin.

Dontknowhen: Little girl, what are you doing all the way up this mountain. You know it's dangerous to come up here.

Rola: I know, but I'm a full-grown rabbit and I wanted to try to find my family.

Dontknowhen: Well, there was a family that fell onto this mountaintop long ago. They live in my cave.

Rola: Oh my goodness! They might be my real family! Can I come meet them?

Dontknowhen: Oh, heavens no. You're from down below the mountain. You must be dangerous, yourself. I've worked my whole life to keep them safe.

Rola: Listen, I understand. My mother, Hilda the Hill, she worked her whole life to keep me safe and raise me right. But there comes a time in every rabbit's life where they have to leave home.

Dontknowhen: But this mountain's full of goblins and boulders and whipping winds.

Rola: Well, I faced the whipping winds, and I stood against them. And the boulders tried to crush me, but they couldn't. And as for goblins, well, you're a goblin and you don't seem all that mean.

Dontknowhen: Well, of course not. I'm a nice goblin. But I've heard that other goblins aren't as nice as me.

Rola: Well, how do you know that until you've met some.

Dontknowhen: Oh, I guess I don't.

Mr. Eric: Just then, Rola saw an old hare slowly hopping out of the cave behind Dontknowhen.

Harry: What's all this racket about? Oh—you. You're a rabbit.

Rola: Hi,

Mr. Eric: said Rola Rabbit.

Rola: I think, I think maybe you lost an egg a long time ago?

Mr. Eric: An older lady rabbit hopped out behind this hare.

Rhonda: Are you our little girl?

Mr. Eric: And behind them poured out a whole mountainside full of rabbits! Looks like Rola had a really big family. Rola introduced herself to each and every one of them. She thanked Dontknowhen for taking such good care of her family, and finally she asked them.

Rola: Mom, Dad, brothers and sisters? And Dontknowhen? It's so great to finally meet you all, but you've been trapped on this mountain a

long time. I grew up on a hill with rocks and moles and even grass. And I learned a lot from all those people. In fact, I don't think I would have made it up this mountain if it weren't for the things I learned down there.

Mr. Eric: Her family was hesitant, even a little scared. But, they all traveled down together. They met a few goblins along the way who weren't so bad, either. And when Dontknowhen met these other goblins, he started tell them all his stories while Rola and her family carried on down the mountain. And when they finally reached Hillda the Hill, Rola was a bit nervous.

Rola: Um, mom?

Mr. Eric: Hillda looked out to this giant family of rabbits.

Hillda Hill: Rola, you've found your family, and yet you came back to me.

Rola: Well, yeah, Hillda. You'll always be my mom. I figure our family just got a little bigger.

Mr. Eric: And if hills had arms, Hillda would have given them all the biggest hug just then. But instead the grass grew as long as it had ever been and the pebbles warmed and shone bright in the sun, and the moles helped dig all new holes for their new family, and they lived happily ever after.

The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: So, Dontknowhen, what'd you think of the story?

Dontknowhen: I sort of liked it, Mr. Eric although it wasn't as silly as some of your stories.

Mr. Eric: I thought it was still kind of silly, but sometimes a story needs to be serious.

Dontknowhen: Well, now I have another story to tell to all my new goblin friends.

Mr. Eric: All right, Dontknowhen. I hope you have a blast. And if you see Rola Rabbit, tell her hi from Mr. Eric, okay?

Dontknowhen: Sure thing, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Okay, thanks a lot, Dontknowhen. See ya.

I'd like to thank Grace for today's awesome question, and I'd like to thank anyone out there who's ever helped out a stranger just like Hilda Hill did in today's story.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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