

**Podcast: What If World**  
**Episode: 013: What if kids were nocturnal?**  
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**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.

Mr. Eric: Hey there folks, and welcome back to What If World, the show where your questions and ideas turn into off the cuff stories. Today, we've got a question from a boy named Griffin.

Griffin: Hi, my name is Griffin and I really like How To Train Your Dragon. What if kids were nocturnal and parents weren't?

Mr. Eric: Wow, Griffin! I loved your question. It had both parts! Something you really like and a really cool question part. Wow, what if parents were diurnal, that means they're awake during the day, whereas kids were nocturnal. Cool.

Well, you know what? I also really love that movie, How to Train Your Dragon, so I got our very own viking into the studio today. Come on down, Stoic.

Viking: It's not Stoic.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I'm sorry. That was the guy from How to Train Your Dragon.

Viking: I've never heard of How to Train Your Dragon.

Mr. Eric: Oh, it's a movie.

Viking: A what?

Mr. Eric: Oh, I'm sorry. You're a viking. I guess you don't have TV.

Viking: T-what?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, okay, yeah. I get it. I guess you just need an interwhat connection.

Viking: Interwhat?

Mr. Eric: Exactly. So what is your name?

Heroic: My name is Heroic and I'm from the town called Blerk.

Mr. Eric: Oh, you're from Berk, just like in How to—

Heroic: No! I'm from the town called BLERK. B-L-E-R-K, Blerk.

Mr. Eric: So, you're from a town called Blerk and your name is Heroic. Huh. That's a lot like How to Train Your—

Heroic: It's not anything like How to Train Your Dragon, and if it were, it would be sort of a satirical homage.

Mr. Eric: What an odd thing to say.

Heroic: And in the town of Blerk, the parents sleep during the night and the kids sleep during the day.

Mr. Eric: That is awfully strange. Why is that?

Heroic: Well, just listen to the story and you'll find out.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time, in the town of Blerk, a new family moved in. They had had a lot of trouble finding a good house lately. But they were really excited about this one. It was by the sea. There was lots of fresh air. And far away from any computers or interwhat connections or cell phones to distraction.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I'm just so excited. This is going to be the best home for you kids.

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma.

Poppa Loo: And you can't believe the deal we got, oh my goodness. They sold me this house for a pair of sheep. What a steal. Of course, my new job is a sheep herder, so... uh... probably shouldn't have given away those sheep.

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo.

Zizi: Oh, Mom, Dad! I'm so excited to live in this viking town.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi.

Zach: Yeah, but it was a long move. I think I'm gonna go take a nap.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi's little brother, Zach.

Heroic: Oh no, you don't.

Mr. Eric: Heroic burst into their new cottage. Welcome! Welcome all to Blerk. My name's Heroic and I'm the, I suppose the mayor of this here town.

Poppa Loo: Name's Poppa Loo, and I'm your new shepherd, so—could I have my sheep back?

Heroic: Forget about the sheep for now. Your child was just about to go to bed.

Poppa Loo: Well, yeah, I mean, it's 7 o'clock. That's just about his normal bedtime.

Heroic: Not in Blerk, it isn't.

Mamma Jamma: I'm sorry? Are you trying to tell me how to raise my kids?

Heroic: It's just how the town works. Kids stay up at night and only the parents go to sleep.

Poppa Loo: Okay, Zach, Zizi, why don't you just pick up this place a little bit while your mom and I go to sleep?

Zizi: You're going to just let us stay up all night? Isn't that against the rules?

Mamma Jamma: Well, didn't you hear the big viking man. It was against the rules, but now it is the rules so, we'll sing ourselves a lullaby... Rock-a-bye parents, on the tree top, when the wind Blerks the...[snoring].

Mr. Eric: And their parents were fast asleep.

Heroic: It's getting late. I ought to be back to my house as well... [snore] I'm getting sleepy, too.

Zach: Wait, wait.

Mr. Eric: Said Zach:

Zach: Can you tell us why it is that we have to stay awake all night?

Heroic: Huh? Of course, yeah. Well, your parents work all day to feed you and put clothes on the table and food on your back.

Zizi: Heroic, can you just tell us what we're supposed to do all night?

Heroic: Huh? Oh, you've got to protect the house from trolls and dragons and vampires. You know, all the creatures that come out at night.

Zizi: Wait, the kids do that? That doesn't sound very safe—

Heroic: [Snores loudly and comically]

Mr. Eric: But Heroic was already fast asleep.

Zach: Uh, Zizi, I'm really excited to live on an island and get lots of fresh air, but...

[BOOM BOOM BOOM.]

Mr. Eric: There was a sound of stomping outside. Something much bigger than a human was out there.

Zach: Well, Zizi, you're the big sister so... um... I say you go check it out.

Zizi: Oh, well, I mean, I am the big sister, but you're the little brother and in this town everything seems kinda backwards so I think you should check it out.

Zach: Oh yeah, that makes sense.

Mr. Eric: And Zach walked right out the door.

Zizi: Wait, Zach!

Mr. Eric: Zizi ran right after him, but she didn't get far.

Zizi: Oof!

Mr. Eric: She had bumped into Zach, who had bumped into the hairy, warty toe, of a 20 foot tall troll!

Zizi: Um, hi there troll, you're not gonna mess up our house and stuff are you?

Zach: Yeah, you go ahead and try. I'll stop you. I'll... I'll... whack you with a stick!

Mr. Eric: The troll gave a roll grumble.

Troll: Hmmm?

Mr. Eric: As it leaned down low to look at the two little children. It seemed to blink its eyes and pulled a pair of spectacles from its vest pocket.

Troll: Oh, capital. We've got a fine new pair of neighbors.

Zach: Don't come any closer!

Troll: Well, I couldn't get much closer if I tried. You bumped into my toe, I'll be bound. [Laughs].

Zizi: Wait, you're not going to, like, eat us or anything?

Troll: Eat you? Oh dear no. I'm just here to borrow a bit of that sheep's wool to clean out my ears. Us trolls need terrifically large q-tips, you know.

Zach: But I thought trolls were big and scary and mean?

Troll: Oh, nonsense. Don't you know what troll stands for? Things Really Ought to Learn Lots!

Zizi: Things really ought to... shouldn't it be, shouldn't that be TROTLL?

Troll: Now, see, dear, you're already learning. But I'm not really into teaching children. I like to teach things, like this rock here.

Mr. Eric: And he sat down criss-cross apple sauce in front of a tiny little rock on their front porch.

Troll: Now you, rock. Do you know what trolls stand for? Well, I'll tell you. It stands for Things Really Ought to Learn Lots and that's the first thing that I've taught you, you little thing, you.

Zizi: Excuse me, Mr. Troll. Didn't you want some sheep's wool.

Troll: Mm-hmm. Now, if I'm going to borrow two Q-tips-worth of wool, then I owe you two copper wennies, that's right. Here you go.

Mr. Eric: And he reached over their house to Poppa Loo's last little sheep—

Sheep: [Offended Baaa]

Mr. Eric: And plucked a tiny clump of wool from it.

Troll: All right, thanks very much.

[BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM]

Mr. Eric: And off the troll stomped.

Zach: Zizi, that was really scary.

Zizi: Well, it was scary, Zach. But can you promise me next time you don't just charge off and try to fight the first thing we see?

Zach: I'm sorry. You're right.

Zizi: No, I'm sorry, too. I've got to be the big sister for real now.

Dragon: ROOOOARRRR

Mr. Eric: The night sky lit up with dragon fire.

Zach: I better get my stick!

Zizi: Zach, let's just be careful, okay?

Zach: Okay.

Mr. Eric: And Zach put his stick in his little belt and they snuck across town to see where the fire had come from.

Dragon: EEARRRAAARRRRRGHGH

Mr. Eric: There was a large dragon stuck at the outskirts of town. It looked like a tree had broken and landed on its tail.

Dracomax: I am Dracomax the mighty! What tree dares to stick itself on me?

Mr. Eric: Zizi gave a little snicker.

Zizi: [Snickers]

Dracomax: Who dares to laugh at my stuckness?

Zach: Um, I'm sorry. We can't talk to you in case you're dangerous.

Mr. Eric: Said Zach.

Dracomax: But you just did talk to me.

Zizi: Listen, my brother and I, maybe we could help you get loose, but you've got to promise not to breathe any of that dragon fire when we're near.

Dracomax: That was a dragon flare, I was trying to call for help.

Zach: Dracomax, don't you have, like, other dragon breaths that you can use.

Dracomax: Well, yeah, I've got every dragon breath, really, but I don't know how to use them most of the time.

Zizi: A chainsaw dragon breath? Or a blade dragon breath or something?

Dracomax: I don't know. I can only make it come out when I sneeze.

Mr. Eric: Suddenly, little Zach pulled his stick from his belt loop and started heading straight towards the dragon.

Dracomax: What are you doing, running at me with that stick, kid? That stick could hardly even tickle a dragon as big as me.

Mr. Eric: Zizi picked up the stick and caught up to her brother.

Zizi: I think that's the idea, dragon.

Dracomax: Hmm, what? Oh no! Oh no no no! Oh, get those sticks away from my nose.

Kids: [Laugh]

Mr. Eric: The kids made sure Dracomax's nose was pointing straight at the tree as they tickled each of his nostrils from the side.

Dracomax: Oh, oh [trying not to sneeze] oh that tickles, oh, that stick's halfway up my nose. Oh, back off, kids!

Mr. Eric: The kids dove out of the way.

Dracomax: ACHOOO!

Mr. Eric: Buzzing blades shot out of Dracomax's nose and ZZZ  
[Chainsaw noises]  
Cut right through that tree.

Dracomax: Oh, you kids are pretty smart. Hey, thanks for your help.

Zizi: Oh, Dracomax, my brother and I were wondering, are all the monsters up at night nice?

Dracomax: Well, most monsters are nice, just like most people.

Zach: Okay, cool.

Dracomax: Great, see you later, kids. [Whooshing]

Zach: Wait, Dracomax? What about vampires?

Dracomax: Most of them are nice, too! Just watch out for [unclear].

Mr. Eric: But he was so far away they could hardly hear him.

Dracomax: [Unclear]

Mr. Eric: And he was gone.

Zach: Well, that's great Zizi, most monsters are nice. Let's go find some more. Maybe we'll make some friends.

Zizi: Great idea, Zach. But follow my lead, okay. Just because this is a friendly town doesn't mean everyone's friendly.

Zach: Okay, sure.

Vampire: Duh de duhhh [organ music]

Mr. Eric: They heard someone singing off in the distance.

Zizi: Hey, Zach? Did you notice that huge castle on top of the highest hill in this island, before?

Zach: No... I don't think it was there during the day.

Zizi: Uh oh.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi.

Zizi: Maybe it's a vampire.

Zach: Only one way to find out!

Mr. Eric: And Zach rushed toward the door of the castle. [knocking]

Zach: Hello? Anybody home? Good morning? Well, morning for you, because you're a vampire.

Vampire: Actually, it's more like my afternoon, now. Ah ha ha ha ha.

Mr. Eric: The door slowly swung open on its own.

[Creaking]

Vampire: Come in, come in.

Mr. Eric: But Zach stood his ground.



Zach: We're not supposed to go into strangers' homes. That's a pretty hard and fast rule for kids.

Vampire: All right. You are smart children. I will come out and say hello.

Mr. Eric: An old man with thinning black hair and a dusty old suit suddenly stepped out of the shadows.

Cackula: My name is Cackula! Ah ha ha ha haaa.

Mr. Eric: Zizi raised an eyebrow at him.

Zizi: Are you a bad vampire?

Cackula: I don't know. Are you a bad child?

Zach: What does that have to do with anything?

Cackula: Well, I think a thing is good or bad depending on how good or bad it is at being the thing that it's supposed to be. Ah ah ah ah ah.

Zizi: What?

Cackula: Well, I'm a good vampire because I'm very spooky. I can turn into a bat. I have this wonderful accent.

Zach: Eh, it's okay.

Cackula: It's vunderful! And I'm allergic to garlic.

Zizi: Aren't all vampires allergic to garlic.

Cackula: No, just me. But I started that whole myth. Ah ah ah. It gives me a terrible stomachache.

Zach: So you're a good vampire. So we can train you and make you a pet and fly around on you and then—

Cackula: What? What are you talking about?

Zizi: Oh, sorry. My brother's really into that movie... How to Train Your Dragon.

Cackula: But I don't want to be anybody's pet. But I would be your friends.

Zach: Maybe. You'd have to meet our parents first.

Cackula: Are you inviting me to your house?

Zizi: If you want to come over, you have to come over when our parents are up.

Cackula: Oh dear, that means I'm going to have to put on my extra good sunscreen.

Mr. Eric: The kids were getting really tired now.

Zach: [Yawns] Zizi, I think we should go to bed.

Zizi: Wow, Zach, you're right. It's gonna be sun up soon.

Mr. Eric: They rushed back to the house just as the sun was rising. They were getting really sleepy. But as they stepped into their house, Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo were bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

Poppa Loo: Well, that was just the best night's sleep I've gotten in I can't remember when.

Mamma Jamma: How was your night, children?

Zach: We met a troll and a dragon and a vampire.

Poppa Loo: Well that's just grea—what? A troll and a dragon and a vampire? No one told us about those things?

Mr. Eric: The mayor of the town, Heroic, was still sleeping on the floor and he just stretched his arms and woke up, himself.

Heroic: Ye, there's all sorts of mean creatures about at night and the children, they keep us safe.

Mamma Jamma: Excuse me? My kids are supposed to protect me—

Zizi: It's okay, Mom. All the monsters we met were actually pretty nice once we talked to them.

Mamma Jamma: Well, I don't know about that! I better just meet these monsters myself.

Zach: Okay. Well, we invited a vampire over.

Mr. Eric: And Zach crawled into bed.

Heroic: You invited a vampire to your house.

Zizi: Oh yeah.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi.

Zizi: He seemed nice enough, we thought our parents could meet him.

Heroic: Just tell me it wasn't Cackula.

Zizi: Yeah, that was his name.

Heroic: Well, it was nice knowing you. I'm off to find my for sale sign to put in front of your yard.

Mr. Eric: And Heroic charged their front door with his horned helmet.

Heroic: Get me out of here!

[CRASH]

Mr. Eric: And burst through their front door and off towards the horizon.

Poppa Loo: Well, I don't get it. Is this guy a mean vampire, or what?

Mr. Eric: A slender old man in a dusty suit was approaching carrying an extra large black umbrella.

Zizi: That looks like him. Say hi to Cackula for us. But I'm gonna go to sleep.

Mr. Eric: And she climbed up to the bunk bed on top of Zach's bed. And as soon as her head hit the pillow [snoring]. Zizi was fast asleep.

Cackula: Hello. I am Cackula. I've come to your house to do what I do best.

Poppa Loo: I think I've heard of this Cackula fellow. Honey, cover your ears.

Mamma Jamma: My ears? He's a vampire. I mean, shouldn't I cover my neck if anything?

Cackula: Thank you for having me today, folks. I should get an A+ on these jokes because I just drank some A positive blood. Ah ha ha ha haaa.

Poppa Loo: Oh geez, that was such a terrible joke.

Mamma Jamma: I think it was kind of funny [laughs].

Cackula: Have you ever noticed how small the coffins on airplanes are?

Mamma Jamma: No, I haven't.

Cackula: Well, then, I won't finish that joke.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, hahaha. You're so funny.

Poppa Loo: For goodness' sake, make it stop!

Mr. Eric: Zizi woke up for a second.

Zizi: Mom, Dad, would you quiet down? We're trying to sleep.

Poppa Loo: Oh no, Zizi, stay up! Uninvite this guy.

Cackula: And why do they call it gar-lick, you know? Has it ever licked you or something? Ah ha ha ha.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, haha, no, I've never been licked by garlic. Just picture that!

Poppa Loo: Wait, I know. I'll make some earplugs out of the wool of my sheep.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo ran out of the back of the house. But that little bit of the wool the troll had plucked off was actually it's entire coat.

Sheep: Baaaa-aaaa-brrrrr.

Mr. Eric: The sheep stood there shivering.

Poppa Loo: Oh, no!

Mr. Eric: Meanwhile, Mamma Jamma was just having a blast.

Cackula: And you know, when vampires play baseball, they swing each other!

Mamma Jamma: I don't get it.

Cackula: Well, first, one of us turns into a baseball, I mean, a bat. Like, we turn into a vampire bat.

Mamma Jamma: No, I still don't get it.

Cackula: And then the other vampire picks up the bat that a vampire bat, and then we swing it at the ball. Which is also another bat.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, hahahaha.

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma's laughing had woken up Zach and Zizi.

Zach: I guess this is why Dracomax tried to warn us about him.

Mr. Eric: Said Zach.

Poppa Loo: Yes, kids, you're right. Because even good people can make bad comedians.

Mr. Eric: The end.  
[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Wow, Heroic! Your town is so cool. It has all kinds of creatures I never even knew existed.

Heroic: Well, you get used to it after a time.

Mr. Eric: Do you think Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo and Zach and Zizi will all stick around?

Heroic: Well, Mamma Jamma really likes the jokes but Cackula only has the one set, you know.

Mr. Eric: Oof, guy's got to come up with some new material.

Heroic: Well, I'm off to stuff me ears with wax and coal and anything else that'll fit in there.

Mr. Eric: Good luck, Heroic. I hope you don't have to hear those jokes again.  
I'd like to thank Griffin for his great question. Karen Marshall for her awesome production and editing. Craig Martinson for his fantastic theme song, and all you listeners for your continued support.  
Until we meet again, keep wondering.  
[What If World theme song plays.]

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