

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 23: What if it snowed even in summer?

File Length: 22:14

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 inspire off the cuff stories. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and today we've got another email question.

Now, you might wonder why I'm whispering. If you remember our last email question, we had a visit from Howverati and he just sang for hours straight after you guys left and I kinda... oooh, I just don't want him back in the studio right now, my ears are still ringing from last time.

So, Emma's from New Mexico and she asks, "What if it snowed even when it was summer?"

Okay Emma, that is a really interesting question so I want to get straight to it.

[Door opens]

Howverati: [Singing] Hooow do you thiiiiink you're going to get straiiight to that storyyyyy?

Mr. Eric: Is that who I think it is?

Howverati: [Singing] If Howveraaati hasn't reeeaaaad it? Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

Mr. Eric: Oh, gosh. I'm just, I have a little bit of a headache today, Howverati.

Howverati: [Singing] I shall sing so quietly so you don't get a headache, now let me listen to that question again so that I may sing it again and again and agaaaaaaaaaiin.

Mr. Eric: You know, you started off a little quieter there, that was really nice, but you were loud like two seconds later.

Howverati: [Singing] How can be loud when I'm singing in a whisper? How can I be loud when I'm reading Emma's question? It says what if it snowed even

when it was summer... and that is the question for all of us to answer!
[Getting louder] And that is the question for What If World to show us!
And thaaaaat is the queeeeeessstiioooooon toooodaaaaay! [Glass
breaks]

Mr. Eric: Okay, well. You read the question and you shattered my glass of water so can you just please go home now?

Howverati: [Singing] How can I go home when I haven't heard the story? I want to hear the story that I just sang! A better story than my song, I don't think it's possible but you will try and you will probably faaaaaaaail.

Mr. Eric: I think we have a couple minutes left of this so I will distract Howverati and you just please enjoy the story.

Howverati: I'm singing so softly, I'm singing so I don't hurt your ears...

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Today's story starts in a little town called Howswell. Now, in Howswell many years ago, there was an alien sighting. They thought that a space ship crashed in the desert and that there was some big kind of cover up. I don't know whether or not that's true but Whendiana Joan wanted to find out for herself.

She'd been traveling through the desert for weeks, surviving off of cactus water and old sneakers. For some reason, Howswell had a lot of old sneakers lying around.

Whendiana: I don't know how much longer I can keep this up. I'm just sick of eating sneaker leather. It really doesn't taste good. I should have brought more rations.

Mr. Eric: Just as she was getting ready to turn around and give up for good, Whendiana Joan tripped over a pair of sneakers tied together.

Whendiana: Ugh, sneakers. Why'd it have to be sneakers.

Mr. Eric: She was lying face-first in the sand and as she pushed herself up off the sneakers and sand she felt something hard and cold underneath her.

Whendiana: That's impossible. How could it be so cold this far out in the desert.

Mr. Eric: Whendiana Joan started clearing off sand and throwing pairs of sneakers this way and that as she revealed something that looked like a giant ice ship of some kind.

Whendiana: Oh my goodness.

Mr. Eric: As her fingers touched the icy glass-like surface of the space ship, little signals started appearing below her fingers in a language she couldn't understand.

Whendiana: If I can just solve this puzzle.

Mr. Eric: She tried pressing this little panel and every different kind of combination, making all different kinds of symbols show up.

Whendiana: Hmm... what can I possibly do to—a-ha!

Mr. Eric: She picked up that pair of sneakers by the laces, looked at it with a thought, and smashed it down on the space ship as hard as she could.

Whendiana: That'll teach you not to open for me, space ship!

Mr. Eric: But just as she hit the space ship with the sneakers, a little bit of the ice opened up and [SLURP] swallowed the sneakers whole. And a tiny whitish-blue bar appeared at the bottom of that icy screen. It looked like the bar was a little more full than it was before.

Whendiana: What? This is sneaker-powered space ship.

Mr. Eric: She looked around at all the sneakers that had been lost in the desert.

Whendiana: It's like it's got some kind of sneaker magnet inside.

Mr. Eric: She gathered up all the shoes in a hundred yard radius and took off her own for good measure, tossing them onto the ice ship and—[slurp slurp slurp slurp slurp]. That whitish-blue bar filled up all the way and suddenly [Electronic buzzing] an ice door opened.

Inside that space ship appeared to be some kind of snow person.

Alien: Hey, turn the lights out. I was trying to get some sleep.

Whendiana: Oh my gosh. You are some kind of snow creature.

Alien: Oh my gosh, you're some kind of flesh creature.

Whendiana: Well, yeah. Most of the people in What If World are flesh. Well, except for the chocolate people. Candy people. The tree people. Oh, and there's the snokemon...

Alien: Lady, unless you're here to sing me a lullaby, I gotta get back to sleep.

Whendiana: Why? Why would you need to sleep. You've been asleep for 50 years.

Alien: 50 years? That means I'm finally old enough to get that senior citizen's discount at the movies.

Whendiana: Yes! I can take you to the movies and we can get a discount on tickets and popcorn.

Alien: Wow. I thought you'd want to show me off to your buddies or something.

Whendiana: They can wait another day to find out that aliens are real. They've already waited ff-ff-fifty... [shuddering] Ooh.

Mr. Eric: Whendiana hadn't noticed in all of her excitement, but it had been snowing ever since the space ship opened up, even though it was the middle of summer.

Alien: Great. I've always wanted to try earth candy. That's why I crashed my ship here in the first place.

Whendiana: [Stammering from cold] T-th-hey don't have c-c-candy in outer space?

Alien: Only ice cream. And when you're made of ice, it kind of feels weird to eat it.

Whendiana: Th-thth-that makes s-s-sense.

Mr. Eric: The snow alien suddenly rose out of its space ship, somehow it was levitating. Then the three wooden buttons on its snowy chest started lighting up rapidly and the space ship itself rose above them.

Alien: Right, well, this'll keep it nice and snowy so I don't melt on the well.

Whendiana: That's fine. Do you maybe have a c-c-coat in there?

Alien: Of course. It's much colder on Neptune. We need to wear coats.

Mr. Eric: His tree branch hand pulled down on his carrot nose like a lever and a thick fluffy coat landed right on Whendiana Joan's head.

Whendiana: Oh, this is so nice and warm. Thank you.

Snow Ship: Beep boop boop boop booboobop beep boop boop boop

Alien: My snow ship says, "We're running late for the movie."

Whendiana: Okay, then let's go.

Mr. Eric: But a blast of cold air had already sucked them right up into the snow ship and they were taking off, zoom! Right towards Howswell. Whendiana blinked snow out of her eyes and they were there.

With another blast of frosty air, they were on the ground in front of the movie theater.

Alien: I'd like two tickets for Alien Coverup: The True Story of Howswell.

Theater Worker: That'll be \$15 even.

Mr. Eric: Said the young man working the ticket booth.

Theater Worker: Say, are you an alien?

Mr. Eric: Whendiana Joan jumped in.

Whendiana: Oh, no no. He's just a snow man.

Theater Worker: A walking, talking snow man?

Whendiana: I'm Whendiana Joan. I find all kinds of crazy stuff.

Alien: I'm not technically a snow man. My alien species self-replicates.

Theater Worker: Did you just say alien species.

Whendiana: No, of course not. He said alien pieces, the famous hardshell candy of Howswell.

Theater Worker: Oh sure, here you go.

Mr. Eric: The snow alien and Whendiana walked into the movie theater and the space ship tried to squeeze in behind them.

[Thump]

Theater Worker: Uh, hold on there. I think your giant ice flying saucer friend is just a little bit too wide to fit in our seats, or our doors.

Alien: That's totally unfair. I need snow all the time.

Theater Worker: Well, I'm sorry, but this is Howswell. People try to bring flying saucers into here all the time, and well, they're just too big.

Whendiana: Well, if you're not going to let my friend in, then you owe us a refund.

Alien: Wait. Wait. Let's all just calm down for a minute. I have a way that can solve all of our problems.

Whendiana: Well, why didn't you say so.

Theater Worker: Go ahead.

Mr. Eric: And the three wooden buttons on the snow alien's chest started lighting up again very rapidly. And then the snow ship was shooting a freezing ray all over the movie theater.

[Ice crackles]

The entire theater was frozen solid!

Theater Worker: Enjoy the m-mo-oovie.

Mr. Eric: Said the young man working the ticket booth. And Whendiana and the snow alien walked in. The popcorn was frozen solid and so were all the drinks... but the movie still ran. Whendiana and the snow alien had a great time watching the movie. If you remember, it was about the alien coverup of Howswell. There were a lot of wacky theories floating around, but not one had suspected an ice ship with a snow person inside.

Alien: That movie couldn't have been more off.

Mr. Eric: Said the snow alien as they were walking out of the theater.

Whendiana: Well, when people can't understand things, we make up all kinds of stories to try to explain them.

Alien: Well, when my people don't understand something we just freeze it and study it until we do.

Whendiana: That might sound like a good idea, but you can't just freeze everything you come across.

Alien: I don't see why not?

[Thump!]

Aaah!

Mr. Eric: Someone had thrown a snow ball at the snow alien.

Theater Worker: There he is! There's the one that froze the whole movie theater.

Person: Hey, unfreeze our theater will you?

Farmer: And while you're at it, you better unfreeze my crops.

Mr. Eric: A farmer came forward and threw down some stalks of frozen corn.

Alien: It's okay. I filled up on frozen popcorn in the movie theater.

Whendiana: Wait, wait.

Mr. Eric: Said Whendiana Joan.

Whendiana: What you all don't understand is that this snow person is actually a snow alien. We discovered the alien that crash landed in Howswell.

Farmer: You're telling me that this snow creature is actually an alien from outer space?

Alien: Well, obviously. I have a space ship and everything.

Mr. Eric: All the townspeople of Howswell suddenly grew silent and then:

Townspeople: Hooray! Yay! YEAH! Aliens are real! I knew it all along!

Farmer: Well the people of Howswell ain't nothing if they ain't hospitable. You got a name, snow alien?

Alien: My name might be hard to pronounce in your language.

Whendiana: Uh, snow alien, I've studied over a dozen languages. I think I can pronounce your name.

Alien: Okay. Here it goes: Chris.

Whendiana: Chris.

Townspeople: Chris? His name's Chris. What an alien name. I've never met a Chris.

Alien: I know, it's weird.

Mr. Eric: But the people of Howswell were as good as their word. They were so hospitable to Chris, and tourism took off as well. People were coming from all around What If World to meet Chris the alien and Whendiana the explorer who'd found it..

And that angry old farmer? Well, Whendiana and Chris were guests in his house.

Children: Yay! Can I play with Chris today? I want to play with Chris, too!

Farmer: Kids, you can all play with Chris.

Alien: Only if you want a ride in my snow ship today.

Children: Yay!

Mr. Eric: Chris floated out of the house and the grandkids ran after him.

Farmer: Oh dear.

Mr. Eric: Said the old farmer.

Whendiana: What?

Mr. Eric: Asked Whendiana.

Whendiana: Everyone's having so much fun playing in the snow and all these tourists are spending money on gifts and at restaurants and at hotels...

Farmer: Well, none of them want to buy frozen corn.

Mr. Eric: Said the old farmer, looking out at his fields. It had been snowing steadily for weeks now, and the corn crops were almost entirely hidden in snow.

Farmer: My whole family works on this farm. We've had two weeks worth of snow days.

Whendiana: But snow days are great! You don't have to go to school, you don't have to go to work...

Farmer: One or two snow days is fun. But what if it never stops snowing? How are we ever going to grow crops?

Whendiana: Oh. Oh.

Mr. Eric: Whendiana bundled up with the big fluffy coat Chris had given her and walked out into the snow.

Chris: Okay, kids. Buckle your seatbelts, we're going to take a quick trip to Neptune's best amusement park.

Whendiana: Um, Chris?

Mr. Eric: Said Whendiana.

Chris: Oh, Whendiana. Come join us.

Whendiana: Actually, Chris. I think the kids could come join me and you could just go to Neptune by yourself.

Chris: But the kids rides are the best part. I haven't been on the teacups since I was a snowball.

Whendiana: Chris, Howswell can't have snow all the time.

Chris: But I need snow in order—oh.

Mr. Eric: He looked down from his space ship at the neighborhood around him. Half of the businesses were snowed over. And the half that remained? Well... some of them were shut down. No one really wanted to go to the ice cream shop or the ice skating rink when it was snowing every day.

Whendiana: The people of Howswell have been very hospitable but now they're starting to hurt.

Chris: Okay, I'll go.

Mr. Eric: With a blast of cold air, the old farmer's grandkids were back on the ground and Chris and the snow ship were clean out of sight. After about a week, they'd cleared off all the snow and opened up some of the businesses and planted new crops, though they'd take a while to grow. But all the tourists had gone away and everyone was starting to miss Chris.

Whendiana was packing her things. She was about to head off on her next adventure, but she didn't quite have the same enthusiasm she used to.

Farmer: It was the right thing to do, Whendiana.

Mr. Eric: Said the old farmer, handing her a cup of tea.

Whendiana: Was it?

Mr. Eric: Asked Whendiana.

Whendiana: You're growing crops again and your grandkids are back in school, but now all the gift shops and restaurants and hotels are closing down again.

Farmer: Whendiana, that alien was no good for Howswell, even if it was a nice alien.

Whendiana: But he was good for some of Howswell. The gift shops, the hotels, the restaurants, and people were happy.

Farmer: Listen, we tried. But Howswell can't have snow in summer.

Whendiana: You're right. Parts of Howswell can't.

Farmer: I don't understand.

Mr. Eric: But Whendiana had already grabbed her big fluffy coat and run out of the house.

Farmer: It's much too hot for that coat, Whendiana!

Mr. Eric: Called the old farmer after her. She ran all the way to the ice skating rink and put on her coat before she stepped inside. It was perfect. She ran up to Betsy, who owned the ice skating rink.

Whendiana: Betsy, can I make a quick long-distance phone call.

Betsy: Well, as long as it's not too long a distance.

Whendiana: Don't worry. It's still in this solar system.

Betsy: Oh, that should be fine, then.

Mr. Eric: And Whendiana started dialing Chris's number.

[Beep boop boop boop boopboopboopboop boopboop
beeboopbopbboop]

Betsy: That's an awfully lot of numbers you're dialing.

Whendiana: Don't worry, I'm almost done.

[Beeping and booping continues]

[Pause]

[More beeping and booping]

[Ring ring, ring ring]

Chris: Hello.

Whendiana: Chris, you've got to come back. Everyone misses you.

Chris: But I was no good for your town.

Whendiana: Just get here now!

Mr. Eric: And she hung up.

[Zoom!] [Knocking]

Chris was already outside the door of the ice skating rink.

Chris: What's this all about, Whendiana? I'm keeping my snow off and I'm melting out here.

Mr. Eric: Whendiana opened the door and ushered him into the ice skating rink lickety split.

Whendiana: You need snow to survive, right?

Chris: I think that's pretty obvious.

Whendiana: Well, we just have to be more sensitive to your needs.

Chris: Are you saying I should live in an ice skating rink.

Whendiana: No, I'm just showing you you can make one area cold without making every place cold.

Mr. Eric: Folks at home, do you think you know Whendiana Joan's idea?

Chris: But not everyone likes the cold.

Whendiana: But everybody likes you and can put up with some cold some time as long as you're not freezing the whole town solid.

Mr. Eric: Everyone at the rink had skated over to see Chris.

Townpeople: Hey there Chris, welcome back.

It's so good to see you!

Chris is here but it ain't snowing, that's weird.

Chris: Well, if you're sure you want me around.

Whendiana: We're sure.

Townpeople: We're sure! Sure are! Sure!

Chris: Well, I've been working on a solution, too.

Mr. Eric: And those little wooden buttons lit up again. [Beeping and booping]

And they heard his snow ship outside cracking. It's snow ship was no bigger than a suit of ice and that ship wrapped itself around Chris. Granted, it was still a little bit colder for everybody. But they were so happy they could have their friend around again. They put on some great ice skating music and started having a party. Ordering hot chocolates and hot pizzas and having a grand old time.

Betsy: Well,

Mr. Eric: Betsy said.

Betsy: I'd better call the newspapers and tell them we've got Chris the alien back.

Mr. Eric: She started dialing the phone [Beep boop boop]

Operator: We're sorry, calls cannot be completed until you pay your \$5,000 phone bill—

[Record scratch]

—for your 19 second call to Neptune.

Betsy: Whaaaa-aaaaaat!?

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Uh-oh. I hope Whendiana reimburses Betsy for that phone call.

Emma, thank you so much for your question. I live in LA and I miss the snow, myself. I guess snow all the time would be bad, but I like how they came to a compromise to help their friend.

I'd like to thank Emma for her great question, Karen Marshall for her awesome producing, and Craig Martinson, as always, for our theme song.

I'd also like to thank all you kids out there who have ever made a little compromise, a little sacrifice to help someone who needed it.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

©2017, Eric O'Keeffe/*What If World*