

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 26: What if Legos were alive?

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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 inspire off the cuff stories. Today we've got a question from Teddy.

Teddy: My name's Teddy. I like talking flowers. What if Legos were alive.

Parent: Thank you.

Teddy: Thank you.

Parent: Mr. Eric.

Teddy: Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Whoa, Teddy. You like talking flowers? Have you ever met one? I hope to meet a talking flower one day. I talk to my plants in my house all the time but they never say a word back. I think they're just being rude. Well, I can't wait to get to your story, Teddy.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time there was a wildflower named Daphne Dill who lived at the edge of a tall, dark forest where she could often hear the singing of an old tree named Harrigo. [Distant whistling]

Daphne Dill lived in a field of flowers much like her, but she was the first one to learn to talk. You see, one day, a little piece of chocolate was thrown by that great tree, Harrigo. It flew clean out of the forest and landed on one of her petals. And suddenly, she could talk.

Daphne: Well, it's about time.

Mr. Eric: Said Daphne Dill, to no one in particular.

Daphne: Who's around here?

Mr. Eric: A bee buzzed over to investigate and landed on that same piece of chocolate.

Bee: I don't remember being able to talk.

Daphne: Well, that's because neither one of us could talk before now.

Bee: I'm not sure this talking suits me. I should be collecting pollen.

Daphne: Okay, listen, listen. You've been collecting pollen all day. Don't you deserve a break?

Bee: Of course. I get a 30 second break every day when I give my pollen to the hive.

Daphne: And the highlight of my day is when a little bee comes and steals my pollen.

Bee: I believe we've gotten off on the wrong petal. Let me introduce myself. I'm Bee, like all the other bees.

Daphne: You're right, where are my manners. Hi, I'm Daphne Dill.

Bee: But you're not a daffodil, you have pollen.

Daphne: Well, you're not a bee like every other bee, are you?

Blatto: Okay, you can call me Blatto for short.

Daphne: Well, hi Blatto. You know, I'm working very hard to make extra pollen for all the other flowers in the field, but I'm rather having difficulty with this one flower next to—

Mr. Eric: Blatto and Daphne Dill looked next door to a tower of stacked plastic blocks. They'd apparently been sitting there for a long time because they were very dirty and dusty.

Daphne: Now that flower has been there since before I was born, but no matter how much sun and water it gets, and pollen, it doesn't seem to grow.

Blatto: Oh. That's no flower. Those blocks belong to the hairless animals that wear the strange leaves and live in the large hives of wood and stone. They are dangerous creatures.

Daphne: Dangerous? Anything that can make such beautiful and colorful bricks must be nice.

Blatto: Nooo. They swat at bees and stomp on flowers.

Mr. Eric: Blatto flew up to leave and Daphne Dill noticed that it had a little bit of that chocolate stuck at the end of its legs.

Daphne: Oh, Blatto.

Blatto: Please, no more talk of the strange hairless animals and their even stranger blocks.

Daphne: Oh, no. I'm done talking about them. But I think there's a nice little patch of pollen stuck on one of those blocks. You should go get it before you go back to the hive.

Blatto: Very well. For the good of the hive.

Mr. Eric: And Blatto landed on the tall tower of plastic blocks to pick up some spare pollen, when suddenly—

Topper: Will you kindly get off of me?

Mr. Eric: Said the one tiny little red block at the very top of the tower.

Blatto: You're right, I have business to attend to elsewhere.

Mr. Eric: And Blatto flew away. But the little chocolate stuck at the bottom of its legs and dripped onto this tower of plastic blocks and it was now melting and running down the whole side of the tower.

Middi: Mm, this is yummy chocolate.

Mr. Eric: Said a block down toward the middle. And as the tiny drop of chocolate dripped down to the base of the tower, a third voice spoke up.

Base: Bleh! Maybe it tasted good to you before it flew through all that dirt and pollen. Now all I get is a dirty old taste in my mouth.

Topper: How dare all of you make so much noise?

Mr. Eric: Said the little red block at the top.

Middi: Oh, we should listen to him! He's the top brick.

Base: Eh, you wouldn't be nothing without me holding you all up.

Mr. Eric: Said the block at the base.

Daphne: Hey,

Mr. Eric: Said Daphne Dill.

Daphne: Will all you blocks stop bickering for one moment and enjoy the fact that you're alive and talking all of a sudden?

Topper: Excuse me?

Middi: Oh, it's all right. She doesn't know.

Mr. Eric: Said the middle block.

Base: Hey, just 'cause she don't know doesn't mean she gets to be insulting.

Daphne: Don't know what?

Mr. Eric: Asked Daphne Dill.

Topper: Well, we prefer to be referred to as bricks, not blocks.

Middi: Because we build. Bricks build to make things. So we like to think of ourselves as—

Base: But really, it doesn't matter, lady. That's what we call ourselves and you call us that or you don't talk to us at all.

Daphne: Well, you could all be a little less touchy here. I brought you to life after all.

Topper: Please. You just tricked a bee to land on my head. I don't think I'll ever get these chocolate stains out, by the way.

Middi: You've stained the top brick.

Base: Eh, you toppers look better with a little dirt on you anyway.

Topper: That's what I'd expect to hear from a base brick.

Mr. Eric: And they all started arguing over each other.

Base: Why don't you come down here and say that to my studs?

Middi: [Crosstalk] Stop all this bricking!

Topper: [Crosstalk] brick.

Daphne: Hey!

Mr. Eric: Said Daphne, clapping to of her petals together, though it didn't make much sound.

Daphne: You three are all part of the same tower. So you'd better learn to get along.

Topper: Well, they need to learn their place down there.

Middi: I'm actually pretty happy where I am. I have a nice view of the field, and—

Base: Of course Middi's happy. She's not stuck in the dirt holding all these other bricks on top of her.

Topper: Oh, quit complaining. You're a large, flat brick. It's what you're meant for.

Daphne: Well, actually, it looks like your studs are all interchangeable. Looks like they could sit anywhere. You could really be built any way you wanted to be built.

Topper: Oh ho... how droll. There's no way that's true.

Mr. Eric: But Topper, the top brick, looked down and saw little studs like his on all the bricks below him.

Topper: It's funny, some of those bricks look just like me.

Middi: But some of them look so different. Different shapes and sizes, and colors... I'm a little scared of those bricks.

Mr. Eric: Said Middi.

Base: Scared. Oh ho ho.

Mr. Eric: Laughed Base, the bottom brick.

Base: Try being down here at the bottom for a while. You'll realize none of you other bricks are anything to be afraid of. Or liked. Or even listened to.

Mr. Eric: And with that, the base brick started to shake and rumble back and forth. The bricks at the top were swaying the hardest and looked like they were about to fall.

Topper: Now, see here. You're going to get someone hurt.

Base: Ah, get off my back, Topper. You've been hurting me this whole time.

Mr. Eric: And the top brick fell off, right into the dirt below.

Daphne: Wait a minute, you all need to calm down.

Mr. Eric: Piped in Daphne Dill. But Base just kept shaking and shaking until—

Middi: Oh noo!

Mr. Eric: Middi, the middle brick, fell off, too. She didn't have far to fall, but it still didn't feel very nice.

Topper: [Muffled] Ughh, get off me.

Mr. Eric: Muttered Topper from below Middi. Their studs had interlocked and now she was on top of him, even though she was a little bit bigger.

Middi: Oh, I'm so sorry!

Mr. Eric: Said Middi.

Base: [Laughs] Now you know how it feels, Topper.

Mr. Eric: Said Base, who'd now shook every last brick off of him.

Middi: But Base, he can't lift me up all by himself.

Base: Eh, too bad. I'm outta here.

Mr. Eric: And as the base brick started shuffling, kitty-cornering itself out of the field, a strange thing started happening.

Other Brick 1: Oh dear, our fellow brick has fallen.

Other Brick 2: Oh, look at you down there, that's no good.

Mr. Eric: Two of the other bricks near the bottom came over and stuck themselves underneath Middi. It just took three tiny little bricks to hold up one brick ten times their size.

Topper: Well, this isn't that bad. It's like a day in the spa.

Mr. Eric: Said Topper, twisting around in the dirt below.

Middi: It's like I've got three little legs. Isn't that wonderful!

Daphne: You know, if a couple more of you blocks got underneath,

Mr. Eric: Said Daphne Dill.

Daphne: You'd be able to have some nice long legs. You'd be able to walk all over the field.

Topper: Oh, I never though of that.

Other Brick 1: That seems like fun.

Other Brick 2: I mean, if everybody else is doing it.

Mr. Eric: And a few more bricks got under Middi, giving her long, skinny, and sturdy legs.

Middi: Cool, I'm higher up than I've ever been.

Mr. Eric: Base had hardly managed to squirm away at all and with three steps of her long legs, Middi and the other blocks had already caught up to Base.

Middi: You know, it's really quite nice up here.

Base: Yeah, and I suppose you want to get even taller having me underneath.

Middi: Well, no. I was... thinking maybe you could climb up here.

Mr. Eric: And a few of the jointed bricks and the bowed bricks helped those legs bend extra low so Base could climb right on top of Middi.

Base: Pass. I don't need your help for nothing.

Mr. Eric: Just then, Blatto and a few more bees started buzzing back towards the field.

Base: Hey, what's that buzzing sound? That sounds kinda scary.

Daphne: Oh, don't worry.

Mr. Eric: Said Daphne Dill.

Daphne: It's just a swarm of bees. Probably coming to take all the pollen off all you blocks and the chocolate, too, really. I don't know if you'll be able to talk after that chocolate's gone. Hm.

Base: Hey, I don't want them to take my chocolate, I mean, talking's all I got left.

Topper: Listen, Base... none of us want to lose our talking. Just climb on up here and we'll walk out of this field together.

Base: All you bricks'd really do that for me? After I shook you off.

Middi: Of course we would.

Topper: Why do you think I offered.

Base: Okay, but uh... I actually got kind of an idea of my own.

[Whispering noises]

Mr. Eric: And Base started whispering to all the other blocks, that started coming apart and reforming. The buzzing of the bees was getting closer and Daphne Dill started helping them by giving them directions telling which blocks to get where. With her help and Base's idea, they were snapped together in a jiffy, forming... a big colorful plastic block bee.

Blatto: Hey, Daphne Dill,

Mr. Eric: Said Blotto.

Blatto: Some of these bees want to be able to talk like me.

Daphne: Well, sure, help yourself to that little piece of chocolate down on the ground.

Blatto: Hey, where'd that tower of blocks go?

Base: Yo, wait. I don't know nothing about no blocks.

Mr. Eric: Said Base. But he didn't look like Base anymore. He was part of a giant plastic block bumble bee.

Blatto: Wow. You are a mighty queen bee.

Base: Yeah. You know what? That's what I am. I'm a queen bee. So why don't you and your friends take your chocolate and buzz off.

Mr. Eric: And that's what the three bumble bees did.

Blatto: Thanks for the chocolate, Daphne Dill. Just remember, if you see those plastic blocks again, be very careful.

Daphne: Actually, they prefer to be called bricks.



[Record scratch]

- Blatto: Huh?
- Mr. Eric: And Blatto and the three bees flew away. Base, Middi, Topper, and tall the other bricks started flapping their wings together until they took off into the air.
- Topper: My goodness.
- Mr. Eric: Said Topper. He was one of the bee's eyes now.
- Topper: I've never seen so far.
- Mr. Eric: Middi spoke up. She was one of the bee's wings now.
- Middi: Whoever thought we bricks could learn to fly?
- Base: I mean, I knew it all along.
- Mr. Eric: Said Base. He made up half of that bumble bee's body.
- Base: And I got some more ideas about what we could become tomorrow.
- Topper: Oh, so do I.
- Middi: Let's fly out there and turn into everything we can see!
- Mr. Eric: Said Middi. And so the bumble bee of bricks flew away.
- Daphne: Well, don't forget to come back and say hello every now and then.
- Mr. Eric: Said Daphne Dill. The field was calm and quiet now. And Daphne Dill stood, growing slowly in the sun. It would be a lonely night for the little wildflower, but in the morning, those bumble bees would come back. Collecting pollen with their little chocolate-covered legs. And each and every flower in her field would become Daphne Dill's new family.
- The end.
- [Falling harp scale.]
- Mr. Eric: Hey, Teddy. I hope you liked your story. I was so impressed by how good those blocks were at building. Oh, uh, excuse me. I mean, bricks. That's what they like to be called, right?

I'd like to thank Teddy for his awesome question. Karen for her editing and producing, Craig Martinson for his theme song. And all you kids at home who know that every brick is special, no matter how it's built.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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