

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 30: What if mirrors could talk back to each other?

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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. My name's Mr. Eric, and today we've got a question from Andy.

Andy: Hi, my name is Andy and my question is—

Parent: Wait, what do you like?

Andy: I like...

Parent: Don't you like The Avengers.

Andy: Yep.

Parent: Now, you have a question about mirrors.

Andy: My question is, that mirrors could talk back to each other?

Parent: What if our mirrors would talk back to each other? Say thanks.

Andy: Thanks!

Mr. Eric: Andy, that is a cool question. I have literally never had that thought occur to me. So creative. Did you know that there is a group of superheroes in What If World called The Answerers? Oh man, they are actually a lot like the Avengers of What Is World, but I'm actually more interested in their mirrors.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: In What If World, Thor was the leader of the Answerers. He was the son of Odin and the brother of Loki and a mighty warrior and god of thunder. And he really liked looking at himself in the mirror.

[Record scratch]

Thor: Yes. I am quite ripplingly buff. Mm, yes. These muscles. I've got to keep them away from mirror lest they burst out of my armor and crack the very silver.

Voice: [Laughter]

Mr. Eric: He heard something he thought sounded like a giggle.

Thor: What was that? Has some sort of villain invaded my private sanctum?

Voice: [Giggle]

Mr. Eric: Another giggle. He spun on his heels. But there was no one there, just his reflection staring back at him.

Thor: By the hammer of Mjolnir, something is afoot.

Mr. Eric: Thor picked up his hammer and stalked out of his dressing room, looking to see if there were any evildoers about.

Two tall mirrors stood on either side of the dressing room, one of silver, one of gold.

Gold: Did you see him flexing?

Mr. Eric: Just then, Silver spoke up.

Silver: He's a little pig-headed, wouldn't you say?

Gold: Pig-headed? He's so conceited he might as well be pig-bodied.

Silver: Yes, quite. But we've got to keep our laughing under control.

Gold: Oh, I know. I just can't help it. It's so ridiculous. I mean, he combs his hair for 30 minutes a day!

Silver: But listen, we're spying on Thor for Loki so we've got to keep it low key and that—

Gold: Low key, I get it.

Silver: Gold, that pun was unintentional. We've got to stay secret.

Mr. Eric: Just then, a big green monster burst into the dressing room! [CRUNCH] The Uncredible Ulk.

Ulk: Well, I thought I heard somebody arguing in here.

Mr. Eric: The mirrors stayed quiet. Is that you, Brown Recluse? It's just me, the Ulk.

Gold: [Giggle]

Mr. Eric: A little giggle escaped from Gold.

Ulk: Well, now I know someone's playing tricks on the Ulk. Where are you, Brown Recluse?

Mr. Eric: And the Ulk stomped through the dressing room, exiting at the other end.

[Door shuts]

Silver: Gold, you've got to keep it together. You know that Ulk likes smashing things.

Gold: Oh, I know. But who goes around wearing skin-tight purple shorts.

Silver: I don't know, but Loki wants to learn the Answerer's secrets not who goes around wearing purple shorts and who doesn't.

Gold: Okay, okay. I'll button up.

Mr. Eric: Thor burst in from the west side of the dressing room. The west side is where the Ulk had just exited.

Thor: Oh, Ulk says that Brown Recluse is hiding here somewhere. I'd better put on a better cape so I look more handsome.

Mr. Eric: So Thor tried on all his best capes to try and impress the Recluse. Who wasn't even there, by the way. After a while, Ulk came up.

Ulk: What's taking you so long? Ulk impatient!

Thor: It's just that brown isn't really my color.

Gold: Sure isn't!

Thor: What did you just say, Ulk?

Ulk: Me? I didn't say nothing.

Thor: You said that brown wasn't my color.

Ulk: That's what you said!

Thor: Well, you didn't have to agree with me.

Ulk: I didn't agree with you. It must have been the Brown Recluse.

Thor: Right, well, let's go find her. I'll take the west exit. You take the east.

Ulk: Well, first you're mad at me, now you're bossing me around. Ulk upset.

Mr. Eric: The Uncredible Ulk stalked out to the east and Thor to the west.

Silver the mirror spoke up.

Silver: What do you think you're doing there, Gold?

Gold: I'm just trying to get them to talk. The more they talk, the more secrets we learn.

Silver: I think you're just trying to mess with them for your own enjoyment.

Gold: Well, Loki is a trickster. Don't you think he'd want us to play tricks?

Silver: Interesting. I don't—

Mr. Eric: Suddenly a small woman was suspending herself down from the ceiling from a tiny thread of spiderweb. She was half human, half spider, with four arms and four legs. It was the Brown Recluse.

Brown Recluse: I've got to disguise myself as Thor for a mission. Good thing he left all his capes out.

Mr. Eric: Quickly, she started trying on different Thor outfits.

Brown Recluse: Does this one look okay?

Gold: Who are you talking to?

Mr. Eric: Asked Gold.

Silver: Shhh.

Mr. Eric: Said Silver.

Brown Recluse: Who said that?

Mr. Eric: Brown Recluse spun to face the gold mirror and inspected it thoroughly.

Brown Recluse: Must be some kind of Asgardian magic. Are you two some kind of guardians of the dressing room?

Gold: Not even close—

Silver: Yes, that's exactly what we are. The guardians of the dressing room.

Mr. Eric: Cut in Silver.

Brown Recluse: Right, well, I just need Thor's clothes for a very important mission. I will bring them right back.

Gold: But you don't look like Thor at all. It would take someone of very limited intelligence in order to—

Ulk: Thor? Is that you?

Mr. Eric: It was the Uncredible Ulk.

Ulk: I haven't been able to find Brown Recluse anywhere.

Brown Recluse: Oh.

Mr. Eric: Said the Brown Recluse, trying to act like Thor.

Brown Recluse: Hey, I'm not looking for her anymore, she's gone away.

Ulk: Gone away?

Mr. Eric: Asked Ulk.

Ulk: See, you shouldn't have tried on all them capes. You should have just acted like yourself.

Brown Recluse: Oh.

Mr. Eric: Said the Brown Recluse.

Brown Recluse: I'll try to remember that next time.

Ulk: And listen, don't go trying on extra arms and legs either. She's got to like you for you, Thor.

Brown Recluse: Uh, right! I'll just take these extra arms and legs off when you go.

Mr. Eric: The Uncredible Ulk walked back out the west exit.

Gold: Well, it was all right it was good enough to fool the Uncredible Ulk, but that's really not that impressive.

Silver: Yes, what would be more impressive,

Mr. Eric: Said Silver.

Silver: Is if you, you know, talked about all of Thor's secrets. That way, you would seem like the real, authentic Thor.

Brown Recluse: You know, that's a good idea. Okay. The magic that allows Thor to lift his hammer, Mjolnir...

Silver: Yeeee-eeesss???

Mr. Eric: But then the three of them heard Thor coming up from the east entrance. Brown Recluse ripped off the Thor costume and tied one of those purple capes around her waist like purple shorts.

Silver: Oh, no way anyone falls for that.

Thor: Uncredible Ulk, why are you down here? I thought you were searching the west wing for Brown Recluse.

Brown Recluse: Uuuhm,

Mr. Eric: Said Brown Recluse, trying to sound like the Uncredible Ulk.

Brown Recluse: There ain't no Brown Recluse here. I already finished searching.

Thor: Ulk, are you all right? You don't look so good.

Brown Recluse: Uh, it's just I'm halfway back to me normal self, Ruce Ranner. So, that's why my voice is a little higher.

Thor: Well, that's good. Ruce Ranner is smarter than the Uncredible Ulk. Now we can figure out why she's here.

Brown Recluse: But I just told you, she's not here at all so you should just go take a nap and not come back up here.

Thor: Oh no, I'm not risking you Ulking out in my dressing room. You'll rip up all my clothes.

Gold: I don't think you have to worry about that.

Mr. Eric: Whispered Gold.

Thor: What? Who said that? Brown Recluse? Is that you?

Brown Recluse: Uh, yeah. Maybe she's still here. You should go look for her.

Mr. Eric: Said Brown Recluse, shooting a look at Gold the mirror.

Thor: Well, she can't be far this time.

Mr. Eric: said Thor, and he walked out in the same direction the Uncredible Ulk left!

Brown Recluse: Uh, no, I think I heard her go the other way.

Thor: I'm sorry, Ulk, I just can't really listen to you. I mean, it's like your accent is changing every five seconds.

Brown Recluse: That's not fai-irr-rrr. I think I'm about to Ulk out. You better get out of here.

Mr. Eric: And she started flexing her muscles and jumping up and down as if she was about to grow in size!

Thor: Oh, fine. Have it your way. I'll go this way, you go that way.

Brown Recluse: Oh, that's fine then. Thanks.

Mr. Eric: And Thor finally disappeared.

Brown Recluse: What are you two doing?

Mr. Eric: Said Brown Recluse, walking back up to the mirrors.

Brown Recluse: Clearly, you're not working for Thor or you would have given me up. So what's your game, mirrors?

Gold: Oh, we just like playing tricks, that's all.

Silver: Shh! We don't like tricks! Or anything about tricks. Or secrets, or... or Loki-type stuff.

Mr. Eric: Silver started shining a bright red, embarrassed that it had just said Loki's name.

Brown Recluse: Oh, so you're Loki mirrors. Well, if you want to play fun tricks on Thor, that's none of my business, but I need a Thor costume, so are we going to work together or is Thor going to find out about you two tricksters? I wonder if you can stand up against his hammer?

Gold: Oh nooooo!

Mr. Eric: Shouted Gold, loud enough for everyone in the house to hear.

Brown Recluse: Shhh!

Mr. Eric: Said Brown Recluse. Suddenly, she heard stomping up from both flights of staircases. It sounded like Ulk and Thor were coming up at the same time.

Silver: Thor's going to break us for sure.

Brown Recluse: Not if I can help it. You two follow my lead and maybe we'll be okay.

Mr. Eric: The Uncredible Ulk leapt in, smashing through the door!

Ulk: Ulk save! Who in trouble!

Mr. Eric: He looked left and right, but Brown Recluse was too fast! She'd already gotten behind him and she'd started throwing a bunch of brown fabric over him.

Ulk: Who putting clothes on me?

Mr. Eric: He spun around, but she stayed just out of his sight, throwing a brown cloak over his shoulders.

Ulk: Ulk don't like brown! Ulk only wear purple. Oi! Where are you at? Who's that? Oh, what! Ooh, mm-mm-mmm.

Mr. Eric: It only took a few quick seconds of him spinning around and those clothes wrapping around him tighter and tighter until he was wrapped in brown fabric, and just then Thor burst in!

Thor: Brown Recluse? Did I hear you? Are you in danger?

Mr. Eric: Brown Recluse rolled her eyes and snuck into the shadows.

Thor: Brown Recluse, what are you doing hiding on us? We've been looking everywhere for you.

Ulk: [Muffled, incoherent shouting]

Mr. Eric: Said the Uncredible Ulk, but he was wrapped up so tight in that brown fabric, he couldn't even talk.

Thor: Not talking, huh? You spies and your mysteries.



Ulk: [Muffled incoherent, emphatic shouting]

Thor: What was that? You want a brown pillow. Well, I might have some around here.

Mr. Eric: Thor walked deeper into his wardrobe just as the Uncredible Ulk finally managed to burst through the brown clothes he was wrapped up in.

Ulk: All right, who's playing tricks here? Seems like it must be Brown Recluse!

Mr. Eric: Thor overheard him talking.

Thor: Yes, she's certainly here. I'm trying to find her a brown—

Mr. Eric: Thor had suddenly gone quiet so the Uncredible Ulk went to find him. Folks at home, can you guess what had happened to Thor?

Ulk: Brown Recluse, I finally found you!

Mr. Eric: But the Uncredible Ulk was not speaking to Brown Recluse.

Thor: [Muffled, incoherent shouting]

Mr. Eric: It was Thor, wrapped up in brown clothes until he couldn't talk and barely move.

Gold: Heheheeee

Mr. Eric: Gold's giggle rang through the whole dressing room.

Ulk: Now, this is no time for laughs, Brown Recluse. You've played enough tricks on me. Ulk is gonna get you.

Mr. Eric: Ulk picked up Thor, still thinking he was the Brown Recluse.

Thor: [Muffled, incoherent emphatic shouting]

Mr. Eric: Mumbled Thor.

Ulk: I do not snore!

Thor: [Muffled, incoherent, even more emphatic shouting]

Mr. Eric: Meanwhile, Brown Recluse had snuck back to the mirrors.

Brown Recluse: Do you two think that this costume I found would suit me.

Gold: Oh, it's splendid. You look just like Thor.

Silver: Not that anyone seems to be able to tell the difference anyway.

Brown Recluse: Oh, that's just these two. They're terribly foolish at times. Well, thank you two for your help. I hope you find what you're seeking.

Gold: Well, we've already learned how easy they are to fool. That's something.

Mr. Eric: They all heard a: [Loud mumble] [Ripping noise] Sounds like Thor had finally broken loose of all that brown clothing.

Brown Recluse: Oh! Time I go.

Mr. Eric: Brown Recluse shot a web up to the ceiling and was gone in an instant.

Ulk: Why are you talking from here?

Thor: We've got you now, Brown Recluse. No more tricks.

Ulk: I think the talking was coming from right... here!

Mr. Eric: And Ulk jumped in front of Gold, the mirror.

Thor: I believe I heard something coming from right... here!

Mr. Eric: And Thor jumped in front of Silver, the mirror.

Ulk: Now, Thor. Don't believe your eyes because it looks like the Brown Recluse has disguised herself as me again.

Thor: I wouldn't count on it, Ulk. It appears to me as if Brown Recluse has disguised herself as me!

Mr. Eric: But the two of them were just looking at their reflections!

Gold: Hehehe!

Silver: How can you be so thick?

Mr. Eric: Said Thor's reflection.

Thor: See? She's putting words in my mouth.

Gold: Hehe! It seems like your secret is you can't see through any disguises!

Mr. Eric: Said Gold, still looking like Ulk's reflection.

Ulk: I can see through your disguise! That's not even what I sound like.

Thor: Wait, Ulk? I think I've got it figured out.

Silver: I sincerely doubt it.

Mr. Eric: Said Silver, as Thor's reflection.

Thor: You see,

Mr. Eric: Said Thor.

Thor: Brown Recluse has somehow disguised herself as both you and me.

Ulk: At the same time?

Thor: So it seems.

Ulk: I'm barely smarter than a troll, but that sounds impossible.

Gold: Hehe. Completely impossible.

Mr. Eric: Said Gold, still looking like Ulk's reflection.

Ulk: Well, that proves it, Thor. You're right. She's both of us at the same time!

Thor: Brown Recluse, this is freaking us out, please stop.

Silver: Tell us the secret of how you pick up your hammer and I will stop.

Thor: But you know how I pick it up, Brown Recluse.

Gold: Um, we've... I mean, I've forgotten. Can you remind me?

Mr. Eric: Said Gold.

Ulk: Better do what she says, Thor. It's weird hearing myself talk with a girl's voice.

Thor: Very well. The secret of picking up the mighty hammer, Mjolnir is...

Gold & Silver: Yes?

Thor: Handle first.

Silver: Ugh.

Gold: Aw.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Oh man, the Answerers. don't even think those guys could answer who's who! Andy, I love doing superhero stories and I love adding to What If World's roster of superheroes.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall, my editor and producer. Craig Martinson for our awesome theme song. Jason O'Keeffe, who drew our new logo. I love it, thanks J. And all you little tricksters and jokesters at home, for making sure that nobody gets hurt when you have fun.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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