

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 34: What if I could jump through my TV and jump into Minecraft world?

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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. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and today we've got a question from Allie.

Allie: Hi, my name is Allie and I'm eight years old. I like cooking and Minecraft. And my question is, what if I could jump through my TV and jump into Minecraft world?

Parent: Yay! Thank you!

Allie: Thank you.

Mr. Eric: Yay indeed! I have always wanted to jump through the screen and into a video game. And I've always wanted to learn a little bit more about Minecraft. I've heard so much about it. And thanks to your question, I got to go online and do a little research for your story.

So, what if I could jump through my TV and jump into Minecraft world?

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: On the last day of summer camp Pixicato was saying goodbye to her new friends, the snokemon.

Snurtle: Snurtle, snurtle.

Pixicato: Oh, I will miss you so much, you icy little turtle.

Plkasnu: Pikasnu.

Pixicato: Oh, and I might miss you most of all Pikasnu.

Snarizard: Snariza-ard?

Pixicato: Of course, I'll never forget you Snarizard.

Snurtle: Snurtlle snurtle snurtlesnurtle SNURTLE, snurtle snurtle.

Pixicato: What? There's a video game about snowkemon. We could kind of like hang out together in a video game?

Pikasnu: Snu-snu pika.

Pixicato: Oh, it's a video game about you, but you're not really in it. I'm sorry. I'm a fairy. We don't really know much about video games.

Snarizard: Snarizard!

Pixicato: Mindcraft. What is that? Is that another game?

Pikasnu: Pika! Pikasnu-snu-snusns

Snurtle: Snurtle snurtlesnurtle snu-r-rtle!

Pixicato: Wait, what are you trying to warn me about? Stop talking over each other.

Mr. Eric: But just then Sprite Alright, one of Pixicato's fairy moms showed up.

Sprite Alright: Sprite alright, it's time to get out of here! I hope you had a lot of fun at camp but it's time to go home. We got a magic dinner waiting for you and it's getting cold.

Pixicato: Oh wait, Mom I gotta talk to my friends fore one more second!

Mr. Eric: But Sprite Alright. had already flicked her magic wand and together they teleported all the way back to their home with Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: Oh, daughter, you're finally back. We missed you ever so much.

Pixicato: Mom, I was having fun playing with my friends. And then Mom just teleported me away.

Sprite Alright: Well, I'm sorry, baby. But we missed so much. We just want to spend some time with you.

Pixicato: Okay, but then can you buy me the snowkemon game because my friends, the snowkemon, were telling me about it. And it sounds really—

Fair Elise: Pixicato, sit down and have dinner with your parents. We've missed you. We want to hear all about your summer camp. And we won't be buying any games until we spend some quality time together.

Pixicato: Oh, okay.

Mr. Eric: And Pixicato flew over to the dinner table glowing the gray of boredom

Sprite Alright: Now don't you glow at your mothers that way.

Mr. Eric: Said Sprite Alright.

Pixicato: I can't help it. I miss you guys, too. But I just was having so much fun at camp and my friends were telling me about this really fun game.

Mr. Eric: Pixicato started glowing brighter and brighter as she talked about her time at summer camp. Fair Elise and Sprite Alright listened and ate along with their daughter. And when the meal was over.

Pixicato: So, okay, now I finished eating and I was thinking we could go to the store and buy a game.

Fair Elise: I asked you not to bring up the games anymore, Pixicato. Please go to your room.

Pixicato: Ah, Mom.

Mr. Eric: Pixicato glowed a sullen yellow as she stalked off to bed. In the morning she woke up to Sprite Alright zigzagging all over her room.

Sprite Alright: Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. Wake up!

Pixicato: What is it Mom? Are we going to the store?

Sprite Alright: Shh. Now Pixicato, your mother is not as cool as Sprite Alright, so I went and I snuck out and I bought the coolest game that the guy said there was.

Pixicato: You bought me the Snokemon.

Sprite Alright: Oh, I couldn't remember the name of it. I'm sorry, honey. It all sounds like gobbledygook to me, but I bought you this game called Minecraft.

Pixicato: Aw, Mom.

Sprite Alright: Listen I'm going to take your mom out to breakfast right now so you have an hour to play that game all by yourself.

Pixicato: Okay mom, thanks.

Sprite Alright: You're welcome, Pixicato. Just remember you're gonna owe us some quality time when we get back from breakfast.

Pixicato: Okay mom.

Mr. Eric: And Sprite Alright zipped out of the bedroom A moment later, Pixicato heard she and Fair Elise leave the house. She picked up the thin case holding the Minecraft video game and flew downstairs in front of the TV.

Pixicato: Hmm. I don't know how to play this. The kids at Camp said you needed some kind of system.

Mr. Eric: She opened up the case to see if there was anything else inside. No, just the little disc holding the game.

Pixicato: Oh man, my parents don't know anything about cool stuff.

Mr. Eric: But then Pixicato had an idea. She pulled out her wand, aimed at the game and said, TV, me and Minecraft make three. A green glowing line of magic shot from her wand to the television to the Minecraft disc and back to her. And then she saw the Minecraft world on the screen.

Pixicato: Okay, here I go!

Mr. Eric: And she jumped right through her TV screen.

Pixicato: Whoa!

Mr. Eric: She was surrounded by green blocks. And off in the distance a few brown blocks stacked up to kind of look like trees. And even farther off some gray ones stacked up even higher to look like mountains. And right in front of her, a little white block knd of walking around.

Chicken: Bock bock bock bock bock bock bock bock.

Pixicato: What are you some kind of chicken?

Chicken: Bock bock bockbockbockbock bockbockbock.

Mr. Eric: The chicken looked up at her and alarm.

Pixicato: It's okay, chicken. Fairies don't eat meat. So what am I supposed to do here?

Chicken: Bock bockbock boock bock bock.

Mr. Eric: The chicken went back to ignoring her and pecking the ground with this little blocky beak. She walked around the world of Minecraft trying to figure out what she was supposed to do.

Pixicato: Maybe I need to use my mind in order to make things?

Mr. Eric: So she flicked her magic wand that a block of wood. Nothing happened.

Pixicato: I guess my magic wand doesn't work.

Game: Beep... beep. [Continues beeping in background]

Mr. Eric: She heard a sort of beeping coming from the forest. It sounded like it was getting closer and then a long green creature with four stubby little green tentacles walked right up to her.

Pixicato: Oh you're kind of cute.

Game: Beep beep beep beep.

Mr. Eric: Every time the little green creature beep it flashed red for just a moment.

Pixicato: Oh, I think I'll call you a beeper. What do you do you little beeper?

Beeper: Beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beepbeepbeepbeepbeep.

Pixicato: I don't like the sound of this.

M Mr. Eric: Pixicato flew away as fast as she could and—

Beeper: Ka-beepbeepbeepbeepbeep BOOP.

Mr. Eric: And one last loud flash of green and red and the beeper was gone. And that tree was knocked down. And a few more trees in the vicinity. And even some stone and ground had been tossed up in the air. She flew back down to see if there were any signs of the beeper.

Beeper: Beep... beep... beep...

Mr. Eric: It was the tiniest, cutest little thing you'd ever seen. And it fit in the palm of this tiny fairy's little hand. Oh, thanks, little guy. I think now I could gather up this stuff.

Beeper: Beep... beep... beep...

Mr. Eric: But with every beep that little thing started to get just a bit bigger.

Pixicato: Maybe I should keep some distance from you.

Beeper: Beep?

Mr. Eric: And she gave it a toss.

Beeper: Beeeeeee-eeeeep... beep.

Pixicato: Okay, now have wood and earth and stone. What am I gonna build?

Mr. Eric: As she grabbed up all the resources around her. They started disappearing.

Pixicato: Oh man. I wanted to build stuff with that. Where did it go?

Mr. Eric: She looked all around but there was no sign of it.

Pixicato: Oh, no wonder Pikasnu and Snurtle tried to warn me of this game. It's really hard.

Mr. Eric: But then she noticed a little button on her belt that had a word on it.

Pixicato: What's in venturi?

Mr. Eric: But when she pressed the button would suddenly she could see all the wood and dirt and stone she'd gathered right at her fingertips.

Pixicato: Okay, now I've got it.

Mr. Eric: She spent all day working with her resources. And by the time the sun went down, she held up her creation.

Pixicato: I've invented a dirty stone shovel of breaking. Yes!

Mr. Eric: She held up the shovel in the air! And the handle fell right off.

Pixicato: Aw, I'm no good at this game.

Mr. Eric: She used a little more wood to make a new handle. Then she took the rest of the night to dig a bunch of new holes and plant seeds for all the trees she chopped down.

Pixicato: Ah, but I should really plant two seeds for every tree I chopped down.

Mr. Eric: By the time she'd finished planting those seeds, It was already the next day!

She flew back to where she'd first entered the game. That same blocky little chicken was still plugging about. Then Pixicato took out her magic wand and...

Pixicato: TV, me and Minecraft make three! Oh no, my wand doesn't work here.

Mr. Eric: But there was still a little silver disc floating up right in the air.

Pixicato: That must be the TV screen but I can't get through it.

Mr. Eric: She knocked on the screen but her hand wouldn't go through. She pressed her eyes up against it and just barely through a murky grayness. She could see her living room.

Pixicato: Oh no. My moms must be worried sick.

Mr. Eric: But she couldn't see the fairies on the other side. In fact, when she looked at the clock in their living room, only 20 minutes ticked by.

Pixicato: Okay, for every day in Minecraft, only 20 minutes goes by in the real world.

Mr. Eric: Folks at home, if her parents were gone for an hour, and she'd already used up 20 minutes, how many more days could she spend in Minecraft world before her parents got back?

Pixicato: Okay, if an hour is 60 minutes, and I just used up 20 minutes that means I have 40 minutes left so I've got only two days to get home. Okay, so in two days, I need to learn how to make a Minecraft magic wand. Oh, geez.

Mr. Eric: She was feeling really tired and hungry. She felt her belt tightening and look down at it.

Pixicato: Didn't there used to be a picture of like a chicken drumstick on this belt? Now it looks like it's disappeared. Let me just check my inventory.

Mr. Eric: She pressed the button on her belt again and... bloop! Her inventory didn't have any food. She turned around to that chicken again.

Pixicato: Hey, chicken.

Mr. Eric: It looked up at her warily.

Chicken: Bock... bock...?

Pixicato: Oh, hi chicken. I don't have any chicken legs in my belt and I think that's important so can you...

Mr. Eric: Suddenly the chicken's eyes went wide. It turned around and flapped its stubby little wings trying to fly away. And with each step, it dropped a tiny white cube. An egg!

Pixicato: Thank you, chicken!

Mr. Eric: Pixicato called after the slowly fleeing chicken and picked up those eggs and suddenly there were more chicken legs on her belt.

Pixicato: Oh, I feel so much better now. I think I'm really getting the hang of this.

Snarizard: Snari-ZARD!

Mr. Eric: She heard a cry off in the distance. It sounded just like her friend, Snarizard.

Pixicato: But I thought Snarizard was only in the Snokemon game.

Mr. Eric: Curious, Pixicato flew towards the sound of our friend to find him fending off a horde of zombies and skeletons and spiders.

Snarizard: Snar! !! Zard!

Mr. Eric: The giant dragon was covered in glittering diamond armor and wielding a staff with a brilliant green emerald at the end. All the other creatures seem to bounce off of Snarizard's armor. And everywhere he pointed that staff, skeletons disappeared. Rolling rocks pushed aside zombies. And, holes appeared under spiders and they zipped down and away on their spider webs.

Pixicato: Snarizard, is that you?

Mr. Eric: The giant ice dragon turned its head and looked at her then pressed a button on its belt. All the zombies and skeletons and spiders suddenly froze.

Snarizard: Snarizard?

Pixicato: Yeah, it's me, Pixicato. I'm so happy to see you. But are you trapped here, too?

Snarizard: Snar snarsnar.



Pixicato: I don't know what adventure mode is. That means you can just do whatever you want?

Mr. Eric: Snarizard are shook his hand a little.

Snarizard: ...izard.

Pixicato: Also you crafted this whole area. Well, listen, I need to make a wand or maybe like a magic staff like the one you have otherwise I'll never get home.

Mr. Eric: Snarizard held out the giant emerald staff for her to take.

Pixicato: Oh, thank you so much.

Mr. Eric: When she tried to grab it out of his hand, it disappeared. No matter how hard he tried, there was nothing Snarizard could give to his friend. So instead, he decided to teach Pixicato. They spent a whole day learning to craft together.

Snarizard: Snar, snarizard. Snar I zard. Snarizaaard. [Singing in background]

Mr. Eric: They went to desert lands, and forest lands, and dungeons, and firey lands. She had leather armor, then stone armor, then steel armor, then gold armor. They built a hut, then a house, then a castle, then a car. Wait not a car. Can you do that in Minecraft? Well, let's say maybe a wagon. And finally, she was climbing up Snarizard's neck with a big stone block to put in place at the top of a giant portal.

Snarizard: Snarizard. Zard. Zardisnar.

Pixicato: I know. I have to do this part alone.

Mr. Eric: Snarizard pressed the button on his belt one last time and disappeared.

Pixicato: Thanks Snarizard!

Mr. Eric: She built a fine Minecraft wand. But it was still missing the emerald.

Pixicato: Okay, the When Dragon has the emerald and that's my ticket home.

Mr. Eric: She stepped through the portal and ended up in a wide open world so vast and empty, like a desert so dry it was almost white. And coming through that desert straight towards her was a long black figure.

Whenderman: I'm Whenderman. Beware my awesome powers!

Mr. Eric: And Whenderman picked up a block of that whitish sand.

Whenderman: Behold!

Pixicato: Oh, hi Whenderman. Snarizard didn't mention you. You're not the When Dragon, are you?

Whenderman: No, but I can do something even the When Dragon can't. Look at me! I'm holding a block.

Pixicato: I'm sorry, is that a good thing?

Whenderman: No other monsters can hold blocks so yeah, I think so.

Pixicato: Oh, good for you. Hey, which way is the When Dragon?

Whenderman: You're not ready to face the When Dragon. Come face me.

Pixicato: No, I need an emerald to power my wand from the When Dragon, so if you could just tell me which way he is?

Whenderman: Fine, he's that way.

Mr. Eric: Whenderman dropped the white block back into the ground and pointed to his right. Pixicato walked through the white desert towards a looming black tower. But as she got closer, she realized it was no tower. It was the When Dragon!

When Dragon: How long have you played?

Mr. Eric: Asked the When Dragon.

Pixicato: It's getting close to three days. So I really have to get back as soon as possible.

When Dragon: Three days?

Mr. Eric: Said the When Dragon.

When Dragon: That's only one hour in the real world. I'm afraid you'll have to play much, much longer if you want my emerald.

Pixicato: What?

Mr. Eric: Asked Pixicato.

Pixicato: I don't want to play anymore.

When Dragon: But didn't you have fun?

Mr. Eric: The shadowy dragon unfurled her wings and darkness fell over Pixicato.

Pixicato: Yeah, I had fun but I owe my parents some quality time.

When Dragon: [Laughs] I thought the game was a gift to you. How can they give you a gift and ask you not to play it?

Pixicato: Hang on. I thought we were gonna like battle or something.

When Dragon: Oh, I don't think you've played long enough to be ready to battle me. You should go back and play some more.

Pixicato: No.

Mr. Eric: Said Pixicato.

Pixicato: In fact, if you don't give me the Emerald, I will never play this game again.

When Dragon: But you must play the game. You want to play it all the time.

Pixicato: Not really. I want to play it every now and then. And also play with my friends. And also my moms.

When Dragon: [Sighs] You casual gamers are no fun.

Mr. Eric: And just like that, the When Dragon disappeared.

When Dragon: Just remember, when you come back you owe me a battle.

Pixicato: Maybe someday, When Dragon. But right now I gotta get back to What If World.

Mr. Eric: A tiny little Emerald was left in the white sand, just big enough to power the wand for one spell. She grabbed the emerald, rushed back to the portal and all the way back to that chicken again where the little silver screen seemed to be getting smaller and smaller.

Pixicato: Oh no. My spell's wearing off in What If World. I might get trapped in here forever.

Mr. Eric: She put the emerald in our Minecraft wand and...

Pixicato: TV, me, and Minecraft make three!

Mr. Eric: Green light shot out from her, to the wand, to the screen and back again. And she jumped through the tiny little screen just as it was about to wink out of existence forever. She reappeared back in her living room, back in her real body, with her real wand in her hand just as Fair Elise and Sprite Alright walked back into the living room.

Pixicato: Mom!

Mr. Eric: She flew into her mothers' arms and gave them both a big hug.

Fair Elise: Oh Pixicato, I guess you're finally ready to spend some time with us.

Pixicato: You'll never believe what just happened. I was stuck inside a video game for three days.

Sprite Alright: Uh, Pixicato, sweetie, I thought we weren't gonna mention that to your mom. I

Mr. Eric: Interrupted Sprite Alright

Fair Elise: Stuck inside a what game you say?

Mr. Eric: Asked Fair Elise.

Pixicato: I mean, well, I guess I'm gonna be grounded from video games for a couple of weeks, huh?

Fair Elise: I guess so, Pixicato. But I appreciate your honesty, so maybe just one week.

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise held out her hand. Pixicato happily gave the Minecraft disc to her mom.

Sprite Alright: Hey, well, it seems whatever I did worked.

Mr. Eric: Said Sprite Alright. But then she got a withering glance from Fair Elise.

Sprite Alright: Although I guess I should probably talked to your mom about it first. Hey, if you two are going to spend some quality time together, maybe I should play that video game for a little bit. I heard it was really cool.

Mr. Eric: Fair Elise sighed.

Fair Elise: Sometimes I wish I could ground grown ups.

Sprite Alright: Well, you can't, okay, see you! Blublubloop!

Mr. Eric: And Sprite Alright cast a spell on herself and teleported far, far away.

Pixicato: So Mom, what do you feel like doing?

Mr. Eric: Asked Pixicato.

Fair Elise: Oh, Pixi, I don't think you've ever asked me that. Well, I just learned this new magic that allows me to build blocks into things. It's a little confusing at first, but follow my lead and I'll teach you how to play.

Pixicato: Don't worry, mom. I think I'll get the hang of it.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right, Allie. I hope you enjoyed your story as much as I enjoyed learning about Minecraft. Want it. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall, my awesome editor and producer. Craig Martinson, who made my favorite theme song. Jason O'Keeffe, who gave us our new thumbnail art. It's just the coolest, and all of you gamers at home who unplug every now and then to spend time with your friends and family.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]