

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 41: What if I had a carnival at my house?

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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're going to start off with a question from Drew.

Drew: What if I had a carnival at my house?

Mr. Eric: Wow, Drew. That is a great question. But a carnival at your house? But I don't know if we can tell that story. You see, our stories take place on What If World, and if this carnival were at your house, well, that would be in What Is World.

Cthunkle: So you are going to deny the boy his story?

Mr. Eric: Oh, whoa, Cthunkle. How did you squeeze your entire giant tentacled squid body into my little studio?

Cthunkle: How indeed? For I am from What If World, whereas you are from What Is World.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I know. I have friends from What If World in my studio all the time.

Cthunkle: Then why can't you tell Drew's story.

Mr. Eric: Well, I just don't know if it's even possible.

Cthunkle: Of course it's possible. Haven't you ever heard my show, What Is World?

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle, you don't have a show called What Is World.

Cthunkle: Sure I do. I've even got my own theme song. What is the deal with glockenspiels? Unicorns are not real. Only planes can fly and my watch tells the time. You're currently in What Is World!

Mr. Eric: I don't know, Cthunkle. That sounds a lot like my song.

Cthunkle: Then you must be copying me.

Mr. Eric: All right, well, Drew, we'll definitely tell your story, of course. Maybe we'll just get one more short question to throw in there?

Cthunkle: You should find a Cthunkle question.

Mr. Eric: Sorry, Cthunkle. That's not really how it works. We just sort of randomly pick a question or two and set a story to it.

Cthunkle: Here's a Cthunkle question from Layla.

Mr. Eric: Please don't put your slimy tentacles on my keyboard, Cthunkle.

Cthunkle: Oh, I wouldn't dream of—CLICK. [Chuckles]

Layla: My name is Layla and I like Pokémon. And my what if question is what if Sniff the Cat, Stevie the Fleasel, Dracomax and JF Kat made friends and helped save the world from Cthunkle?

Cthunkle: Wow, that is an excellent question because it involves me.

Mr. Eric: But Cthunkle, you lose in Layla's question.

Cthunkle: That won't matter once I get to What Is World.

Mr. Eric: But I told you, we can't get to What Is World.

Cthunkle: Oh, Mr. Eric, how little you know.

Mr. Eric: Well, that's awfully cryptic, but we really need to get to our story so let me see if I've got this all straight. What if I had a carnival at my house and Sniff the Cat, Stevie the Fleasel, Dracomax and JF Kat made friends and helped save the world from Cthunkle? Hoo.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: JF Kat was having a good presidency. He'd taken back the What House from Cthunkle. He'd saved thousands of Whatificans from being lost in outer space. And he'd fought for equality between all people and animals, imaginary creatures, fish, and probably some other talking creatures I'm forgetting. So he did the only logical thing to do. He went on Fleasel air and flew all the way to New What City to enjoy some shwarma.

Stevie: All right, there, boss.

Mr. Eric: Said Stevie the Fleasel.

Stevie: We're just over the shwarma place now, so just go ahead and jump and just land on all fours like a cat and you'll be okay.

[Record scratch]

JF Kat: Excuse me—aah! Er.

Mr. Eric: And JF Kat was plummeting towards the ground, skyscrapers rising up beside him as he flew farther and farther, faster and faster.

JF Kat: But I'm the presideeeeeeeent!

Mr. Eric: Until Stevie the Fleasel caught him again.

Stevie: Hey, it was just a little joke.

Mr. Eric: And let him down gently right in front of the shwarma place.

JF Kat: I am not amused.

Stevie: Ah, cool your jets, prez.

Mr. Eric: Said Stevie.

Stevie: Speaking of, I should probably cool my jets.

Mr. Eric: And he turned off his flying machine and opened the door for JF Kat.

Stevie: Listen, if you're so roughed up about it, just let me buy ya your meal.

JF Kat: If you think that's gonna make up for—[sniffs] Ooh, that smells good.

Stevie: Hey, only the best for you. Go pull up a tail and I'll grab our plates.

JF Kat: Sure, I'll just pull up a tail.

Mr. Eric: There weren't any chairs or benches in this restaurant, just one long curled up tail that everyone was just sitting and eating on top of. It was a pretty crowded restaurant and there were only two seats left next to a rather mopey looking cat.

JF Kat: Excuse me, do you mind if I sit here?

Sniff: I mind everything.

Mr. Eric: Said Sniff, the spotted cat.

JF Kat: Well, I, er, uh, don't like to play this card, but I am the president.

Sniff: I know, we met a few weeks ago. You turned me into a rocket ship.

JF Kat: That's right! You're the first rocket ship cat. Shouldn't you be happy?

Sniff: How can I be happy when my aginary friend can't have his carnival?

Stevie: Hey, did you just say your aginary friend?

Mr. Eric: Stevie the Fleasel had just come back with two plates piled high with steaming rice and shwarma.

Sniff: That's right. My aginary friend Drew wants a carnival at his house.

JF Kat: Don't you mean your imaginary friend?

Mr. Eric: Asked JF Kat.

Stevie: Yeah, like my arctic singing chicken snokemon lady, Shivullaby.

Mr. Eric: And a giant icy egg appeared with a [pop] and out cracked a snowy chicken lady.

Shivullaby: Shivullababay shivulaaa

Stevie: Oh, Shivullaby, I was just imagining you to prove a point.

Shivullaby: Bay baaayyy...

Mr. Eric: And [pop], she disappeared.

Sniff: Kind of, but an agynary friend always exists.

JF Kat: That sounds exhausting.

Sniff: I know, and he wants a carnival at his house.

Stevie: That's no big deal.

Mr. Eric: Said Stevie.

Stevie: We got carnivals everywhere all the time. There's one happening under this tail right now.

Mr. Eric: He lifted up a little piece of the tail they were sitting on to reveal Mr. Mouser and a bunch of tiny mice performers.

Mr. Mouser: Finally someone's lifted this dragon tail so we can perform our carnival.

Mice: Yay! Huzzah!

Mr. Eric: The little mice started up a tiny ferris wheel and spun a little carousel, and did flips and lit rings of fire, and—

Mr. Mouser: And a one, and a two, and a—[plop]

Mr. Eric: Stevie dropped the tail back down.

Mr. Mouser: Oh dear...

Mr. Eric: Said Mr. Mouser.

Stevie: See what I mean?

Mr. Eric: Stevie and JF Kat gave each other a nod, thinking, problem solved, and started scarfing down their shwarma.

JF Kat: Meow, I just wish it came in a can.

Stevie: I just wish I could chase mine down a little hole.

Sniff: But you two don't get it. On What Is World, not everything's possible.

Stevie: What.

[Record scratch]

JF Kat: Er, uh... what?

Restaurant: WHAT?

Mr. Eric: Everyone in the restaurant had stopped talking, moving, and eating, even the restaurant itself. The hot fiery grill that had been spitting out the shwarma suddenly started opening and closing like a mouth.

Restaurant: But what if someone asks the right question? Then surely it would be possible.

Mr. Eric: The grill was just Dracomax's mouth, and the restaurant wasn't even really a restaurant. That big dragon had just gotten stuck between two buildings again.

Sniff: I don't know. Drew says there's a lot of rules on that world.

Stevie: That's crazy.

Mr. Eric: Said Stevie.

Stevie: I don't believe in this agynary friend of yours at all.

Sniff: It doesn't matter.

JF Kat: So you're saying he's not imaginary.

Sniff: He's agynary.

JF Kat: What about make believe?

Sniff: Unmakebelieve.

Several: Unmakebelieve!?

Mr. Eric: And the snokemon egg popped back into existence. [pop]

Shivullaby: Shivullaby?

Sniff: Yep. So that's why I'm sad.

Dracomax: I won't stand for it.

Mr. Eric: Said Dracomax.

Dracomax: I'm going to breathe out a portal to What Is World. Just how I breathe out all your shwarma.

JF Kat: You're saying all this delicious food I'm eating—

Stevie: Is just, uh, dragon puke?

Dracomax: And you paid for it!

JF Kat: Good point. Everyone finish eating your dragon barf, we've got a carnival to put on.

Mr. Eric: Shivullaby started warming up her vocal cords while everyone else finished their shwarma.

Shivullaby: [Muffled singing in the background.]

Mr. Eric: Mr. Mouser and all his friends packed up their carnival. Stevie the Fleasel activated his flying suit by pounding on the breastplate. JF Kat snapped on his snazziest blue bow tie over his kitten collar. And Sniff the cat unraveled his yarn rocket ship tail to collect them all together while Dracomax breathed out a great big portal to What Is World.

Through the wide open portal they could see absolutely nothing.

[Record scratch]

Sorry, I mean, through the big shimmering portal they could see nothing whatsoever. Sorry folks, I'm just... having trouble telling this What Is World part of the story. Um.

Cthunkle: Would you like me to help?

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle, it's okay. We're almost done with the story. I can do this.

Cthunkle: Why don't you start by describing what's going through the portal right now?

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle, I think I know how to tell a story. And yes, while everyone was looking at this portal through a furry window in Sniff the cat's rocket ship tail, they saw a giant squid monster crawling into the portal to disappear.

Sniff: Why's Cthunkle going into What Is World?

Mr. Eric: Asked Sniff the cat. Wait—Cthunkle, that was you? Cthunkle?

JF Kat: Well, now it's more important than ever that we get to this What Is World.

Stevie: Yeah, we don't know what this Cthunkle guy's planning over there.

Dracomax: I just hope I can fit through my own portal.

Sniff: One way to find out. Let's get this show on the road.

Mr. Eric: And Sniff the cat blasted through the portal and right into Drew's living room.

Drew's Mom: Drew, who put this big dragon balloon in our house?

Mr. Eric: But Drew was too busy riding Dracomax's tail.

Drew: Yeah!

Dracomax: Why does she think I'm a balloon?

Mr. Eric: Asked Dracomax.

JF Kat: Maybe there's no dragons in What Is World.

Shivullaby: Shivullaby?

Mr. Eric: Said Shivullaby.

Stevie: Oh, don't worry. I'm sure they've got singing ice chickens.

Drew's Mom: And Drew, please don't leave your pokemon lying around the house.

Mr. Eric: And as soon as she touched the egg, it shrunk down to fit inside her hand.

Shivullaby: Bye! Bye bye!

Mr. Eric: And she tossed Shivullaby into a toy box.

Drew: Mom!

Mr. Eric: Said Drew.

Drew: Why aren't you enjoying the carnival?

Mr. Eric: He slid down Dracomax's tail and climbed on the little mouse ferris wheel, which got bigger and bigger and bigger until it burst right through the roof.

Drew's Mom: It's a very nice carnival.

Mr. Eric: Said Drew's mother.

Drew's Mom: But it's almost time for dinner. We've got to clean up our toys.

Mr. Eric: And when she touched the ferris wheel, it shrunk down to less than half a foot. Then Drew [pop] plopped onto the ground.

Drew: Oh, Mom.

Mr. Mouser: Excuse me, Miss. Please be gentle with my ferris wheel.

Mr. Eric: Said Mr. Mouser.

Drew's Mom: Mice?



Mr. Eric: Said Drew's mom, not understanding a word Mr. Mouser had said.

Drew's Mom: Oh, how are we going to get rid of these mice?

Drew: Maybe Sniff and JF Kat can help.

Mr. Eric: Said Drew.

Sniff: Okay, but after the carnival.

JF Kat: I refuse to eat a talking mouse. It's bad publicity.

Drew's Mom: And now you're letting strays into the house?

Drew: Just until the carnival's over, Mummy.

Mr. Eric: Dracomax was breathing out rings of fire and rings of bubble and rings of candy. And the mice were jumping through it all. Tiny mice danced around the carousel, which grew bigger and bigger, pushing right through the wall of the house.

Drew's Mom: Okay, Drew. Have fun with your carousel, but make sure it's all cleaned up by dinner time.

Drew: I promise!

Mr. Eric: Said Drew, whipping around on the carousel at lightning speed. But his mom didn't seem to notice anything, even as she walked right through her cracked open walls and a piece of her ceiling fell down beside her.

JF Kat: Dracomax, be careful.

Dracomax: Sorry. I'm just having trouble fitting in this house.

Sniff: Hey Drew. It's nice to finally meet you.

Mr. Eric: Said Sniff the cat.

Drew: Sniff, you made it! This is the best carnival ever.

Stevie: So your agynary friend was real.

Mr. Eric: Said Stevie the Fleasel.

Stevie: Well, I stand corrected.

Mr. Eric: Dracomax shot out dazzling lights and glitter that made every kid in the neighborhood gasp in awe. And a few of the mice started playing little

instruments that made a big enough sound to be heard for miles. And a roller coaster sprung up. And a dunk tank. And a cotton candy machine. And Drew's mom made the finishing touches on dinner, not seeming to notice the ceiling crumbling around her.

- Dracomax: Drew, you've only got one minute until dinner.
- JF Kat: Don't worry, Dracomax has a cleanup breath. You've still got time for one more ride.
- Drew: Oh, I want to go on that spooky squid ride.
- Stevie: What spooky squid ride? I didn't see any—
- Mr. Eric: And there was a new roller coaster. Big, and green, and covered in suction cups.
- Cthunkle: Each ride takes only 30 seconds.
- Mr. Eric: Said the coaster. Or was it a coaster at all?
- Cthunkle: Yes, I'm just a spooky squid ride.
- JF Kat: I don't know, that ride looks suspicious.
- Sniff: Oh yeah. That's Cthunkle. We're supposed to save the world from him.
- Stevie: Yeah, sure, but which world are we saving form him? What If World or What Is World.
- Drew's Mom: Drew, time for dinner!
- Mr. Eric: It was Drew's mom.
- Drew: Aw, I never get to have any fun.
- Mr. Eric: And Dracomax's tail flipped Drew a thousand feet up in the air.
- Drew: [Laughs]
- Mr. Eric: And Stevie the Fleasel caught him and flew him up even higher!
- Drew: Whoa!!!
- Mr. Eric: And just as the air was getting too thin to breathe, Sniff the cat wrapped them all up in his rocket ship tail and blasted them into outer space, straight to the moon and plummeting back down to earth.

Meanwhile, Dracomax breathed out his cleanup breath and a thousand hands of purple smoke put the entire house back together, put all the toys away, and gently caught Drew as he was crashing down to earth, to seat him with the barest [thump] in his dining room chair.

Drew's Mom: Did you have fun on your carnival rides, Drew?

Mr. Eric: Asked his mother.

Drew: Yeah, and I think I even cleaned up.

Drew's Mom: You think?

Mr. Eric: She peeked into her spotless living room.

Drew: I'm just glad I was able to shoo away all those cats and mice.

Drew's Mom: Drew, you've got to be very careful around animals you don't know.

Drew: I know, Mom. But I knew those ones.

Drew's Mom: Oh, were they the neighbor's cats? Drew? Drew?

Mr. Eric: He was watching his friends disappear through the living room floor. First the mice, then Shivullaby, then Sniff and JF Kat, and finally Dracomax tried to squeeze himself through the floor.

Drew: [Laughs]

Mr. Eric: Drew laughed as he heard,

Cthunkle: Where do you think you're going?

Dracomax: Let's not do this, Cthunkle. Our voices sound too similar.

Cthunkle: I thought you were supposed to save the world from me.

Dracomax: Yeah, about that.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax pulled his head beneath the floor, disappearing once and for all.

Drew: [Laughs]

Drew's Mom: Hey, silly. What are you laughing at?

Mr. Eric: Asked Drew's mom.

Drew: Oh, it's just that now Cthunkle's trapped here, and since he can't hurt anybody, well, I guess we saved both worlds from him.

Drew's Mom: Cthunkle?

Mr. Eric: Asked Drew's Mom.

Drew's Mom: That name sound familiar.

Cthunkle: It should. I'm Cthunkle, the all-powerful. Cthunkle the spooky.

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle waved his tentacles around but they passed through everything he touched.

Cthunkle: Cthunkle! Drat.

Drew's Mom: Oh, he's from that make believe show, right sweetie?

Cthunkle: No, I am Cthunkle the green! Cthunkle the gross. Cthunkle the imaginary.

Mr. Eric: And he slunk away, not leaving a single drop of slime in his wake.

The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Hey Drew and Layla, I hope you liked your story. And Cthunkle, I'm sorry you got stuck here.

Cthunkle: Stuck, here? What if that was my plan all along?

Mr. Eric: Oh, sure, so you can start your What Is World show?

Cthunkle: Exactly.

Mr. Eric: [Laughs] I'd like to see that happen.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall my editor and producer. Craig Martinson for our awesome theme song. Jason O'Keeffe for our cool artwork, and all you kids at home for your vivid imaginations and awesome questions, and your listening.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]