

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 47: What if the dragon trainer movie were real?

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Transcription by Keffy

Mr. Eric: Hi, Emily! It's Eric. Nice to meet you!

Emily: Nice to meet you, too.

Mr. Eric: Now, I think your mom told me that you were 80 years old, is that right?

Emily: No! Seven.

Mr. Eric: Seven, oh. Oh. 17 years old. My gosh.

Emily: Seven!

Mr. Eric: Okay, you're seven years old. You're getting awfully big. Are you wearing a What If World shirt?

Emily: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: Me, too! Check it out. Twinsies.

Emily: [Laughs]

Mr. Eric: All right, so let's do the whole podcast introduction thing, because this is going to be like a real episode, right?

Emily: Yeah!

Mr. Eric: Yeah.

[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: Do you want to say "Hey there, folks, and welcome back to What If World?"

Emily: Yeah!

Mr. Eric: Go ahead. Go ahead, say it.

Emily: Hey folks, welcome back to What If World.

Mr. Eric: That's right! The show where your questions and ideas inspire... me to take naps.

Emily: [Laughs] No.

Mr. Eric: I think they inspire off the cuff stories, right? Nice. Okay. So, today, we have a very, very special guest. Her name is Emily, and Emily is our very, very, special contest winner. She wrote a review for What If World and was entered in this contest and now she's here on the air for you, for a story.

Emily: Yay!

Mr. Eric: What was that?

Emily: I just said yay.

Mr. Eric: I feel the exact same way. Now, we are going to tell a story, but I think we need a question to get started. Do you want to say something you like and then say your What If question?

Emily: I do like Pokémon and dragons.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, and what's your What If question one last time?

Emily: What if the dragon trainer movie was real?

Mr. Eric: Very, very good. Okay. Are you ready for your story.

Emily: Yeah!

Mr. Eric: So then, we add in the music later. But it goes something like [mimics the harp intro music].

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time, there was a young dragon trainer named Emily. And Emily wanted nothing more in all the world than to train her very own dragon. Unfortunately, all Emily had at the moment was a dog.

[Record scratch]

Emily: No, I have a cat.

Mr. Eric: You have a cat!

Emily: I can't have a dog until I'm 10.

Mr. Eric: Ah, oh, okay. So, all Emily had to train was a cat. And what was this cat's name, Emily?

Emily: Baby.

Mr. Eric: And Emily said,

Fictional Emily: All right, Baby, it's time for you to become a dragon because I don't have any dragons to train so we're going to make you into one.

Mr. Eric: And Baby said,

Baby: Meow?

Fictional Emily: Okay, Baby. Here you go. First things first, you've got to learn how to fly.

Mr. Eric: And she picked up Baby and threw him up into the air.

Baby: Meeooooowwww! [Thud]

Emily: If I threw him up, he'd do the claws and then there'd be claws all over.

Mr. Eric: So she said,

Fictional Emily: That didn't work. I think we need to throw you up from a little bit higher in the air.

Emily: You'll go to space. [Laughs]

Mr. Eric: [Laughs] Into space. So she said,

Fictional Emily: All right, kitty. Now we just need a rocket ship to outer space and then we're going to throw you down from outer space and you'll learn how to fly on the way down.

Emily: But he doesn't have any wings?

Mr. Eric: You're right! He doesn't.

Emily: He's gonna die.

Mr. Eric: I hope not. And Baby the cat said,

Baby: Meeeeeow... I don't think I can do that.

Emily: No...

Mr. Eric: You said,

Fictional Emily: Then what business do you have being a dragon?

Mr. Eric: And Baby said,

Baby: I'm... not a dragon. I'm a kitty cat! See! Cute? Fluffy? Bat things around with my paws!

Mr. Eric: And he got himself all tangled up in string and said,

Baby: See, I'm a cat! Please stop trying to make me into a dragon!

Fictional Emily: But all I've ever wanted to do is be a real dragon trainer!

Mr. Eric: And so she went out with her cat, Baby, looking for a dragon.

Emily: One time we tried to get Baby on a leash. We kind of tied him up with string and I was just dragging him. He was just laying down.

Mr. Eric: So she said,

Fictional Emily: Okay, Baby. Let's put on your yarn leash.

Mr. Eric: Baby said,

Baby: Mrow, I don't wanna wear a leash.

Fictional Emily: But we're going outside. You have to wear your leash! Come on, kitty. Let's go. We've got to find a dragon. I know there's one nearby.

Baby: How do you know that?

Fictional Emily: Well, see that big round rock that looks like an egg?

Mr. Eric: And the cat said.

Baby: Uh, yeah.

Fictional Emily: Well, look! Right behind that rock, there's a dragon egg.

Mr. Eric: And right behind the rock was a giant dragon egg. What color was the dragon egg, Emily?

Emily: Um, I would say, blue with green spots.

Mr. Eric: Ooh, a big blue egg with bright green spots. And she went up and knocked on it.

Fictional Emily: Hello? Is there a dragon home?

Mr. Eric: Did the dragon say anything back?

Emily: No... dragons are really silent because they can't talk when they're in eggs.

Mr. Eric: That's right. She said,

Fictional Emily: Oh, we've got to get you to hatch. Hmm.

Emily: Maybe just a hammer and then smash the egg.

Mr. Eric: She said,

Fictional Emily: Hmm, it seems like it's getting brittle and it's really warm. I can hear pecking from the inside.

Emily: I made a cannon.

Mr. Eric: What's that?

Emily: I just made a cannon.

Mr. Eric: You made a cannon?

Emily: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: She said,

Fictional Emily: I'm going to make an egg-cracking cannon. That'll do the trick!

Mr. Eric: And she took that little rock that she'd found in front of the egg and she brought a sling shot out of her back pocket and—

Fictional Emily: Dragon, if you can hear me, DUCK!

Mr. Eric: And she shot the egg—she shot the egg-shaped rock right at the egg! Crack! And a splinter crack came out of that egg and then crrrr-cckck.

Emily: There was an explosion. A big explosion.

Mr. Eric: BOOM! A giant explosion, and out crawled a big dragon. And Baby said,

Baby: Uh, I'm out of here!

Mr. Eric: And grabbed its yarn leash and tried to run for the road. I don't think cats want to hang out with dragons.

Emily: No.

Mr. Eric: This dragon was deep, dark purple. Almost black. And as soon as it pulled itself out of its egg, it—

Dragon: Graah!

Mr. Eric: Shot bright blue flame into the sky.

Emily: That's one of the special dragons in the dragon trainer movie.

Mr. Eric: She said,

Fictional Emily: Okay, dragon. It's time for you to be trained.

Mr. Eric: And the dragon said,

Dragon: Huh. I don't think I feel like it.

[Record scratch]

Fictional Emily: That's the whole thing. I find a dragon, and then I train the dragon, and then we're the best dragon and kid pair in the whole universe.

Mr. Eric: And Dragon said,

Dragon: Meh. I don't feel like it.

Fictional Emily: I guess being a dragon trainer is harder than I thought.

Emily: I got an idea!

Mr. Eric: Good!

Emily: She gets a bait and puts it down, the dragon's favorite food, and then there's going to be a cage above it and then when he eats it, it'll trap him.

Mr. Eric: Ah, very good. She says,

Fictional Emily: Okay, Dragon. I know you don't feel like listening to me, but maybe you feel like eating this big, smelly, fish!

Mr. Eric: And she held up a giant mackerel that she'd brought, just as a snack for Baby. And she threw it right under a cage that she had set up already. The dragon said,

Dragon: Ooh, I do love smelly fish. [Sniff sniff sniff]. Ooh, it's a really stinker. Ooh, [eating noises].

Mr. Eric: And it jumped on the fish and down fell the cage.

Dragon: Hey, what gives? I don't want to be in a cage, I just wanted to eat a fish.

Fictional Emily: I'm sorry, Dragon. But you've got to be trained. You're too big and dangerous to run around willy-nilly.

Mr. Eric: And the dragon said,

Dragon: Aww... you haven't even named me.

Fictional Emily: You're right! A dragon isn't truly a dragon without a name.

Emily: Nightshadow.

Mr. Eric: And she said,

Fictional Emily: I know, what if your name were Nightshadow.

Mr. Eric: And Nightshadow said,

Nightshadow: Wow, I really like that name. See, now you're treating me like someone not just like a thing.

Mr. Eric: And she said,

Fictional Emily: You're right! That was step one. Now, step two is: we need to make you into the best dragon ever.

Nightshadow: Wow, how do you know who's the best dragon? What is there, some sort of dragon flying, training contest, or something?

Mr. Eric: Is there a dragon training contest, do you think, in What If World?

Emily: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: She said,

Fictional Emily: Actually, there is. That's why I've been looking to find you. All right, Nightshadow. Let's fly to the dragon training contest.

Emily: But isn't he a baby?

Mr. Eric: And he said,

Nightshadow: Well, wait a second. You know, I'm pretty little, though. Do you think I can still do this contest?

Emily: I have an idea!

Mr. Eric: Yeah?

Emily: He can go to a little secret area I have and they can make a potion where he grows to adult.

Mr. Eric: Full-grown size? Ah. Emily says,

Fictional Emily: Well, you know, I happen to know a wizard who can make potions and these potions can help you grow to full dragon size.

Nightshadow: I don't know, is that fair?

Fictional Emily: Why wouldn't it be fair? We're just going to get you nice and big so you can join in on the contest.

Nightshadow: We'd better do it fast because I think the contest starts tonight.

Fictional Emily: Yeah, you're right!

Mr. Eric: So she hopped on the dragon's back and she and Nightshadow [whistles] flew all the way.

Emily: It's like a zoom.

Mr. Eric: Oh, it's more like a zoom? Okay, let me see. How does it sound. [Pffooo!] Whoa! So they flew, [Ffff!] all the way to the Learnatorium.

Emily: Did they land softly?

Mr. Eric: And they landed as soft as you can imagine. You couldn't even hear it which is why Abacus P. Grumbler didn't hear them, until [knocking] they were knocking on his door!

Abacus: Oh, I was taking my mid-afternoon tea nap where I have tea and fall asleep in my cup.

Mr. Eric: Then he put aside his teacup and he strung out his beard of all the tea had gotten soaked up by it.

Abacus: Well, let me just get this door here. Emily, what are you doing here on a Saturday? It's my day off.

Fictional Emily: I'm here just for a minute. I just need to borrow your growing potion.

Abacus: You want to become a grown -up overnight?

Fictional Emily: No, not me. My dragon here, Nightshadow.

Mr. Eric: And Nightshadow raised his big wing like he was flapping like he was saying hello.

Nightshadow: Hi, Abacus. I want to be a big dragon so I can enter the dragon training contest.

Abacus: Well, I happen to have the potion right here, but you know that if you drink it and you don't learn all the things you need to learn as you're growing that you might not be as smart and capable as—

Mr. Eric: But she'd already snatched the potion out of his hand and was feeding it to Nightshadow.

Nightshadow: [Glug glug glug glug glug]. Mmm, that's a good potioooooooooon!!!

Mr. Eric: He was every bit as big as the Learnatorium itself! And he climbed up atop it and spread his wings wide and blew a streak of blue fire right up into the sky.

Nightshadow: RARRR!

Mr. Eric: And Emily said,

Fictional Emily: Wow. Now, I think we're ready to win this contest. You're the biggest most beautiful dragon the world has ever seen.

Mr. Eric: Now, if there were a dragon training contest, where do you think? Would it be over the desert? Would it be on an island? Would it be underground? Would it be in space? Where would it be?

Emily: Park!

Mr. Eric: Oh, the park. She flies all the way to the park and lands and a young boy walks up to her.

Boy: Uhh, achoo!

Mr. Eric: He says, and she says,

Fictional Emily: Oh, bless you.

Mr. Eric: He says.

Boy: No, that, I wasn't sneezing. That's my name. My name's Achoo!

Mr. Eric: And she said,

Fictional Emily: Oh, okay. Well, what are you doing here? Are you in the contest?

Mr. Eric: He said,

Achoo: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: A big dragon walked out. He said,

Achoo: I've been raising this dragon my whole life.

Mr. Eric: And it walked on out and it looked just like Nightshadow. It had really big black scales and long wings. And as big as it was, it was only half as big as Nightshadow. And suddenly [mimics trumpet]. The contest was underway.

The announcer came out. Now, what does—what's some other kind of silly creature, or animal, or thing that you like, Emily? Or a character from What If World.

Emily: Pokémon?

Mr. Eric: Ah. So, out came the announcer. It was one of the Snokemon of What If World. It was Snarizard!

Emily: Oh yeah, [unclear].

Mr. Eric: Yeah, the big ice dragon. And Snarizard got on the microphone and said,

Snarizard: Snar. Iizard! Snarizardzardzard izard zardzard zard snarizard zard.

Mr. Eric: And Emily said,

Fictional Emily: I don't understand.

Mr. Eric: And Achoo said,

Achoo: It means you're up first.

Mr. Eric: And she got onto her dragon.

Fictional Emily: Okay, Nightshadow. Let's show them what we've got.

Mr. Eric: And she took off! Now they'd been practicing flying all the way to the Learnatorium and all the way here. But he'd gotten about ten times as big recently and he was flying.

Nightshadow: Whoa... whoa... you know, it's hard to fly when you just grow up all of a sudden.

Mr. Eric: She said,

Fictional Emily: Okay, okay. So maybe we need to practice flying a little more. But I know something that's really impressive. Let's show them some fire!

Mr. Eric: And the dragon let out its dragon's breath.

Nightshadow: RARR!

Mr. Eric: And it burned all across the sky and it even evaporated the clouds instantly. And suddenly, it was bright and sunny on this otherwise cloudy day and everyone in the audience clapped.

Audience: Wow! Oooh!

Mr. Eric: And then, it was Achoo's turn. Achoo got on his dragon and she flew around. She was a lot smaller than Nightshadow, but she was really, really quick and she'd obviously been practicing her whole life. Zoom! In and out she flew around little rocks. She flew under the bleachers that all the people were sitting on. She even flew circles around Snarizard, himself!

Snarizard: Snarizard izard izardizardizard!

Mr. Eric: And then up into the air so far that no one could see her, and she started flying pack down. It looked like she was gonna crash into the ground but, zoom! She turned at the very last second and blew fire all across the ground, spelling out the word... What word do you think she spelled with her fire?

Emily: Blaster.

Mr. Eric: And she blasted out the word **BLASTER!** Everybody was oohing and aahing.

Audience: Wow! Whoa!

Mr. Eric: Emily, can I hear, if you were in the audience, what's a noise that you might make, like an ooh, or an aah, or a wow?

Emily: OMG!

Mr. Eric: And even Emily herself went,

Fictional Emily: That's really good flying.

Mr. Eric: And then Snarizard started talking again.

Snarizard: Zarsnar, nisnarizard zard snar snarizard.

Fictional Emily: Ugh, I can't understand this guy.

Mr. Eric: And Achoo said,

Achoo: Wow, now that was the first contest but we need to do the second one.

Fictional Emily: What do you mean? I thought dragons were just big and they flew around and they burnt things up and they ate fish and—

Mr. Eric: He said,

Achoo: I know. That was the first part of the contest and you did really well, but now we've got to prove that we're a good dragon. A really, really good dragon.

Mr. Eric: And she said.

Fictional Emily: Oh, I don't know. We didn't practice this. Nightshadow, what are we supposed to do? Something good that we could do?

Mr. Eric: And they looked all around. There were some people in the seats. They seemed hot under the sun. There were some other people that looked a little hungry. I don't know. She was having some ideas but... Emily, do you have any ideas? What's something nice that a person can do for someone else?

Emily: Buy a shade and then give them... push it down, put in some food, and then give them some good clothes.

Mr. Eric: Wow, that's really nice, Emily. That's such a great idea. This time, Achoo and his dragon were able to go first. Oh, we didn't actually get his dragon's name. Does she have a different name?

Emily: Longfoot?

Mr. Eric: Ooh, Longfoot. Her name was Longfoot, because indeed, her feet were much longer than her legs because she was gonna grow up to be an even bigger dragon. And Longfoot said,

Longfoot: Well, it's my turn to go first.

Mr. Eric: And she said,

Longfoot: And since you evaporated all the clouds, I'm gonna use my secret breath weapon.

Mr. Eric: And she flew up into the sky and she had a different breath. She started flapping her wings and shooting out water? What? She could shoot fire and water, that must be a really advanced trick! And she made it start to rain. She drew back the clouds and they were raining and drizzling and everyone was holding up their mouth.

People: Ooh, it's nice, fresh. It tastes like filtered water.

Mr. Eric: And everyone clapped.

People: Ah, very nice.

Mr. Eric: And Emily said to Nightshadow,

Fictional Emily: Okay, we've got to do better.

Mr. Eric: And Nightshadow said,

Nightshadow: Okay, I've got an idea, but you've just got to follow my lead.

Mr. Eric: She jumped on his back and she said,

Fictional Emily: I know, but we're going to do something nice for all of them, right? I was thinking shelter, food, clothes.

Mr. Eric: He said,

Nightshadow: I know, I know, I know! And I was listening. Let's go!

Mr. Eric: And they dove right into the water. Splash! And she said,

Fictional Emily: Uh oh, oh!

Mr. Eric: She held her breath as she was holding on tight. And he flew down to the bottom and found a sunken pirate ship. And with his giant arms and all of

his muscle, he picked it up and started swimming back towards the surface. Emily had been holding her breath so long she felt like her lungs were about to burst.

Splash! They came out with a giant pirate ship and, as he was flying in the air, he started tearing bits of it off and kicking one with his leg, slapping another with his tail. And Emily saw what he was doing.

Fictional Emily: Oh...

Mr. Eric: She started taking pieces off where she could reach and throwing them this way and that. And they landed in little huts and little houses and little cabins all around the giant park surrounding the dragon training contest. He said,

Nightshadow: And for the finishing touch!

Mr. Eric: And from one big crate, he opened it up, and there were a bunch of old soggy clothes. PLOP plopplop plop plop plop. They all fell on the ground and Emily said,

Fictional Emily: Wait a second, we can't give people gross, old, soggy clothes.

Mr. Eric: But what's something that might dry those clothes really fast?

Emily: The sun!

Mr. Eric: The sun, that's right. He said,

Nightshadow: I know!

Mr. Eric: And he blew up his fiery breath again and made all the clouds go away and the sun shone down and it sparkled, and steam rose from the clothes, and they were nice and dry. And all the people that had spent all their money to get to the dragon training contest and didn't have houses or clothes, and they walked out and had their pick of all these different pirate clothes.

People: Ooh, nice shirts. Ooh, I'm gonna wear a bandanna. Um, I don't have any place to wear this pirate peg leg. But I know, I'll use it as... as a chewing stick for my dog.

Emily: Ew!

Mr. Eric: And her dog came up and started chewing on it. And everyone was so happy. Snarizard said,

Snarizard: Snarizard snar. Snar snarsnar.

Fictional Emily: Oh, will you just speak English, Snarizard, so people can understand?

Mr. Eric: And Snarizard said,

Snarizard: Errrizard?

Mr. Eric: And Achoo said,

Achoo: He's saying that we both did some really, really good things.

Mr. Eric: But who do you think? Do you think there was a winner or do you think they tied? What do you think?

Emily: Winner!

Mr. Eric: Winner? And Snarizard walked over and he grabbed Emily's hand and raised it up into the air.

People: Huzzah!

Mr. Eric: And Achoo said,

Achoo: Awww, but we tried so hard.

Mr. Eric: And she said,

Fictional Emily: Well, I've been thinking about being a dragon trainer my whole life. I've read every single book, I just wasn't lucky enough to have a dragon as early as you.

Mr. Eric: And he said,

Achoo: I guess you're right.

Fictional Emily: But you know what? I think if we work together we could probably make a really big difference. We could probably give people a lot of help.

Mr. Eric: And so, they both climbed on their dragons, Achoo riding Longfoot, Emily riding Nightshadow, and off they took into the air. The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Emily: That was really good.

Mr. Eric:

Oh, thank you, Emily! You know, it was only good because you helped me. It's so much fun telling a story with another kid because you gave me all kinds of awesome ideas.

I'd like to thank Emily for her great question and awesome participation. I'd also like to thank Karen Marshall, my editor, producer, and wife. She's the reason the show exists. And I'd like to thank Craig Martinson and Jason O'Keeffe, for contributing to this show and coming to the wedding as well. And I'd like to thank all you kids at home who aren't in any hurry to grow up. You've got a lot of fun stuff to learn along the way.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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