

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 51 What if Mr. Eric did a two-part Halloween special? Part 2

File Length: 19:47

Transcription by Keffy

[Spooky sounds in the background of 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.

Cackula: Welcome everyone to a very special two part episode—

Mr. Eric: Cackula, your coffin's still closed.

Cackula: [Coffin creaks open] How emvarrassing.

Mr. Eric: Embarrassing, you mean?

Cackula: Exvactly.

Mr. Eric: Cackula, you can't just replace every other letter with a "V" to sound more vampirey.

Cackula: Vhat are you valking avout?

Mr. Eric: Oh, boy. Well, hey there folks and welcome—

Cackula: Vell hey zerr volks and velcome back to vhat if vorld.

Mr. Eric: Ooooh!

Petey the Pirate: Cackula you already got your story.

Whendy: Yeah, and Mr. the Pirate and I have been waiting one whole week to tell ours.

Campfire: And even magic fires can't burn forever, so let's get on with it.

Ana: Yes, the present still needs our help.

Petey the Pirate: Ooh, the present ain't going nowhere.

Whendy: How dare you talk to Ana that way?

Cackula: Oh, because the present's in the future.

Campfire: Is it getting hot out here or is it just your tempers?

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay, everyone. Whendy, Petey, did you two figure out who would first?

[At the same time]

Whendy: Of course, it's my turn.

Petey the Pirate: Of course, I'll go.

Whendy: But I thought—

Petey the Pirate: But you said—

Mr. Eric: Oh, well if you two couldn't work it out with a week, then I guess I'll make the call. Whendy, you get to tell the next story, but Petey, you can pick the question.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr shucks.

Whendy: Oh, fine.

Petey the Pirate: Don't worry, I've picked out a great one for you.

Whendy: Okay, let's hear it.

Leo: What if monsters were real, by Leo [unclear].

Leo's Mom: And what is it that you really like?

Leo: I like bat-winged monsters.

Whendy: Oh, Petey, you did pick such a sweet question for me.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, I thought you'd be grossed out by bat monsters.

Whendy: Why would you think that?

Petey the Pirate: I don't know. You're a schoolteacher wearing a powder blue dress—

Whendy: And so I can't like bat monsters? Well, Petey, you have got a lot to learn. And Leo, let's see what the Campfire has to say about your question.

Campfire: I don't have anything to say. I just show the stories in the flame.

Whendy: It was supposed to be a smooth rhetorical introduction into the story.

Campfire: Aw, shucks. You should oughta know my brain's done burned up because my head's made of fire.

Whendy: Okay fine, yes.

[Rising harp scale.]

Whendy: Once upon a time, there was a smartly dressed cat, who happened to be the president of What If World.

JF Kat: We've got every available body out there helping.

Whendy: Said JF Kitty cat, adjusting his wee little bow tie.

JF Kat: But things are a mess all the way from Whattingtong D.W. down to Whatsarico. He was speaking with his old friend and confidant, Fred the dog zombie.

Fred: I know, JF Kitty Cat.

JF Kat: It's JF Kat.

Fred: Oh, sure. But, uh, she just called you JF Kitty Cat and this sounds really cute.

JF Kat: What are you talking about, we've got a crisis on our paws!

Whendy: And JF Kitty Cat stood up on his hind paws and raised his cute little forepaws in the air and batted them around, just looking adorable.

Fred: I know you're gesturing for emphasis, but it's distractingly cute, and that's coming from a gross zombie dog.

JF Kat: All right fine. Kitty cuteness isn't enough. Zombie dogs aren't enough.

Fred: Yeah, but zombie dogs are great. Now I can stink as much as I want, and then people say, hoo, you stink. I say, yeah, because I'm a zombie. That's rude.

Whendy: And for some reason, that dog talking about being a gross monster gave JF Kitty Cat an idea.

JF Kat: That's it. You're a gross monster and it—

Fred: That's rude.

JF Kat: No, I mean, you're very helpful, despite being a gross—uh, a regular monster.

Fred: Yeah, too bad monsters aren't real. If we could find some, they could probably be a big help.

JF Kat: But don't you see?

Whendy: Said that cute little black and white cat, snuggling up to zombie Fred just as much as he could bear, given the smell.

JF Kat: You're unliving proof that monsters are real!

Fred: Oh, snap.

Whendy: And JF Kat and Fred the dog ran out of the What House.

JF Kat: Now it's almost Halloween.

Fred: Don't you mean Whatoween.

JF Kat: What do you mean?

Fred: No, Whatoween.

JF Kat: What a weiner dog?

Fred: What dog?

JF Kat: That's what I'm asking you.

Whendy: And before those silly animals could make heads or tails of what each other was saying, they were standing right in front of Zach and Zizi's rocket ship house.

[Knocking]

JF Kitty Cat padded on the door, but his paws made so little noise.

JF Kat: Rocket ships are very loud. I don't think they can hear me.

Whendy: But something had heard them. From the second story, a window opened up and out came a big old bat head?

Batwing: Yes? What?

Fred: Oh, hi. Are you a bat monster?

Batwing: Of course I'm a bat monster. I live in a kid's closet.

JF Kat: That's not nice.

Batwing: It is a little cramped but it gives me more time to hang out with Zach.

[Record scratch]

Fred: Oh wait, you're like, friends with him?

Batwing: Yeah, why else would I live in his closet?

JF Kat: I guess we had some misconceptions about monsters' roles in the world.

Fred: Listen, there's been a big storm and everybody seems like they forgot about it, but there's still lots of people that need help.

Batwing: Oh, and I suppose you want me to use my closet to closet radio to tell all the other monsters all over the world to come help these kids in need.

JF Kat: Wait, is that seriously something you're capable of? Because that would be great.

Zach: Hey, Batwing? Are you gonna play with me more, or are you gonna just keep talking to the president of the whole world.

Batwing: I'm sorry guys. I'm really busy right now.

Fred: But don't you see? Some boys and girls aren't lucky enough to live in rocket ship houses that can fly away from storms.

Whendy: And then Zizi burst into their bedroom, too. And she and Zach, and Batwing were all poking their head out the window, like three peas in a pod. If one of those peas was a bat monster.

Zizi: Zach, let your monster help the president.

Zach: Aw, but we were almost finished with this puzzle.

Zizi: I'll do the puzzle with you. People out there need Batwing's help.

Batwing: Ah, fine. I'll get on the closet radio. But I can only talk to one monster at a time.

JF Kat: Well, start with Whatsarico.

Fred: Yeah, and then call one in Whoston.

JF Kat: And don't forget to call someone in Howrida.

Batwing: Don't tell me how to use my magical radio closet.

Whendy: And the call went out all over the cities and towns worst affected by the storm. And monsters of all shapes and sizes crawled and climbed and skidded and flew out of closets and out from under beds. And from old boxes in murky lakes. A few coffins even emptied out and some vampires and zombies came to pitch in, too.

Cackula: Zat's vunderful, ah ah ah. My undead people are representing.

Whendy: Shh! It would be a long effort and an expensive one, but with all these creatures working together, the job just might get done. The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Petey the Pirate: Whoa, there. Wait a minute. I haven't got to tell my story yet.

Mr. Eric: But Petey, Whendy's story kind of had a happy ending.

Cackula: Yes, you see, all the monsters are working together.

Petey the Pirate: I know what the monsters are doing, aye. But she said it'd take a long time and be awful expensive.

Ana: She did say that, and it's already been such a long time. People are starting to forget.

Mr. Eric: Okay, all right, but rebuilding takes a long time. You just have to stick with it, right?

Petey the Pirate: No, you just have to give me my story. We'll fix things right up, I know.

Whendy: Well, it really wouldn't be fair if he didn't get a story.

Cackula: Besides, what's the vorst thing that could happen? Ah ah ah.

Mr. Eric: Yeah... Whendy, can you just pick him a nice question?

Whendy: Here's one, should be perfect.

Alexandra: Hi, Mr. Eric. My name's Alexandra. My question is—oh, I like gymnastics. I love gymnastics, actually. And I was wondering what if people never stopped growing, just like trees? Thank you. Bye.

Petey the Pirate: Alexandra, what a wonderful question. I love gymnastics, too. In fact, Mr. Eric does. He used to teach it!

Mr. Eric: Okay, yes, I did.

Petey the Pirate: I'm not very good at it anymore with the peg leg and all.

Campfire: Petey, you ought to be getting to her story. My fire's getting low.

Petey the Pirate: All right, all right. I'll try to make it quick. [Clears throat.]

[Rising harp scale.]

Once upon a time, Zach and Zizi were sailing the skies in their rocket ship house that a wonderful pirate named Petey had helped them to acquire.

Mr. Eric: Petey...

Petey the Pirate: Uh, but that's besides the point.

Zach: Zizi, when will Batwing get back?

Zizi: Zach, I don't know. We just have to wait for the relief effort to be finished.

Zach: Oh. I just wish I were grown up so I could help.

Zizi: I know, Zach. But we can help in other ways.

Petey the Pirate: But instead of doing that, they decided to find some pirate treasure, or maybe they'd go to the end of a rainbow and steal some gold from a leperchan.

Whendy: Petey, are you gonna get back on track?

Petey the Pirate: I know what I'm doing.

Zach: Avast ye, Zizi! Now we have this pirate and leprechaun gold.

Zizi: That was freely given to us after some memorable adventures.

Zach: Oh, of course. Because stealing's wrong.

Zizi: Yes, and Petey's too good of a story teller to imply that we would have stolen anything, ever.

Zach: Oh, yes. Petey's a reeeeeeeaaalllly great greeeeaaaat great—

Mr. Eric: Petey!

Petey the Pirate: Oh, right, um. So they used all of their legally acquired gold to help in the only way they could think of.

Zach: Maybe if people never stopped growing, we'd be really big.

Zizi: Oh yeah, like as big as tree.

Zach: Right. And then we'd be so big that we could help clean up real good.

Zizi: That's going to be some really expensive magic, Zach.

Zach: I know, Zizi. Good thing we were smart enough to go off on that totally necessary side adventure to get all of this gold.

Petey the Pirate: And so the children took all their gold to the smartest, wisest, most magical person they knew.

Whendy: Oh dear.

Mr. Eric: No, don't do it.

Cackula: I see where this is going, and I love it!

Zach: Excuse me, Petey the Pirate?

Petey the Pirate: That's Petey the Pirate V, I think. Though I'm not good at counting.

Mr. Eric: Petey, you can't be in your own story.

Petey the Pirate: Why not? You're in this story.

Mr. Eric: Well, I, um.

Whendy: He has a point, Mr. Eric.

Cackula: I'd like to see if he can pull it off.

Mr. Eric: Fine, get back to the story.

Petey the Pirate: And the smartest, wisest, most magical Petey the Pirate, since his great great grandfather Petey the Pirate, said unto those children, "All right, so you want people to be able to get big."

Zach: Yeah, what if they never stop growing.

Zizi: Like trees.



Petey the Pirate: I think that's a great idea. But we've got to add one little tweak before I work me magic.

Zach: Since when do you have magic, Petey?

Petey the Pirate: Since always, why's everyone a critic.

Zizi: Okay, well. What else are we adding?

Petey the Pirate: Oh, that we're also all good at gymnastics. Ever since I lost me leg, I haven't been as good.

Zach: Well, there are better prosthetics than peg legs these days.

Petey the Pirate: But Petey was already encanting. All right, magic. Work your me, let all people grow as big as a tree... and be good at gymnastics.

And Petey's most powerful magic spread all through time and space allowing every human being to have grown as if they had never stopped growing.

Zach: Is it working?

Petey the Pirate: Asked Zach. But he was answered by Petey's head crashing through the upper deck of his own ship. "Ow! Me noggin!" Cried he.

Zizi: Petey, you're growing, but we're staying the same size.

Petey the Pirate: "Oh dear. You said keep growing, so it looks like only grown ups grew." And as they gasped in fear and awe, they looked over Pirate Land to see all of the pirates growing right out of their ships like trees. And those who grew the largest were the elders.

Petrina the Pirate: Oh dear, I'm a titan.

Petey the Pirate: Said Petrina the Pirate. She had grown so large her feet were touching the bottom of the sea. "Oh dear, I'm even bigger than her," cried Petey the Pirate's great-great-grandfather, me. Who was still alive, miraculously, because of how much magic he had.

Zach: Well, it's good there are all these giants, but we're so many miles from shore.

Petey the Pirate: But before they could even start headed to the mainland, great tidal waves sprung away from these giants that had all just fallen into the sea.

Petrina the Pirate: Whoops, pardon me.

Petey the Pirate: Said Petrina the Pirate. "Oh dear," said that great old pirate, me.

Zizi: Petey, we're sending tidal waves straight towards the towns worst hit by the storms.

Petey the Pirate: Zizi was understandably upset. But she'd failed to remember one key detail.

Zach: I know, these giant old pirates just need to use their gymnastics. Oh, Petey, you've thought of everything.

Petey the Pirate: "Indeed, I have thought of everything. This is the perfect story," said Petey. And all of the old pirates stretched out their giant bones and started doing backflips and riding their own tidal waves to shore.

Petrina the Pirate: We'll be cutting it close, old Petey.

Petey the Pirate: Said Petrina. "Good thing I'm only as old as I feel." Said old Petey. And they got in front of their own waves and started doing a beautiful tumbling routine across the shoreline. Handsprings, and aerials, and back tucks. Sticking their landings every time.

Zach: Oh wow. The wind from their gymnastics is blowing the tidal waves back out to sea somehow.

Zizi: Wow, that seems really, really unlikely, but it's happening.

Petey the Pirate: And indeed, those old pirates and their limber moves settled the storm that had shook the world.

Petrina the Pirate: Now let's do hand stands and stuff in order to pick up buildings with our feet.

Petey the Pirate: Said Petrina the pirate. "That's a great idea," said old Petey. And all the other giant, ancient pirates, started picking up the building and clearing away the debris, and cartwheeling new river beds so the excess water could float back out to sea. And all the helpful monsters and all the zombie dogs could but stare in wonder as these giants among giants saved What If World, once and for all.

Zach: Wow.

Zizi: You're the greatest, Petey.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, shucks. It wasn't me. It was my great, great grandfather's awesome gymnastics and storytelling ability that—

Mr. Eric: Okay, Petey.

[Record scratch]

I think we get it.

Whendy: Petey, you know, all our stories helped solve the problem.

Cackula: Yeah, I mean, yours practically ruined everything.

Campfire: It was only by some really loose storytelling that those giant people saved the day.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, but they did save the day, so, I think I got the best story.

Whendy: Oh, that is no fair.

Cackula: Best, where were the jokes?

Ana: What matters is that What If World is safe.

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay. Let's all stop arguing for a second. No matter how many giant people and helpful monsters and tireless zombie dogs are working out there, I bet people in the present will still need our help, huh?

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr...

Cackula: Indeed.

Whendy: I agree.

Ana: Mr. Eric, that's what I was trying to say.

Mr. Eric: You're right, Ana. Sorry if I interrupted.

Campfire: My fire's going out everybody. Time to say goodbye.

Petey the Pirate: We'll miss ye, Uncle Campfire.

Campfire: You know, I never had a name before now, and I kind of like it.

Mr. Eric: Good bye, Uncle Campfire. And Ana, I hope your sister Whendy can get you sent back to the present.

Whendy: Of course. My Westernator is still a time-traveling dynamo.

Mr. Eric: Thank you Ana, thank you Whendy, Cackula and Petey. And thanks to Karen Marshall, my editor and producer, Craig Martinson, for our great

theme song. Jason O'Keeffe for our artwork. And all you kids at home who try to spend a little time every day making somebody else's day better.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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