

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 54: What if ninjas and pirates starting fighting over which chair they wanted to sit in?

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Transcription by Keffy

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've got a question from Esha.

Esha: Hello, my name is Esha and I had a question. I like ninjas and my question is what if ninjas and pirates started to fight over which chair they wanted to sit in. Thank you.

Mr. Eric: Oh, man. Pirates and ninjas together at last. How long I've waited... And actually, when I heard your question it reminded me of one from Wyatt.

Wyatt: My name is Wyatt and my favorite thing is a dirt bike and Puffy, and my what if question is if somebody created a ninja robot?

Mr. Eric: There we have it. Pirates, ninjas, and robots. Have I finally bitten off more than I can chew? Probably.

[Rising harp scale.]

Petey the Pirate and Potty the Pirate were best friends. They got together almost every day, just the two of them, to play Go, Fish and Fish, Go.

Potty the Pirate: Do you have any 2s?

Mr. Eric: Asked Potty the Pirate.

Petey the Pirate: Just the two of us, old friend. Ah ah ah... meaning go, fish.

Mr. Eric: Said Petey.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, that's a good one.

Petey the Pirate: Potty, is there something wrong? You don't seem like your normal, jovial self.

Potty the Pirate: It's nothing, Petey. Except... well, I love Go, Fish and Fish, Go, but sometimes I think maybe we should play with more friends so we can try different games.

Petey the Pirate: More... friends. Different games, you say.

Mr. Eric: Petey had always had trouble making new friends and he always felt like he was the slowest one to pick up on new games. And he felt like he did a lot better one-on-one than he did in crowds, but Potty the Pirate was his best friend.

Petey the Pirate: Well, old buddy. If that's what you want, then that's what you'll get, all righty. New friends, tomorrow. Very good, then.

Potty the Pirate: That's wonderful, Petey. I'll invite me friend Ninja Girden.

Petey the Pirate: A ninja? I've never actually met a ninja before. What do I say?

Potty the Pirate: Something along the lines of, "Hi, I'm Petey."

Petey the Pirate: That's good, that's good. I'll write that down. I... I'm... Petey... Oh yeah. Petey.

Mr. Eric: Petey climbed the ladder back up to his flying pirate ship and took off for the night. But he stayed up kind of late practicing in front of his mirror.

Petey the Pirate: Hi, Ninja Girden. Is that your name or where you live... a den for... girls... No, no no no. Hello, I'm Petey. Hiii-yah! No... I... No. that feels inappropriate. So, Girden, are you more of a katana ninja or a shuriken ninja, or like a classic ninja, toe ninja. I don't know what I'm talking about.

Mr. Eric: And at the same time, Ninja Girden was in her little bamboo hut right off the shore of pirate land, doing some practicing of her own.

Ninja Girden: Hello, Petey. So, Petey, are you a captain or something. No. Don't assume all pirates are captains. Hi, I'm Ninja Girden. Argh. Oh, that sounds terrible. Oh no, don't do that. So, Petey, are you more of a blunderbuss pirate or a cutlass pirate? Maybe a classic belaying pin pirate? Oh, what am I saying.

Mr. Eric: And Potty the Pirate was putting the finishing touches on a new chair so the three of them could sit together.

Potty the Pirate: Hello Petey and Girden. Do you like me new chair? No, no, no, don't bring up the chair right away. So, Girden, Petey, I bet you're wondering how all three of us will sit at the same... No, no, that's right into the chair.

Mr. Eric: And the next morning, Petey flew his pirate ship back over Potty's and climbed back down his ladder. And as he did, he saw, skimming across the waves, Ninja Girden, who was running so fast and light that she never fell below the water.

She sprung up from the surface and landed lightly on the deck of Potty's ship.

Petey the Pirate: Wow.

Mr. Eric: Said Petey.

Petey the Pirate: Was that like ninjitsu, or something? Oh, I don't know what I'm saying.

Mr. Eric: Ninja Girden wore a mask to hide her emotions, but it was a magic mask and it raised an eyebrow at Petey.

Ninja Girden: So, Petey, how does one anchor a sky ship. Oh, that's probably a dumb question.

Mr. Eric: And then Potty burst in.

Potty the Pirate: Well, chairs. I... I mean, would you chair to sit in a new chair I made?

Petey the Pirate: Wow! Potty, what a nice chair!

Ninja Girden: Yes, your craftsmanship is impeccable.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, go on. It's just like the other two chairs I made. Only newer.

Petey the Pirate: Nonsense, Potty. You've gotten better with every effort.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, I don't know...

Ninja Girden: We'll just have to sit in it and find out, won't we?

Mr. Eric: And Ninja Girden went to sit in the chair at the same time as Petey!

Ninja Girden: Pardon me.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, excuse me. I was just gonna...

Ninja Girden: Did you want to...

Petey the Pirate: Oh, but, where were you gonna—

Ninja Girden: I thought this chair was...

Potty the Pirate: Um, Petey, you have your chair. I made it for you last year.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, I know, and it's very nice, but... this one's so much nicer.

Ninja Girden: But this is the chair I was invited to sit in. It was the chair that was made for me.

Potty the Pirate: Well, I didn't make it for anyone in particular... I just thought we'd all have a chair now.

Petey the Pirate: Aye, aye... but I'm your best friend, so I should get to pick the chair that I want to sit in.

Ninja Girden: But I am your newest guest and thus should sit in the newest chair.

Mr. Eric: Potty looked at his two friends, Ninja Girden's white mask was blushing red in the cheeks and Petey was sweating and stammering and shuffling from foot to peg leg in a nervous trot.

Potty the Pirate: It's just a chair, you two. One of you go ahead and sit in the other chair.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, of course I will.

Ninja Girden: Good idea.

Mr. Eric: And they both went to sit in the other chair.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, but this is my chair, you see. Always has been.

Ninja Girden: I believe I was just invited to sit in this chair.

Petey the Pirate: No, I insist. You sit in the new chair.

Ninja Girden: I must decline. I would dishonor myself by sitting in that chair when I have already agreed to sit in this chair.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, fine. I'll sit in the new chair. One of you just sit in my chair.

Mr. Eric: And Potty plopped down in the brand new sturdy mahogany chair.

Petey the Pirate: But Potty, I don't like your chair.

Ninja Girden: Your chair is quite small, Potty. It is better suited to your small stature.

Potty the Pirate: Yeah, I'm out of ideas.

Mr. Eric: And Potty slid out of the big new chair and sat back down in his own, putting his head in his hands.

Potty the Pirate: Just sit anywhere so we can play a game, please.

Petey the Pirate: Okay, on the count of three, we each say the chair we really want to sit in.

Ninja Girden: That's a good idea.

Petey the Pirate: One...

Ninja Girden: Two...

Petey the Pirate: Three. The new chair.

Ninja Girden: New chair. Oh boy.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, that's what I feared. Oh, wait a minute. I've got an idea.

Mr. Eric: Said Petey, starting to scramble up the ladder back to his flying pirate ship.

Ninja Girden: Where is he going?

Potty the Pirate: How should I know?

Ninja Girden: Is he going to try to entice me with pirate booty?

Potty the Pirate: Oh, Ninja Girden, you really think he's such a poor stereotype.

Petey the Pirate: Hey, Girden! How would you like this brand new dirt bike.

Mr. Eric: And Petey was swinging a heavy dirt bike over the side of his ship.

Petey the Pirate: It's extra dirty because I keep burying it everywhere.

Ninja Girden: I'm not sure. I think you need to bring it down to this ship. I'll just go ahead and sit in this new chair while you do.

Mr. Eric: And Girden started lowering into the chair.

Petey the Pirate: Don't you dare! Yeah, I'll bring it down right away, just-just-just wait a minute, because I think you're going to love it so much.

Mr. Eric: And Petey strapped the dirt bike to his back and awkwardly climbed down the ladder with it.

Petey the Pirate: See, now what did I tell ya? Quite a nice bike, eh?

Ninja Girden: Petey, did you not just see me run over the surface of the water on my own two feet?

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, but this dirt bike has eleven speeds. Most bikes only have ten.

Ninja Girden: But wouldn't the 11<sup>th</sup> speed just be the same as the 10<sup>th</sup> speed on another bike?

Petey the Pirate: No, no, because this has an 11. It's one higher.

Ninja Girden: I'll tell you what. Maybe you'll give me the new chair if I give you...

Mr. Eric: She reached into a little bag at her side and Petey cowered, thinking she was about to pull out a ninja weapon.

Ninja Girden: This floppy little puppy.

[Record scratch]

Mr. Eric: And she pulled the cutest, smallest puppy you've ever seen out of that pouch and put it on the deck of the ship, and... flop. It flopped right on its side and started blindly kicking its cute little paws in the air.

Petey the Pirate: You keep puppies in a bag?

Ninja Girden: Not exactly. It's a bag of neverending puppies. They're an ideal distraction for ninjas.

Petey the Pirate: Well, that does make sense.

Ninja Girden: So, how many puppies will it be?

Mr. Eric: And Girden reached into the bag again.

Petey the Pirate: No, no... I can't be bought for puppies, and you can't be bought for dirt bikes.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, well. You'll both just have to sit wherever... so we can get playing.

Petey the Pirate: That's right. One game of Go Fish, winner takes the chair.

Ninja Girden: But how can we play if we don't sit?

Petey the Pirate: We'll play standing up.

Mr. Eric: And Potty rolled his eyes but dealt them their cards.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, got any 7s?

Ninja Girden: You wish. Go fish. Got any Kings?

Petey the Pirate: Only me, the king of taking your chair, go fish!

Mr. Eric: And at the end of the round, they just managed to tie.

Ninja Girden: Well, this can't be decided by cards.

Petey the Pirate: Indeed. Are ye thinking what I'm thinking.

Potty the Pirate: About tea and a bit of me stew?

Ninja Girden: Ninja pirate robot battle.

Petey the Pirate: Pirate ninja robot battle!

Potty the Pirate: How is it you were both thinking that?

Mr. Eric: And Petey grabbed his dirt bike again and scrambled back up to his pirate ship. And Ninja Girden started taking more and more puppies out of her never ending puppy bag.

Potty the Pirate: I'll make some more stew for the robots...

Mr. Eric: And Potty went back to his cabin. Petey the Pirate was taking apart his dirt bike and putting it together with all of his pirate gold and a bunch of wires that he pulled out of his rocketship house until... the flying pirate ship started flying sideways.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, forget it. It won't matter once I'm sitting in that chair! Ha ha ha!

Mr. Eric: And Ninja Girden kept pressing a button on the back of each puppy, and—[Robot noises] they would open up with a little burst of steam and a little crackle of electricity. They were... robot puppies? And she started stacking them together, one by one. Legs, then waist, then arms, then head until the puppy bot stood.

Puppy Robot: Woof woof woof woooooooooooooof.

Mr. Eric: And Petey climbed on the back of his pirate booty bot made of bicycles and gold coins and gems and a few random wires.

Pirate Booty Bot: Yaaaaaargh.

Mr. Eric: [Crashing noise] And it jumped off the deck of his sideways ship and landed with a crack on the deck of Potty's.

Ninja Girden: All right, Puppy Bot. It is time to battle with honor.

Mr. Eric: And the puppy bot stood on one leg and flung three puppy tails out like needles towards the booty bot.

Pirate Booty Bot: A-Hoooooyyyyy.

Mr. Eric: The booty bot had a bicycle wheel for a head and it spun it super fast, knocking all of the puppy tails out of the way.

Petey the Pirate: All right, Booty Bot. Show this cute puppy who's bot. Hehe... you see what I did there?

Mr. Eric: And a ray shot from three of the gemstones on the booty bot's chest. And those rays met in the middle to fire a multi-colored laser blast right at the puppy.

Puppy Robot: Puppy dog eyessss.

Mr. Eric: And suddenly, the head of that giant puppy bot had two big glistening, round, puppy dog eyes that were so shiny and reflective that... PHEW! The laser beam just bounced right off of them and burned a hole through the sail of Potty's ship.

Potty the Pirate: Okay... I think I've got enough stew to go around.

Mr. Eric: Said Potty, bringing out a pot of his famous stew. And he had to hold the pot up just in time as more puppy dog tails got reflected right in his direction.

Potty the Pirate: Yeeowza.

Mr. Eric: He said. And the needles bounced off and the pot of stew bounced to the ground with a great, noisy, splash.

Potty the Pirate: [Crying]



Mr. Eric: The booty bot and the puppy bot looked over at Potty.

Ninja Girden: Puppy Bot, we have not won this fight.

Petey the Pirate: Booty Bot, now's your chance! They're distracted!

Mr. Eric: But the two robots stopped fighting. Wires shot out of Booty Bot and righted the upturned pot of stew and a few little puppies split off from Puppy Bot and went and licked up the deck.

Petey the Pirate: What are you doing, Booty Bot?

Ninja Girden: You are Robo Puppies, you don't even need stew.

Mr. Eric: But the puppies licked up more and more stew off the ground and then formed up in kind of a cylindrical puppy cannon.

Puppy Robot: Bow WOOOOOOW.

Mr. Eric: Shot all that stew up to Potty the Pirate's sail. No one had noticed the laser had made it catch fire. And the Booty Bot spun his bicycle head and the wind from his wheel put out the rest of the flames.

Petey the Pirate: Okay, great. You put out the fire. Can we get back to battle.

Ninja Girden: Um, Petey.

Mr. Eric: Said Ninja Girden.

Petey the Pirate: You're finally ready to surrender, eh?

Ninja Girden: No, well, yes, but it doesn't matter. Look.

Mr. Eric: And finally Petey noticed his friend, Potty, slumped over what was left of the pot of his stew. His card table splintered by robo puppy tails and his deck of cards singed by laser fire and then soaked by soup.

Petey the Pirate: Oh... um... Potty... I'm ashamed.

Potty the Pirate: Well, you reached shameful about three hours ago.

Ninja Girden: Yes. Now we have reached dishonor.

Mr. Eric: And a blue tear ran down the face of her white ninja mask.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, how can we make it up to you, Potty?

Potty the Pirate: I don't think you can. I've got no table to play cards on and no cards to play with and no stew to share.

Pirate Booty Bot: Anchors Awaaaaaay.

Mr. Eric: Suddenly, the booty bot was diving into the ocean, and the puppy bot fell back into 52 separate puppies and finished licking up the rest of the ship so there wasn't a bit of stew left. They even took their puppy tails back.

Petey the Pirate: Guys, I think my robot sunk or something.

Mr. Eric: Said Petey. And just then, splash! The booty bot came up the side of the ship dragging a massive wooden log from the bottom of the ocean.

Potty the Pirate: That looks like it's from me grandpappy's old ship.

Pirate Booty Bot: ARGH.

Mr. Eric: Said the booty bot, and started carving away, letting little bits of wood fly this way and that, which Petey and Ninja Girlden promptly cleaned up. And before long, there was a new card table and two more chairs.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, goodness.

Petey the Pirate: Now there's enough chairs for everybody.

Ninja Girlden: But we still don't have any playing cards.

Petey the Pirate: Yeah, you're right. We got off on the wrong foot and now we've just messed things up forever.

Ninja Girlden: The only way to correct a dishonorable action is to learn from it so that you might never repeat it.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, and I was thinking that I've always really loved me chair, and... and Potty did sort of make that new one for you.

Mr. Eric: And they sat down in their respective chairs.

Potty the Pirate: Well, there's five of us, counting the robots, but we don't have any cards.

Mr. Eric: But the 52 puppies had collected all the wood shavings and formed 52 new playing cards, with very cute puppy pictures carved into each one. Then...

Puppy Robot: Woof woof woof woofwoof!

Mr. Eric: The puppies formed back into their bot and went to sit down.

Pirate Booty Bot: Y'ARGH.

Mr. Eric: Booty Bot said, pointing to the chair it was about to sit in.

Puppy Robot: Woof?

Mr. Eric: Asked Puppy Bot, pointing to the other chair.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, here we go again. I'll go put another pot on.

Mr. Eric: And as the two robots argued, Petey and Girlden sat down for a nice relaxing game of Fish, Go.

Ninja Girlden: Do I have any Jacks?

Petey the Pirate: I don't know. I've never really understood how to play this game.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right, Esha and Wyatt. I hope you enjoyed your story. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall, my editor and producer. Craig Martinson, for our fantastic theme song. Jason O'Keeffe for our artwork and there's some new stuff coming soon. And all you kids at home who know that first impressions are tough, but giving someone a second chance, that's easy.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]