

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 57: What if Santa were an elephant and toys could read your mind?

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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 Ellie.

Ellie: Hi, my name is Ellie, I like magical fairies and what if toys could read your mind? Thank you.

Mr. Eric: Ooh, that is certainly something I've never thought of. What if toys could read your mind. Thanks, Ellie, and I think, seeing as we're in the holiday season, that we can throw in another holiday-themed question from Liam.

Liam: My name is Liam and I like elephants and Santa and my question is what if Santa was an elephant. Thanks, bye bye.

Mr. Eric: Santa as an elephant. That's going to be a lot of fun.

[Rising harp scale.]

Do any of you remember Scully the Squid? He's Cthunkle's nephew and he lives in that lake right outside the Observatorium. Well, if you remember Scully, then you know he's had a tough year. First, his uncle who raised him got stuck on What Is World.

Cthunkle: Dear Nephew. STOP. Trapped on What Is World. STOP. Not sure if necessary to say stop every time. STOP? Squiderella will take good care of you COMMA. Despically yours, Cthunkle. P.S. Don't conquer What If World without me.

Mr. Eric: Then his dog, Fred, became head of the Fur Force before turning into a zombie.

Fred: Dear Scully. LICK. I like licking envelopes. LICK. Sorry if this letter is messy, writing with your tongue is hard. LICK. Anyways now I'm a

zombie hero leading the Fur Force, so I probably can't come back too much. Stinkily Yours, Fred the Zombie Dog.

Mr. Eric: So Scully was feeling quite lonely this season and Squiderella didn't have much experience raising a kid.

Squiderella: [Blurbling] Marry Ifmas, Scully.

Mr. Eric: Said Squiderella when Scully got home from school.

Scully: Oh, hi Squiderella. Those are nice decorations.

Squiderella: What's got you so down in the dumps.

Scully: I just miss my unspeakably horrible uncle and my zombie dog.

Squiderella: Yeah, they sound amazing. Would it cheer you up to go see Santaphant?

Scully: Santaphant? He's coming to town?

Squiderella: He's already here. I guess he's hanging out at the mall for some reason.

Scully: Can we go see him? Squiderella, can we please, can we please?

Squiderella: Um, it was my idea, so yeah.

Mr. Eric: And the two squid monsters swam to the surface just as fast as their tentacles could carry them, and swam right up to the mallcano. The mallcano was an island right in the center of Squid Lake, and it grew up all the way into the clouds. Smooth stone steps hewn into the side of the mallcano led you to different shops in every crack and crevasse.

At this time of year, the mallcano strung about with Ifmas lights. They shone in every color of the rainbow and all the kids were wearing their question mark caps, as well.

Scully: Oh, where's Santaphant, where is he?

Squiderella: Calm down, he's here somewhere.

Mr. Eric: And soon they found a line of kids stretching round and round and round almost to the top of the volcano. It was the longest line Scully had ever seen.

Scully: Oh, please don't tell me you're waiting to meet Santaphant?

Mr. Eric: Scully asked the last little girl in line.

Girl: Yeah, but it's okay. I have my wait machine.

Scully: Aren't you a little young to be lifting weights?

Girl: No, silly. It's a new toy. When you press it, 10 seconds disappears.

Mr. Eric: She touched the little red button and it glowed as she stared at it intently for 10 seconds. [Berp]

Girl: See?

Scully: Oh, I don't want anything like that.

Girl: Well, then you'll just have to wait the old fashioned way.

Mr. Eric: Said the little girl pressing her button again. And on and on, Scully waited with Squiderella tapping her tentacles behind him. And the little girl pushing her wait machine in front of him. Ages seemed to pass as the line crawled along. And finally Santaphant was in sight, and then he was next in line. And then he was walking up to the big white-furred mammoth wearing a jolly red suit.

Santaphant: Ho ho [elephant trumpet].

Mr. Eric: Said Santaphant as Scully finally sat in his lap.

Scully: Wow. I can't believe you're real.

Santaphant: I can't believe that talking squid monsters are real. So tell me, little squiddy.

Scully: It's Scully.

Santaphant: Well, tell me, little Squid Skull, what would you like for Ifmas.

Scully: I don't know. Probably nothing you can get me, anyway.

Santaphant: How about a big bag of peanuts?

Scully: No thanks.

Santaphant: How about a leafy green tree that you can eat leaves off of and scratch your back on. Oh Ho [trumpet].

Scully: I don't know...

Santaphant: What about this Wondering Woman doll?

Scully: Maybe if it were an action figure.

Santaphant: Oh, dolls and action figures are all the same thing. I can tell this is what you would like. Ho-kay. Off you go. Enjoy!

Mr. Eric: And Santaphant pushed the plastic figure into Scully's tentacled grip and then he moved the squid over to a big winding slide that all the way down and around the mallcano.

Scully: But wait, I had more questions.

Santaphant: Ho ho, no you didn't.

Mr. Eric: And Santaphant gave the little squid boy a push.

Scully: AAAAAaaaaAaaaa hahahaaaa.

Mr. Eric: Scully landed in a pile of fake snow surrounded by a bunch of other youngsters, including the little girl who was still pushing that red button.

Girl: I'm waiting for my dad to find me.

Scully: I'm waiting for my Squiderella.

Girl: Hehehe.

Mr. Eric: And soon Squiderella's long tentacles were reaching into the little play pen and plucking Scully out.

Squiderella: Did Santaphant give you a nice present?

Scully: No, he gave me a dumb girl toy and it was no fun.

WW toy: Actually, you love Wondering Woman, and you had a lot of fun on the slide.

Mr. Eric: It was his little figure. The toy was talking.

Squiderella: Wow, Wondering Woman. She was always my favorite.

Scully: Oh, I guess she's okay.

WW toy: You've already thought of 10 ways we're going to play together.

Scully: How did you know that?

WW toy: Santaphant's toy fairies give us the power to read minds.

Squiderella: Isn't that nice? A mind-reading toy.

Mr. Eric: Said Squiderella.

Scully: Oh, whatever. Let's just go home.

Mr. Eric: And the two squid slunk back into the water and swam down to the bottom of the lake to their run-down seashell home.

WW toy: Oh, you miss the ominous castle you used to live in with Cthunkle.

Scully: Nuh-uh.

Mr. Eric: Squiderella's skin burned a fiery pink.

Squiderella: I know I don't have everything your uncle did, but did he ever bring you to see Santaphant?

Scully: Uh, all the time.

WW toy: No.

Mr. Eric: Said Wondering Woman.

WW toy: He was always too busy trying to take over What If World.

Scully: You know, if you're going to correct me every time I don't tell the truth, then...

WW toy: You'll just start telling the truth?

Scully: Hmm. If you could read my thoughts you'd know...

Mr. Eric: And Wondering Woman looked at him for a moment, and then her little plastic eyes went wide.

WW toy: How rude.

Mr. Eric: And she pulled a little phone out of her utility belt.

Scully: Uh, hey, what, what are you doing?

WW toy: Oh, I'm just getting on the fairy phone. I thought Santaphant would be awfully interested in how you plan to treat your gifts.

Mr. Eric: And she pressed a button on the little plastic phone and blip!

Sprite Alright: All right, all right.

Mr. Eric: It was Sprite Alright.

Sprite Alright: Oh, you volunteer for Santaphant one week, and then he calls you Christmas. So, what do we have? Some naughty behavior to report?

WW toy: This squid boy plans to mail me to a zombie dog to be used as a chew toy.

Sprite Alright: But that is some awfully naughty behavior.

Scully: But I haven't even done it yet.

Mr. Eric: Scully looked to Squiderella for help.

Squiderella: I gotta go make dinner. I've got to see what meager scraps I can scrounge up for you since I don't have as much as your uncle.

Scully: This is impossible, I can't even think bad.

Mr. Eric: And Wondering Woman put her little plastic hand on his tentacle.

WW toy: You're right, Scully. I was being unfair. What you do is what matters most. I'm only sharing your thoughts because you've been keeping them bottled up inside.

Scully: I'm just mad a little. My dog left, my uncle's gone.

WW toy: And you're living in a new place with a new person.

Sprite Alright: Now, I gotta get back to Santa, lickety split. He needs help teleporting into all the houses without chimneys, and that's most houses these days.

WW toy: Okay, Sprite Alright,

Mr. Eric: Said Wondering Woman.

WW toy: And maybe you don't have to mention all this to Santaphant.

Sprite Alright: Man, what'd you even bring me out here for. All right, I'm out of here.

Mr. Eric: In a shower of rainbow glitter, Sprite Alright disappeared.

Scully: What if I have been keeping things to myself? That's what boys are supposed to do.

WW toy: It's what people often do, but it's not what boys or girls or anyone's supposed to do. Do you think I got to be a superhero by keeping my emotions bottled up inside and never doing anything about anything.

Scully: I don't know, you're an action figure. Or doll. Or whatever.

WW toy: When I see something wrong, or I feel something wrong, I point it out. That's what heroes do.

Scully: No, superheroes beat stuff up.

WW toy: I could read your mind, but I want you to tell me. What's wrong?

Scully: I want my uncle back.

WW toy: Anything else?

Scully: I miss my dog.

WW toy: And?

Scully: And Squiderella doesn't listen to me.

Squiderella: Doesn't listen? That's the most I've ever heard out of you.

Mr. Eric: Squiderella was reaching in from the kitchen, all her tentacles scooping up Scully at once.

Squiderella: Thanks for telling me what was wrong.

Scully: Oh, but it doesn't make any difference. We can't make it right.

Mr. Eric: [Ding dong] There was a ring at their seashell door.

Scully: Oh, now what?

Mr. Eric: And Scully stretched out a tentacle and opened it up.

Fred: Merry Ifmas, Scully!

Mr. Eric: It was Fred the dog. He'd swum all the way to the bottom of Mid Lake.

Fred: Sorry it took me so long to get here. There's been a lot of wildfires to put out lately.

Scully: You made it back.

Fred: Of course. You didn't think I'd miss Ifmas?

Mr. Eric: And Fred gave Scully a big, stinky kiss.

Scully: Oh, Fred. It's so nice to see you. Only I still miss Cthunkle.

Mr. Eric: And just then.

Santaphant: Ho ho ho [trumpet].

Mr. Eric: Santaphant squeezed himself through their little seashell chimney. Now, why a house under the sea has a chimney, don't ask me?

Santaphant: Aren't you asleep already little, oh geez, louise. My surprise is ruined.

Scully: Santaphant?

Santaphant: In the woolly fur, little buy. Now do you know how my sack holds all the presents for everyone in What If World?

Scully: I'm not sure, but if I had to guess, uh... probably an extradimensional space meaning that your Santa sack has transdimensional capabilities, thus it could reach into What Is World, if you willed it so.

Santaphant: Ho Ho... whoa. You're a pretty smart little squidling.

Scully: Does that mean you can bring Cthunkle back?

Santaphant: Well, he is one of the greatest villains of What If World, but if it's your Ifmas wish, we can make it as if he's in your living room for just a moment.

Scully: Well, that would be swell!

Mr. Eric: And Santaphant, with his big, thick, woolly fingers, opened up his sack, and out poured the biggest, greenest, slimiest monster you've ever seen in your life.

Cthunkle: Whoaaarr I'm back! Hahahaha hohohoooo. You've done well, little Scully. Now I can take over What If World again!

Santaphant: Not so fast, Cthunkle. You're just here for a visit.

Fred: Yeah, you know, taking over the world is usually bad for some people.

Cthunkle: Well, it isn't bad for me.



Fred: Yeah, see, I don't think you learned your lesson yet, so you can just stay for Ifmas, okay?

Scully: Aw, Cthunkle, it's so good to see you.

Squiderella: Cthunkle.

Mr. Eric: Squiderella said, curtly.

Cthunkle: Oh, hi, Squiderella, how is everything?

Squiderella: Everything is fine, no thanks to you.

Mr. Eric: And Scully's squid guardian turned her back on Cthunkle.

Cthunkle: Ugh. I know I've been quite the villain, but why don't we just have a glass of slime nog together and enjoy the holidays.

Santaphant: All right, I've got to get some presents delivered. But Cthunkle, you'll be sucked back into this bag in about three hours. I hope you all make the best of it.

Mr. Eric: And then Santaphant tried to squeeze himself back up the little seashell chimney.

Squiderella: Uh, you can just use the door, Santa.

Santaphant: That's not my style. [Cracking]

Mr. Eric: And cracks spread up their chimney as he made his way through.

Santaphant: [Trumpets] Oh ho ho ho ho oooh. I think I ripped my big red suit.

Mr. Eric: And then off Santa swam.

Fred: Well, I poured a glass of slime nog for everybody, though the physics of drinking underwater still defy logic.

Mr. Eric: And Fred the zombie dog handed out three mugs of slime nog with his extra long tongue, then kept one for himself.

Scully: Merry Ifmas, everyone.

Cthunkle: I haven't given a toast in a while, but may I?

Squiderella: Oh, knock yourself out.

Cthunkle: A toast to the inevitable fall of all the beings of What If World—

Mr. Eric: And Cthunkle looked around to his few friends and family all glaring at him.

Cthunkle: I mean, I might not have much time on this world, and I must say there are no three people I would rather be spending the day with.

Mr. Eric: And it looked like a gooey green tear was falling out of one of Cthunkle's many eyes.

Squiderella: That was actually kind of nice.

Mr. Eric: Said Squiderella, putting a tentacle on what might have passed for a shoulder of her friend. And they exchanged gifts and had a very nice holiday together. And even though Fred and Cthunkle had to go, Scully the Squid wasn't so angry anymore. And Scully went to sleep that night with a big smile on his squidy face. And sitting right next to him was his favorite new action figure. Or doll. Let's just call it a toy.

Scully: Good night, Wondering Woman.

WW toy: Sleep tight, Scully.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

All right. I hope you all liked your holiday special. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my editor and producer. Craig Martinson for our theme song, Jason O'Keeffe for our artwork, and to all you kids at home who talk out your feelings rather than just keeping them bottled up.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]