

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 065: What if I were raised by dragons?

File Length: 19:02

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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. Today is a super special day because we have on Michael Mason!

Michael: Hey, hey! What's going on?

Mr. Eric: Michael and I are kin casters. He has this really, really great interview show called Good Stuff Kids and he's going to tell you more about it at the end of today's episode.

Michael, we should probably just get right into the question, you think so?

Michael: I think that there's no other way to do it.

Mr. Eric: Yeah! All right, all right! So, today we're going to hear from Amelia.

Amelia: Hi, my name is Amelia and I like animals. My what if question is what if I'd been raised by a dragon?

Mr. Eric: Well done, Amelia. Very sneaky, too, because now we have to put you in the story.

Michael: Amelia, you have to be a big part of this, because what if you were raised by a dragon? That's a lot to think about.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, and forgive me if my voice doesn't sound quite like yours or if we get some of the details of your life wrong, this is going to take place in What If World, so, it'll be a little bit different. All right, Michael, are you ready to tell Amelia's story?

Michael: I'm so ready.

[Rising harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Amelia was a little human girl who grew up being raised by dragons. The problem is, she didn't know right away that she was a human. She thought, for most of her youth, that she was, indeed, a dragon.

Dragon: Hey, you think you're a dragon? You can't even fly.

Amelia: Mike, I just can't fly yet because a dragon has to be believed in before they can fly, right?

Dragon: I don't know, can you breathe fire? I do not believe that you can breathe fire.

Amelia: I'm working on it, see? Ready? [Breathes]

Dragon: Easy on the garlic pita chips, kiddo. Oof, that's rough.

Amelia: Oh... you're just a big powerful dragon. People see you and they believe in you, but someday I'll get there, too. I just know it.

Dragon: Uh, maybe. But most likely, maybe not.

Mr. Eric: Amelia was really concerned that the other dragon kids didn't think she was a dragon, so one day she went to ask her father, Da Dragon.

Da Dragon: Hi, Amelia, you seem really... you seem really upset. What's bothering you?

Amelia: Well, Da, they just keep saying... all the other kids, they say that I'm not dragon-y enough and I know I can't fly yet or breathe fire yet and I know I don't have scales yet, but I'll get there, soon, right?

Da Dragon: Well, you'll get somewhere soon, I promise you that, sweetheart. But, here's the thing. And I need you to sit down. This might not be easy for you to hear, but Amelia, you're not really a dragon. [Record scratch.]
You're a person.

Amelia: Oh, you mean, I'm a dragon person.

Mr. Eric: Amelia stood up in her chair and flapped her wings extra hard, or her arms, that is, and tried to jump off her chair! FLOP. She landed very hard.

Da Dragon: Amelia, are you okay? See, when I say you're not a dragon, like I really mean it. You don't have dragon wings or dragon scales or even a dragon tail. You're a person. You can't fly, you can't breathe fire, you can't do lots of things that dragons can do, but you can do all kinds of things that people can do.

Amelia: If I'm not a dragon, then are you not my Da?

Da Dragon: Yeah, I am.

Amelia: Oh.

Da Dragon: Just like, you know. I love you very much. We look a little different, but that doesn't mean that I don't love you with all of my heart as my daughter and I think that you're really great at dancing and you're really great at making peanut butter jelly sandwiches, but you're just not so great at breathing fire.

Amelia: Oh, well, thank you, Da Dragon. So if I'm not a real dragon, do you know where I came from.

Da Dragon: I do. You are from one of the greatest places anyone could ever be from. You're from New What City.

Amelia: New What City!?

Da Dragon: New What City.

Amelia: You mean where all that bad salsa comes from?

Da Dragon: Well, yes. It is terrible salsa, but it's not all bad, because that's where you came from.

Amelia: Oh. I guess I'm going to go try to find my real family. Do you know anything about them?

Da Dragon: Yes. You're going to go to New What City. You're going to go to the corner of What and Where and you're going to ask someone to speak to "Ebesneezer."

Amelia: Ebesneezer. Wow! Well, Da Dragon, thank you so much and I'm going to prove to you that even if I'm a person, I've got the heart of a dragon.

Da Dragon: You have the heart of 10 dragons.

Mr. Eric: And with that, Amelia set off. She was grown up just enough that she could make her own way all the way down to New What City. And she got to the corner of What and Where and she asked a passing raccoon where she might find Ebesneezer.

Raccoon: Hey, who you looking for?

Amelia: Oh, I'm looking for a man named Ebesneezer?

Raccoon: I got an Ebesneezer. I know an Ebesneezer.

Amelia: You do? Where is he?

Raccoon: It's not that easy to get that kind of information here in New What City. You got to, uh, you got any candy?

Amelia: Oh, I have dragon candy. This little ball is made of pure fire and you can suck it for a really long time as long as it doesn't burn your mouth up.

Raccoon: Ah, well, okay. That's a good start. You got any, you got any coins or anything? I mean I might need some water to wash down this fireball.

Amelia: Oh, sure dragons collect lots of coins. Here's a pile of molten gold that my daddy gave me.

Raccoon: Do you have anything that might have a room temperature kind of situation attached to it so I can actually handle it?

Amelia: I do have this little amulet that my Da gave me with a picture of him in it, and I a picture of me. It's silver.

Raccoon: Let me take a look at this. Oh, I'm opening this up, oh my! It's a dragon! How come you got a picture of a dragon?

Amelia: Well, I am a dragon.

Raccoon: Oh, your dad is a dragon, you're looking for Ebesneezer, I might be above my pay grade here, but let me tell you. You go down two houses, you knock on the door. You don't even need to wait for someone to open the door, you open the door yourself. You go in there, you say, "Ebesneezer." And I guarantee, he will be there waiting for you.

Amelia: Well, thank you, Mr. Raccoon. You've been very helpful.

Raccoon: Hey, no problem.

Amelia: Can I have my locket back?

Raccoon: Ah, yes. You can definitely have your locket back, I am terrified of your dragon father.

Mr. Eric: And with that, the grumpy raccoon gave her her locket back and she went down two houses, knocked [knocking sound] and [creaking door] the door creaked open on its own. She walked right on in.

Amelia: Um...

Mr. Eric: Amelia was quite nervous.

Amelia: Ebesneezer?

Ebesneezer: [Sneezes] Ugh. I feel terrible. Who is this? Who are you? [Sneezes]

Amelia: Oh, hi, my name's Amelia. Well, this might sound really strange but I think I'm your daughter.

Ebesneezer: My—[sneezes] sorry. My what?

Amelia: Do you need a tissue?

Ebesneezer: I'm okay. I'm allergic to reptiles, it's very strange. I'm also allergic to dust and hair and wheat and milk. And eggs. And candy. And molten coins. And you don't have any molten coins on you, do you?

Amelia: I am so sorry, I'll put them right outside.

Ebesneezer: Oh, thank you. Much better. Much better, so, what did you say your name was?

Amelia: My name's Amelia. Da Dragon says I was lost as a little girl. You and I, we have the same silver hair. You see?

Ebesneezer: Yeah, I see your silver hair. Mine's 'cause I'm old. You do have silver hair because I don't know, because you were just born that way, you think?

Amelia: Maybe? But they say that you were my human dad, just like Da Dragon's my dragon dad.

Ebesneezer: Well, if I'm you're human dad, then we'll probably have some things in common. Ready? I'm thinking of a color and you'll never guess what it is, because if we're—the only way that you would what my favorite color i—

Amelia: Excalibur purple.

Ebesneezer: Oh, that's a really lucky guess. If you were really mu daughter, you would know what my favorite song is by Metallica.

Amelia: Enter Sandman.

Ebesneezer: Oh, my goodness. Okay. That's, you're two for two lucky. If you were really my daughter, you would know my favorite place to buy bulk frozen food.

Amelia: That's gonna be Bulk Frozen Food Outlet on 4th? I passed by it on my way here.

Ebesneezer: Oh my gosh. Okay, yeah, you do look a little like me, but I'm better looking for an older guy, I guess. But we do like we have the same silver hair, you knew some of these very intimate details such as... one last one, and this is the one that's really gonna seal the deal.

Amelia: Oh.

Ebesneezer: When I eat a pizza do I eat it cheese part first, or crust first.

Amelia: Wait a second! That's a trick question, you fold it in half so that you're getting crust and cheese at the same time?

Ebesneezer: Oh, I think we're related. I really do.

Amelia: Well, that's great. So I guess I'll just move in here and I'll learn how to fly and breathe fire and we'll be good friends.

Ebesneezer: Well, we could try this out. I'm not good with people. I'm really not good with potential dragons, but you're not really a dragon, you're a person. So, just a couple rules of the house. Don't touch anything. Don't look at anything. Don't eat any of my food. Don't drink the water, not because it's bad for you, but it's mine. Wipe your shoes before you come in the house. Cool?

Amelia: Okay... I guess I'll just have to go to Frozen Food Outlet on 4th to sustain myself.

Ebesneezer: Yeah, good idea. All right, I gotta go. I gotta go to work and stuff.

Amelia: Bye, Ebesneezer.

Ebesneezer: See you.

Mr. Eric: And just as her father walked out, a little weasel flew in.

Stevie: Hey there, I'm Stevie the Fleasel. You must be Ebesneezer's long-lost daughter, Amelia.

Amelia: How did you know?

Stevie: Well, I was listening from the door, he never really closes it all the way. Anyway, if you want to be a dragon, you know, I'm a flying weasel. I made these flying suits, so why don't you just try one out.

Mr. Eric: She went ahead and slipped into this brand-new flying suit and she had never felt more like a dragon. She was zipping all over the house, trying not to careen into Ebesneezer's fine goods, his vases, his portraits, his railings, and his chandeliers, but—

Amelia: Um, Stevie, I don't think I've quite got the hang of this, yet! [Crashing noises]

Stevie: Uh, yeah, you just got to turn the... oh, try the clutch! Oh! Ayy. Why don't you just stop flying.

Mr. Eric: She came to a stop in the middle of the destroyed living room and she found that her flying suit had been ruined right along with it. Just then, Ebesneezer came back into the living room. He was holding a little girl-sized suit.

Ebesneezer: Amelia, I picked this up for you, I think you and I should go into business together. I think that we would be good partners. We know a lot—oh. What?

Amelia: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I didn't touch anything, the flying suit touched things.

Ebesneezer: Things! My vases, my portraits, my chandeliers, you touched everything! And didn't just touch it, but you broke it!

Stevie: To be fair, Ebesneezer, you know, we're business partners. I was trying out a new extra fast prototype, and you know, maybe I shouldn't have given it to the girl who's never flown anything before. That's on me.

Ebesneezer: Of course you shouldn't have! You don't know! She thinks she's a dragon, she's not a dragon, she's a person! Dragons aren't real. Amelia, you will never be a dragon! So please, stop trying to act like one.

Amelia: Well, you'll never be a nice dad! And you never even tried!

Mr. Eric: And Amelia ran out of the manor. She kept running and running, tears streaming from her eyes. She got to When and Where Avenue. She got to 4th and past the Frozen Bulk Food Outlet, and she got to a dark alley, where she sat down in the trash and cried some more.

Amelia: [Crying]

Roadie Raccoon: Hey kid, remember me, your buddy, Roadie the Raccoon?

Amelia: Hi, Roadie. I'm sorry, I'm just not feeling very well right now.

Roadie Raccoon: What's a nice girl like you doing sitting in a disgusting alley like this.

Amelia: It's just my dad, well, he's not my dad. He's just a person. He said that I'm not a dragon. He said that he doesn't even believe in dragons, and I just think that I messed everything up. I don't think I should have come here.

Roadie Raccoon: Wait a second. You've got to be hungry. You want some garbage? You want to eat some garbage? I got a lot of nice garbage right here. Here's a crust of grilled cheese if you want garbage, but it's delicious, nutritious, I think it's four or five days old. You really need to eat, you'll feel better if you eat.

Amelia: Yeah, I mean, I have the tummy of a dragon, I'll just [smack smack]. Oh, oh. This was a mistake.

Roadie Raccoon: No, no, come on. Eating garbage is never a mistake. But listen, here's the thing that you need to know about yourself. It doesn't matter what that old Ebesneezer thinks of you and what you are on the inside versus on the outside. It doesn't matter what I think. I eat garbage! The only thing that really matters is if you believe you're a dragon, then you are a dragon. It's all who you believe you are.

Amelia: I don't know what I believe in, anymore, but I certainly don't believe in myself.

Mr. Eric: And just then, she heard [whistling and crashing, explosion noises]

Dragon: I'm losing my flying, aaa!

Other Dragon: Oh, I got scales flying everywhere, where am I?

Mr. Eric: It looked like there were dragons falling out of the sky left and right. Buildings were falling as they were being damaged by these giant falling bodies.

Amelia: Roadie, do you see that?

Roadie Raccoon: I don't see anything except a lot of garbage that I want to eat right now.

Amelia: You can't see them. Oh, nobody's believing in dragons anymore so they can't fly. They're falling right out of the sky. I've got to help them.

Mr. Eric: And Amelia ran out of the alley and found the tallest building, which just happened to be Bulk Frozen Food Outlet, and she started climbing it as fast as she could. It was so cold keeping all that food frozen and it hurt her fingers with every climb. She tried to call out to the dragons.

Amelia: I believe in you, you're gonna be okay. You can fly, I believe in you!

Mr. Eric: But they couldn't hear her and as she got higher and higher and the heat from the dragons destroying the city started melting the sides of Frozen Food Outlets, her hands started to slip.

Amelia: No, dragons! Dragons! You've got to listen to me!

Ebesneezer: [Engine growing closer] Grab my hand, Amelia! Oof!

Mr. Eric: And just before Amelia fell from the side of the building, Ebesneezer flew beside her in one of Stevie Fleasel's flying suits and scooped her right up.

Amelia: You came for me, Ebesneezer!

Ebesneezer: I did. I saw all of this damage happening. I knew you ran this way. I can't see what's causing the damage, but I did know that my daughter was... she needed me. She needed my help.

Amelia: You don't see the dragons, either?

Ebesneezer: I see, um... I see some frozen food. I see some newspapers. I see a raccoon who's eating a lot of garbage. That's all I see right now, except for you, and getting you to a safe place.

Amelia: No, Ebesneezer. If you care about me, you've got to trust me right now. Just take me to the top of the Frozen Food Outlet.

Ebesneezer: Okay. Hold on tight. [Engine whines]

Mr. Eric: And when they reached the top, he gently let her down.

Amelia: Dragons! Dragons! You're real!

Mr. Eric: It didn't seem like any of them believed in her and they kept falling from the sky, and she said again.

Amelia: Dragons, you are real. I believe in you. You just have to believe in yourself.

Mr. Eric: And then she thought about herself, and she thought about what Roadie Raccoon had said.

Amelia: Dragons are real because I'm a dragon!

Mr. Eric: And with that a giant blast of flame burst forward from her mouth, carrying over all the sky of New What City. Ebesneezer couldn't help but see that fire.

Ebesneezer: You did it. You just breathed fire! And now I look around, there's dragons everywhere. They're everywhere! [Sneezes repeatedly] You just breathed fire and now I see dragons everywhere. You did it. I see them.

Amelia: I believed in them, and I think it was more because I believed in me.

Mr. Eric: And all the dragons started picking themselves up from the streets of New What City and they took flight again.

Dragons: Thanks, Amelia! Thanks, Amelia! Nice job, Amelia! Hey Ebesneezer, you believe in dragons now? Ha ha ha!

Ebesneezer: Oh, I believe very much. [Sneezes.] In dragons. [Sneezes.]

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Oh man, poor Ebesneezer! Is he going to be allergic to his own daughter now?

Michael: That is a great question. I think that there's a high likelihood, but I think he's probably gonna go and get some Claritin. That's my guess.

Mr. Eric: [Laughs.] Michael, that was so fun. That was like, I'm really, really happy you were here.

Michael: I loved that. Thank you for asking me to do this, it was a true treat and pleasure.

Mr. Eric: So I hope... we should try this out again sometime, this was perfect.

Michael: I am super down, as the kids say.

Mr. Eric: Cool. Well, Michael, I know—speaking of kids—I know you've got two in bed right now, so it's getting late. I'll let you get on with your evening, and I just wanted to say one more time, thank you from me and from all the kids at What If World, who are going to love this story.

Michael: It was my pleasure, thanks for asking me, and thanks for trusting that I might actually be able to do it.

Mr. Eric: You knocked it out of the park, it was awesome. All right. All right, bye Mr. Michael!

Michael: All right, bye Mr. Eric, take care.

Mr. Eric: See you.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my editor and producer, Jason O'Keeffe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our amazing theme.

Until we meet again, keep wondering!

[What If World theme plays.]

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