

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 073: [What if Mr. Eric answered the longest question ever?](#)

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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 know Earth Day
was yesterday, or a long time ago, depending on when you're listening to
this, but for our Earth Day story, I want to find out how What If World
gets its sun back. Now, we had a lot of kids call in, but here's the question
that got picked. Thanks to everyone who sent in questions and thanks to
Joss for the longest question ever.

Joss: Hi, my name is Joss, and I'm six and a half years old and I like Mickey
Mouse, JF Kat, Petrina, and Abacus, and what if question is: what if all
the people I liked worked together and they helped get the sun back and
Petrina [unclear] the sun and she threw it up in the air and Abacus and
Mickey Mouse and JF Kat helped it stay put on a ladder and Abacus cast
a spell that made it the sun and the [unclear] and Petrina built a little
house for the space fairies on the back of the sun. Bye! I love your
podcast!

Joss's Parent: Thank you, we love your podcast. That was Joss and she's six and a half
from [unclear] Maryland.

Mr. Eric: Joss, thank you so much for being so detailed and having such great
ideas. Folks at home, I really am not able to do stories that involve
characters like Mickey Mouse, so when a question like this comes up, I do
my best to adapt it. So maybe something silly will happen to Mr. Mouser,
today.

Okay, well, we should get straight to Joss's story. What if all the people I
liked worked together and they helped get the sun back and Petrina filled
a stuffed sun and she threw it up in the air and Mickey Mouse and JF Kat
helped to stable it from a ladder and Abacus cast a spell that made it the
sun and the solar system has a sun and Petrina built a little house for the
space fairies on the back of the sun? [Gasps]

Okay, okay.

[Rising harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a dark, sunless morning, Abacus P. Grumbler was brushing his teeth.

Abacus: First you get the front, then you get the tops, then you get the backs, then you do it six more times!

Mr. Eric: And just then, his electric toothbrush ran out of power.

Abacus: Oh dear! I'm only two sixths of the way through my teeth brushing routine. No worries, I'll just set it on the charger. Hmm.

Mr. Eric: The charger didn't seem to be working, so he checked the plug, but that little light that tells you the plug's on, well, it was off, even though the button was pushed!

Abacus: Oh no, the little light that tells me the plug is on is off even though the button is pushed.

Mr. Eric: Yeah.

Abacus: I know, I'll just charge my toothbrush with my magic.

Mr. Eric: And he pulled out his magic wand.

Abacus: Alakazam, and abracahygiene, help me make my teeth, amuhmuhmuh clean!

[Magic noise]

Mr. Eric: But his magic didn't work.

Abacus: I knew I shouldn't have tried to rhyme with hygiene.

Mr. Eric: He lifted his wand to give it another shot but noticed the light that told him his wand is charged wasn't lit, even though the button was pushed.

Abacus: Oh no! The light that tells me my wand is charged isn't lit even though the button is pushed. Never fear, I'll just plug it into the wall. [Gasps] But the light that tells me the socket is working isn't lit even though—

Mr. Eric: This went on for a lot longer than Abacus would care to admit. Needless to say, the Observatorium wasn't getting any electricity so Abacus did what he always did whenever there was the smallest problem, he called the President of What If World.

[Phone rings]

Mr. Mouser: Hello?

Abacus: You're not the President of What If World!

Mr. Mouser: It's me, Mr. Mouser.

JF Kat: Do the voice, Mr. Mouser!

Mr. Mouser: I will not do the voice.

JF Kat: I said do it! I'm the president!

Abacus: What voice? Please do it.

Mr. Mouser: Oh, bother. JF Kat hired me back on the condition I use a more cheery voice. [Clears throat, speaks in a high Mickey-esque voice] What can I do for you Abacus.

Abacus: Oooh hohohoo! I love it! You sound similar to a famous mouse from What Is World.

Mr. Mouser: What a complete coincidence because I've never heard of that character.

Abacus: I didn't say his name.

Mr. Mouser: And you really shouldn't.

Abacus: I feel like we're getting off track.

Mr. Mouser: Don't worry, I'll get the president!

JF Kat: Is that really the voice you're going for?

Mr. Mouser: Jojo, I think it's an emergency.

JF Kat: Oh, fine, but you should really think up a different voice for next week.

Mr. Mouser: [Giggles] Oh, you.

JF Kat: All right, Abacus. What's the emergency?

Abacus: Well, you see... are you sitting down?

JF Kat: Only when I'm not napping.

Abacus: Good. Then brace yourself. My electricity is out! [Dramatic sting!]

JF Kat: Then how are you placing this phone call?

Abacus: You know, I never understood how that works, but here I am, placing the phone call.

JF Kat: And here I am hanging up.

Abacus: W-w-w-wait, wait!

Mr. Mouser: Do you think it has to do with the sun being out for two weeks?

JF Kat: Mr. Mouser has a point. Most of What If World's power is solar power.

Abacus: Really? Ooh, we don't burn fossil fuels?

Mr. Mouser: Fossil fuels can take hundreds of millions of years to form.

Abacus: And how old is What If World?

JF Kat: About 18 months.

Abacus: Oh dear.

Mr. Mouser: Sounds like we've got to get the sun back.

Abacus: What do you say, JF Kat? Can you do it?

JF Kat: That depends. Is the sun bigger than a ball of yarn.

Abacus: That's a good question. It oftentimes looks about the same size.

Mr. Mouser: You could fit about 1,300,000 What If Worlds inside our sun.

JF Kat: So you're saying I should use two paws.

Abacus: JF Kat, aren't you listening? You'll need all four of your paws.

Mr. Mouser: Oh, boy.

JF Kat: I'll have to lie on my back.

Abacus: I'll bring a camera.

Mr. Mouser: I think we need the help of someone more powerful than even the president.

JF Kat: Do you mean...

Abacus: You're not honestly suggesting...

Mr. Mouser: Yep. We need to find—

All together: An old lady who lives on a boat/ship.

Abacus: I mean, boat.

Mr. Eric: So Abacus, JF Kat, and Mr. Mouser joined up to find Petrina the Pirate aboard her beautiful old pirate ship. [Dramatic music plays in the background.]

Abacus: Do we have to make a big deal out of how we get from the land to the ship?

JF Kat: Without using magic or electricity?

Mr. Mouser: Let's not waste anyone's time. [Dramatic music speeds up.]

Mr. Eric: And so, once they were on board Petrina's ship, they gave a light knock on her cabin door.

Abacus: Oh, Petrina? Are you home, my dear?

Petrina: Don't you "my dear" me, Abacus.

Abacus: Uh-oh.

Petrina: I've been "my dear" and "little one" since before you glued on that beard.

Abacus: [Laughs nervously] It's not glued on. I grew it with wisdom.

Mr. Mouser: Wow! I didn't know wisdom was such a strong glue.

Abacus: No, I grew it, I said.

JF Kat: Don't worry, Abacus. It's too dark for anyone to see your clearly fake beard.

Abacus: [Splutters]

Petrina: Yes. I've noticed the sun missing for a good two weeks now.

Abacus: Oh, I'm pretty sure it happened this morning when my toothbrush ran out.

Mr. Mouser: Nope, it's been dark for two solid weeks.

Abacus: But wouldn't the entire world have turned into a lifeless frozen rock, drifting through our starless solar system for eternity?

JF Kat: What do I look like? An astronomer?

Petrina: Let's just say that that'll happen at the end of the story.

Mr. Mouser: The end of the story?

JF Kat: Well, that could be any minute!

Abacus: Wait, I've got an idea.

Petrina: What is it?

JF Kat: Tell us.

Mr. Mouser: This ought to be good.

Abacus: All right, bear with me, but what if we worked together and helped get the sun back and Petrina filled up a stuffed sun and she throws it up in the air and Mr. Mouser and JF Kat help to stable it from a ladder and I cast a spell that makes it the sun, and the solar system has a sun, and Petrina builds a little house for the space fairies on the back of the sun! [Breathes] Or something like that.

Mr. Mouser: Wow. That really was something.

JF Kat: But if we help get the sun back, then why do we need the stuffed sun?

Phoenix Taco: Ca-caaaawww...

All: Phoenix Taco!

Abacus: Phoenix Chalupa! I mean, taco.

Mr. Eric: And, it's hard shelled wings flapping, the phoenix taco's little onion-taloned feet land atop the deck of Petrina's ship.

Abacus: All right, you. Give back the sun! My wand may be out of electricity, but I've still got a battery.

Mr. Mouser: This says it needs three AAs.

JF Kat: Do we really have to find two more batteries right now?

Petrina: I've probably got some in my—

Phoenix Taco: Caw-caww, don't. Please don't go looking for batteries, it's just bad storytelling.

Abacus: Well, if you don't want us to go looking for batteries...

JF Kat: Then you better cough up the sun.

Mr. Mouser: And quick!

Phoenix Taco: That's what I'm trying to tell ya, this is all there is left of the sun. [Blegh]

Mr. Mouser: Oooh.

JF Kat: Oh, have a heart. Can't you see the poor thing's coughing up a hairball?

Phoenix Taco: Not a hairball.

Mr. Eric: And a little golden globe fell out of the phoenix taco's mouth.

Petrina: Oh dear. He's chewed up the sun something fierce.

Phoenix Taco: Raww, I thought it might make me back into a real taco.

Abacus: Don't you mean a real phoenix?

Phoenix Taco: I can be whatever I want to be.

JF Kat: Normally I'd support your independence.

Mr. Mouser: But you've doomed the solar system.

Phoenix Taco: I feel really bad about it.

Abacus: Can't you see he made a mistake? We've all doomed a universe or two with our misuse of magic.

Petrina: Oh, you young'ins.

Mr. Eric: During all this talk, Petrina had walked back into her cabin and come out holding one massively long thread, so shiny and warm it was hard to look at.

Petrina: Yes, it's true, we've all made mistakes and now we all need to work together.

Mr. Mouser: I haven't made any mistakes.

JF Kat: Have you listened to your accent?

Mr. Mouser: My accent? Listen to you.

Phoenix Taco: Well, I was turned into a taco.

Abacus: I don't even know my own accent. Is it British? Is it—

Petrina: All of you stop. [Record scratch.]

JF Kat: Sorry, Petrina.

Mr. Mouser: Sorry, Petrina.

Abacus: Sorry, chalupa. I mean, Petrina.

Petrina: Now, Phoenix Taco, take this thread and fly it around in circles, getting ever wider.

Phoenix Taco: Raaw?

Mr. Eric: Petrina threw the golden thread up in the air and the taco did just that, forming a wider and wider sphere of constantly swirling threads up in the air.

Petrina: Now, JF Kat and Mr. Mouser, climb up on this stepping stool and hold `er steady.

Mr. Eric: And Mr. Mouser and JF Kat climbed up either side of the tall stepping stool, holding up the sphere of swirling golden yarn as it formed in their hands.

Petrina: Now I'll just stuff it with what's left of the old sun.

Mr. Eric: And she shot the chewed up old sun like a basketball. [Whoosh] It landed right in that spherical basket of yarn.

Abacus: But what do I do? My wand doesn't have enough batteries.

Petrina: You don't need batteries, Abacus.

Abacus: You mean... the magic was inside me all along.

Petrina: Well, sure. But also I found two in my cabin.

Abacus: Oh.

Mr. Eric: And with just enough battery power for one big spell, Abacus started to encant.

Abacus: Oh, Mr. Sun, sun! Mr. Golden—

Petrina: She's a girl sun, Abacus.

Abacus: Don't you mean a daughter, [laughs at his own joke].

Mr. Mouser: Oh, very funny, but the sun's getting a little heavy for a tiny mouse.

JF Kat: And I'm trying not to bat at this yarn!

Abacus: Oh, Mrs. Sun, you've always shone, even when we felt alone. Shine again, and I'll sing to thee, how very much you mean to me.

Mr. Eric: And the little sun stuffing up the big sewn up sun started pulsing with a warm, white light.

Phoenix Taco: Rraaw, this is getting kind of hot!

Petrina: You'd better fly it up to space.

Mr. Eric: Said Petrina. And off the phoenix shot, towing the sun by one tiny string as it got bigger and bigger, filling up the whole sky. And as it rose, a fleet of space fairies flew up to the new sun in their sugar ships.

Space Fairy: Whoa, she even managed to sew a little pouch on the back for us.

Space Fairy 2: How'd she do that?

Space Fairy 3: I didn't hear that in the story.

Space Fairy: You know what they say, don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

Mr. Eric: And the fleet of fairies flew into the back of the sun as it rode far out of reach, but never out of sight.

Petrina: Okay, who's staying for dinner?

JF Kat: You're telling me you sewed up a sun to save the solar system—

Mr. Mouser: And you still had time to make dinner?

Abacus: That's impossible.

Petrina: I guess none of you are grandmas.

Abacus: No fair.

Mr. Eric:

And though the sun was rising at the end of their long day, they were all happy to feel her warmth again while enjoying a nice, hot, dinner. The end.

[Falling harp scale]

All right, Joss. I hope you liked your story and thanks again for your great question. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my editor and producer, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song, Mother Earth and Grandmother Sun, and all you kids at home who are lucky enough to have a grandma or a great aunt or any smart, capable, caring older woman that's loved you and looked out for you.

And thanks for doing something nice for them every now and then, right?

But until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]