

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 075: [What if leaves called big armies to fight dragons and the zombie apocalypse happened?](#)

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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 we've got a question from Edward.

Edward:                Hello, my name is Edward and I'm six years old. My favorite thing is dragons and dinosaurs. My what if question is what if leaves called big armies to fight dragons? Thank you.

Mr. Eric:                Wow, Edward, thank you so much. I've never pictured an army of leaves. I'm gonna add on another question that I recently received involving dragons.

Murray:                Hi, Mr. Eric, I'm a really big fan. I am Murray, I am from Scotland. I really like dragons and I'm wondering, what if the zombie apocalypse happened? Thank you, bye!

Mr. Eric:                Whoa, Murray, that is a big question. Folks at home, don't worry, it's still gonna be a kid friendly story. Well, without further ado, let's answer Edward and Murray's question. What if leaves called big armies to fight dragons and the zombie apocalypse happened? Eek!

[Rising harp scale]

Mr. Eric:                Once upon a time, all the dragons and dinosaurs were having a big party for big creatures.

Q-Rex:                 Hey, listen up, this is Q-Rex! All the dinos in the house say rawr!

Dinosaurs:            Rawr!

Q-Rex:                 All the dragons in the house say, "Dinosaurs are better!"

Dragons:               Dinosaurs are bet—

Q-Rex: Ah, I almost got you. Well, it's starting to get cold and dinosaurs are cold-blooded, so Q-Rex out, y'all!

Mr. Eric: And the big T-Rex took off his headphones, shut off his microphone and turntable, and then ate the whole thing.

Dracomax: Q-Rex?

Mr. Eric: Asked Dracomax.

Dracomax: Why did you just eat all your musical equipment?

Q-Rex: Because it's hardcore, man. I'm big and I'm tough, and I do big, tough stuff sometimes. You got a problem with that?

Dracomax: Oh, I...

Mr. Eric: Dracomax was much bigger than Q-Rex and he could breathe any kind of dragon breath he could imagine, but he'd never been spoken to this way.

Dracomax: I don't like how you're talking to me.

Q-Rex: Oh, this guy has feelings! Big tough stuff doesn't have feelings, okay, man? I eat my mic and my recording equipment and I say what's on my mind and I don't care how it makes other people feel because caring about stuff isn't big and bad and cool.

Dracomax: Well, I'm big.

Q-Rex: Yeah, but are you big, bad, and cool, like me.

Dracomax: I don't want to be bad and cool. I just want to be me.

Q-Rex: Ooh, that is so uncool, so mission accomplished, I guess.

Mr. Eric: And Q-Rex and the other dinosaurs left. Another dragon, Megomega, approached Dracomax.

Megomega: Don't worry, Dracomax. You're twice as big as he'll ever be.

Dracomax: That's not what has me feeling this way. I didn't like his words.

Megomega: Words cannot hurt ye, you're the biggest, most powerful dragon that ever was.

Dracomax: Yeah, yeah.

Megomega: But Q-Rex was right about one thing. It is getting cold. We are going to fly back to the dragon caves, now.

Dracomax: I'm too big to fit in the dragon caves. I'm actually big to fit anywhere. I've been stuck out in these cold nights for a couple of weeks now.

Megomega: You're so big and tough.

Dracomax: Yeah, but that doesn't mean...

Mr. Eric: Squarebot came up, too. He was a big chrome dragon that could transform into a little robot.

Squarebot: Hey, Dracomax, you don't mind if we leave all this charred meat out here in the field for you when we go?

Dracomax: Actually, I've been feeling a little under the weather, so I feel like I should eat more fruits and vegetables.

[Megomega and Squarebot laugh together.]

Squarebot: You're so funny. Big, tough dragons like you wouldn't eat fruits and vegetables.

Megomega: Let's party again same time tomorrow, Dracomax.

Dracomax: Oh, I was actually gonna fly some place warm and sit down with a good book until I'm feeling better.

[Megomega and Squarebot laugh again.]

Squarebot: Big, tough creatures don't need to read books.

Megomega: What a joker ye are.

Mr. Eric: And Squarebot and Megomega flew off towards the dragon caves for the evening.

Dracomax: Why are they telling me how I'm supposed to think and act and live?

Mr. Eric: Dracomax flapped his wings and took off to the south for warmer climates.

Dracomax: Oh, but if I disappear now, they'll know I'm sunning by a hot spring reading a book and they'll all make fun of me.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax wheeled about and flew back to the empty clearing. He tried blowing fire to make himself warmer but letting out all that heat just made his body colder.

Dracomax: [Shudders] Ooh, so cold. Oh, I'm so tired.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax drifted off to sleep. He dreamt of a warm sun and growing plants and fresh-squeezed juice and warm hugs and good books and friends that let him be himself. And when he woke up, he wasn't in a clearing anymore.

Dracomax: Uh oh.

Mr. Eric: Well, you might know that Dracomax had a habit of getting stuck in places and now he seemed to be stuck inside a forest. Morning's light peeked through the trees and he found that he was wrapped up tight in leafy vines.

Dracomax: What is going on? [Coughs]

Mr. Eric: And he coughed out a mossy tree stump.

Dracomax: Uh oh, I must have breathed out this whole forest in my sleep.

Mr. Eric: The leafy vines wrapped him tighter in a warm hug and a cluster of juicy oranges lowered itself from a branch straight towards his mouth.

Dracomax: Wow.

Mr. Eric: Dracomax said, his mouth watering. As the first orange tried to squeeze itself right into his mouth, he heard a distant flapping.

Dracomax: No, it can't be!

Mr. Eric: Dracomax looked to the skies and that orange juice got squeezed right in his eyes!

Dracomax: Ooh, aaah! Dragons are coming back early. [Coughs and sniffs]

Mr. Eric: He lay his head down on the mossy stump in defeat.

Dracomax: They're all going to see me acting like I'm not big and tough and cool. [Sneeze]

Mr. Eric: But he didn't breathe out more forest this time. He breathed out a bunch of gray sludge.

Dracomax: I'm getting too sick for my magic breath to work right. I've gotta try not to sneeze.

Mr. Eric: He heard the dragons flapping.

Squarebot: Dracomax, where are you?

Megomega: Where be ye, o mightiest of dragons?

Mr. Eric: He tried to struggle out of the leafy vines and noticed there seemed to be words written all over every leaf. A thousand leaves formed together like pages and a branch brought up a fully-formed book and started slowly turning the pages.

Dracomax: No, they can't see me reading and resting and getting hugs!

Mr. Eric: Dracomax started to shake. And then he started to twist, and then he started to stretch and he burst through the grasping vines and the gentle leaves and the sheltering trees and a shower of hundreds of thousands of leaves blew through the air as the warm, loving forest he dreamt fell apart and blew away on the wind.

Dracomax: Really not feeling so good...

Mr. Eric: With the leaves dispersing, Megomega and Squarebot were able to find Dracomax, finally.

Squarebot: There you are, Dracomax. We need to get set up for tonight's party.

Megomega: It's going to be bigger and better than ever!

Dracomax: Can we maybe not invite Q-Rex this time?

Q-Rex: Give it up for Q-Rex! Yo, Dracomax, I need you to breathe me out a new studio set, stat. And some speakers and some cables, maybe some gaf tape.

Dracomax: I'm a little under the weather, Q-Rex. I shouldn't be breathing things out for people right now.

Q-Rex: Oh, you need to curl up and get some rest?

Squarebot: Don't embarrass us in front of the dinosaurs.

Q-Rex: Want me to read you a bedtime story?

Dracomax: Actually, all of that sounds pretty nice right now.

Megomega: Why are you shivering, Dracomax? It's not even cold.

Mr. Eric: But the wind was picking up again, and on this cold mid-day wind flew a forest's worth of leaves.

Dracomax: Uh oh, I think they might be mad at me.

Squarebot: Right, because you did something cool and tough and big?

Dracomax: I did do something bit, I guess. I blew them all away.

Q-Rex: Whoa. You messed up a whole forest. Maybe I was wrong about you, Dracomax.

Megomega: I knew you were a tough cookie, but I never you were that tough.

Dracomax: I don't think I should have done it, I think they were trying to help.

Mr. Eric: A storm of leaves overtook the dragons and the dinosaur.

Q-Rex: Ugh, no! Roughage, I can't have the other T-Rexes seem me eating greens!

Mr. Eric: And Q-Rex ran for the hills.

Squarebot: All these leaves carry dirt and dust. I cannot have it getting in my robo dragon gears.

Dracomax: Megomega, where are you?

Megomega: Don't you worry, I'll stay and fight by your side.

Mr. Eric: And Megomega lashed out with claws and talons, with tail and teeth, with batting wings and lightning breath.

Megomega: Ahahaha! A battle at last.

Dracomax: No, I think they were just—

Mr. Eric: But all those crunched up leaves on all that stirring wind got right up Dracomax's nose.

Dracomax: Ah...ah...a-CHOOOOO!

Mr. Eric: That gray goop that he'd sneezed out earlier? Well, now it was a gray spray and it took to the winds. No, it was the winds and the storms, tornados, and hurricanes of grayish goop flew out in every direction.

Megomega: What's happening Dracomaaaaax.

Dracomax: Oh boy, I think I just sneezed out a zombie apocalypse. I am so embarrassed.

Megomega: Flaaaames.

Dracomax: You want to eat flames, not brains?

Megomega: Flaaaaames.

Dracomax: Yeah, yeah okay. I forgot that every type of zombie likes to eat a different type of thing, so, okay we can get ahead of this.

Mr. Eric: Dracomax was still feeling so sick and tired, but now of course he'd ended the world so he felt he ought to do something. He tried to fly ahead of the storms he sneezed out, but he was too slow. He got to his friend Randal Radbot's house.

Dracomax: Randall! Are you a zombie?

Randall Radbot: Beep boooooo oooop bop.

Dracomax: I don't know what that means. Are you just sleepy, or?

Randall Radbot: Gears, bro! Give me like some greased up gears, yo.

Dracomax: Okay, so robot zombies eat gears. Dragon zombies eat fire. I need to find an expert!

Mr. Eric: So he flew to the Fur Force station and found Fred the Zombie Dog. He was, ugh, licking off the last of that gray goop.

Fred: Oh hi, Dracomax! Why aren't you a zombie?

Dracomax: It was me! I made everyone zombies!

Fred: Dracomax, that wasn't nice! Not everyone wants to be zombies!

Dracomax: I know but I was getting sick and my friends wouldn't let me rest and there were these leaves.

Fred: Well, why wouldn't your friends let you rest when you were sick?

Dracomax: Fred that's not the point! You have to help me save the world.

Fred: Oh, don't worry about that. Most zombies just eat things not people, so as long as those things don't become zombies.

Zombie: Dooooooooogsss...

Fred: Oh, paws.

Mr. Eric: Fred and Dracomax slowly looked over to a pile of sticks that seemed to be coming to life.

Fred: Okay, so this probably a problem because I eat stick brains, so sticks must...

Dracomax: So gears are gonna try to eat robots and flames are gonna try to eat dragons?

Fred: Yeah, I'm starting to think this is the bad kind of apocalypse, Dracomax.

Dracomax: I can't save the whole world, I'm not big enough. I'm not tough enough. I'm not cool enough.

Fred: Excuse me?

Dracomax: It's just all my big, tough, cool dragon friends—

Fred: Hey, Mr. Dragonpants. Do you think I'm big and tough and super cool all the time?

Dracomax: You must be, you're the leader of the Fur Force.

Fred: No, I'm 30 pounds and my tongue stick out too far, and I'm a stinky zombie and I whine a lot.

Dracomax: But...but...

Stick Zombies: Dooooogs doooooooooogs doooooooooogs...

Mr. Eric: Fortunately the sticks weren't very fast but they were rolling slowly towards Fred and Dracomax.

Dracomax: That can't be right! Heroes can't be little and have feelings.

Fred: I don't know who these friends of yours are, but if they let you get sick and they don't let you do the things you like, then they're definitely not cool.

Mr. Eric: [Stomping noises] Q-Rex ran up to the Fur Force station.



Q-Rex: Musical equipment...

Dracomax: Oh boy, now your musical equipment's trying to eat you?

Q-Rex: Mm-hmm.

Mr. Eric: Q-Rex nodded, pointing with his tiny T-Rex claws toward his tummy.

Dracomax: Oooh, but they're already in your tummy? That must hurt.

Q-Rex: [Whimpers]

Dracomax: Are you having feelings right now?

Q-Rex: Musical equipment.

Dracomax: It's okay, Q-Rex. You can have feelings, you can be scared. I'm scared.

Q-Rex: [Whimpers]

Fred: This is the guy been picking on you? I know his daddy, he's not gonna be happy to hear that.

Q-Rex: Musical equipment.

Fred: Okay, I won't tell your daddy if you stop acting like a big meany.

Q-Rex: Mm...equipment.

Mr. Eric: And at that moment, the sticks finally rolled themselves to Freddy!

Stick Zombies: Dooooogs dooooooooooogs dooooooooooogs...

Fred: Oh no, they're tickling my toes! Get out of here, colossal dragon, save yourself!

Mr. Eric: And just when Dracomax thought things couldn't get any worse, that storm of leaves found him again.

Q-Rex: Musical equipment...

Mr. Eric: Q-Rex ran off again, hunched over with a tummy ache.

Fred: First sticks, now leaves, this truly is the end of days.

Mr. Eric: The leaves swirled around Dracomax, testing, tightening, twisting around every part of him without actually touching.

Dracomax: Go ahead and finish me off, leaves. You were just trying to help me get better but I didn't want to seem weak. I didn't want to be uncool.

Mr. Eric: The leaves got tighter. All he could hear was their whooshing and whirling.

Dracomax: When I woke up this morning and you were giving me a big warm hug, it was the best I felt in weeks but I was trying to be a tough guy. I should have known it would cause a zombie apocalypse.

Mr. Eric: Suddenly it was quiet and warm. The leaves hadn't been getting tighter to hurt him. Do you think you know what they were doing?

Zach: Yeah! The leaves were giving Dracomax a big warm hug!

Dracomax: Oh, I don't deserve this.

Mr. Eric: But he flopped down just the same and right there, in front of Fur Force headquarters, a forest sprouted anew, every leaf panned in ink as part of a different book and every tree bursting with healthy fruits and vegetables that squeezed themselves off twig and vine to fall right into—

Dracomax: Om nom nom nom! Oh, you're like a healthy smoothie forest!

Mr. Eric: And more and more of that delicious smoothie squeezed its way right into Dracomax's belly.

Dracomax: Oh, I'm starting to feel so much better. Wait, wait, wait, no, I gotta, the apocalypse—

Mr. Eric: He tried to get up but the leaves and vines hugged him even tighter.

Fred: Listen, Dracomax.

Mr. Eric: Said Fred, walking away from the sticks that were still trying to get him.

Fred: Zombie apocalypse or no, you need your rest and I will do what good dogs do and lay down right here on your face so you can barely breathe but it's comfortable for me for some reason.

Dracomax: [Mumbled shouting.]

Mr. Eric: But what Fred didn't know was that Dracomax was allergic to dogs!

Dracomax: [Winding up to sneeze.]

Fred: Oh, paws.

Dracomax: A-CHOOOOOO!

Mr. Eric: But this time, instead of sneezing out a storm of grayish sludge, it looked like Dracomax was sneezing out a green smoothie! Fred was whipped away on a cloud of it.

Fred: This is gonna take so long to lick off!

Mr. Eric: And the green cloud spread all over What If World, turning into a soft, smoothie rain.

Fred: Hello, Dracomax!

Mr. Eric: Fred called from a distance. Everyone turning back from zombies!

Dracomax: What about you, Fred? Are you still a zombie?

Fred: I don't even know anymore, I'm an old dog.

Mr. Eric: But Dracomax didn't hear Fred's answer, his head was resting on a mossy stump, a leafy book in his lap, asleep in a hug of leafy vines. The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: All right, Edward and Murray. I hope you enjoyed your story. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keefe, my editor and producer, Craig Martinson for our theme song, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, and all you kids at home who are honest about your feelings. Can you ask a friend or grown up how they're feeling this week? Can you tell them how you're feeling? Give it a shot! Let me know how it goes.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

Lyrics: What If World. This is What If World.