

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 077: [What if parents went to school and kids went to work and my doll Rosa came alive and danced with Fair Elise?](#)

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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, I'm so happy to be joined by one of my favorite storytellers, Rhea Pechter from *Little Stories for Tiny People*.

Hi, Rhea.

Rhea: Hi, Eric. Happy to be here.

Mr. Eric: Rhea does a really wonderful and thoughtful and original storytelling podcast, they're all original, right?

Rhea: They are.

Mr. Eric: It's so great to have you here. And she's going to tell you more about the show at the end. So, Rhea, we've got to listen to some questions, right?

Rhea: Yeah, let's do it.

Mr. Eric: Our first question is from Jack.

Jack: [Breaking up]

Jack's Parent: Say it again, honey.

Jack: Hi, my name is Jack and my what if question is, what if parents went to school and kids went to work? And I like robots, gears, and stuff. Bye!

Mr. Eric: All right, Jack. Thank you so much for that question. I really love robots, gears, and stuff, especially.

Rhea: Me, too.

Mr. Eric: Before we play our next question, I want to point out that a young lady named Mariellabel called in with a very similar question. What if parents

went to school? So thank you Jack and Mariellabel for asking that wonderful question. Now we're gonna play another question to add on, do you think we can handle two questions?

Rhea: I think we can.

Marlow: Hi, my name is Marlow and I like playing with my sister Liza, and my question is, what if my doll Rosie came alive and danced with Fair Elise in a ballet musical.

Marlow's Parent: And how old are you?

Marlow: Five and a half.

Marlow's Parent: Thank you!

Rhea: Oh, I love that question.

Mr. Eric: All right, thank you Marlow. So we're going to find out what if parents went to school and kids went to work, and there's also going to be a doll named Rosa coming alive and teaching a ballet class. All right, Miss Rhea, oh, everybody goes by Miss or Missus.

Rhea: That's fine. I'm very used to that.

Mr. Eric: Okay, are you ready for our story?

Rhea: I am so ready.

[Rising harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Pixicato woke up with that once a week feeling. She did not want to go to school today.

Rosa: Did you say school? Oh my!

Pixicato: Oh, wait a second. My doll Rosa, came alive?

Rosa: Yes, it finally happened. I'm alive! And I'm filled with such purpose. I shall be a teacher.

Pixicato: I'm just not really feeling school today.

Rosa: Well, I am a teacher. I live to teach is what I said, all my two minute life and there's something every teacher needs: a student.

Pixicato: [Groans.]

Mr. Eric: And Pixicato rolled back into bed.

[Scene change sound.]

Meanwhile, Detective Fair Elise woke up. She heard a phone ringing.

[Phone ringing]

But she had that thrice a week feeling that grown-ups tend to get. She did not want to go to work today.

Fair Elise: Hello, who is it?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Hello, Detective. I'm so glad I reached you. This is Mrs. Gearsnstuff. I am calling because because because...

Fair Elise: Because?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Oh dear. Memory retrieval if failing me.

Fair Elise: Mrs. Gearsnstuff, did you happen to lose a gear from your brain again?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Oh Em Gee, this is so embarrassing. I must have. It looks like I have a mystery and I need a detective.

Fair Elise: Wait, a detective. Maybe any detective would do?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: You are right.

Mr. Eric: At that same moment, Madam Mydoll Rosa rushed into Fair Elise's bedroom.

Rosa: I need a student. How have I not found a student yet? I've been alive for ten whole minutes, already. Detective, is there a student here I could teach?

Fair Elise: My daughter Pixicato is of learning age. Oh, is she not wanting to go to school again, today.

Rosa: I suppose she isn't, but I need a student now!

Fair Elise: Oh, I don't know. If I switched places and acted as your student, would that be proper parenting to send my child to work?

Rosa: Oh, but haven't you checked your calendar today? It is Freaky Friday.

Fair Elise: Oh, okay! Pixicato! Have a nice day at work and don't forget your lunch.

Mr. Eric: Pixicato overheard her mom from bed. It was indeed Freaky Friday and she was having none of being treated like a child.

Pixicato: No, Mommy. You have a nice day at school and don't forget your lunch.

Mr. Eric: Pixicato got dressed and rushed over to Gearsnstuff's shop for gears and stuff and also robots.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Thank you, Pixicato, for agreeing to help me find my missing gear.

Pixicato: Okay, well—

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Without it, I fear I cannot, I cannot... I cannot remember much.

Pixicato: I'm sort of a junior detective for Freaky Friday. Do you have any clues?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: I cannot remember what my missing gear looks like, but there is a large round thing on the wall up there. You'll need the ladder. It might be my gear. It has a circle of numbers and two hands that move around it. Right now it is telling us it is one o'clock.

Pixicato: Okay, you just very accurately described a clock. That seems a little big to fit in your head.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: But maybe it will. How will we know?

Pixicato: All right.

Mr. Eric: Pixicato skipped the ladder and flew up to grab the clock but it was much too big for Mrs. Gearsnstuff's head.

Pixicato: I think it has to be something a little smaller. Normally, when you lose stuff, it doesn't go up onto a ceiling or wall, it falls down onto the ground. Is there anything else around that might be a gear or your stuff?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Let me think a moment. There is a long, metal chain. It is on my coat. I cannot remember what it is called. It helps my coat stay closed. Maybe that is actually my gear.

Pixicato: If it's on your coat already, I don't know how it could have been in your head earlier. Oh, but let's just see, anyway. [Zip zip zip]

Mr. Eric: She took off that little piece, you know, what do you call that thing, and she tried to find a slot inside of Mrs. Gearsnstuff's head. But it wasn't quite working.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Oh, no, this must not be it. I was definitely wrong. There is a round metal thing I used to cook my eggs and staples this morning. Perhaps that is my gear.

Pixicato: A frying pan? This is going to be a long day.

Mr. Eric: Meanwhile, Madam Mydoll Rosa was leading Fair Elise and a number of other begrudging students in a rather tough day at school.

Rosa: And 1-2-3, 1-2-3, faster! More feeling! And now, lift, and now leap! I want to see you leap like a frog. Now leap like a kangaroo. No! No leaping like a cricket. Stop that cricket leaping! Let's see more kangaroo.

Fair Elise: I think I've leapt the exact same way all three times. I'm a little stressed out.

Rosa: You need to work harder.

Alabaster: Tell me about it. I don't even know how I ended up here. Must be something fishy going on.

Fair Elise: Are you here because of a Freaky Friday mixup?

Alabaster: Uh, yeah. It's not like I wanted to take a ballet class or anything. Must be that... F-Flipped up Friday thing you were talking about.

Rosa: Now keep spinning. I don't see you spinning fast enough. Do not stop spinning! Now grab your pencil and your notebook, but do not stop spinning.

Alabaster: Oohh uhhh uhh.

Rosa: We are going to do a pop quiz!

Alabaster: Please no pop quizzes.

Fair Elise: Maybe if we focused on our technique, Madam Mydoll Rosa, and did the quiz later...

Rosa: I believe that I am the teacher and you are my student. Okay, pop quiz, question one, detectives. Oh, I love being a teacher. Now keep spinning. When you are interviewing a witness, if they quickly look up and to the left does it mean: A, they are hiding something, B, are they telling the truth, or 3, they saw a spider on the ceiling. There is only one correct answer.

Alabaster: Ooh, it's gonna be the spider.

Fair Elise: I don't think it's the spider.

Alabaster: I know, but I forgot the other two.

Fair Elise: Why is this quiz in a ballet class?

[Scene change sound.]

Mr. Eric: Pixicato was so exhausted. She'd been looking all over Gearsnstuff's shop for gears and stuff and also robots, and she hadn't found a single gear that would fit inside Mrs. Gearsnstuff's head. Looks like it was time for lunch.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Would you care for some pickled microchips? I also have some sautéed staples or a peanut-butter and WD-40 sandwich.

Pixicato: I don't feel like any of those. I can't eat this lunch my mom made me, I'm supposed to be a grown up today, it's Freaky Friday.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: That is understandable, but just remember, your mom will always be your mom. You might find that you miss those lunches someday when you are older and getting rusty. Now, would you like some transmission fluid juice to go with your... your... your... what was I saying?

Pixicato: You were actually making a lot of sense for five seconds. Then I guess you slipped a gear again.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Oh no. I am so embarrassed.

[Scene change sound.]

Mr. Eric: Back at school, it was lunch time for Fair Elise and Alabaster Zero, and also Fair Elise's sister, Der Elisa. What was she doing there?

Der Elisa: Ugh, I Freaky Friday'd with my son, Jack, and I don't even want to open my lunch. He packed it for me. There's probably like, a bunch of rocks and straw and maybe a raw fish or something.

Fair Elise: Oh dear. My daughter packed me a lunch as well. Maybe I'll just wait to open it.

Alabaster: I'm very excited to see what my vampire cat, Tabby Tallulah packed me for lunch. Oh, it's a cactus! Her favorite. Awww.

Der Elisa: I was almost right about mine. It's straw, a raw fish, and acorns. [Laughs]

Fair Elise: Pixicato packed me a peanut butter and gummy worm sandwich. She knows I don't like these.

Der Elise: Well, I am pretty proud of him for doing all this for me, though. He did try.

Alabaster: [Cries] That's so thoughtful. I miss Tabby so much.
[Scene change sound.]

Mr. Eric: Pixicato opened up her lunch and she found inside a perfectly shiny little gear.

Pixicato: Oh, Mom. She must have known. Um, Mrs. Gearsnstuff?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Yes?

Pixicato: Do you think this gear might work in your head?

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Oh, the missing gear, is that for me? Or, no. Does it go in your brain? Let's put it back right now.

Pixicato: Hey! Mrs. Gearsnstuff, please get that out of my ear.

Mrs. Gearsnstuff: Are you sure? It looks like it belongs to you.

Mr. Eric: Back at the school, Fair Elise went back to class hungry. That peanut butter and gummy worm sandwich still in her backpack.

Rosa: I hope you enjoyed the easy half of the school day because now we're going to do it all over again, but twice as fast and while balancing a bucket of water on your heads.

Alabaster: Oh, boy.

Rosa: Wait a second! I smell something. Who brought a peanut butter and gummy worm sandwich to ballet school?

Fair Elise: I'm so sorry—

Rosa: They're my favorite!

Fair Elise: Oh, Pixicato must have known. She was looking out for her mother all along. Madam Mydoll Rosa, would you like this peanut butter and gummy worm sandwich?

Rosa: Ah! I live for it, thank you.

Alabaster: Wow, that is so special. Hey, do I have something sticking out of my face, like maybe, 50 cactus thorns?

Rosa: Actually yes. What happened to you?

Alabaster: It's a long story, but basically I ate a cactus.

Mr. Eric: And after Madam Mydoll Rosa enjoyed her peanut butter and gummy worm sandwich, she became a much nicer teacher and the second half of the school day was just a blast.

Fair Elise and Mydoll Rosa walked back into their home that day to find Pixicato waiting for them.

Pixicato: Oh, Mom! You were looking out for me the whole time!

Fair Elise: As were you. Would you like to do Freaky Friday next week?

Pixicato: Um, next week is school vacation, so I think I'm gonna pass.

Rosa: There's just one thing I don't understand. Who did I Freaky Friday with today?

Pixicato: Huh, that is strange.

Fair Elise: Otherwise, you would have stayed a doll. Hmm.

Mr. Eric: They got up to Pixicato's room so she could get changed out of her detective clothes and they found Pixicato's mom, Sprite Alright, sleeping among the dolls.

Sprite Alright: All right, all right, all right, looks like I got out of teaching ballet class for another week.

Fair Elise: Oh, Sprite All right.

Pixicato: Oh, mom.

Rosa: I'd switch with you again any day.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Rhea, we did it! That was just so easy doing a story with you.

Rhea: Oh, good! I have never done anything like that, it was so fun!

Mr. Eric:

You kept throwing out so many silly ideas I had to try not to laugh.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keefe, my editor and producer, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song and all you kids at home who know your parents or guardians are always going to look out for you, so maybe you should try looking out for them every once in a while.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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