

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 079: [What if unicorns turned to rocks when they're shy and a magical fairy came and didn't make unicorns shy \(and aliens controlled us like puppets\)?](#)

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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 joined by the host of one of my favorite storytelling podcasts. Mr. Greg!

Mr. Greg: Hey, Eric!

Mr. Eric: Is it okay if I call you Mr. Greg.

Mr. Greg: I love it.

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay. Well, Mr. Greg is the host of *The Purple Rocket* podcast. They're great serialized stories and he's going to tell you all about those at the end but I think we should probably just get right into a question, huh?

Mr. Greg: Let's do it.

Mr. Eric: Cool. Our first question is from Emma Lyle.

Emma: Hello, my name is Emma Lyle and I'm from Texas and I really like My Little Pony. My what if question is what if aliens controlled us as puppets. Thanks! You're the best podcast ever.

Mr. Eric: Well, thank you, Emma Lyle. I hope I'm saying your name right and you probably know, Mr. Greg, am I going to be able to do a story about the My Little Pony property, do you think?

Mr. Greg: Uh... probably not.

Mr. Eric: But we will do our best to creatively incorporate your question into our story. And I had one more friend who liked unicorn. Now, I thought her question would really mix in well with this story, so let's listen up to Beatrice.

Beatrice: My name is Beatrice and I like unicorns, and what if unicorns turned into rocks when they're shy and a magical fairy came and didn't make unicorns shy?

Mr. Eric: Okay, Beatrice. What if—did you hear that, Mr. Greg?

Mr. Greg: I did, I love that.

Mr. Eric: What if unicorns turned into rocks when they're shy, and a magic fairy came and didn't make the unicorns shy. And then we also have, what if aliens controlled us like puppets? Do you think we can put them both together, Mr. Greg?

Mr. Greg: I think we can.

Mr. Eric: Then, story ahoy, as Petey would say. I can't do as good a voice as he does, though.

[Rising harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time, in outer space, Spiffy the Space Fairy was living with his friend Fairien, the Fairy Alien, on the sun.

Spiffy: Hey, Fairien, are you almost ready for your trip to What If World?

Fairien: I'm not sure I want to go to What If World.

Spiffy: Oh, why not?

Fairien: I've heard some awful things about that place. It sounds like it gets destroyed nearly every day and mother always told me to never get destroyed.

Spiffy: Oh, no, no. It doesn't get destroyed nearly every day. It gets nearly destroyed every day. There's a big difference.

Fairien: Oh, okay...

Spiffy: So you're mostly safe.

Fairien: I'm not sure that sounds safe enough for me, unfortunately.

Spiffy: You've studied all about What If World and besides, you're gonna have the Puppetator.

Fairien: The hot potato machine?

Spiffy: Well, I can lend you that, too. I was gonna give you the Puppetater, though. It doesn't make taters, I see how that was misleading. No, it lets you control others like puppets. Just make sure you don't use it to take over the world.

Fairien: If you put it that way, that is kind of tempting. I could use some fresh air and to dominate another world. [Record scratch.]

Spiffy: Uh, buh buh!

Fairien: I mean, explore another world, is what I meant to say.

Spiffy: Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.

Fairien: Bad habit, sorry.

Mr. Eric: So Fairien packed a light snack and started the 92.96 million mile trip to What If World.

Fairien: Let's see, I usually pack my snack, but I let my mother do it today, so let's see what she's got for me here in this brown paper bag. We've got carrots. Okay, off to a slow start. Let's see. Baby carrots. Okay, mom. Baby food carrots, carrot cake... oh, there's just a lot of carrots in here. She forgot the space gummies again for the tenth time. I left a sticky note on her space ship. Turn back, Spiffy, I can't do this.

Spiffy: Hey, listen. You have to try new things, including, apparently, carrots.

Fairien: I could use some more vitamin A, I guess. Okay, let's do it. I can do this.

Mr. Eric: So Fairien activated his teleporter, and... [teleporter noises]. Was suddenly in a forest on What If World.

Fairien: Let's see. I'm going to find myself a new best friend. Oh, hello there. My name is Fairien. What is your name?

Mr. Eric: But Fairien was just talking to a shrubbery.

Fairien: This is kind of rude not to reply, I asked you your name.

Voice: Keep tryin'!

Fairien: Okay, clearly the people in What If World are rude. Oh, hello down there. Let me squat down next to you. You look like a nice little furry friend with a beautiful fluffy tail, eating that nut. Maybe we could be friends. Are you not going to share it, and just stare at me?

Voice: That's just a decorative squirrel, it's not real.

Fairien: This is a very odd decoration, indeed. I think What If World could use a new interior decorator.

Mr. Eric: Fortunately, Fairien finally saw a human standing in the woods.

Fairien: Finally, a semi-intelligent life form. Hello, there, sir! My name is Fairien, and let's see. Middle-aged man, receding hair line, pocket calculator. You must be an accountant. How goes it, accountant?

Voice: Sorry, that's just a scare human. I use it to scare away other humans. You see, these days, humans really don't like to talk to each other.

Fairien: Is there anybody on this planet that can be my friend? Anybody?

Voice: Um, you're sitting on me.

Fairien: What? This abnormally jagged, uncomfortable rock?

Voice: I happen to be a pony-shaped rock. Hang on.

Fairien: Wow!

Mr. Eric: And the rock transformed into a sort of unicorn pony.

Emma Stone: My name is Emmatrice Widdle Pony Unistony.

Fairien: Wow, that is a very long, slightly confusing name. May I simply call you Emma Stone for sort?

Emma Stone: Well, I can't think of any reason why not.

Fairien: Well, my name is Fairien. I'm here to dominate your world... uh, explore your world and you are my new best friend, congratulations.

Emma Stone: Well, you see, I came to the forest because I'm a shy unistony and I just sort of like to be left alone most times but I was starting to feel really lonely until you came.

Fairien: Well, that's why I'm here. I'm definitely not here to dominate and control everybody on this planet. I came here to be your friend, Emma. So, what would you like to play?

Emma Stone: Wow, well, everyone always wants to ride the pony, when does the pony get to ride the someone?

Fairien: That's an interesting idea. Sounds very uncomfortable. Back in space, on the sun, where I come from, we play two different games. We either see who can stare at the ground the longest, or we play evil empire. First person to enslave five worlds wins. Woo woo woo, what do you think about that?

Emma Stone: Evil empire sounds so fun.

Fairien: Doesn't it?

Emma Stone: I take over the dirt planet!

Mr. Eric: And Emma ran over to a pile of dirt and sat on top of it.

Fairien: That's not exactly what I had in mind.

Emma Stone: You keep talking about dominating worlds, I thought you were making jokes.

Fairien: Of course I was making jokes, Emma Stone, I don't really want to dominate your world and control all of its resources, that's ridiculous.

Emma Stone: Okay.

Fairien: I just want to play. You can ride on my back.

Emma Stone: Yay!

Fairien: Oh, you're heavy!

Emma Stone: Go, Fairien, go!

Fairien: [Wheezing and struggling.]

Mr. Eric: Fortunately, living on the high gravity sun had made Fairien quite strong for his small size and he was able to carry that pony all around the forest.

Emma Stone: Yipee! Hooray! Okay, your turn!

Fairien: Oh, okay. I've never ridden on a unicorn before. Do I just hold onto this horn here, maybe. Move my hands close together.

Emma Stone: Oh, watch out! [Magic noise!]

Fairien: Wa-a-atch out for that tree!

Emma Stone: Sorry, sometimes my horn blasts out stones, it's one of the unistony power.

Fairien: We need to work on that if we're going to be friends.

Mr. Eric: And unistony and Fairien were friends. They played together all day. A lot of crazy games the shy Emma had never played before. But night time came at last and the sleepy little pony rubbed at her eyes with her hooves and curled up on a little bed of grass.

Emma Stone: That was really fun, Fairien. Good night.

Fairien: Good night? It hasn't even been a full sun day yet, we can't go to sleep.

Emma Stone: How long is a sun day?

Fairien: A month, at least!

Emma Stone: Well, let me just try to stay awake for a little bit... [trails off] [snores].

Fairien: Oh, great. I can't sleep here. Besides, I have to sleep upside down in the starfish position. Oh, I guess I can just sit here alone and try to distract myself until you wake up, friend. Good night.

[Owl hooting and wolf howling]

What was that? [Creaking noises].

Oh, look at this! A little bug on my finger. Oh, you're cute, aren't you? Red with little black spots.

Bug: Buzzes.

Fairien: Oh, that tickles. So adorable, and yet so terrifying. Get off me, you bug! The puppetator machine, where is it? The only way to be safe is to control the minds of everyone, I knew it. Oh, there it is. This switch here, and... [Machine noises.] On.

Mr. Eric: That morning, Emma woke up feeling rested and as happy as she'd ever remembered feeling. She finally had a new friend who didn't mind that she was a little shy sometimes and it was making her braver. She was playing new games and taking new risks, and... the entire forest was full of people and creatures.

Emma Stone: Fairien, wh-what's going on?

Fairien: With this machine, I can control these people and they'll do anything I want! Watch, this button right here. Press it and you see that guy right there, he doesn't look like he could dance, could he? But I press this button, look! He's doing the robot.

Alabaster: Oh, hey, whoa! I mean, I like ballet better than this! Aaah.

Fairien: And, see that girl over there? She looks too young to do the worm, but watch, I'll press this button, and look!

Girl: I'm getting really dirty!

Fairien: And this one makes them sing but don't press that one because they sound terrible. In fact, I'll put a little bit of tape over that one.

Whovarati [Singing] You pressed the tape down too haaaaard! And now I can sing to the suuuun and the staaaaars.

Fairien: Oh gosh, oh man, take off that tape.

Emma Stone: I actually, I don't...

Fairien: What?

Emma Stone: I told you that I get shy around this many people. This is too much. It's too fast, I—

Fairien: But these can be more friends, it's not a big deal, let's just play with them, too. They'll do anything we want.

Emma Stone: No, sometimes I just...

Fairien: Oh no, you're doing it again, aren't you. No.

Emma Stone: I...

Mr. Eric: And Emma turned back into a stone.

Fairien: Oh, not again.

Emma Stone: Can you please just let these people go and get out of here.

Fairien: Emma, don't make this awkward, I really want to impress these new friends. I can turn you back into your unicorn self. All I have to do, I think, is press control-alt and this big red button with a skull on it—

Emma Stone: Let me be how I want to be.

Fairien: But—

Emma Stone: Leave me alone.

Fairien: You want to be left alone.

Abacus: I think that's what she said, sir, and we wouldn't mind having our free will back, if it's not too much to ask.

Fairien: I didn't ask you, where's that silence button? Fine. I'll find a new friend. As we say back home on the sun. [Garbled-sounding noises, which is apparently the sun language.] And I mean that from the bottom of my heart, Emma. Good bye.

Mr. Eric: And just like that, Fairien and all of his puppetator-controlled friends were gone. Emma was sad to be alone again and time passed so slowly by herself, but she didn't feel confident enough to be a pony again.

Emma Stone: Why did he have to push so hard? I just.. I liked how things were. It was just too much.

Mr. Eric: Suddenly, out of the sky, fell a little piece of paper, and it landed right beside her little stony form. It looked like Fairien's handwriting.

Emma Stone: Oh, he learned how to write in my language, just for me.

Mr. Eric: And the note read as follows:

Fairien: Dear Emma, I'm sorry that I tried to turn you back into a pony when you wanted to be a rock. And I'm sorry I took you to the lake and tried to skip you across the pond. And that you sank to the bottom and it took me three hours to bring you back up. I want to be your friend no matter what you are. If you still want to be my friend, simply step onto this note to meet me halfway.

Emma Stone: Oh, he really cares. He even skipped me across a lake just how I always wanted to be. Except it's hard to throw yourself when you're a stone. Hmm. Maybe I should give him a chance.

Mr. Eric: And Emma, still feeling shy in her stony form, rolled right onto that note. [Magic teleporter noise] And found herself in outer space halfway between the sun and What If World!

Emma Stone: Whoa... Fairien.

Fairien: Hello Emma. I knew you'd come as a rock.

Emma Stone: How'd you know that?

Fairien: Because it's who you love to be!

Emma Stone: Well, sometimes I like to be a pony, too. We can feel different ways different times, right?

Fairien: Of course. Look out there.

Emma Stone: Wow. I've never seen outer space from this close.

Fairien: Yeah, sometimes I like to come out here and defy the sound-sucking vacuum of space to talk to my friends and pick out a world I want to take over. [Record scratch.] Sure you don't want to play evil empire? You'll catch on after a couple rounds, I promise.

Emma Stone: I don't want to destroy worlds with you!

Fairien: Of course you don't. I was just kidding! Kinda.

Emma Stone: How about a game where I just sit quietly with my new friend?

Fairien: That sounds like the best game of all.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Wow, Mr. Greg! That was fun.

Mr. Greg: Thanks for having me, that was a blast.

Mr. Eric: It was a real pleasure. Fairien was lovely. I loved his just slightly maniacal quality.

Mr. Greg: Oh, yeah, he's a little crazy.

Mr. Eric: That was great. Well, folks at home, I want Mr. Greg to tell you all about *The Purple Rocket* podcast. If you liked him on my show, then well, let's find out about his!

Mr. Greg: Thanks, Eric. Like Eric said, I'm the host of *The Purple Rocket* podcast, which produces educational audio adventures for kids. Now, we have a few different series going on right now, and like Eric said at the beginning, they're serialized, or at least most of them are, which means you want to start with the first episode and you listen to them chapter by chapter like an audio book.

I've got "Grampa's Globe," which is a story about twins, Sawyer and Susie, who discover a magical globe at their grandpa's house that transports them to anywhere in the world when they spin it and stop it with their finger. And they go on crazy adventures. They learn about different cultures.

And we've got "Winglings Under the Willow Tree," which is a fantasy fairy tale told from the perspective of a fairy, and it teaches earth science.

And then I've got "Space Train," and that is exactly how it sounds, about a crew of kids who zip off into space in a flying train going on adventures and learning about astronomy.

And then I've got "Life," which is a series of stand-alone life lessons. And that is actually the series that I got to feature Mr. Eric...

Mr. Eric: Hey!

Mr. Greg: He helped me do an episode that teaches kids why they shouldn't pick their nose. Look it up. "The Booger Burglar" is the name of the episode. He did an amazing job. You guys will love his voice. It is so good. So good.

Mr. Eric: I had a lot of fun on his episode, "The Booger Burglar," so check it out, I hope you like it. Mr. Greg, I'm going to let you go so I can do my little sign-off thing. But I just really wanted to give you my most sincere thanks, again. It's great having another talented voice actor on my show to—

Mr. Greg: Oh, thank you so much for having me, Eric. Love your show.

Mr. Eric: All right, thanks. Bye Mr. Greg!

Mr. Greg: See ya!

Mr. Eric: 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 know that fun can be big and loud or little and quiet. I hope you all experience a good mix of both.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What if World theme plays.]