

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 082: [What if ninja turtles could fly and birds could cry?](#) (plus a dragon guards a spider web from Cthunkle)?

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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 is a very special day because our story is going to be inspired by your artwork. Yep, we've been taking submissions for the last month and we got 20 pieces of art in total. Now, you can go on our private Facebook group if you want to see them all but I'd like to give a quick thank to Reed, Adom, Eloise, Sophie, Maggie, Bridget, Everly, Orson, Peck, Seth, and Charlotte. If you meant to submit some art but somehow I missed it, please try it again. I'll still consider future art submissions as potential what if questions. And if you send in your art, I'll make sure to thank you on the show.

Okay, we've got to announce our art contest winners! They are Charlotte, who asks: What if Ninja Turtles could fly and birds could cry? As well as Seth, who drew a picture and gave a very specific written description that goes as follows: The dragon is guarding the spider web for the spider while she's gone. At the bottom is a bubble bath to protect the dragon and snake in case they fall. They don't get hurt! The snake is a rattlesnake with wings. The bubble bath is just to play in.

Thank you Charlotte and Seth, and them of course, we have Peck, who only just wanted one of his favorite characters added to this story, so he drew ten of them. Well, Peck, I picked one at random and it happens to be Cthunkle. So thank you Charlotte, Seth, Peck, and all of my submitters. I'm gonna do my best to sneak your names all into this story, so pay attention as we find out what if Ninja Turtles could fly and birds could cry? Plus, a dragon guards a spiderweb from Cthunkle.

[Rising harp scale]

Once upon a time, there was a songbird named Charlotte, who thought that she was one of the most special songbirds around because she could fly. [Whistling.]

Charlotte: Look at me, I'm flying!

Mr. Eric: She would say to anyone who could see her and the first person she came across today was a great big rattlesnake named Seth.

Seth: [Singing] I'm so sad, I'm so...
[Charlotte whistling].

Charlotte: [Singing] You're so sad. You're so sad.
[Charlotte continues whistling and they both continue singing their own versions of the shared song.]

Seth: I was singing my sad song alone.

Charlotte: I know, and I didn't want you to feel sad or alone so I decided to sing with you.

Mr. Eric: Said Charlotte.

Seth: Well, it's my business being sad if I want to feel that way.

Charlotte: But why are you sad? You're a great big rattlesnake.

Seth: Why are you happy? You're a little songbird.

Charlotte: That's simple! I'm happy because I can fly.

Seth: Huh.

Mr. Eric: Said Seth.

Seth: I used to be happy because I could fly and it made me feel special.

Mr. Eric: And dark little scaly wings that had been blending in with his skin suddenly unfolded and flapped so vigorously that... he started hovering in the air.

Charlotte: Wow... You can fly, too. That's so special.

Seth: Nope, it's not that special in What If World where almost everyone can fly.

Charlotte: Oh, that's great.

Seth: Hmm. You're young. You keep thinking that way. I'm just gonna buzz off.

Mr. Eric: And he started flying away.

Charlotte: Hey, where you going?

Seth: To the safety bath.

Charlotte: Why?

Seth: To protect me in case I fall, but it's just to play in.

Charlotte: Well, which is it? To protect you or to play in.

Seth: Oh, you're young. You just don't understand these things.

Mr. Eric: And Seth flew off. Charlotte didn't feel quite so special now that she'd seen a flying snake. But, she kept on flitting about, doing her best to sing a happy song.

[Whistling "The Entertainer"]

But it just didn't come out as happy as before.

[Whistling]

People: Ooh, watch out! Coming through! Hey! Look out below!

Mr. Eric: She looked down to see four tortoises hustling through the woods. Well, hustling as fast as a tortoise can.

Charlotte: What's got you in all a hurry.

Tortoises: Do not slow us down! We're on a mission! It's a thing, the most important. Yeah, we're the young, mutated samurtortoise.

Charlotte: Don't you mean the teenage mutant ninja tu—

Tortoise: No! No! Uh-uh. She means the Young Mutated Samutortoise. That's Peck Reedardo.

Peck: And he's a Adom Deluise.

Sophia: I'm Sophia, and that's Maggabridgo.

Charlotte: Those are weird names. They kind of sound like you just put a bunch of other names together.

Peck: No.

Sophia: What are you talking about?

Maggabridgo: Oh yeah, I hear it.

Reedardo: Regardless, we have a battle to fight. The young mutated samurtortoise are the only ones who can bring down the safety bath.

Charlotte: What's so bad about the safety bath?

Reedardo: Everyone who has ever been there.

Sophia: Has never gotten out.

Charlotte: How do you know that if they haven't gotten out.

Adom Deluise: One presumes based off their absence.

Maggabridgo: But we have to go free them.

Charlotte: Okay, well, if I fly really slow, I can lead you there.

Reedardo: That won't be necessary.

Maggabridgo: Yeah, we can all fly.

Adom Deluise: We're actually incredibly fast.

Sophia: He's right.

Mr. Eric: And then all four of the young mutated samurtortoises sprouted wings from their tortoise shells and started flying even faster than Charlotte could.

Charlotte: He can fly faster than me, too? So much for being special. Hey turtis...

Adom Deluise: Tortoises.

Charlotte: Whatever, wait up!

Mr. Eric: Charlotte took off after them, but they kept getting farther and farther ahead. She saw bubbles rising from a great lake off in the distance and then she saw bright lights flashing and she started to hear distant fun music.

Charlotte: What is going on?

Mr. Eric: She saw the four tortoises land and draw their samurai weapons, but then... a cool white mist spread through the lights, covering up the four young heroes. And Charlotte couldn't fly as fast as a great big tortoise, or even bigger rattlesnake, but she did her best to catch up. And as she got closer, she saw him...

Charlotte: Dracomax?

Mr. Eric: He was DJing, scratching records atop a few turntables that were all perched on a giant spiderweb.

Dracomax: Yo, it ain't Dracomax, it's DracoSUN.

Charlotte: Drac...Orson?

Dracomax: No, like Draco-SUN. It is hip.

Charlotte: Okay... but why are you playing music up here? I think something bad is happening below the spider web?

Dracomax: Uh, I am protecting the spider web while the spider is away.

Charlotte: Are you just stuck in the spider web?

Dracomax: No, I'm protecting it by playing music for all of my friends below.

Charlotte: Can you even see them with all those bright lights and all that mist?

Dracomax: I make the mist. It slows down all the reptiles and amphibians and aquatic creatures.

Charlotte: But why would you want to slow them down?

Dracomax: For safety! This is the safety bubble bath.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax started up a new song.

Charlotte: I don't know what's happening here, but I think you're under a spell, too, Dracomax.

Dracomax: It's Draco-SUUUUUN.

Mr. Eric: Charlotte certainly wasn't as big as Dracomax, but at least she wasn't cold-blooded and her fluffy feathers might keep her warm. She steeled herself and flew into the icy mist below. There was the rattlesnake, Seth. He was flying and dancing over a big lake that kept bubbling and bubbling. Then she saw the tortoises.

Charlotte: Peck Reedardo, Adam Deluise, Sophia, Maggabridgo?

Peck: Why are you so concerned?

Maggabridgo: Yes, we are entirely safe.

Charlotte: I thought you were going to free everyone from here.

Adam: They made us an offer we couldn't refuse.

Sophia: They said:

Peck: We can dance. We can dance.

Sophia: Everything out of control!

Charlotte: No, you've got to snap out of it.

Mr. Eric: And one of the big bubbles coming up from the lake nearly snatched her.

Charlotte: Whoa! What's with these bubbles?

Adam: Bubbles are safe.

Sophia: No one has ever been hurt by a bubble.

Charlotte: I don't know about that.

Mr. Eric: Charlotte flew around flying snakes and turtles and frogs.

Snakes: Hey, watch yourssself.

Frog: [Singing, ribbiting]

Adam: Why don't you stay and dance?

Mr. Eric: And she got closer and closer to the lake, and she saw, beneath the surface...

Cthunkle: Hey, a bird?

Charlotte: No, a Cthunkle.

Cthunkle: That's what I am, of course.

Charlotte: Well, what are you doing down there? I thought you were trapped on What Is World.

Cthunkle: You seem to know an awful lot of What If World canon.

Charlotte: Everyone knows you're trapped on What Is World because you were bad.

Cthunkle: I was trapped, but they opened a portal to What Is World last week. [Laughs] Right in Mr. Eric's bathroom. [Laughs evilly.]

Charlotte: Where in Mr. Eric's bathroom?

Cthunkle: That's not important.

Charlotte: Was it the toilet?

Cthunkle: Look, I'm supposed to be monologing right now.

Charlotte: So you got here through Mr. Eric's toilet?

Cthunkle: It doesn't matter whose toilet I got here through.

Charlotte: [Laughs.]

Cthunkle: No, it was the bath tub.

Charlotte: Sure, sure. Yeah.

Cthunkle: Don't you want to know why I've trapped everyone here?

Charlotte: You're just going to use all their flying powers to take over the world.

Cthunkle: I'm sorry. You've guessed wrong.

Mr. Eric: She hear Dracomax's—uh, Dracosun's voice in the distance.

Dracomax: This song will keep you having fun and not thinking about anything else.

Charlotte: So you're brainwashing them?

Cthunkle: Actually, it's not my evil scheme at all. I just appeared here when I came back from What Is World.

Charlotte: Through Mr. Eric's toilet?

Cthunkle: Through a teleportation pipe of mystical power.

Charlotte: Okay.

Cthunkle: You see, there is a spider. Her name is Everly Away and she has trapped Dracomax and forced him to trap all of us.

Charlotte: But why?

Cthunkle: No one knows, for she is Everly Away in search of something else.

Charlotte: What am I supposed to do?

Cthunkle: You are warm-blooded. His icy breath cannot keep you here. You must find a way to free him from the web.

Charlotte: Okay, but if I free you, will you be good?

Cthunkle: Definitely for the rest of this story.

Charlotte: That's probably all we can guarantee. Okay. I'll do it.

Mr. Eric: And Charlotte flew back up through the cold mist, dodging past more flying reptiles and amphibians.

Frog: [Singing] [Ribbit]

Charlotte: Draco... sun?

Dracomax: Yes. Are you not satisfied with my jams?

Charlotte: No, no. Your jams are fine, but you've got to stop breathing ice breath and help me get you out of this web.

Dracomax: But Everly Away told me to stay.

Charlotte: I know, I know. But I don't think she's coming back, so now we've got to take care of ourselves.

Mr. Eric: And Charlotte started tearing at the web with her tiny talons.

Dracomax: Little bird, you cannot free me.

Charlotte: Maybe not, but I've got to try.

Dracomax: Not even my magic breath can break this web.

Mr. Eric: But she tore at it all the same, using her talons and even her little beak to...

Charlotte: Oh, no. I'm stuck!

Dracomax: It was kind of you to try.

Charlotte: But I can't stay here forever!

Dracomax: Stop. No one here ever feels sad. I play wonderful music and I breathe out all their favorite foods.

Charlotte: But no one here ever seems happy, either.

Dracomax: Aye. What are you doing, little bird?

Charlotte: My name is Charlotte [crying], and I'm crying.

Dracomax: What-ing?

Charlotte: I'm crying.

Dracomax: Ah, yes. I often cry because I cannot cry. It sounds like this: "Boo hoo hooooo."

Charlotte: You can't cry?

Dracomax: No one here can cry.

Charlotte: As her tiny cries shook the spider's web ever so slightly, the web shook back.

Dracomax: Strange...

Charlotte: Oh, what now?

Mr. Eric: And out of the mist, at the far corner of the web, Charlotte saw a great right spider crawl towards them. Every foot of its body was a different colored light that shone in every direction.

Everly: I am Everly Away. What are you doing, child?

Charlotte: I'm just crying, it's nothing special.

Mr. Eric: The multi-colored lights shining off of Everly Away started to die down and the steady stream of mist coming out of Dracomax's mouth finally stopped and started drifting away.

Everly: She cries.

Dracomax: That is nothing special. I can breathe salt water. HRAAAAAAUGH.

Charlotte: Dracomax, you really can't cry?

Everly: No one here remembers how to feel so I let them dance. It seems a kinder fate than some.

Charlotte: But crying's easy.

Mr. Eric: And she heard Cthunkle [watery splooshing noises] swimming out of the lake, finally.

Charlotte: Oh, and you can fly, too?

Cthunkle: Of course I can fly. I'm a being of unimaginable power. But I haven't cried in a long time, now that I think of it.

Mr. Eric: And all the dancing creatures were suddenly standing still and looking up through the web, now wet with icy dew, to see a little bird cry. And as the dew of Dracomax's breath started dripping down from the spider web like tears, all these slimy, silly, strange creatures started feeling.

Cthunkle: Why do I always seek absolute power?

Peck: Why do we always seek to fight everything?

Dracomax: Why do I always get stuck in things?

Adam: Why don't more tortoises sound like me?

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax, Cthunkle, Seth the Rattlesnake, Peck Reedardo, Adam Deluise, Sophiel, Maggabridggo... They were all crying.

Everly: Oh, little shallot, I wish you had been caught in my web long ago.

Mr. Eric: And even Everly Away started crying.

Charlotte: Okay, guys, stop crying because then you're gonna make me cry.

Cthunkle: It is feeling so good to finally cry.

All: [Crying loudly.]

Mr. Eric: And Everly Away touched her web with one sparkly leg and Charlotte and Dracomax were free!

Everly: I hoped someday there would come one who could teach us all to feel again.

Peck: Can you teach us how to feel other things?

Dracomax: Yes, like how to be warm-blooded.

Adam: And how to enjoy a good sandwich.

Cthunkle: And how to tie your tentacles.

Frog: And being quietly reflective.

Charlotte: Okay, well, some of those are feelings and some of those are just things.

Dracomax: Is 'not getting stuck in things' a feeling?

Charlotte: Not... exactly.

Dracomax: Well, can you teach me how not to get stuck in things?

Charlotte: I can try.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax handed his headphones back to Everly Away. Everly lit up again with every color in the rainbow, then placed four of her spider legs atop the turntables, and Dracomax breathed out one last mist as the music started playing and all the creatures in that valley flew away, following little Charlotte.

The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: All right, well, Seth and Charlotte, your ideas really helped inspire that story, and so did all of your art submissions. Orson, you might have noticed that yours just happened to fit perfectly, so I threw that one in there, too.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my co-editor and producer, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song, all of our guest artists, one more time, for their great work this week, and all you kids at home who know that super powers and crazy games can't make you happy. Try listening to that little bird in you. It might not sound like Charlotte, might not even be a bird, but the better you understand your own feelings, the more amazing you can be.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]