

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 087: What if mommies lasso a dinosaur and give him butterfly kisses (plus blueberry muffin houses)?

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Transcription by Keffy

[Rising harp scales followed by the What If World theme song.]

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.

[Gentle bell music.]

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 our monthly Patreon story. Now, what that means is everyone still gets to listen, of course. But we're just answering questions from our patrons.

All right. Our first patron question may perhaps be the youngest listener to ever have her question turned into a story. Her name is Raina.

Raina's Parent: What's your name?

Raina: My name is Raina.

Raina's Parent: How old are you?

Raina: I'm two and I'm almost three.

Raina's Parent: Yes, you are. What do you like?

Raina: I like dinosaurs and what else? If mommas lasso a dinosaur and give he butterfly kisses?

Raina's Parent: Is that it?

Raina: Yeah.

Raina's Parent: Say okay, bye.

Raina: Okay, bye!

Mr. Eric: Wow, Raina, thank you for such a nice question and for working really hard with Mom to get it right.

Then we have one more question from Harper.

Harper: My name's Harper and I like [unclear]. What if houses were made of blueberry muffins.

Harper's Parent: Say thanks, bye.

Harper: Thanks, bye.

Mr. Eric: Blueberry muffins are so delicious, I think they're going to be hard for some dinosaurs to resist.

Fred the Dog: Hold on there, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Fred! Are you here to thank Renzo and Carlitos, two of our newest patrons?

Fred the Dog: You better believe it. Renzo, your name is very hard to say for a dog with an extra long tongue but Mr. Eric and I really love all the nice messages you wrote about us.

Mr. Eric: That's true, Renzo. Thank you.

Fred the Dog: And Carlitos, I'm going to reach through the speaker with my tongue right now for a high five.

Mr. Eric: Oh, Fred, I'm not sure that's possible or sanitary.

Fred the Dog: [Extremely loud and strained licking sound].

Mr. Eric: Oh, okay. Carlitos, if you're listening, please just throw out a quick high five so he can get his tongue out of my microphone. Phew, okay.

Fred the Dog: Okay, bye Renzo and Carlitos! Thank you so much.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, thank you.

And now it's time for us to find out what if mommas lasso a dinosaur and give him butterfly kisses and houses were made of blueberry muffins.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: If you've listened to this show for a long time you might know that Mamma Jamma, Poppa Loo, Zack, and Zizi had a long and tough search for a place to live. They'd jumped from apartment to apartment, house to house. It was new problems almost every week. But what you don't know is the story of their very first house.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, it's in a fine neighborhood. Lots of blueberry muffin houses on the block.

Poppa Loo: Ah, yeah, this is also a blueberry muffin house. Is that going to be a problem?

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo was negotiating with Petey the Pirate while giving a piggy-back to his young daughter Zizi. They were standing on a cobblestone walkway leading up to a bright, cheery, blueberry muffin house. Mamma Jamma rubbed at her belly. Zack hadn't even been born yet.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I don't know about living in a blueberry muffin house.

Petey the Pirate: Well, there's some blueberry scone houses down the way.

Mamma Jamma: It's not about the variety of the blueberry baked good so much as, uh, won't we get bugs and whatnot?

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, no no no no no. It's very densely packed blueberry muffin. It would take some kind of giant creature like a dragon or dinosaur to bite into these walls.

Poppa Loo: Well, you hear that, honey? It's a bug-proof blueberry muffin house. Go figure.

Petey the Pirate: And the best part ever is the Rex Express comes right through here.

Poppa Loo: My goodness, we'll never miss another package again. We'll take it.

Mamma Jamma: Ah, honey.

Zizi: Blueberry house! Blueberry house!

Mr. Eric: Said the young Zizi.

Mamma Jamma: Hold on, what about this Rex Express you were just mentioning?

Petey the Pirate: What about it? What isn't about it?

Poppa Loo: Wow, is this guy a salesman or what?

Mr. Eric: ANd Poppa Loo signed the lease to start renting the house.

Petey the Pirate: You won't immediately regret this.

Mamma Jamma: I'm sorry, what was that?

Petey the Pirate: Sorry, what? I didn't hear you, I have my ear patch on.

Mamma Jamma: Pirates don't ear patches.

Petey the Pirate: Well, we do when our eyes get itchy. Y'arr, enjoy your blueberry muffin house and remember to call Booty-ful Abodes Realty, where every home is a treasure (figuratively speaking, there's definitely something wrong with this house.)

Mr. Eric: And off zipped Petey the Pirate.

Poppa Loo: Wow, that Peter the Realtor-

Mamma Jamma: I was thinking the same thing.

Poppa Loo: He's terrific!

Mamma Jamma: He's terrible!

Mr. Eric: But the pirate had told them the truth. they did not immediately regret their decision. They got moved in and unpacked. The house always smelled delicious. Some of the new moms even came over to welcome them to the neighborhood.

Sprite Alright: All right, all right! You're all unpacked!

Mr. Eric: Said Sprite Alright, a baby Pixicato was flitting around her, no bigger than a firefly.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, thank you. It's been a lot of work, especially with little Zack here, on the way.

Rola Rabbit: Oh yeah, kids are so much work. Lola here's just my little sister but she is such a handful.

Mr. Eric: Said Rola Rabbit and her little baby sister Lola Rabbit started bouncing all over the soft blueberry muffin house.

Fair Elise: We're just happy you survived your first week here.

Mr. Eric: Said Fair Elise.

Mamma Jamma: Well, almost. It's only been six days.

[Record scratch.]

Sprite Alright: Oh no.

Rola Rabbit: That's no good.

Fair Elise: She doesn't know.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, come on. What don't I know?

Sprite Alright: Let's just say you better sleep in your basement tonight.

Mamma Jamma: Is there a storm coming?

Fair Elise: Yes, it comes every week, right on time. Don't worry Mamma Jamma. You'll get through this, we all will.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, you've all got me so nervous. Zizi, where are you?

Zizi: Blueberry muffin!

Mamma Jamma: No, Mamma Jamma, that's my name.

Zizi: Blueberry muffin.

Mamma Jamma: Mamma.

Zizi: Booba.

Mamma Jamma: Jamma.

Zizi: Rymuff. In.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, jeez.

Fair Elise: You know, it's getting late, Sprite Alright.

Rola Rabbit: Oh, you two are right. Lola Rabbit, please come down from the stairs. Okay, please come up from the basement. Oh, okay please come aside from the walls.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma's new friends packed up their kids and headed on out. That night, they slept in their basement as advised. Everything was peaceful until just before the crack of dawn when a deep rumbling sound shook the entire blueberry muffin house.

Poppa Loo: Whoa whoa, whoa. Sounds like Zizi needs a diaper change, I'll do it.

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo, Zizi's right here, you're sleepwalking.

Mr. Eric: And the next rumble had a big crash behind it.

Poppa Loo: That's gotta be one big diaper to change.

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo, still walking toward the nursery, which was upstairs.

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo, no!

Mr. Eric: And oversized muffin crumb crashed down from their ceiling, nearly crushing Poppa Loo's foot!

Poppa Loo: Well, how'd you get down there, Zizi?

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo, still in a haze. He thought the muffin crumb was his baby!

Mamma Jamma: Oh, for crying out loud!

Mr. Eric: Clutching the real Zizi tight, Mamma Jamma scurried up the stairs and yanked back on Poppa Loo by the belt just as she saw the looming eye of a tyrannosaurus rex as it ate the last bite of their muffin top roof!

Oh, special delivery.

Mr. Eric: Said the massive T-Rex and a little toddler T-Rex dropped a package into their living room.

Q-Rex: [Yawn] Special delivery.

Mr. Eric: Said a sleepy, young, Q-Rex, and then off he rode atop his father's back. And when the little flat paper package lightly touched down on their crumbly carpet, Poppa Loo's eyes finally opened and he ripped open the package in a flash.

Poppa Loo: Oh, golly, gee! My ear plugs finally arrived. You know how light of a sleeper I am.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I just know it, Poppa Loo. You can hardly even sleep through our roof getting eaten.

Poppa Loo: Oh, that's a good one h-o-ney... uh-oh.

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo finally realized what had happened.

Poppa Loo: Oh, ho. Rex Express. Now I get it!

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Poppa Loo, you sure are gonna get it.

Mr. Eric: But before Poppa Loo could get it, whatever "it" was, a lot of things happened all at once.

Rooster: Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Mr. Eric: The sun started to rise.

Doorbell: Ding dong!

Mr. Eric: The doorbell rang!

Zizi: [Crying]

Mr. Eric: And Zizi woke up.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, jeez, okay. Poppa Loo it's my first day at the bake-a-roof factory.

Poppa Loo: I know, honey. Go bake them rooves. Let me know if there's any job openings.

Mamma Jamma: Don't you worry, sweetheart. I already found you a job.

Poppa Loo: Oh, wow, hot-diggity! What am I? A secret agent, astronaut / professional spaceball player?

Mamma Jamma: Close.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma shrugged on her white Bake-A-Roof factorer jacket and answered the door.

Fair Elise: Oh, and you're sure it's no trouble?

Mr. Eric: Said Fair Elise, handing over a little globe with Pixicato inside.

Poppa Loo: Wait, what's happening?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, no. Poppa Loo's all excited about the daycare.

Poppa Loo: The what care?

Rola Rabbit: I am so sorry I'm late.

Mr. Eric: Rola Rabbit bounded up holding little Lola.

Rola Rabbit: After the dinos ate our roof, Lola jumped right through the hole.

Poppa Loo: Wait, now, hang on. What's happening here?

Sprite Alright: All right, all right! You're springing it on him last minute like we recommended!

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, I thought it'd be more fun that way.

Poppa Loo: What? I nannysit me?

Mamma Jamma: Well, and Zizi.

Fair Elise: And Pixicato.

Rola Rabbit: And little Lola.

Poppa Loo: But... roof?

Fair Elise: Oh, I'll get you a temporary one.

Mr. Eric: And Pixie [Fair Elise?] cast a spell of blueberry compote roof right over the hole at the top of their house.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, that'll be perfect when I get back with a new roof from the Bake-A-Roof factory.

Sprite Alright: It's gonna stick right on there like glue. All right. You all ready to carpool?

Mr. Eric: And the three other moms grabbed onto Sprite Alright and- [Magical noise!] she teleported them all away.

Poppa Loo: Okay. Any of you kids ever played clean up the fallen debris?

Mr. Eric: It took all week for the families to clean up their houses and get their new muffin top roofs installed.

Poppa Loo: Now, see here, Mamma Jamma, if those dinosaurs come back this week, I'm going to give them a piece of my mind.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Loo. Don't talk that way, you'll get yourself eaten.

Poppa Loo: The only thing that T-Rex is gonna be eating will be my words.

Mamma Jamma: Well, let's just hope he's not hungry.

Poppa Loo: He better be hungry for words. A lot of shublebuvum.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, Sweetheart. You've had a long week, let's get some rest.



Mr. Eric: And they headed back down to the basement, bracing for another attack from the Rex Express. But late that night, Poppa Loo woke up. He slipped out of bed, through the door, and up the side of his house, using squishy blueberry handholds to climb his way to the top. And when the dinosaurs came again just before dawn, Poppa Loo was ready with his best scowl.

Poppa Loo: Now, listen here, Rex!

Mr. Eric: He said as the tyrannosaurus went to take a chunk out of their roof.

Poppa Loo: What's the deal with you eating our muffin tops?

T-Rex: Well, nobody likes the muffin bottoms.

Poppa Loo: Oh, that's a good point. That's a good point.

T-Rex: Okay, then. We're agreed.

Poppa Loo: Whoa whoa whoa! Hold on!

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo saw little Q-Rex riding his dad's back.

Poppa Loo: Ah, you gotta take your kid to work, too, huh?

T-Rex: Oh, don't get me started on the economy.

Poppa Loo: Oh, I know what you mean.

T-Rex: Why, if it weren't for this free breakfast once a week, I don't know what I'd do.

Poppa Loo: Well, you know your free breakfast comes at our expense.

T-Rex: Shucks, I never thought about it that way.

Poppa Loo: Well, then we're agreed, huh?

T-Rex: You got that right, Mister.

Poppa Loo: That was so easy. Okay, have a great one, there.

Pops Dino: Name's Pops Dino.

Poppa Loo: What a coincidence, my name's Poppa Loo.

Pops Dino: It's like whoever named us wasn't even trying.

Poppa Loo: It sure is. [Crickets.]

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo climbed right back down that roof and caught a couple more minutes of sleep before...

[Rooster crows and baby crying]

Zizi: Booberry muffin!

Mamma Jamma: I'm running late, I'm running late!

Mr. Eric: And when they came up from their basement, the roof was still on their house.

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo, did you have anything to do with this?

Poppa Loo: Oh, I don't know. Yes it was me, entirely.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I'm just the luckiest Mamma Jamma in the-

[Doorbell]

Poppa Loo: Hey Rola Rabbit, you see how our roof's still standing?

Rola Rabbit: Yes, looks like you were one of the lucky ones.

Poppa Loo: Oh, what do you mean?

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo poked his head outside as Rola handed off little Lola.

Poppa Loo: Wow, for crying out... he ate every roof except for ours!

Mamma Jamma: Well, it's a start. Okay. I'm sorry, I'm running late.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma had to take off for work. It still took another week of working and cleaning to get the neighborhood back in shape but the day before the Rex Express was set to pass through, Poppa Loo and Mamma Jamma called a neighborhood meeting.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, so who's got a solution for our dinosaur problem?

Sprite Alright: All right, I think I got one!

Poppa Loo: Great, Sprite Alright! Lay it on me.

Sprite Alright: We don't mess with the dinosaurs and then they don't eat us.

Rola Rabbit: I like that plan.

Fair Elise: Sounds good.

Poppa Loo: Ah, phooey!

Mamma Jamma: Hey, listen. You can't just bend over backwards for every big, hungry dinosaur that eats your roof.

Neighbor 1: She's right!

Neighbor 2: Yeah, we're not that flexible.

Neighbor 3: We should learn how to bend over backwards.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, we're kind of getting on the wrong track here.

Neighbor 4: I know a yoga instructor.

Fair Elise: I know a spell to make any pants stretchy.

Poppa Loo: Well, what we're really going to do is stick those dinos on a catapult and launch them into the ocean.

Neighbor 1: That seems fair.

Sprite Alright: All right!

Fair Elise: If it will keep us safe.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I don't want to resort to violence.

Poppa Loo: All right, well, we'll wrap them in a couple of muffin mattresses, first, then.

Neighbor 1: Oh, that's very, well, that's much safer.

Neighbor 2: That sounds like a fun ride.

Mr. Eric: Everyone in the neighborhood grabbed their longest lengths of rope and Fair Elise cast them together end to end. Then all the old muffin mattresses were dragged on top of the biggest catapult in town.

Poppa Loo: I gotta... where's the catapult?

Sprite Alright: All right, I just realized we don't have a catapult.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, great, then we'll go with my plan.

Poppa Loo: Ordering a catapult for Rex Express delivery. Overnight!

Mamma Jamma: Of course.

Mr. Eric: So they ordered the biggest catapult online. Then, they sat in wait, all the moms hiding and holding their giant lasso while everyone else hid in their basements for safety.

Pop Dino: Ooh, ooh.

Mr. Eric: A long line of dinosaurs was dragging a catapult that was bigger than all of them put together. You could see moonlight and starlight glistening off these sweaty dinos. Even little Q-Rex was pulling on a little rope attached to the catapult. The dinos only got it as far as the edge of town where a big pile of muffin mattresses happened to be stacked.

Pops Dino: Okay, nice job, Rex Express.

Mr. Eric: Said Pops Dino.

Mamma Jamma: Let's get 'em, Moms!

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma, Sprite Alright, Fair Elise, and Rola Rabbit started swinging that lasso.

Pops Dino: Oh, what's going on? Let me get my morning muffin, then we can talk.

Mamma Jamma: No more morning muffins for you!

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise's magic had made that lasso bigger and stronger and twistier than ever before.

[Lasso whistling in the air.]

Mr. Eric: And it wrapped around every dino in town.

Pops Dino: Oh, hang on, what's the trouble? You need to make a return.

Sprite Alright: All right, let's return you to the ocean from whence you evolved.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, that was a good one.

Fair Elise: She was thinking about it all night. She was really hoping he would say something about returns.

Sprite Alright: All right, all right.

Mamma Jamma: Now all the people in town, they want us to catapult you into the ocean.

Pops Dino: Oh, dear.

Mamma Jamma: But I've got a slightly different punishment in mind for you.

Mr. Eric: And as Mamma Jamma confidently strode towards the tied up dinosaurs, they tried to cower away in fear.

Mamma Jamma: This has been a long time coming.

Pops Dino: Just, please, spare the boy.

Mamma Jamma: Oh yeah?

Pops Dino: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: And she grabbed Q-Rex by his cute polo shirt and-

Q-Rex: [Whimpers]

Pops Dino: Noooo!

Mamma Jamma: [Fluttery noise]

Mr. Eric: Fluttered her eyelashes on his face.

Pops Dino: What are you doing to him?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I'm just giving him butterfly kisses.

Pops Dino: Whatever those are, I'll take his butterfly kisses.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, you want some, too?

Pops Dino: Oh, my!

Mr. Eric: As the sun was rising, everyone in town walked out of their houses to see Mamma Jamma giving this tied up horde of dinosaurs butterfly kisses on all of their cheeks!

Poppa Loo: You probably shouldn't put your head that close to a dinosaur's mouth.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, you, they're not wild animals.

Mr. Eric: And after she'd finished delivering the last of the dinosaur kisses, she loosened up the lasso knot and let them all free.

Mamma Jamma: Now, you should all be ashamed of yourselves, eating people's roofs without their permission.

Pops Dino: We get paid a paltry sum for moving your packages town to town.

Q-Rex: We can't afford breakfast.

Mamma Jamma: Now I want each and every one of you-

Pops Dino: Uh-huh...

Mamma Jamma: To eat a blueberry mattress.

Poppa Loo: Now wait a second.

Sprite Alright: All right?

Fair Elise: Huh?

Rola Rabbit: What?

Neighbor: I saw this coming.

Mamma Jamma: You're going to eat those mattresses-

Pops Dino: Uh-huh.

Mamma Jamma: Then you're going to come back next week.

Pops Dino: O...kay...

Mamma Jamma: And we're going to have 100 muffin top roofs ready for you to deliver.

Pops Dino: Excuse me?

Mamma Jamma: Of course, we'll have to pay you for all those deliveries.

Pops Dino: Oh, okay.

Rola Rabbit: Oh, and I could use help harvesting giant blueberries. There's always plenty extra to eat.

Mr. Eric: Said Rola Rabbit. And once they all got to talking, well, there were all kinds of jobs the dinosaurs could help with around town. There was even a pteradoctor who started giving them flyby check ups once a week. And as all the dinosaurs of the Rex Express and all the people of Blueberry Muffinland started giving to each other rather than taking, life got better by baby steps, then by leaps and bounds, until...

[Time skip noise.]

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo, I got a promotion!

Poppa Loo: Well, that's just swell, honey.

Zack: Booberry mamma.

Mamma Jamma: That's right, little Zack.

Mr. Eric: And she squeezed her baby boy's cheek.

Zizi: You're finally running the factory, mamma?

Mr. Eric: Asked a young Zizi.

Mamma Jamma: No, I'm going to run the new one. Looks like we gotta move, but we're never using that Peter the Realtor fellow again.

Poppa Loo: Of course not, there's gonna be thousands of other realtors out there.

[Time skip noise.]

Petey the Pirate: Now, this first house is very spacious. Some would even say outer-spacious.

Poppa Loo: Oh, boy.

Zizi: Sounds fun.

[Beeping noises.]

Mamma Jamma: Oh, wonderful.

Zack: Space-aloo.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right Raina and Harper, I hope you liked your story.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who know that quick fixes and violent solutions only make more problems. Real change takes time and effort and an open mind. Good thing you're so young. I bet you can change a lot for the better.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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