

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 102: What if I was a unicorn and I could give stuff from my horn and Fred the Dog could find my fairy garden?

File Length: 00:18:18

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 we've got a question from patrons Finn and Mirin.

Mirin: My name is Mirin and I'm seven years old and I like unicorns and my what if question is what if I was a unicorn and I could give stuff from my horn and Fred the Dog could find my fairy garden, thank you.

Finn: Hi, my name is Finn, I'm nine years old and I like airplanes. And my what if question is what if I was a shapeshifter? Bye!

Mr. Eric: Wow, okay. A unicorn with a magic horn and a secret garden, and a shapeshifter and an airplane, whoa, I'm getting excited for this story.

Fred the Dog: And I'm excited to give a shout out to a patron whose name I can actually pronounce.

Mr. Eric: Oh, hi, Fred. Who are you shouting out, today?

Fred the Dog: I'm shouting out Brynja. B-R-Y-N-J-A. Brynja. And I did a good job of saying it.

Mr. Eric: You very much did. Thank you so much.

JF Kitty: And I have a shout out for nine year old Kit and her five year old sister Ayla, as well as their little one year old sister Charlotte.

Mr. Eric: Thanks Kit, Ayla, and Charlotte. Thanks, Brynja, too.

Alabaster Zero: I've got a shout out for Jack and Alice. They're brother and sister, and they're big fans of me. Well, Jack and Alice, Alabaster Zero is a big fan of you. Mr. Eric, is it too late to change my name to Alicebaster Jacko.

Mr. Eric: It's a little late... but I still think it's a really cool name, Alicebaster.

Alabaster Zero: Me too.

Dracomax: Oh no! I am late for the shout outs.

Mr. Eric: It's fine, Dracomax. We'll wait. You don't have to rush into the stu-[crash] ...studio.

Dracomax: I have a shout out for Thea who will be five in January. She loves unicorns, dragons and also horses, zebras, lions, and rainbows. Her favorite number is 1,000.

Mr. Eric: Okay, thank you, Thea, Jack and Alice, Charlotte, Ayla, Kit, and Brynja. And now, let's find out what if I was a unicorn and I could give stuff from my horn and Fred the Dog could find my fairy garden, plus airplanes and a shapeshifter.

[Rising harp scale.]

Fred the Dog: Are you sure this is Air Force When?

Mr. Eric: Asked Fred the Dog. He was sitting on top of a purple doghouse wearing a scarf and goggles with a brown leather aviator helmet.

Mr. Mouser: Oh, yes. Just sit on top of it and we'll all climb inside and you decide how it gets us to the inauguration.

Fred the Dog: The inauguration's in like three months, usually.

Alabaster Zero: Sorry, Fred. JF Kat already had to run off for a Fur Force emergency. That means you gotta use Air Force When to time travel.

Whendiana Joan: Oh, don't worry about it, Fred. I've time traveled all over. It's easy once you get the hang of it.

Fred the Dog: And all of you humans are going to fit inside the dog house, somehow?

Abacus: Oh, yes. It's magic in there and very comfortable.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, I don't know how I'm supposed to sit on this triangle roof. Was that really what Snoopy did?

Mr. Mouser: Air Force When is a purple doghouse that can travel through space and time, not some silly red doghouse from a cartoon.

Fred the Dog: Okaaaay...

Mr. Eric: And Mr. Mouser disappeared inside the doghouse.

Alabaster Zero: All right, good luck, Fred. You look very handsome in all your aviator gear, by the way. I'm going to take a picture.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, is this really necessary? I thought it wasn't actually like a flying machine.

Whendiana Joan: Oh, it's very necessary. And very cute.

Abacus: You're president! Air Force When will move however you tell it to. You just have to make up your mind.

Mr. Eric: And Abacus disappeared through the hole in the doghouse.

Fred the Dog: Make up my... how am I supposed to know what to do!?

Mr. Eric: Freddy sat feeling indignant and uncomfortable on top of the little purple doghouse called Air Force When.

Fred the Dog: Okay, so it's an air force, that means it's like a plane... so... hm.

Mr. Eric: And just like that, Fred was inside the cockpit of a zooming old plane. One of the ones with two wings on either side! And not even a thin bubble of glass separating him from the cold air.

Fred the Dog: Oohh... this is not fun [unclear].

Mr. Eric: Freddy looked to the left and the right to see where he was going, but it was all clouds and storm. And some little kind of gremlin on the wing?

Fred the Dog: Hey, you gremlin. You get offa the wing! I'm president!

Gremlin: [Grumbles incoherently.]

Mr. Eric: Replied the little beastie and it started clawing at the wing itself.

Fred the Dog: Whendiana! Quickly! There's a man out there!

Mr. Eric: And Whendiana's head somehow stretched out of the cockpit even though the whole plane was smaller than her body.

Whendiana Joan: What?

Fred the Dog: Look, look, he's crawling on the... oh.

Mr. Eric: Fred looked out to the wing but there was no gremlin there, just a little shrubbery growing over the patch the gremlin had scratched.

Fred the Dog: I'm sorry, it must have been the...

Whendiana Joan: Fred, what is it? Can I get you anything?

Fred the Dog: A glass of water.

Whendiana Joan: Sure. Oh, and by the way, the Whenwolves and the Wherewolves need you to choose a time and a place for their peace talks. When/where will that be?

Fred the Dog: Um, I'll figure it out, okay?

Whendiana Joan: I know you will.

Mr. Eric: And Whendiana's head shrunk back into the cockpit. Somehow the sky had got even darker and the clouds even thicker.

Fred the Dog: Okay, I got to decide how to get this plane somewhere and then about the Whenwolves and the Wherewolves.

Mr. Eric: A flash of lightning lit the wing and there was a robot pirate flying on rocket peglegs and using his cutlass arm to duel with the wing.

Fred the Dog: Hurry! He's out there! Hurry!

Alabaster Zero: What's going on?

Mr. Eric: This time it was Alabaster Zero's head that poked up through the cockpit.

Fred the Dog: There's a man out there.

Alabaster Zero: I don't know what's going on out here.

Fred the Dog: Would you please look, in the name of—

Mr. Eric: Fred pointed towards the wing with his tongue, but where the robo-pirate had been hacking at the wing with his cutlass arm, there was just a framed photo of Alabaster Zero.

Fred the Dog: Now, wait a minute...

Alabaster Zero: Aw, Fred. I didn't know you cared. But there are other people aboard, we mustn't make them jealous.

Fred the Dog: You must have seen him, too.

Alabaster Zero: Of course I have. Every day when I look in the mirror, he... we don't want to make the other passengers envious. You can understand that.

Fred the Dog: Of... of course. I understand.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, and by the way, big business needs to drastically reduce their carbon emissions or What If World is doomed.

Fred the Dog: Is that some sort of question for me?

Alabaster Zero: Oh, uh, yeah. How to not doomed?

Fred the Dog: Okay, I'll figure out the carbon emissions and the peace talks and the Air Force When.

Alabaster Zero: I just want to tell you both good luck. We're all counting on you.

Fred the Dog: Who's the both.

Alabaster Zero: You and that handsome picture of me.

Fred the Dog: Okay, fine.

Mr. Eric: And the moment Alabaster's head shrunk back into the cockpit... Fred looked over to see an elephant on the wing.

Fred the Dog: Oh, this is just getting ridiculous. I've got to get out of here.

Mr. Eric: And Fred unbuckled his seatbelt and started stretching out his tongue into a massive parachute when--[crunch]--suddenly, he was on the ground, sitting on top of a purple doghouse, and there was no elephant on the roof or photo of Alabaster, or robo pirate, or shrubbery, or even a gremlin. In one blink, there was a rainbow-colored twinkle on the roof of Air Force When, but after another blink, it was gone.

Fred the Dog: What is going on?

Mr. Eric: He was in a glittering garden. Trees and vines stretched in every direction but their leaves were thin and almost transparent, like dragonfly wings. And a strange, warm, colorful light stretched over dark, rich soil, with delicious, plump, alien-shaped fruit growing so thick, you almost couldn't help but trip on it!

Fred the Dog: What is this place?

Mr. Eric: A unicorn trotted into a small clearing, its fur so silvery bright you could see a reflection in it.

Miracorn: You're back.

Fred the Dog: I'm sorry, I've never been here before.

Miracorn: Oh, the timeline.

Fred the Dog: Why are you talking like that. It's not echoy.

Miracorn: Time is different... here. We haven't met yet. This must be the first time.

Fred the Dog: Okay, listen mirror unicorn.

Miracorn: Just Miracorn.

Fred the Dog: Okay, Miracorn Miracorn—

Miracorn: Close enough.

Fred the Dog: How do I get out of here? There's lots of people counting on me.

Miracorn: You chose to come here. Just decide to leave.

Fred the Dog: But I don't want to go back! They're making me make so many decisions.

Miracorn: That sounds hard. What can I make for you?

Fred the Dog: Oh, like you're a magic Miracorn? That's convenient. Um, well, I'm stressed out, I like a big pile of sticks.

Mr. Eric: And Miracorn shook her horn and it started raining sticks right over Fred's head.

Fred the Dog: Oh, ow! Oh, okay, oh, that's. Ooh, that's a good one. [Gnawing sounds]. Okay, I think I've got enough sticks!

Mr. Eric: Said Fred, already buried up to his neck.

Fred the Dog: Oh, that's a good stick, thank you.

Miracorn: You're welcome.

Fred the Dog: It's just before I was president, people were mostly really impressed that I could talk.

Miracorn: It is impressive.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, and when they find out I can read, they're like, oh my gosh! You're a talking, reading, doggy!

Miracorn: There aren't many.

Fred the Dog: But now I'm president and people aren't impressed by those things so much. They expect so much more of me. [Gnawing]

Mr. Eric: Fred had already chewed his way out of that pile of sticks. But he didn't feel any less anxious.

Fred the Dog: Oh, could you get me a bunch of blankets that smell like Mommy, and also dirt.

Miracorn: Of course.

Mr. Eric: And a warm, fluffy blanket started knitting itself right out of her horn. Then a hundred fairies flew out from under every toadstool and stone and gossamer leaf, and tucked Fred into that blanket just right.

Fred the Dog: Oh, thank you secret fairies. I'm just gonna roll around in this for a little bit. It's got that good Mommy smell.

Miracorn: I'm glad you're feeling better. But I think you have a decision to make.

Fred the Dog: Oh, I know. Why don't you just make a Mommy right here, and I'll ask her to make the decision for me.

Miracorn: I'm sorry. I can only make stuff with my horn. But what do you think your mom would say right now?

Fred the Dog: Well, she'd probably say, Freddy, I love you and you just made this blanket smell so good by rolling over it and licking on it and I'm never gonna go away again in case you need me for cuddles or to do stuff for you.

Miracorn: Really?

Fred the Dog: No. I'm just a master of deception.

Miracorn: Then what would she say?

Fred the Dog: She'd say, Freddy, part of growing up is making decisions, and part of making decisions are being thoughtful. And part of being thoughtful is not getting distracted. And part of not getting the sticks is barking at the mailman.

Miracorn: Uh... so you're having trouble making decisions? No wonder why that Finn Again is following you around.

Mr. Eric: And there was that rainbow colored twinkle again. It flickered through all the shapes that it had taken before and finally settled on a sleepy sloth taking a nap in a hammock of vines.

Fred the Dog: Well, how am I supposed to make decisions when this crazy shape changer is bouncing around, distracting me.

Miracorn: Finn Agains appear when we're feeling indecisive. But really, they can help.

Fred the Dog: Okay... Finn Again, you come make these decisions for me.

Mr. Eric: And the sloth-like Finn Again gave Fred a lazy stare and then turned into a feather, floating down to rest upon his nose.

Fred the Dog: [Sneezes] Some help you are.

Miracorn: It only works once you've thought the decision over in your head and weighed all the good and bad. Then focus on the Finn Again.

Mr. Eric: Freddy closed his eyes and thought of all the different ways people got from here to there. They rode bikes and drove cars. They took ships and planes and trains. They walked and ran and climbed and swam.

Fred the Dog: It's so simple.

Mr. Eric: Fred opened his eyes and the Finn Again on his nose wasn't a feather anymore. Can you guess what it was?

Fred the Dog: It's a stick!

Mr. Eric: Fred flipped up his nose to catch the stick but the Finn Again turned into a rainbow sparkle and flittered away joyfully.



Miracorn: Not all choices are so simple. But knowing all you need to know will always lead you to the the best choice.

Mr. Eric: Fred looked over at Air Force When. It wasn't a doghouse, or an old propeller plane. It was one long hollow log with stubby little sticks poking out at every angle.

Abacus: Um, Fred, I seem to be stuck in a log.

Mr. Mouser: I think this is a good sign, Abacus.

Fred the Dog: That's right it is. We're gonna fly this log right out of this secret fairy garden.

Whendiana Joan: Secret fairy garden? I want to explore a secret fairy garden.

Fred the Dog: No time, Whendiana!

Whendiana Joan: We're literally in a time machine.

Fred the Dog: Thank you, Miracorn.

Miracorn: You're welcome.

Mr. Eric: Freddy climbed on top of the log and took hold of one of the twiggy sticks poking on like it was a joystick. He flew the giant log over all of What If World, looking down to see the perfect spot to hold his inauguration. When he flew down, it was three months later and all the creatures of What If World had gathered to see Fred sworn in as President and Whendiana as Vice President, Abacus as Magister of Magic, Mr. Mouser as Chief of Staff, Alabaster as Detective General, and JF Kat as the leader of the Fur Force.

Fred the Dog: I just want to say a few quick words. Oh, there's an echo. Ooh, I like the sound of my vooiice. Sorry. Just turn that down a bit. I'm going to have to make a lot of decisions and that's hard. So I need lots of smart people to help me, and then I need more smart people to see how those decisions turn out because nobody perfect. You know what they say about teach a old dog new tricks? Well, I don't because someone tried to teach me that and I forgot.

So Werewolves and Whenwolves, we already here, why don't we talk peace right now. And all you people worried about equality and the environment and all the big problems the world is facing, oh, wow, it's a lot. But one thing I know: if you see a Finn Again's changing shape on the

airplane wings? Don't be scared because you're one step closer to make a good decision.

Mr. Eric: And President Fred looked out over the crowd. There were countless little rainbow sprinkles flickering over the heads of the audience members.

Fred the Dog: We're all worried about lots of decisions, all the time. But don't try to ignore that Finn Again, or it gonna just keep playing tricks on you and stressing you out and maybe you crash a plane in a secret fairy garden, but there's a nice unicorn, which is cool, but still you didn't want to be a fairy garden.

So, okay. I President now. The end.

[Crowd cheers.]

Abacus: He's very eloquent for a dog with an extra long tongue.

Alabaster Zero: He's so cute with his aviator cap and his goggles and his scarf.

Mr. Mouser: He's not even wearing those anymore.

Alabaster Zero: I'm looking at the picture on my phone.

Mr. Mouser: Woo! You're my president!

Mamma Jamma: You got my vote!

Poppa Loo: Honey, the voting's already over. That's why he's president.

Mamma Jamma: I know, but he's got my next vote.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right Mirin and Finn, I hope you enjoyed 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 have ever struggled with a decision big or small. It used to take me 15 minutes to pick out a candy bar, but now once I know all the facts, it's a really good feeling to make the best decision for me. Try it out for yourself. You can even imagine a Finn Again, if that's helpful.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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