

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 105: What If Pixicato and Sprite Alright went into a dungeon and found a golden trophy but it turned everyone into paper? (Ifmas Puzzle part 1)

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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 we've got a question from Caleb.

Caleb: Hello, my name is Caleb. I like your podcast and my what if question is: what if Pixicato and Sprite Alright went into a dungeon and found a gold trophy but it turned everyone into paper? And Abacus P. Grumbler, his magic wand didn't work. Sprite Alright's magic didn't work, or any of the world in What If World didn't work and Bowser came and attacked the castle? Thank you.

Mr. Eric: All right, Caleb. That is a couple sentences long. Let me see if I can break your question down. What if Pixicato and Sprite Alright went into a dungeon and found a gold trophy, but it turned everyone into paper and Abacus P. Grumbler's wand didn't work, and Sprite Alright's magic didn't work and all the magic in What If World didn't work and what if Bowser came and attacked the castle. Oof! That is quite a bit of question.

We're also gonna add in one patron question from Asha. Asha asks, what if puzzles could walk and talk? Hmm. How am I gonna put all that together, you ask? I don't know, either.

Hungry Bungry: That's not what I was wondering. I was wondering when we were gonna thank Luke.

Mr. Eric: Oh, yes. Hi Hungry Bungry, it's so good to see you again.

Hungry Bungry: I'm hungry! Let's thank Luke so I can get some food and go hang out with Fred, he's my friend.

Mr. Eric: But we've got to give a sincere thank you to look, Hungry.

Hungry Bungry: Oh, sincerity tastes delicious. Okay, thanks Luke, really, and very sincerely. Now where's Fred, I miss him?

Fred the Dog: Oh, don't you worry, Hungry Bungry, your buddy Fred is here to stay. Well, until the story starts. But I want to say thank you to Eloise, Charlie, and Sampson.

Mr. Eric: Okay, thank you Luke, Eloise, Sampson, and our birthday boy Charlie!

Fred the Dog: Happy big old birthday to you! You're four years old! That's really a lot of years. It's hard for me to count that big on my toes!

Hungry Bungry: Oh, wow! Four years old! I haven't even been in four stories yet. You are very big, Charlie. Happy birthday.

Mr. Eric: This is part one of another two part story. You'll hear the second half next week. Now let's answer Caleb and Asha's questions.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: It was Ifmas Eve and Sprite Alright finally had the night off from teleporting around the president and the cabinet. So, Sprite Alright was spending her night putting together an Ifmas puzzle with Pixicato and Fair Elise.

Sprite Alright: All right! We've just got one more puzzle piece and then we're done.

Mr. Eric: Said Sprite Alright, handing the little piece to Pixicato.

Pxicato: But there is a lot of puzzle still missing. Is it possible we've lost a few pieces?

Mr. Eric: Asked Pixicato.

Fair Elise: I'm afraid so, my daughter. Your spritely mother has the bad habit of losing puzzle pieces.

Sprite Alright: All right, that may be true, but this was a good puzzle piece to lose.

Mr. Eric: The three of them looked down at the incomplete puzzle. An Ifmas puzzle can redraw itself to look like anything you please and this puzzle was a near-complete family portrait of Fair Elise, Sprite Alright, and Pixicato.

Pxicato: But Mom, half of my face is missing.

Sprite Alright: Just imagine your head leaning to the right a little bit.

Pixicato: I don't want to reimagine the puzzle, I want it to look the way I imagined it.

Fair Elise: Pixicato, it's just a puzzle.

Pixicato: No, it's the first chance I've had to spend time with Sprite Alright since she started helping the president and it's not going as I planned.

Sprite Alright: All right, you're upset, that's okay. But all of our puzzles are missing a few pieces, sweetheart. You find a few pieces, and then you lose some along the way.

Pixicato: But I want to find it, this piece, so we're all together on Ifmas.

Fair Elise: Pixicato, we are all together—

Sprite Alright: It's all right, Fair Elise. I know where that puzzle piece is.

Fair Elise: Oh, dear.

Pixicato: Really?

Sprite Alright: We can go fetch it right now if you'd like.

Pixicato: I would like that very much.

Sprite Alright: Fair Elise, you coming?

Fair Elise: I've got a lot of work to do on dinner. You two go but be back by six o'clock or it's cold strawberry souffle for everyone.

Sprite Alright: Oh, that'd be a shame. Come on, let's go.

Mr. Eric: And Sprite Alright and Pixicato found themselves in the middle of a blasted wasteland. Two thick, rusty, iron doors stood in front of them, leading to a great stony structure that stretched as far as the eye can see.

Pixicato: Mom, please tell me you teleported us to the wrong place.

Sprite Alright: This is the right place, all right. I lost the puzzle piece right at the center of that there dungeon.

Mr. Eric: A knight sat in front of those double iron doors, his armor scratched, dented, and pierced in a hundred places. Fortunately it was Sir Squiggles, and it's pretty hard to hurt a two dimensional person.

Sir Squiggle: Do yourself a favor, don't go to the dungeon!

Sprite Alright: I remember it being a pretty nice dungeon, far as dungeons go.

Sir Squiggle: No, it's new management. Many, many traps. Weak and hungry monsters. Magic spells to turn your mind into mush.

Mr. Eric: But while Sir Squiggles had been giving his warning, Pixicato had been flying up.

Pixicato: Hey, Mom, it's just a maze but there's no ceiling so I can see straight to the center.

Sprite Alright: All right, fly on down and we'll teleport right there.

[Record scratch.]

Sir Squiggle: Teleport? That's no fair.

Mr. Eric: But Sprite Alright and Pixicato had already disappeared.

Sir Squiggle: I need to meet the Sprite Knight.

Mr. Eric: Said Sir Squiggles, lowering his scribbly head for a nap. Fair Elise and Sprite Alright appeared in the middle of the stone dungeon. The room was mostly empty with one narrow stone bridge reaching all the way across. And in the middle of that bridge sat a giant turtle shell resting next to a pedestal, atop which shone a golden puzzle piece.

Then, out of the front of that spikey shell, they saw a cute, flat puppy nose. [Sniffing noises]. It poked out further, revealing a furry, toothy snout. And the fierce face of a gargantuan turtle dog.

Wowser: Wowser, new people!

Pixicato: Hello, yes. My name is Pixicato, this is my mother Sprite Alright.

Wowser: Well my name is Wowser. Let me guess. You're here to steal my golden trophy.

Sprite Alright: Oh, it's not quite like that.

Wowser: Everyone who comes here comes to steal my trophy, especially that Pipey-O fellow.

Pipey-O : I'm-a not-a trying to steal-a your trophy!

Wowser: Are so!

Pipey-O : I'm-a making you eggs, you paranoid puppy!

Mr. Eric: They could hear Pipey-O's voice from the other side of the bridge.

Wowser: And as soon as I eat those eggs, I'll take a nap and you'll steal it.

Sprite Alright: All right, I think we've come at a bad time.

Mr. Eric: And Pipey-O walked into the dungeon room from the other side of the bridge holding a piping hot plate of eggs.

Pipey-O : I'm-a trying to get you to eat!

Wowser: I can't, I'm on pause! I've got to guard the golden trophy!

Pipey-O : Who cares about the trophy. Go out! Get-a some sun! Make-a some friends!

Pixicato: Um, you don't really need to guard the trophy, it belongs to us. We're here to reclaim it.

Wowser: Wowser!

Pipey-O : Of course! You spend ten years building a dungeon around a little gold puzzle piece.

Wowser: Did not!

Pipey-O : Hey, little girl. Is that thing your puzzle piece?

Pixicato: Yeah.

Wowser: Oh, but I'm a boss monster. Protecting the golden trophy makes my life complete.

Pixicato: Well, our family's puzzle won't be complete without your golden trophy.

Mr. Eric: Pipey-O handed the eggs to Wowser and pulled out his steel pipe wand.

Wowser: Wow! Eggs!

Mr. Eric: And with a wide-eyed looked, Wowser shoved the entire plate of eggs into his mouth.

Wowser: Wow, plates taste almost as good as eggs!

Mr. Eric: And while the giant dog dragon was crunching on his plate and eggs, Pipey-O deftly levitated the golden puzzle piece across the bridge to Sprite Alright and Fair elise.

Pixicato: Thank you, Pipey-O.

Mr. Eric: Said Pixicato, reaching for the puzzle piece as it floated towards her. Wowser looked up to see his empty pedestal. He cried out in alarm, spraying bits of plate and eggs everywhere.

Wowser: Whoooooaaaa! You were a thief all along.

Pipey-O : This is-a good for you, Wowser. That's not your golden trophy. You're-a not the big-a oss monster. You've got to find some other way to fit in.

Mr. Eric: But Wowser had already stretched his scaly, furry legs out as far as they could go and he was barrelling down the narrow bridge towards Sprite Alright and Pixicato.

Wowser: But I'm nothing without the golden trophy!

Pixicato: Well, I'm nothing without our puzzle piece.

Sprite Alright: All right, let's all calm down.

Pipey-O : Yeah, you know that the puzzle piece is cursed, right?

Mr. Eric: But Wowser and Pixicato both grabbed the floating puzzle piece at the same time. Wowser became no thicker than a piece of paper and the blast of magic gusted his now feather-light form right off the bridge.

Pipey-O : Wowser! I got you!

Mr. Eric: Pipey-O pointed his wand and Wowser flew toward the little sewer wizard like a paper airplane. Pixicato turned to see a worried look on Sprite Alright's face just as she, too, was turned to paper.

Pixicato: Oh no!

Mr. Eric: Fortunately, Pixicato and Sprite Alright's paper wings still held them aloft and that gust of magic flew them up and out of the dungeon. Pixicato was still clutching the golden puzzle piece as she heard Pipey-O shout:

Pipey-O : Hey wait! Come back! I'm paper, too, now!

Mr. Eric: But the winds blew and blew and it was all the two fairies could do just to ride gust after gust without crashing into anything. Finally the wind

settled down with one last swirl. Pixicato and Sprite Alright were far from the dungeon, their folded paper feet hardly holding them up on the soft grass.

- Sprite Alright: All right, just a little magic mishap. I'll just take out my wand, and—
- Mr. Eric: But when Sprite Alright twisted her flimsy paper wand, not even a puff of magic came out.
- Pixicato: Mom, do you know where we are?
- Sprite Alright: All ri... well, I've only ever teleported most places so...
- Mr. Eric: She looked around. There was a grassy field next to a wide dark lake and looming in the distance, something like a kind of castle, maybe? But it was obscured by the clouds.
- Pixicato: Wait, wait.
- Mr. Eric: Said Pixicato.
- Pixicato: I've been here before. I played this team in basketball.
- Mr. Eric: Can you guess where they are, yet?
- Sprite Alright: You played underwater basketball?
- Pixicato: No, on the other side of the lake! It's the Observatorium.
- Sprite Alright: Oh, I know the place. Their head professor asks me to teleport him around all the time.
- Pixicato: Well, that means Abacus P. Grumbler owes you a favor and he might be our only hope.
- Mr. Eric: Pixicato tried flapping her wings but there wasn't enough wind anymore. Then she tried walking, but with those flimsy paper feet, she landed flat on her face.
- Sprite Alright: Oh, here, baby. Let me help you up a bit.
- Mr. Eric: And when Sprite Alright reached down to help up her daughter, her paper arm slotted right into a groove in Pixicato's wing!
- Sprite Alright: Oop, sorry, let me just...

Mr. Eric: And when Sprite Alright tried to pull away using her other arm for leverage—

Sprite Alright: I think I can—

Mr. Eric: Her other arm interlocked with Pixicato's other wing!

Pixicato: This is getting weird.

Sprite Alright: Getting weird?

Pixicato: Okay, weirder.

Sprite Alright: Maybe if I just push my face against your back...

Pixicato: Mom, that, I don't think that that's a good—

Sprite Alright: Yeah, okay. Now my head's stuck here, too.

Mr. Eric: But now that Pixicato and Sprite Alright were fitting together like a couple of puzzle pieces, they looked like a sort of paper bridge with legs.

Pixicato: Wait, Mom, I think if you push with your feet and I push with my feet then we can kind of kitty-corner our way around.

Sprite Alright: So we have to move around like we're a heavy couch?

Pixicato: Exactly.

Mr. Eric: And Sprite Alright stared up at her daughter's paper puzzle piece wings.

Sprite Alright: Well... all right!

Mr. Eric: And pushing off each other with these little paper feet, they eased themselves into a slow kitty-corner waddle, all the way to the Observatorium.

The end?

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right, Asha and Caleb, I hope you enjoyed the first half of your story.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keefe, my co creator, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who work at making the best of a bad situation. Can you ever think



of a time when a bit of bad luck disappointed you but you ended up having fun anyway? Maybe that's a piece of a cool story you can tell.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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