

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 111: What if french fries and drinks had a war?](#)

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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 Griffin.

Griffin: My name is Griffin and I really like spending time with my family and my what if question is what if french fries and drinks had war?

Mr. Eric: Wow, Griffin, that is some serious stuff. I always figured french fries and soft drinks would get along. Well, that reminds me of a question written in by a patron named Vivian. Vivian is 11 years old, she likes stuffed animals and Fred the Dog, and her what if question is what if a french fry was elected president and the vice president was a chicken nugget but they got fired for having too many carbs?

Now, I only answered one question each, the last two weeks so today we're going to add on a third question. Another write-in from a patron named Téa. Téa asks, what if a dragon and a unicorn were cousins and they got lost in a dark forest and had to find a way out together.

All right. We've got a lot to work with this week.

JF Kitty: And I've got a lot to shout out this week.

Mr. Eric: Oh, JF Kat! You're here for another meow-out?

JF Kitty: Well, I said shout out this time, but sure.

Mr. Eric: Oh, well, go ahead.

JF Kitty: My shout out is to James.

Fred the Dog: Oh yeah, but I got the shout out for his brother, Patrick.

Mr. Eric: Oh, hey Fred, thank you. Yes, James and Patrick are brothers and they're two of our newest patrons. Thank you so much, boys.

And I have two shout-outs of my own to give.

JF Kitty: Meow hold on a minute.

Fred the Dog: Are you sure they're not for us to give?

Mr. Eric: Yes, I'm sure that Matty wanted a big thank you from me and he thinks we have the coolest theme song.

Fred the Dog: Oh yeah, it's really rocking, jamming-like.

JF Kitty: I just wish there were a kitten glockenspiel solo in there.

Mr. Eric: Fair enough. Well, thank you, Matty. And then we have one, final shout out to a patron named Winnie.

Fred the Dog: Winnie, thank you so much.

Mr. Eric: Well, thank you, Winnie, Matty, Patrick, and James. And now let's find out what if a dragon and a unicorn were cousins and they got lost in a dark forest and had to find their way out together and french fries and drinks had a war and a french fry was elected president and the vice president was a chicken nugget but they got fired for having too many carbs? Did you get all that? Hopefully I will.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: At the end of last week's story, something pretty serious happened in What If World. A hole was ripped across the space-time continuum and the What If World that people woke up to the next morning was some place completely different.

Dracomax: Ah, that was a good nap.

Mr. Eric: Said Dracomax. He'd fallen asleep the night before in a cave at the top of a mountain but this morning he woke up in a dark forest.

Dracomax: I must have gotten stuck in a dark forest again. I am always getting stuck in things. But wait... I was just stuck in a mountain last night! I remember it because I tried to breathe my butter breath to wiggle out.

Hernosity: Cousin Draco, who are you talking to?

Dracomax: Cousin, Hernosity! I am so happy to see you. Wait, but I'm a dragon and you are a unicorn. Can you remind me how we are cousins, again?

Hernosity: Of course, when you say it that way it doesn't make sense, but you need merely to look at this very complex family tree chart.

Mr. Eric: And fast as lightning, Hernosity drew out a massive family tree in the dirt.

Dracomax: Hmm. I thought it was impossible, but seeing this family tree—

Hernosity: It's so obvious, now, how we are related, right?

Dracomax: I have a cousin. Let me give you a squeeze.

Hernosity: I'm going to decline on the offer of squeezing. We've got bigger priorities.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax and Hernosity started trying to find their way out of this deep, dark, forest. The unicorn led the way, her cracked horn dimly glowing.

Dracomax: This is a scary forest, I think.

Hernosity: You are a 50 ton dragon.

Dracomax: Well, even big people get scared.

Hernosity: Can you not fly us out of here?

Dracomax: The brush is too dense.

Hernosity: Burn the trees away?

Dracomax: That would burn us away, too. Can't you use unicorn magic?

Hernosity: I'm afraid not. Do you see this crack at the top of my horn?

Dracomax: Oh, yes. What happened?

Hernosity: I donated the tip of my horn to a unicorn in need and it took most of my magic.

Dracomax: Oh, what a nice cousin, I have.

French Fry: Halt! Cease! I said stop your movement! Stop walking!

[Record scratch.]

Hernosity: Do you hear something?

Dracomax: I do. I can't see anything. [Sniffs] Ooh, I smell something good, though.

Mr. Eric: Dracomax followed his nose, sniffing down until he saw a little french fry. He was standing atop a long red wall of upside-down paper french fry cartons.

French Fry: You almost crushed my battlement!

Hernosity: Why do you need a battlement at all?

French Fry: Why, to keep the bad people out of What If World!

Dracomax: There are bad people?

Hernosity: Oui, but you already know that, bad person!

Dracomax: [Gasps!] Me?

French Fry: Oui.

Hernosity: We are not bad people.

French Fry: I am president of the new What If World, and I say that you are bad people.

Dracomax: Oh, the president says it, it must be true.

Hernosity: But you do not know us. How can you say that we are bad?

Mr. Eric: Just then, a cute little chick hopped its way up to the paper battlement and whispered in the french fry's ear.

Chick: Tweet.

French Fry: Oui.

Chick: Tweet.

French Fry: Oui?

Chick: Tweet!

French Fry: Non!

Chick: Tweet.

French Fry: Magnifique.

Dracomax: What a cute little nugget of chicken.

French Fry: Mike Nugget says if you are good guys, then you will help us beat the bad guys.

Hernosity: I am not a guy at all.

Dracomax: Yeah, and how do we know these other people are bad?

French Fry: Ah, there is one simple way to tell a bad guy. Bubbles.

Hernosity: Bubbles?

French Fry: Oui, all of these drinks, they have these bubbles and they can turn our battlements to moosh, and voila! Here they come. Go, dragon, unicorn, stomp them into the ground.

Mr. Eric: Hernosity saw a dozen plastic straws bending around a nearby tree as if to look in their direction. She trotted right over to them.

Hernosity: Are you those naughty little soft drinks I've been hearing about?

Soft Drink: How dare you call us naughty? You've never even met us.

Mr. Eric: A red and white striped cup hopped out from behind the tree. You could just make out dark colored soda water bubbling angrily beneath her lid.

Hernosity: I suggest you calm your bubbles down.

Soft Drink: Would you be calm? It is dangerous out here in these woods and all we want is a little shelter.

Soft Drink 2: Plus they have the soda tap and I spilled half my soda guts already.

Soft Drink: When you describe them as soda guts, people get really grossed out.

Mr. Eric: Then all the other little drinks behind the tree came out.

Hernosity: Oh, most of you are just child-sized drinks.

Soft Drink: Well, tell that to the french fry. He just keeps saying we're all bad.

French Fry: What are they saying over there! Don't believe a word of it! They are bad guys afterall.

Hernosity: Oh, of all the unreasonable... climb upon my back and I will walk you over his silly paper battlement.

Mike Nugget: [Tweeting]

French Fry: Mike Nugget says you cannot desert!

Mike Nugget: [Tweeting]

French Fry: It is illegal!

Dracomax: Well, we are much bigger than you so I think we're just gonna—

Mr. Eric: Just as Hernosity was about to walk across the paper box battlement, everything flickered for a minute as that tear across all of everything changed What If World again! Suddenly, the french fry and the little baby chick started to grow along with the forest around them and even their paper battlements climbed higher and higher into the air until they were well over Hernosity's head.

Hernosity: I guess we'll have to change our plans somewhat.

Soft Drink: It isn't any use, they're never going to let us in.

Dracomax: Why do you want in so badly? What happened to my voice?

Mr. Eric: Dracomax was flying around his cousin's head. He was no bigger than a soft drink, himself.

Dracomax: Wow, I am so small. I'll never get stuck in anything agai—oh, okay. Uh, yeah, I flew into your ear, would you mind just kinda, just giving your head a shake?

Hernosity: Oh, for goodness' sake!

Mr. Eric: And Hernosity shook Dracomax out of her ear.

French Fry: Now I am the biggest president that there ever was!

Mike Nugget: [Loud tweeting]

French Fry: Tweet, indeed, Mike Nugget.

Hernosity: Mr. Frysident?

French Fry: Oui?

Hernosity: Now that you are so big, surely you have nothing to fear from us?

French Fry: Now different people are the most dangerous people.

Hernosity: Who says that?

French Fry: Why, I do, of course. And since I am president it is true.

Dracomax: Oh dear, he is president.

Mr. Eric: The massive french fry cast shadow over all of them as it loomed over the battlements, the giant baby chick bouncing excitedly behind it.

French Fry: I must protect my people.

Mr. Eric: And a horde of giant french fries rose up behind him, catapulting massive ketchup packets over the battlements. [Splat! Splat!]

Dracomax: We should fly away.

Hernosity: Oh, what a waste! Those packets aren't even recyclable.

Soft Drink: Come on, we'll retreat behind the trees.

Mr. Eric: And so they did, finding a whole throng of half-full paper cups. Many of them had dirty straws or missing lids. Some of them had flat soda and all their ice was melted.

Dracomax: Well, I'm sorry we couldn't help you, but we've got to find our way out of this forest.

Hernosity: Cousin Draco?

Dracomax: Oh, I knew you were gonna make us help them.

Hernosity: You. You seem to be their leader. What is your name?

Mr. Eric: Hernosity asked the lady cup.

Strawna: Oh, I'm Strawna, but I'm not a leader. I have too many carbs.

Hernosity: Too many carbohydrates?

Strawna: Oh, I ran against him, but he kept telling everyone how much bad sugar I had and well, one thing led to another.

Mr. Eric: A ketchup packet exploded over the tree that they were hiding under and a tidal wave of ketchup threatened to wash them all away.

Dracomax: You all get out of here, I'll buy you some time.

Mr. Eric: And the little Dracomax flew up to the approaching tidal wave of ketchup and breathed out his own.

Dracomax: Butter breath, don't fail me now!

Hernosity: Oh, Cousin Draco! Be careful!

Dracomax: Are you kidding? This is the easy part. You still have to get by the giant french fry.

Mr. Eric: Hernosity had bent down her head and all the cup people clung to her mane with their straws. She took off just as the ketchup wave hit Dracomax and his butter breath hit it. [SPLATTERRRR!]

Dracomax: This is so groooooossssss.

Mr. Eric: Hernosity raced back to the battlement and the Frysident glared down at them.

French Fry: Why are you back here?

Hernosity: I demand a carb recount.

French Fry: Wha!

Hernosity: The candidate with the fewest carbs was to win the election, no?

French Fry: Oui! And soda has so many nasty little simple sugars.

Mr. Eric: But then the french fry realized how big he had grown.

French Fry: You know, on second thought, no recount.

Mr. Eric: All the other french fries started looking confused.

French Fry 2: I don't get it.

French Fry 3: He had fewer carbs.

French Fry 4: He won fair and square.

Mr. Eric: But Mike Nugget was already pecking away at a calculator.



Mike Nugget: [Tweets]

French Fry: No, I did not care about the carb count.

Mr. Eric: Said the french fry, growing even bigger and angrier.

French Fry: I am president because I say that I am president.

Mr. Eric: And the french fry was getting so big and heavy that it started to fold in half.

French Fry: And you are bad guys because I say you are bad guy...

Mr. Eric: He was falling straight toward Hernosity and all the cup people holding onto her.

Hernosity: Hang on!

Mr. Eric: The take out box battlements were folding in a wave under the massive weight of the frycident. And Hernosity galloped up to that wave of paper, jumping up to ride along it one seamless fold after another after another until she'd paper surfed halfway across the forest and... the enormous french fry fell behind her.

French Fry: Ew, I landed in ketchup butter.

Dracomax: You are welcome for that.

Mr. Eric: Called out Dracomax as he caught up to Hernosity.

Mike Nugget: [Tweeting]

Mr. Eric: Mike Nugget had just finished the calculations and indeed the Frycident now had too many carbs! The colossal, defeated french fry started complaining loudly.

French Fry: I only said the carb thing so I would win.

Mr. Eric: And he started to shrink.

French Fry: I will always be president. The new What If World will be mine!

Mr. Eric: The take-out box battlements had fallen and the paper cup people started meeting the french fry people. The former french fry president kept shrinking.

French Fry: I am president of What If World! Do not talk to them, they are dangerous!

Fred the Dog: Oh, hey, can I eat this french fry. Oh no, wait, it's got butter and ketchup on it.

Dracomax: Fred!

Hernosity: Fred the Dog?

Fred the Dog: Cousin Hernosity, Cousin Dracomax.

Strawna: How is it that you all are related?

Fred the Dog: It's really quite simple how a dragon, a unicorn, and a dog could all be cousins. But I have no time to asplain that. Strawna, can you be president of this spooky forest?

Strawna: Oh, uh?

French Fry: No, she can not be president! I want to be president!

Strawna: I think so.

Fred the Dog: Okay, thank goodness, because there's a pile of stuffed animals over there that I was pretending to be president of because I thought that like the world had ended or something.

Dracomax: She'll take good care of the stuffed animals. I've got a feeling we're late for an even more important mission.

Hernosity: Yes, Fred. Tell us how we shall save What If World.

Fred the Dog: Oh no, we just... we're late for the family reunion. We gotta go.

Dracomax: Oh, I hope to see our Uncle Never Ending Bowl of Ice Cream.

Hernosity: Oh, yes. And Grandma Baby.

Fred the Dog: I hope Auntie Tree brings some sticks.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right Griffin, Vivian, and Téa, I hope you enjoyed your story.

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, my sister Melissa and my brother Jason, who've supported me and this show from the beginning. And all you problem-solving kids at home who make sure to listen to both sides in an argument.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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