

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 118: What if monsters were made of carpet, and each step you took it hurted cause the teeth were sticking up?](#)

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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 front to *What If World*, the s—I'm sorry, did I say "front"? Oh boy. It must be April Fool's again. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and April Fool's likes to play tricks on me. But not this year. This year we're gonna start off with a nice, normal question from Arya.

Arya: Hi, Mr. Eric. My name's Arya and I like horses and my what if question is what if monsters were made of carpet and each step you took it hurted because the teeth was sticking out? Bye!

Mr. Eric: Wow, Arya! I love that question. I actually really like that it's quite unusual. April Fool's or no, we're here to have fun and we're gonna up the ante a little bit with one write-in question from a patron named Matty. Matty thinks we have the coolest theme song. Thank you, I happen to agree. And he asks what if chickens didn't lay eggs? Hmm.

Fred the Dog: Oh, and the monsters and chickens and horses? Oh, my!

Mr. Eric: Oh, hi Fred.

Fred the Dog: This sounds like a very spooky April Fool episode!

Mr. Eric: No, I promise it's not going to be scary. Unless you're afraid of carpet monsters, I suppose.

Fred the Dog: Oh, but who isn't afraid of carpet monsters, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: Well... carpet monsters, for one.

Fred the Dog: Touche.

JF Kitty: Fred, are you gonna get to the shout-outs or are you just gonna...

Fred the Dog: Oh, sorry. Yes, our first shout out is to Alony.

Mr. Eric: Right, thanks Alony! She says What If World is her favorite thing to fall asleep to.

JF Kitty: Well, don't fall asleep yet!

Mr. Eric: She can fall asleep if she wants to!

JF Kitty: But not before I say happy belated birthday to Alex.

Mr. Eric: Oh, yeah. I heard he just turned seven. Thanks, Alex.

Fred the Dog: Oh, and I also got one more shout out, well, two more, to Becca and to Polly. I think they must be sisters.

JF Kitty: No, if they were sisters, their names would be more like Becca and Bolly, or Bella and Pella.

Mr. Eric: That's not how names...

Fred the Dog: Okay, well, we want to get to the story.

Mr. Eric: I know, I know. I'm just worried because it's April Fool's...

JF Kitty: Just do your job, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Okay, JF Kat!

Now, let's find out what if monsters were made of carpet and each step you took it hurted because the teeth were sticking up and what if chickens didn't lay eggs.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Outside of the Observatorium, way down at the bottom of Squid Lake, a young boy named Scully was spending time with his Uncle Cthunkle.

Cthunkle: It is time, my boy, for you to start your first job.

Scully: Oh, I thought we were going to have a fun week together, being on Spring Break.

Cthunkle: Yes, a fun week of you working so that I can study my evil texts.

Mr. Eric: And the massive squid monster picked up a small stone tablet and started scrolling through glyphs by swiping a tentacle across it.

Scully: Oh, you're more interested in your NeKindleCon than your nephew.

Cthunkle: Do not speak ill of the NeKindleCon, my boy. It is the most evil digital e-ink reader on the market.

Scully: And an artifact of absolute evil magic. I know.

Cthunkle: And a reward given to me at my very first job.

Scully: Oh?

Cthunkle: For being Evil Employee of the Eon 11 eons in a row.

Scully: Well, congratulations?

Cthunkle: So, hop on your horsey and we will ride to your very first job.

Mr. Eric: And so Scully and Cthunkle hopped on their horses and—

[Record scratch.]

Why would they have horses? They're under water.

Cthunkle: Arya likes horses and it's her question.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I know, but I was gonna introduce horses later... like, when it maybe made sense.

Scully: What if they were seahorses?

Mr. Eric: Oh yeah, perfect.

Cthunkle and Scully hopped on their seahorses—

Cthunkle: Arya didn't say sea horses.

[Record scratch.]

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay. Scully and Cthunkle somehow rode water-breathing horses from the bottom of Squid Lake all the way to the chicken farm.

Scully: Chicken farm? Oh, that sounds like another April Fool's slip, hmm, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, it's a chicken farm. That's where you're working.

Cthunkle: But I think you'll like your boss...

Mr. Eric: Said Cthunkle around a mouthful of horse. Cthunkle! Spit out those horses!

Cthunkle: Oooh...

Mr. Eric: We can't have you eating horses in the first act of the story.

Cthunkle: Oh, fine. [BLEH BLEH].
[Horses neigh]

Mr. Eric: And the horsies flew off into outer space.

Scully: But... but...

Mr. Eric: With their rocketship hooves!

Scully: Okay...

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle and Scully walked into the giant barn where thousands of chickens sat side by side in long coops lined with hay.

Scully: It kind of looks like a football stadium.

Cthunkle: If instead of seats it had chicken coops, yes.

Mr. Eric: And in the middle of this strange, indoor stadium, on what would have been the football field, there stood instead a horde of monsters baring their fangs, lurching menacingly, and growling their scary growls. [Growls and ARGH!]

Scully: That one sounds like a pirate!

Mr. Eric: Yeah, it's a pirate monster, Scully. We've got to keep moving.

Squidarella: Scully, you're here! Welcome to your first day at Scare Stadium.

Mr. Eric: It was Squidarella, Scully's step-mom. She slithered slimily away from the horde of monsters holding a clipboard and looking Scully up and down.

Cthunkle: This is your new boss.

Scully: Uh...

Mr. Eric: Scully looked around. Every time a monster was particularly scary, all the nearby chickens would squawk and bawk and lay out a whole slew of eggs that would travel down a chute and out to an adjoining building.

Scully: Do I really have to scare chickens for a living?

Squidarella: Well, I could make you an egg collector?

Cthunkle: Nonsense. His uncle was Evil Employee of the Eon 11 eons–

Squidarella: [Echoing] 11 eons in a row, we know.

Scully: I'll make you proud, Cthunkle.

Cthunkle: Huh? Yes, yes. See that you do.

Mr. Eric: But Cthunkle was already staring at his NeKindleCon as he squeezed his giant squid monster self out of the barn. Scully pushed himself into the field of monsters and tried to put on his scariest grimace.

Scully: Rarr!

Chicken: Bawk?

Scully: No, no, I said rar!

Chicken: Brar...

Scully: I'm sorry. Before I scare the eggs out of you, I should probably introduce myself.

Chicken: Bawk...

Mr. Eric: A nearby werewolf gave Scully a sidelong look.

Werewolf: Whatcha doing?

Scully: I'm Scully the Squid and you are?

Chicken: Bwuuuh...

Scully: I'm sorry, I don't speak chicken.

Chicken: Bwubwak!

Mr. Eric: The chicken nosed its beak down at the sign.

Scully: Oh, Barbara Sitter. You babysat my friend Zizi.

Chicken: Bwaaa.

Scully: Oh, yeah, yeah. You're right. You're right! You're right! I should get to work. So what scares you?

Mr. Eric: By this point, all the scary creatures had stopped scaring and were just staring at Scully. Squidarella pushed her way through them.

Squidarella: Why has everyone stopped? We've got a lot of scaring to do.

Scully: I just don't think it's fair to keep these chickens cooped up just so we can scare the eggs out of them.

Chicken: Bwa bwa. Bwak.

Squidarella: But Scully, these chickens come and go as they please. They work here just like you.

Werewolf: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: Said the werewolf.

Werewolf: Sometimes they just need help scaring those eggs out.

Mr. Eric: So Scully went back to work doing his best to scare Barbara Sitter, or any of the chickens, but he didn't manage one single spook. And Cthunkle came to pick him up at the end of the day.

Cthunkle: Oh, Scully, I prepared a feast for you back at the castle to celebrate your first step down the path to true evil!

Scully: I'm sorry, Cthunkle, I don't think I was very evil today at all.

Cthunkle: Would you feel better if you ate a horse?

Mr. Eric: Said Cthunkle, summoning a few horsies out of the NeKindleCon.

[Horses neigh]

Scully: Well, I just don't think being evil is the best way to motivate our coworkers.

Cthunkle: My boy, it's just the way it's done. You'll do better after a horsey dinner and a good night's sleep.

Mr. Eric: And suddenly, the horse turned to stone and Cthunkle cracked his beak on it!

Cthunkle: Uh, Mr. Eric, April Fool's is supposed to play tricks on you, not on me.

Mr. Eric: Maybe I'm finally getting the hang of it said Mr. Eric as his hands turned into stone hooves. No. That's. Okay, I'm going to keep moving on with the story before any other other parts of me turn into a horse.

[Time skip noise.]

Scully: Oh, it's the next day already and I'm back at the barn again?

Mr. Eric: And also you swiped Cthunkle's NeKindleCon.

Scully: I don't remember doing th-

Mr. Eric: Well, you did it, so maybe you could use scary magic or something.

Scully: Oh, that's a good idea.

Mr. Eric: It was just before the crack of dawn. Scully had gotten himself to work early before any of the other monsters got there. Most of the chickens were still clucking their way into the big barn and Scully confronted them at the entrance.

Scully: I think, deep down, you chickens don't like being scared.

Chickens: [Assorted chicken noises.]

Scully: You all want to be free from this job. Free from fear! So ride these horsies to safety!

Mr. Eric: Scully summoned thousands of getaway horses!

[Horse and chicken noises set to dramatic music.]

Scully: Mr. Eric, are you gonna translate this conversation at all?

Mr. Eric: But bawk bawk, neigh neigh English.

Scully: No, you're speaking horse and chicken.

Mr. Eric: [Laughs] bawk neigh. Neigh neigh bawk. Bawk.

Scully: You're still doing it.

Mr. Eric: [Angry] Baaaawk bawk!

Scully: All right, well, I'll take over. It looks like all the getaway horses are getting away. All right. But all the chickens are staying behind.

Mr. Eric: The chickens just kept filing into the big Bawk stadium... barn. Barn stadium. And the monsters were neighing–nudging their way in as well.

Scully: Okay, Mrs. Sitter, if you won't use your getaway horse, then I give you the NeKindleCon. Now you have unlimited power! You never have to feel afraid again.

Barbara Sitter: Bawk... bawk-bawk.

Mr. Eric: And Mrs. Sitter started pecking the NeKindleCon at random.

Scully: Oh, you should probably be careful with that.

Barbara Sitter: [Indignant squawk]

Scully: Oh, you're right, uh...

Mr. Eric: Squidarella came in to see Mrs. Sitter pecking at that magical artifact.

Squidarella: Everybody take cover!

Mr. Eric: Squidarella shouted, scooping up every monster in sight, and pulling them in tight to protect them, when, with one final peck from her beak, all the monsters suddenly turned into carpet.

Barbara Sitter: Bawk bawk.

Scully: Good for you, Mrs. Sitter.

Mr. Eric: Said Scully from his squid beak, which was sticking straight up out of his carpet body.

Squidarella: Scully, is this your doing?

Barbara Sitter: Bawk baw-bawk bawk baw-bawk bawwk. Bawk.

Mr. Eric: Said Mrs. Sitter, trying to step around the wide stretch of monster carpet, but...

[Monster noises]

Mr. Eric: There were patches of monster teeth sticking up in every direction.

Scully: She's still trying to go to her coop!

Squidarella: Of course she is. Her job is laying eggs. She gets paid to help feed all of us.

Scully: Well, yeah, but I still don't think that scaring is...

Mr. Eric: Scully saw that Mrs. Sitter was trying to lay an egg but she couldn't.

Scully: Uhm... uh-oh?

Mr. Eric: And all the other chickens started filing in toward their coops, painfully stepping over carpet monsters with their taloned feet.

[Monsters make pained noises.]

But it didn't feel too nice for the chickens, either!

[Chickens make pained noises.]

The chickens tried laying eggs all day long but they just couldn't.

Squidarella: This is really bad news...

Scully: Oh, don't worry, Squidarella. Once Cthunkle comes to pick us up—

Cthunkle: I'm part of the carpet monster, as well.

Scully: Aww...

Cthunkle: All sorts of toothy creatures ended up here.

Cleocatra: I was just trying to earn a living.

Mr. Eric: Said Cleocatra from one stretch of carpet.

Dracomax: This is by far the most comfortable place I have ever been stuck.

Mr. Eric: Added Dracomax just as a chicken walked over his face!

Dracomax: Ah ow! Oh.

Scully: Oh, what are we gonna do?

Mr. Eric: There was a knock at the door. They all tried to turn toward the knock even though they could barely move. It was a Alabamus P. Gra-zero.

Alabamus: Oh no, I definitely can't be both people at the same time. [Voice shifts randomly from Abacus to Alabaster Zero's voice.]

Mr. Eric: No, it was Alabaster, okay. Definitely Alabaster Zero.

Alabaster Zero: That's good because the story needed another deep voice.

Cthunkle: You can say that again.

Dracomax: I don't think he should say that again.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I'm gonna get a sore throat here.

Alabaster Zero: All right, all you chickens. Why'd you stop laying eggs? You ruined omelette night in New What City.

Barbara Sitter: Bawk bawkbawk bawk.

Mr. Eric: Explained Mrs. Sitter.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, why didn't you say so. I'll just walk over to the NeKindleCon and undo the magic spell. Ow ah! Would you monsters just move your carpet teeth for one minute?

Squidarella: We're sorry.

Scully: We can't.

Alabaster Zero: But you all are chewing right through my boots. How am I gonna cast a spell if my feet go ow?

Barbara Sitter: Bawk bawk baoowk.

Cthunkle: I don't care if your tummies hurt because they're full of eggs.

Squidarella: Yeah, our faces hurt from all of you stepping on us.

Alabaster Zero: Maybe if I just throw my boot at the NeKindleCon, then I'll just hop on foot until the magic is fixed.

Scully: Well, I don't know about that.

Barbara: Bawk bawkbawkbawk bawk.

Cthunkle: It's a very delicate evil artifact...

Mr. Eric: But Alabaster was already throwing his shoe. Oh, fortunately, it just seemed to land on the NeKindleCon safely. Oh, no, it's being sucked up by that little stone tablet somehow. That's weird. I wonder where it's going... ow! I just got hit in the back of the head with a boot.

Squidarella: Serves you right for getting us into this kerfluffle.

Mr. Eric: Squidarella, don't blame me for your kerfluffles.

Scully: Oh, you all know this kerfluffle's on me.

Cthunkle: Yes, I agree.

Barbara: Bawk bawkbawkbawk-gree.

Cthunkle: Are we being rhyme-y?

Squidarella: Indeed, we be.

Scully: I also feel kind of music-y.

Mr. Eric: A hairline crack was spreading through the NeKindleCon and magic started to seep out of it, rushing over all of the carpet monsters, swirling around the timid chickens and even dusting over Detective Zero.

Background: The tootsie owie, his footsie owie, owie...

Alabaster Zero: [Singing] Steppin' on these teeth. It's owie time.

Scully: Hey, watch your footsie! We'll get your tootsie.

Alabaster Zero: Chewing through my boots... they're way out of line.

Dracomax: Our teeth are stuck up! You're boots, their luck's up.

Alabaster Zero: The only thing left to do, when a monster carpet chews through your shoe. Is ... dance, is how it ends.

Chickens: My tummy owie, bawk. Bawk eggie... bawk tummy owie [continues].

Alabaster Zero: Chickens... don't like carpet and monster teeth.

Scully: Oh why [unclear] oh have a good day.

Alabaster Zero: Can't lay eggs above it or eggs beneath.

Scully: Or left or righty! Their tummy's tighty.

Alabaster Zero: The only thing those chicks can do.

Scully: I know!

Alabaster Zero: Is hold in their eggs 'til they're blue. It's how it is.... how it is, tell me how it is!

Cthunkle: Owie, owie. My face-y owie, owie.

Alabaster Zero: Monsters don't' like to taste your feet.

Scully: We're stucky stucky. Your feet are yucky.

Alabaster Zero: Monsters still like yummy things to eat.

Scully: Like apple maybe, bananas baby!

Alabaster Zero: Instead they're upholstered down here.

Scully: Ow, my face!

Alabaster Zero: They tried not to bite when they're near.

Scully: You're dancing on my face.

Alabaster Zero: They'll never smile again, I fear!

Scully: You're still doing it.

Alabaster Zero: And their faces do the owie owie owie owie dance!

Scully: Owie dance!

[Lots of weird singing and saying "ow"]

Scully: Alabaster!

Alabaster Zero: Tap dance with one booted foot!

Scully: Hey! Hello! Ow.

Alabaster Zero: I'm sorry. Oh.

Scully: Oh, what'd you step in?

Alabaster Zero: I see what I did. That was rude.

Mr. Eric: As the music ended, the chickens realized that they'd been singing and dancing all over the coop despite their tummy aches. But then they looked down to see that tableau of monsters all mooshed into one toothy carpet, Alabaster trying not to step on them, and failing.

Chickens: Bawk, bawk?

Mr. Eric: And the chickens all flew down beside their co-workers. Now, hens aren't very good at being scary so Mrs. Sitter just did what she was good at.

Barbara: Bawk bawk! Bawk.

Scully: Okay, you're kind of sitting on me.

Barbara: Bawk bawk.

Mr. Eric: And she started gently brushing Scully Squid's forehead with her wings and squawking soothing nothings in what might have been his ear. And all the other chickens followed her lead, swooping down to comfort their uncomfortable friends.

Alabaster Zero: Okay, if anybody asks, I did not just break out into song, and I am not crying right now.

Chickens: Bawk bawk bawk?

Alabaster Zero: Look at you two young hens trying to comfort me even though you're uncomfortable!

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster started giving the two little hens a pet on their head despite him being uncomfortable. And before he knew it, those two hens started laying eggs. And all the relaxed hens curled up in their little bits of carpet, comforting the carpet monsters around them, well, they started laying eggs, too!

Scully: Could making people happy work just as well as making them scared?

Cthunkle: Impossible. [Record scratch.] It will never—okay. Okay, I'm getting—stop laying eggs all over my face. It's like you're laying more eggs than before.

Mr. Eric: And a few of those eggs rolled over to the NeKindleCon, and... somehow started to reverse the—[Egg cracking] Oh, come on! Why did eggs have to fly through a portal and hit me in the back of the head?

Scully: Wow, while Mr. Eric was getting pelted with eggs, I turned back to normal.

Cthunkle: Me, too.

Cleocatra: I did as well.

Squidarella: And me.

Chicken: Bawk.

Alabaster Zero: And I found a brand new pair of boots somehow!

Mr. Eric: Where are my boots? My new boots?

Alabaster Zero: Oh, you mean my new boots? Aren't they nice?

Mr. Eric: Did you take my boots?

Alabaster Zero: Ah... the end.

Mr. Eric: I did not say the end, ooh!

[Falling harp scale.]

All right, Matty and Arya, I hope you enjoyed your story.

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, my aunt Jeanine for always encouraging me to be silly, and all you kids at home who know that kindness and cooperation can be a lot more effective than yelling and pushiness.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]