

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 143: What if people sneezed pickles?](#)

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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're starting off with a write-in question from a listener named Silas. Silas wrote many, many questions and has caught quite a few of my mistakes over the years. And he asks, what if people sneezed pickles and Alabaster Zero got turned into a cat? Great question, young sir, and we are going to get one more from a patron named Becca.
- Becca: My name is Rebecca. I live in Philadelphia and my question is, what if butterflies could turn into fairies and fairies turned into butterflies?
- Mr. Eric: Whoa, Becca. I'd love to see that. And I also want to thank Becca's sister Polly for supporting the show with her ideas.
- JF Kitty: And I think you also want to thank Gracie and baby Everly.
- Mr. Eric: That's right, J.F. Kat, a big shout out to Gracie and her new baby sister, Everly.
- JF Kitty: And we've got one last meow-out to Ender. He's eight years old and lives in California. His most favorite superhero is Spider-Man. Thwap.
- Mr. Eric: Isn't it "thwip"?
- JF Kitty: I'm pretty sure it's thwap.
- Mr. Eric: Yeah, I don't have a comic book in front of me to check, so. Anyway, thank you Ender, Everly, and Gracie. Now, let's find out what if people sneezed pickles and Alabaster Zero got turned into a cat? And what if fairies turned into butterflies?

[Rising harp scale.]

- Mr. Eric: [Alarm blaring] It was 4:30am and Alabaster Zero's alarm clock was going off at the start of a brand-new day.
- Alabaster Zero: Oh, it's a good morning—to stop some crime. Isn't that right, Tabby Tallulah?
- Tabby: Mrowww.
- Mr. Eric: Responded his cat. And off Alabaster rushed to work, showing up an hour before the sun had even risen.
- Alabaster Zero: Well, that's strange. I don't see Fair Elise, only that Howdy Pooch of the Fur Force.
- Howdy Pooch: Oh, howdy, there, Alabaster. What are you doing here on Saturday? It's your day off.
- Alabaster Zero: Day... off?
- Howdy Pooch: Well, yeah. Why don't you go relax. Fair Elise, your partner, has the day off, too.
- Alabaster Zero: I don't understand what you're saying. Where is this day off to? Who turned the day off, in the first place?
- Howdy Pooch: Well, you did.
- Alabaster Zero: The plot thickens.
- Howdy Pooch: No, it doesn't.
- Alabaster Zero: Okay, but, I've never had a day off. How do I turn it back on?
- Howdy Pooch: Well, when my day's off, it passes by so fast because I just spend the whole day sneezing out pickles.
- Alabaster Zero: Ugh... that sounds really uncomfortable. Unless maybe it's a cornichon?
- Howdy Pooch: Nope. Giant, flying pickles right out my nose.
- Mr. Eric: Said Howdy Pooch.
- Alabaster Zero: Oh, I guess I could try that. Show me how it's done.
- Howdy Pooch: Well, I can't. My day's on, today.

Alabaster Zero: Well, then tell me: who else has this day off?

Howdy Pooch: I already told you, your partner.

Alabaster Zero: Tell me, you adorable fluffy mutt.

Howdy Pooch: It's Fair Elise! I've said it three times.

Alabaster Zero: Fair Elise. It's always the ones you least suspect.

Howdy Pooch: Well, then wouldn't you most suspect those who are least suspectful?

Alabaster Zero: I don't have time for your logic. Here, let me sniff you, I'm allergic to dogs.

Howdy Pooch: Well, thanks for asking to sniff me. You know, I don't want to get into detail, but some dogs just come up and they sniff you wherever they please.

Alabaster Zero: [Struggling not to sneeze] Too... much... information! Achoo!

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster Zero sneezed out a giant flying pickle. It shot through the doors of the police station and Alabaster grabbed onto its lumps as the pickle skyrocketed into the air.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, this doesn't feel like a day off! [Thud]

Mr. Eric: And the giant pickle finally landed on top of a big, fluffy cloud. It was Fairy Glen, where Fair Elise, her partner Sprite Alright, and their daughter Pixicato, lived under a tiny thimble. But when Alabaster knocked on their thimble, no one answered.

Alabaster Zero: Fair Elise? We've got to figure out how to turn the day on! Someone made it off for both of us.

Mr. Eric: But there was still no answer.

Alabaster Zero: Fair Elise?

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster lifted up the edge of the thimble ever so gently, when... three tiny butterflies flew out.

Sprite Alright: Alright, what are you doing here, bothering us on our day off?

Mr. Eric: Asked Sprite Alright.

Alabaster Zero: I'm sorry, butterfly that sounds like Sprite Alright. I was looking for Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: I'm right here.

Mr. Eric: Said Fair Elise, who turned into a rainbow-colored butterfly.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, thank goodness. We've got to figure out how to turn the day on. I don't know what to do with these off days.

Pixicato: Well, we fairies,

Mr. Eric: Said Pixicato.

Pixicato: We love to turn into butterflies on our day off. It reminds us to stop and smell the roses.

Alabaster Zero: But roses don't grow on clouds.

Pixicato: Um, yes, and humans don't sneeze pickles, but let's just keep an open mind why don't we?

Alabaster Zero: Oh, fine.

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster watched the little fairy butterflies flutter over to a meadow full of roses.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, this can't be as bad as all those flying pickles, I suppose.

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster went to join them.

Alabaster Zero: [Sniffs] Oh, okay. Smelling roses. That's... I'm... that's pretty...

Sprite Alright: Alabaster, do you have hay fever by any chance?

Fair Elise: Because these roses are very strong, indeed.

Alabaster Zero: Hay fever? Me? [Struggling not to sneeze] ACHOO!

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster sneezed again. The force of the pickle flying out of his nose sent him falling back through the clouds.

Fair Elise: Oh dear... oh, dear.

Mr. Eric: But the three little magical butterflies managed to cast a spell on Alabaster so he'd fall gently back to his house.

Alabaster Zero: Thanks for saving my life, Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: You're welcome.

Alabaster Zero: Although, it wouldn't have been in danger if you'd just let me turn the day on, like I wanted.

Sprite Alright: That's not your best thank you, Alabaster!

Alabaster Zero: You're right. I'm sorry. I just don't know what to do with myself.

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster fell on the ground right outside his house where he'd begun.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, I don't enjoy sneezing pickles or smelling roses. What am I supposed to do on my day off?

Mr. Eric: Said Alabaster, bursting back into his little house.

Tabby: [HISS]

Mr. Eric: Hissed Tabby Tallulah as the sun entered the abode.

Tabby: I think you forget that I am a vampire cat.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, sorry, Tabby Tallulah. I thought you were just like a cactus vampire or something. What If World's confusing.

Tabby: That does not mean I like being interrupted on my day off.

Alabaster Zero: Oh no. It's your day off, too? It's spreading.

Tabby: It is not spreading, Alabaster. It's just kitty cats have most days off.

Alabaster Zero: That sounds horrible.

Tabby: But for you humans, a day off is very special. You need them to stay healthy and happy. Nobody can stay on all day, every day. Just sit down, relax.

Mr. Eric: And the little tabby cat nuzzled against Alabaster's shins, trying to calm down the worked up detective.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, you're right. Nobody can stay on, all day. Well, nobody except a robot body.

Tabby: Eugh, what is this, now?

Alabaster Zero: I'll just ask Randall Radbot to put my brain inside of a robot's body and then—

Tabby: Oh, sorry, Alabaster, but you have forced me to do this.

Mr. Eric: And Tabby Tallulah jumped up on the counter, her eyes glowing a bright green as she stared into Alabaster's.

Alabaster Zero: Whoa... your eyes are like, hypnotic.

Tabby: That is because I am hypnotizing you.

Alabaster Zero: Kitty, kitty, kitty, can't you see? Sometimes your eyes just hypnotize me...

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster started sprouting fur and shrinking down until he was standing on the counter, a little detective kitty cat.

Tabby: Well, that was surprisingly easy. It usually takes me longer.

Alabaster Zero: Meow way! I'm a kitty cat, now. But I still have a meowstery to solve or else the day will stay off. Purr...ever...

Tabby: You are feeling sleepy? I haven't even gotten to that point, yet.

Alabaster Zero: Purrrty much...

Tabby: Okay, you don't have to make every other syllable into kitty sounds. We cats actually find that a little offensive.

Alabaster Zero: Meow she tells me... zz z z zz.

Tabby: What is this? Why are you making Z sounds.

Alabaster Zero: I'm sleeping. That's how you spell, "sleep." Zzz zzz zzz zz.

Tabby: You think sleep is spelled with five Zs?

Mr. Eric: But Alabaster Zero was already fast asleep, stretching out on a couch that seemed as big as ten beds to his little kitty body.

[Time skip noise.]

Some time later, Alabaster stretched his paws again.

Alabaster Zero: Wow, I've really enjoyed my day off. What time is it?

Fair Elise: It's February, Alabaster.

[Record scratch.]

You've used up four years worth of days off all at once.

Alabaster Zero: Purr-fect. I think I'll be ready to turn the day back on... next February.

Tabby: He's just been watching TV on the couch this whole time.

Alabaster Zero: Yeah, can you just put Whatflix back on? I want to watch all ten seasons of that show, again. You know, the one with like three good seasons.

Tabby: Ugh, I can't believe I'm saying this, but there's more to life than just stretching out on couch.

Fair Elise: Yes, Alabaster, we need to get back to work.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, you two are the purrst... just let me do the one thing I like, now.

Fair Elise: But do you really like it that much? You've basically been in a kitty coma this whole time.

Alabaster Zero: [Yawns] I don't know. It's just easy to sit around, staring at that big warm screen.

Fair Elise: Fine, I guess I'll just have to solve all these juicy mysteries by myself.

Mr. Eric: And the kitty cat Alabaster finally perked up a little.

Alabaster Zero: Juicy mysteries?

Tabby: You did not hear? There's been a string of juice-heists across What If World.

Alabaster Zero: Juice heists?

Tabby: I heard they even stole the Crown Juices from the Tower of Lemon.

Alabaster Zero: The Crown Juices are missing.

Fair Elise: Oh, but don't worry.

Mr. Eric: Said Fair Elise, turning back from a butterfly into a fairy.

Fair Elise: I'll go handle this case on my own. Maybe I'll be knighted for my heroism. Sir Fair Elise. Has a nice ring, doesn't it?

Alabaster Zero: Ooohh... no, please take me with you.

Mr. Eric: Said Alabaster, his kitty hypnosis broken as he started growing to full human height again.

Tabby: Finally.

Mr. Eric: Said Tabby Tallulah.

Tabby: And when you get back, we can work on relaxing without turning into complete slug.

Alabaster Zero: I wasn't a slug, I was a cat!

Fair Elise: Alabaster, we really need to hit the road.

Alabaster Zero: Heh, road. Where we're going, we don't need roads.

Mr. Eric: And Alabaster scooped up Fair Elise in one arm and a potted rose bush in another.

Alabaster Zero: [Sniffs] [Massive sneeze]

Mr. Eric: Sneezing out the biggest pickle, yet, and grabbing onto it as it shot them out the door.

Fair Elise: Alabaster, I can fly, you know.

Alabaster Zero: And I can sneeze pickles, Fair Elise. So we've all learned something, today.

Fair Elise: Except which direction the Tower of Lemon is.

Alabaster Zero: Oh, whoops. Uh, do you have any more roses?

Fair Elise: Oh, dear.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Becca and Silas, I hope you enjoyed your story. I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who know that days on and days off are both important. I hope you make the best of them.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.



[What If World theme plays.]

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