

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 146: What if lunchboxes could talk to food?](#)

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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—
- Fred the Dog: The show where Fred the Dog gives a shout out to Charlotte, who loves animals, especially puppies like her new Buddy.
- Mr. Eric: Oh, a puppy named Buddy! Thanks Charlotte, and thanks Fred.
- JF Kitty: Oh, I'll give a quick shout out to Orin who's five years old and lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico and loves cats and legos!
- Mr. Eric: Well, thank you to Orin, as well.
- JF Kitty: And Fred and I can double team this last shout out to Brin.
- Fred the Dog: Brin is six years old and she loves unicorns—
- JF Kitty: And she loves her cats Grapes and Scout.
- Mr. Eric: Well, thank you Brin, Orin, and Charlotte. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and I know that I say that I'm excited all the time, but I'm so excited today because I've got Craig Martinson – does that name sound familiar to you? It should because Craig Martinson wrote the theme song to What If World and he's been my best friend since kindergarten. First grade? Or kindergarten?
- Mr. Craig: You know? I wish we could claim kindergarten, but we gotta be honest with the people out there, and it was first grade.
- Mr. Eric: It was first grade, ok. Mrs. Abley's class, right?

Mr. Craig: That is 100% accurate.

Mr. Eric: And he's on the show today, so say hi, Mr. Craig.

Mr. Craig: Hello, everyone. It's me, Mr. Craig. And Mr. Eric, thank you for having me. I can't believe it's taken this long. I'm actually offended.

Mr. Eric: I blew it! I blew it, big time.

Mr. Craig: Listeners out there know that it's entirely my fault. I've been invited from the beginning. We finally got this time, so... I'm ready.

Mr. Eric: Craig, you are a musician and a teacher and a coach and you're on the east coast and I'm on the west coast, so...

Mr. Craig: That is true.

Mr. Eric: We haven't lived in the same city for the last 13+ years.

Mr. Craig: Also true.

Mr. Eric: And we're gonna get you a story. We have to start off with a question from a listener named Finny. Oh, and Finny's a write-in question actually, so I get to read it.

Finny is from New Zealand. He's six and a half years old and he loves tigers and his question is what if lunchboxes could talk to food?

Mr. Craig: That's a great question.

Mr. Eric: I've always thought, you know, because they've got that sort of mouth thing, the flap...

Mr. Craig: Sure, sure.

Mr. Eric: I love the visual of that, Finny.

And now, let's get one more question from a patron named Eddie.

Eddie: I like Star Wars and Pokemon and my what if question is what if there was a world that you could get your wants before your needs?

Eddie's Parent: Very good. Tell them what your name is and [unclear].

Eddie: My name's Eddie and I'm from Chicago, Illinois.

Eddie's Parent: Thank you, Mr. Eric.

Eddie: Thank you.

Mr. Craig: Wow, okay.

Mr. Eric: So we have to squeeze in, Star Wars, Pokemon and tigers to check off all these boxes today, Craig.

Mr. Craig: Well, that sounds like a lot of fun.

Mr. Eric: It sounds great to me. And I also wanted to give a thank you to Eddie's sister Evie, also a big fan of the show who's asked some great questions.

So let's find out what if lunch boxes could talk to food and what if we could get our wants before our needs?

[Rising harp scale.]

Craig was such a lucky kid because his mom made him a lunch in his favorite Tigermon Wars lunchbox every day.

Craig: Tigermon Wars? I don't remember that.

Lunchbox: What are you talking about, kid?

Mr. Eric: Said Craig's lunchbox.

Lunchbox: Yeah, it's me, Tigermon War Lunchbox. From your favorite show. You know the one, Craig, right?

Craig: Um, how's it go again?

Lunchbox: Oh, come on! It's like, Tigermon Wars! Tigers combine with other things doing battle in space! You know, Tigermon Wars!

Craig: You know, now that I hear you sing it, yeah, I feel like it's coming back to me.

Lunchbox: Yeah, yeah. It's like sounds like some other wars or mons or whatever, but it's not.

Craig: 100% original, unique, undiscovered territory.

Lunchbox: Or satirical, take your pick.

Mr. Eric: Craig is lucky enough that his mom puts together his lunch for him every day. And she makes his favorite sandwich every day, as well, which of course, is—

Craig: Peanut butter and jelly.

Mr. Eric: Wait, I thought it was his favorite sandwich. Hang on.

Craig: I loved peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, but... I've had thousands and I don't know. It's whatever.

Lunchbox: Craig. Come on. You don't like peanut butter and jelly sandwiches anymore? What gives?

Craig: I'm just ready for something different. Something new. Something exciting!

Lunchbox: But surely you still love your Tigermon Wars lunchbox, right?

Craig: Of course I love my Tigermon Warriors lunchbox. And that's just it. Tigermon Warriors don't just eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. They have adventures and they battle space monsters all day.

Lunchbox: Oh, so we're just not exciting enough for you. Hey, listen, no, don't worry about it. Don't worry about it. We're gonna take care of this, okay? I'm all over it. You can trust me, lunch box.

Craig: How could I not trust my talking lunch box?

Lunchbox: Okay, you get to class, you go learn somethings, get some 'rithmatics and whatnot. You better believe we're gonna have this whole thing worked out when you get back.

Craig: I am a believer.

Mr. Eric: So Craig shut his locker and went off to learn.

Lunchbox: [Coughs] All right, get out of here, peanut butter and jelly sandwich and whatever this carrot stick creature is. Did you guys hear that?

PB&J: Oh, Craig says he's bored of me, his favorite sandwich, the peanut butter and jelly?

Lunchbox: I mean, this is an emergency. He wants adventure, he wants action. We're just a box and a sandwich, what could we do about that.

Mr. Eric: Just at that moment, the other part of Craig's lunch started to move. It had looked just like a bunch of carrot sticks stuck together but as it got up on all fours, the lunch box and peanut butter and jelly sandwich

realized that it was, in fact, a tigermon, made entirely out of carrot sticks stuck together by toothpicks.

Carrotiger: Yes, Craig needs adventure. Craig needs action. We can supply that to him. That and so much more.

Mr. Eric: Said Carrotiger, the monster made of carrot sticks.

Carrotiger: Yes, we shall burn this school to the ground and then we shall take the ashes and send them into space, and then—

PB&J: Yeah, maybe we don't need to do that. Maybe Craig just needs to eat me, his favorite sandwich, the peanut butter and jelly.

Carrotiger: Oh, he will eat, indeed. He will eat, um, action, and adventure, and!

Mr. Eric: And the tigermon shot out half a dozen toothpicks. Actually that sounded more like a dozen toothpicks, maybe. He shot out a lot of toothpicks.

Carrotiger: And also, toothpicks.

[Time skip noise.]

Mr. Eric: Craig was walking back to his locker alongside his best friend, Eric, who... uh, I forgot I was in this story. What did I sound like as a kid?

Eric: Hi, hi hi hi, Craig!

Mr. Craig: Yeah, I think that sounds pretty accurate, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Okay, good. Okay.

Eric: Craig, we're in the hallway where your locker is, and yet the hallway looks very strange. Like there's been a space battle or something.

Craig: Could it be? My lunch box said that adventure was around the corner, I just needed to trust him.

Eric: Whoa... this adventure looks like too much for me.

Mr. Eric: As a dozen or maybe two dozen toothpicks shot right over Mr. Eric's—I mean, young Eric's head.

Eric: Aaah! There's too many toothpicks and also me talking to me, it's confusing. I'm out of here!

Mr. Eric: And off Eric ran, leaving Craig by himself in a hallway that looked like it was something out of outer space.

Carrotiger: Yes, Craig. You asked for action.

Mr. Eric: Said Carrotiger, crawling up to Craig on all four carrot legs. But it wasn't just him. It seemed that all the other lunch boxes in the hallway had spit out their lunches as well. And sandwiches and snacks had turned into a wide variety of tigermon warriors, all headed towards Craig. Some of them were riding in lunch boxes. Some of them were flying through the air.

Watermelon: I'm a watermelon monster tiger... I'm gonna get you!

Pentigermon: Here comes the pen tigermon!

Carrotiger: Yes, prepared to be devoured and destroyed.

Craig: You know, seeing a tiger combined with a pen really makes it a lot less scary. And seeing a tiger combined with a watermelon is also not very scary.

Carrotiger: So you think, but check this out. Watermelon tiger monster, show him what you've got!

Watermelon: Uh, oh.

Carrotiger: Okay, watermelon tiger monster fell over and went splat, so he's not gonna get you, but I've got laser toothpicks, so check this action! [Laser noises]

And they also started exploding.

Mr. Eric: Craig dove out of the way at the last minute, hiding inside a locker. Craig was huddled inside the locker, fearing the arrival of the tigermon and all the other lunch monsters.

Craig: These tigers combined with random things are a lot more scary and difficult to deal with than I anticipated. If only I had my trusty light sword!

Mr. Eric: And it shot out of his hand like a laser making a noise similar to but distinct from other laser-like sword noises as he carved his way right past, through his locker, and was surrounded by a horde of lunch monsters.

Lunch monsters: Oh, there he is! I found him, boss, let's get him!

Carrotiger: Oh, I didn't see him disappear into that locker. One of the few lockers that we haven't blown up yet, I really should have seen that coming.

Mr. Eric: And all the monsters started chasing after him.

Craig: En garde, ruler tigermon! Have at you, desk tigermon! Nice try, lunch lady tigermon. Ha ha! You'll never get me, vice principal tigermon.

Mr. Eric: And Craig blasted his way through a whole fleet of tigermon ships flying around in their lunch boxes. But just as he turned the corner, thinking he was victorious, there was a horde of tigermon barreling towards him at lightning speeds, blasting lasers and lunch, and like, old tuna fish, you know sometimes you get that in the sandwich and it's just been in the locker all day and you don't want that thrown at you, but there it is.

Craig: Disgusting.

Mr. Eric: And Craig had no choice but to run for the hills or the next classroom.

Craig found himself within the math class, huddling underneath a desk.

Lunchbox: Hey, Craig! It's me, Tigermon Wars Lunchbox and Peanut Butter and Jelly sandwich. We were the only ones that didn't turn against you.

PB&J: No, I would never turn against you, Craig. I'm your favorite sandwich. Peanut butter and jelly.

Lunchbox: Yeah, and we flew away in this locker and I called it the Millennial Locker because it's a locker and you're a millennial, technically, because of your age.

Craig: Yes, so you're saying this locker was born in 1984, 198—got it.

Lunchbox: Roughly, that's exactly what I'm saying which is why the name Millennial Locker is not infringing on any kind of copyrights or trademarks. Jump in!

Mr. Eric: And Craig jumped in the locker just as the horde of monsters busted in through the door.

Lunchbox: Oh, man. There's too many of them.

PB&J: I know what to do. Craig, just eat your lunch. Your peanut butter and jelly sandwich. You can't go wrong.

Lunchbox: Eat your lunch? [Gasps] Eat your lunch! Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich, you're a genius. We'll just wait for the tigermons to eat all of

the teachers and the bleachers and the other creatures, and when they're done eating their lunch, they'll be so full that we can defeat them.

Craig: You know, all this action has made me awfully hungry. Maybe PB&J is right and I just need to eat my lunch.

Lunchbox: But the action... the adventure.

Carrotiger: The toothpicks of doom!

Mr. Eric: Carrotiger, the tigermon warrior, was on top of them, its carrotystick legs poking him in his ribs and stuff.

Craig: You know, Carrotigermon, you're really not that scary.

Carrotiger: What?

Craig: I've never liked carrots--

Carrotiger: What?

Craig: And your voice is annoying.

Carrotiger: Oh, well...

Craig: So I'm just gonna flick you across the room and eat my sandwich.

Carrotiger: Okay, but you still have to eat at least half of your carrots or your mother will be maaaaaaaad...

Craig: Oh, PB&J, I was a fool. You are my favorite sandwich... chomp!

Mr. Eric: And as Craig took a bite into his sandwich friend, all the other tigermons and lunch creatures and flying lunch boxes and various lasers, disappeared, and there was Craig, sitting at a lunch table beside his best friend, Eric.

Eric: Oh, hey, Craig. You're back. You were daydreaming, it seemed like.

Craig: Wow, that was crazy, young... Mister... Eric, with an incredibly high voice.

Eric: You don't have to call me young Mr. Eric, I'm just Eric, your friend. We're in school together. This is how I talk.

Craig: Absolutely. My mistake.

Mr. Eric: And Craig took another big delicious bite of his peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

[Record scratch.]

Craig: Oh, PB&J, what have I done? You're my friend!

Lunchbox: Oh, no no no, don't worry about that. He was just an imaginary peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches can't really talk, Craig. And I should know! I'm a lunch box.

Craig: Can lunch boxes talk?

Lunchbox: Wait, can lunch boxes talk?

Carrotiger: I don't know, but you've definitely got to eat some of these carrots.

Craig: Yuck!

Carrotiger: Or you'll be in big trouble.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Craig! We did it! We told the story.

Mr. Craig: Mr. Eric, that was unbelievable and seeing our childhood selves and hearing your high pitched, whiny, childhood voice, really warmed my heart.

Mr. Eric: I had so much fun, and really, kids at home, I don't think What If World would be here if not for this guy. It's not just because he wrote the best theme song, it's that we created our own imaginary worlds together ever since we were kids, so is there anything you want to tell the kids about? And the folks at home, the parents as well?

Mr. Craig: I would just like to say it's such an honor to be here and I'm so glad that everyone is enjoying the theme song, which I loved writing, and performing to the kids and families out there. Just, keep creating. Don't be afraid to be different and unique and original, and let your imagination wander, and I think that's something that myself and Mr. Eric have done since we were kids.

Mr. Eric: Yeah.

Mr. Craig: I loved doing it as a kid and I love doing it as an adult and I'd just like to say that there may be a What If World album in the works.

Mr. Eric: Yes!

Mr. Craig: So, look forward to some more music that we hope you will enjoy.

Mr. Eric: Yes! Craig, thank you again so much for being on the show today and tell your mom, Andrea, that I reminded you to eat your carrots.

Mr. Craig: Yes, and she will also know that I didn't. But... Mr. Eric, thank you so much, this has been so fun. And, honestly, I hope I get to do it again some day.

Mr. Eric: I can't wait for the day.

Mr. Craig: Goodbye! Goodbye, everyone.

Mr. Eric: Bye.

And kids, I don't even think I'm gonna, you know how every day I end on a lesson? Craig gave you your lesson today and I think that's a good one to walk away with. So I'm just gonna say thank you to him and Karen O'Keeffe, and all you kids at home who are still listening and imagining.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song starts]

[Record scratch.]

[New upbeat song starts] In the not-so-distant future, planet Earth has been invaded by fleet of robot monsters we mistakenly created. And their leader, Captain Fox, a great white / grizzly hybrid, very vicious, often violent, super soldier pirate. But Doctor Invento has finally perfected his vile fusion tiger machine. But what does it do though? You said a lot of real big words real fast but what do they mean?

Tigermon Wars! Tigers combine with other things, doing battle in space!
Tigermon Wars! Tigers combined with other things to save the human race!

[Robotic voice] With your powers combined... with tigers! Captain Fox and his feeble robot forces don't stand a chance!

Tigermon Wars! Tigers combine with other things, doing battle in space!
Tigermon Wars! Tigers combined with other things to save the human
race!

Coming soon, the Awesome Adolescent Lion Rangers!

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