

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 18: What if you could control the wind?](#)

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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.

Mr. Eric: Hey there, folks, and welcome back to What If World, the show where your questions and ideas inspire off the cuff stories. My name's Mr. Eric, your host. I am so sorry we missed a full episode last week, but I'm feeling a whole lot better now. So, I wanted to get right into our next question!

Heidi: Hello, my name is Heidi. I'm eight years old. I like Pokémon and my question is, what if you could control the wind?

Mr. Eric: Oh my gosh, Heidi. When I grew up, Pokémon was popular and it's still popular! I just, I don't understand it but I'm excited about it. And hmm, that's a really interesting question. What if you could control the wind? I think I heard about a character in What If World who can do that.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time, in Abacus P. Grumbler's workshop, he was working on a brand new magic wand.

Abacus: Oh, this is going to be my most powerful magical creation to date. With it, I shall control the winds! And every time I accidentally fart I'll be able to blow it away before anyone's the wiser. Yes. Now I've just to cast the last enchanting spell, and... Abra-poot-dabra! Oh!

Mr. Eric: A long, loud POOF blasted through the laboratory, clattering all his inventions this way and that. And his little wand flew right through the window with a crash.

Abacus: Oh, Wandy, don't go! I must have misencantanted again! Oh!

Mr. Eric: But off the wand flew, taken by the wind far away from Abacus. It stayed there, trapped in the clouds, until one day those chilly little clouds decided to snow and out little wandy fell.

Wandy: Oh, it's chilly down here. Wait, am I talking? How is that even possible? Do I have a mouth?

Mr. Eric: Wandy found itself looking through two pin-sized holes at the tip of the wand down to a slightly wider groove. Its mouth!

Wandy: I can see! I can talk? Abacus, you did it! You enchanted me...?

Mr. Eric: Wandy looked all around but all it could see were piles of snow.

Wandy: How long was I up in those clouds? I think when he enchanted me it was a bright, sunny, warm day. If all Abacus's star charts at the Observatory are correct then it was summer back then and it's winter now.

Mr. Eric: The little wand pulled itself up from the snow pile.

Wandy: Wait. How did I do that? I didn't think I had arms or legs.

Mr. Eric: It looked down. It had formed icy little arms and legs out of snow.

Wandy: Wow! I'm a really powerful wand. I wonder if I can make anything else out of snow.

Mr. Eric: Wandy felt out to the wind with its magic and scooped up a ball of snow and thought of a creature it had seen in an open book one time. The snow whipped around and tightened up and took shape into a tiny little turtle-like cluster.

Snurtle: Snurtle snurtle!

Wandy: [Gasp!] I made a snurtle! Like that creature I saw in the book. Hey snurtle, would you be my friend?

Snurtle: Snurtle?

Mr. Eric: The turtle-like creature stood up on its hind legs and waddled towards Wandy.

Wandy: Yes, well, I don't really have any friends out here and you don't either so why don't we be friends.

Snurtle: Snurtle snurtle...

Mr. Eric: Little Snurtle didn't seem to understand. It looked a little worried.

Wandy: Fine, well, just get on all fours and let me sit on top of you. You can carry us out of this snowbank.

Mr. Eric: Little Wandy waddled towards the turtle and tapped it ever so lightly.

Snurtle: Snurtle!

Mr. Eric: Snurtle shot a stream of icy cold water on top of Wandy.

Wandy: Oh, what are you doing! Stop it!

Mr. Eric: And with a whoosh of her wind power, the snow of Snurtle tightened up into a little ball.

Wandy: All right, well. Now I've got a little snokemon in a little snowkeball. But I'm still stuck between these snowbanks.

Mr. Eric: Wandy tried to use its wind powers to lift itself up, but the wind cut right around it.

Wandy: Oh. I guess I'm immune to the wind. Probably so I can't get broken by it. Hmm. Abacus thought of everything except me stuck in a snowbank.

Mr. Eric: But the wind that had cut around little Wandy had made a little snokemon. This one was yellow. Wandy didn't want to know why. And it looked like a cute little mousey, raccoony creature.

Pikasnu: Pikasnu.

Wandy: Oh, hi, little pikasnu. Do you think you could help me out of the snow?

Pikasnu: Snu...

Wandy: Is that a no?

Pikasnu: Pikasnu.

Mr. Eric: It shook its head back and forth.

Wandy: Why can I create you but not control you?

Pikasnu: Pika?

Wandy: Oh, it's no use.

Mr. Eric: And Wandy thumped down in the snow.

Wandy: Uh, it's so cold. [Sneezes]

Mr. Eric: The little wand let out a big sneeze and the wind knocked a whole pile of snow on top of Pिकासnu.

Pिकासnu: [Angrily] PIKASNUUUU!

Mr. Eric: A blast of frosty lightning shot out from the snow pile and there Pिकासnu steamed, looking quite unhappy.

Pिकासnu: Snu snu snuuuu.

Mr. Eric: It crackled with electricity as it walked menacingly towards Wandy.

Wandy: Oh no! What do I snu, I mean do? I mean, Snurtle save me!

Mr. Eric: Wandy threw the little snowball and the wind whipped around it, turning it back into Snurtle.

Snurtle: Snurtle Snurtle!

Mr. Eric: It snurted out a jet of icy water right at Pिकासnu and...

Pिकासnu: Snuuuu.

Mr. Eric: Froze the little guy fast.

Wandy: I'm sorry Pिकासnu. I didn't know what else to do.

Mr. Eric: With another whip of its wandy head, Pिकासnu and Snurtle were little snokeballs.

Wandy: Well, it seems like once I capture them, they at least try to protect me. Now I just need one that can melt this ice.

Mr. Eric: The little wand thought its warmest thoughts, remembering Abacus bent over a hot laboratory, crafting the little wand piece by caring piece.

Abacus: I don't know who you'll grow up to be, but I'll love you and you'll love me.

Mr. Eric: When Wandy opened its eyes, the wind was pushing together piles of warm, glowing snow. The snow seemed to melt and condense as fast as the wind could blow it together until an icy little dragon took shape with a tiny flame burning at its heart.

Snarizard: Snar! Snar!

Wandy: Snar? Oh, you can't understand me either, can you?

Snarizard: Snar... mander?

Wandy: Just listen to me.

Snarizard: Snarman...

Wandy: I don't know what you're saying. I can't understand you.

Snarizard: ...mander...

Mr. Eric: The icy little dragon hung its head, lashing its tail left and right through the snow.

Wandy: Why are you so upset?

Mr. Eric: Wandy snapped. I'm the one stuck out here in the frozen middle of nowhere with no one that can understand me!

Snarizard: SNAR.

Mr. Eric: The little creature turned its back on Wandy and started walking away. The warm little fire at the center of its heart seemed to have grown dimmer somehow.

Snarizard: Snar...

Mr. Eric: It let out a steamy breath as it walked away, and the snow started to melt in its wake.

Wandy: Just where do you think you're going? I made you, so you have to listen to me!

Mr. Eric: The light at its core grew dimmer still, no bigger than a candle light, and the snow that had been melting turned to rocky, hard ice.

Wandy: What are you doing? At least leave a melted path for me to follow.

Mr. Eric: Snarizard pushed on through the ice. Wandy tried to follow. But its snowy little legs kept slipping on the ice.

Wandy: Come back...

Mr. Eric: The little dragon glanced back but didn't turn around.

Wandy: Well, then. You leave me no choice. Snokemon... GO!

Mr. Eric: Wandy threw both smokeballs in the path of Snarmander.

Snurtle: Snurtle snurtle!

Pikasnu: Pikasnuuuu.

Snarizard: SnarmanDER!

Mr. Eric: Snarmander's fire, the small orange candlelight suddenly blazed bright blue and wild!

Snarizard: Snar... IZARD!

Mr. Eric: Pulling in the ice and snow around it. The little dragon wasn't so little anymore. The little turtle suddenly looked at its wrist as if checking the time.

Snurtle: Snur-urtle... uh. Snurtle!

Mr. Eric: Ran off in one direction!

Pikasnu: Piika...snu?

Mr. Eric: The little yellow smokeball held up a tiny flower made of lightning.

Snarizard: Snarizard!

Pikasnu: Snuuu...

Mr. Eric: And Pikasnu darted away fast as lightning. Wandy walked up to the giant ice dragon. Was the little wand brave or angry? Or just confused, I wonder.

Wandy: Fine.

Mr. Eric: Wandy said, marshalling a great gust of wind. I guess it doesn't matter how many smokeballs I defeat, I'm going to be alone anyway.

Snarizard: Snar?

Mr. Eric: And she let loose that blast of wind and—

Snarizard: Snariza-ar-r-r-d?

Mr. Eric: The great ice dragon was flying.

Snarizard: Snarizard! Snariza-a-r-r-d!

Mr. Eric: The blue fire at its center was ragged and wild as it tried to fly gently on the raging winds, but Wandy let loose another blast, and another! And another!

Wandy: Why didn't you just do what I told you to?

Snurtle: Snurtleeeee...

Mr. Eric: Off in the distance, it could see Snurtle swept up in the storm it had made.

Pikasnu: Snu...

Mr. Eric: And Pikasnu, too!

Wandy: I'll deal with you two later.

Mr. Eric: Wandy said. And the wind let the two little snokemon go.

Snurtle: Snurtle!

Pikasnu: Pika...snu!

Wandy: As for you?

Mr. Eric: Cracks were appearing in Snarizard's great icy wings and its blue flame had turned small and a little greenish.

Snarizard: Snariz—arrdd.

Mr. Eric: It let loose a steamy blast of dragon breath and its icy eyes rolled back in its head.

Snarizard: ...izaa...rd.

Wandy: I guess I've won.

Mr. Eric: And with a thought, all the ice and snow that had been Snarizard was whipped up by the wind into a tiny little snokeball that landed in a puddle by Wandy's feet. Scratch that. It landed in the puddle that used to be Wandy's feet.

Wandy: What? What happened?

Mr. Eric: The little wand looked around. There was no more snow. No more ice. Just three shiny little snokeballs.

Wandy: I guess the wind used up all the ice and snow in the battle. There's not even enough for my arms and legs anymore.

Mr. Eric: But the sun was shining overhead once again. And the stranded little wand felt the warming rays and thought of home.

Abacus: I don't know who you'll grow up to be, but I'll love you and you'll love me.

Wandy: Oh, Abacus. How could you let me end up all alone like this?

Mr. Eric: The three little balls of ice trembled just a little as if trying to get loose.

Wandy: I guess the three of you are stranded, too. And it's all my fault. Well, I won't leave you like Abacus left me.

Mr. Eric: And with a thought, Wandy's wind pressed an icy little button at the center of the three snokballs, and there stood Snurtle, and Pikasnu, and the mighty Snarizard.

Wandy: Well, I messed up, you three. I just couldn't figure out how to control you, but I don't want the three of you to sit here melting under the sun. So just go, okay. Just go find some nice cool shade and just leave me alone.

Mr. Eric: The three little snokemon looked at each other and back at Wandy. Then Pikasnu gently lifted the little wand with its soft, snowy paws, and put it on top of Snurtle's back.

Pikasnu: Snu.

Mr. Eric: And with a—

Snurtle: Snurt!

Mr. Eric: Snurtle made an icy little seatbelt to keep the wand in place. Then, Snarizard let down its tail and the two little snokemon climbed aboard. Snarizard's wings were still cracked but a snurt from Snurtle fixed him up fine. Then Pikasnu shot a blast of lightning as the icy dragon pumped its wings and Wandy asked,

Wandy: What are you doing? I can't understand you.

Mr. Eric: But it was clear the dragon wanted to fly again, so not knowing where the wind would take them, Wandy lifted them into the air with a gust and off they went. The wind whipped around them and these creatures of ice and snow carried Wandy through the clouds. The little wand should have been freezing, but it had never felt so warm.



Wandy and the two little snokemon drifted off to sleep and in the morning, they woke standing atop a frozen lake that shared a shore with Abacus P. Grumbler's Observatorium. The old wizard waved in their direction and blew kisses at the four of them.

Abacus: All grown up, I see!

Mr. Eric: Even from a distance, you could tell the old wizard beamed with pride. Wandy looked up at the ice dragon.

Wandy: You brought me back.

Snarizard: Snar.

Wandy: [Laughs] Thank you! All I ever wanted was to get back here.

Mr. Eric: The dragon flexed its icy wings. The light at its center was bright and warm and orange.

Wandy: What do you think your next adventure will be, Snarizard?

Mr. Eric: The dragon seemed to understand Wandy's words but not their meaning.

Snarizard: Snar?

Wandy: Well, I think it's time the three of you were off, no?

Mr. Eric: And with a nod of its little head, Wandy had made its own wings of ice. Then the little wand flew up and gave the great dragon's forehead a little tap.

Wandy: I don't know who you'll grow up to be, but I'll love you and you'll love me.

Mr. Eric: Snurtle and Pिकासु had scrambled up the dragon's neck and the four of them shared a big hug.

Wandy: Now the three of you are late for school.

[School bell rings]

Mr. Eric: A bell rung from Abacus's Observatorium and the old wizard darted away from the window in a hurry.

Wandy: But it looks like your teacher's going to be late, too.

Mr. Eric: The three snokemon were scrambling up the hill towards the great tower.

Wandy: And try to learn a few new words today, huh?

Snarizard: Snar snar!

Snurtle: Snurtle...

Pikasnu: Snuuu...

Mr. Eric: Then Wandy looked around the big, wide, What If World and, with a gust of wind, its icy wings carried it back into the clouds. The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Oh, cool, Heidi. Gosh, I hope you liked your story. I haven't thought about those furry little cuties in so long. I'd like to thank Heidi for our awesome question, Karen Marshall for her awesome editing and producing and Craig Martinson for his rad theme song.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]