

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 187: What if pies ate themselves? (With Greg Webb)

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Transcription by Keffy

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. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and today I am joined again by one of my best friends in podcasting, the host of The Purple Rocket podcast, Greg Webb!

Greg:                    Heyo! How's it going, everybody.

Mr. Eric:                I am so happy to have you. This is kind of like a special thing we're trying out, here. Do you want to clue them in?

Greg:                    Yeah. Mr. Eric and I, we have basically done specials where we have characters that are in both of our stories.

Mr. Eric:                Absolutely. It is a holiday crossover. This story is going to take place right at the tail end of Greg's Purple Rocket story. And we'll tell you more about the Purple Rocket Podcast after. But first, let's play our question from Matilda.

Matilda:                Hi, my name is Matilda. I'm six and a half. I really like Christmas and my what if question is what if pies ate themselves, like the pie at Thanksgiving and you wouldn't have to eat all of the rest of the pie. Bye!

Mr. Eric:                Oh, wow, Matilda. Thank you so much. I'm a big, big fan of pie, actually, so this is really inspiring to me. And we also had a write-in question from James. James is ten, and he asked, what if a cat was so good at basketball he earned lots of money and did cool things? Hmm.

And also, just a quick thanks to James's siblings Kate, Max, and Ella who also submitted some questions.

Greg:                    Pie and basketball are two of my favorite things so I was born to join you in this episode, Eric.

Mr. Eric:                As a kid, I had a shirt that said Basketball Is Life.

Greg:                    Oh yeah.

Mr. Eric: And then it turned out that I only ever grew to 5'6", and I wasn't very coordinated. But that's neither here nor there.

Greg: Yep.

Mr. Eric: I could have got better if I'd practiced more.

Greg: You could be in the NBA right now, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: We're going to jump right into our story and find out what if pies ate themselves and what if a cat was good at basketball?

[Rising harp scale.]

Greg: Snowflake the cat has decided to surprise his new friends, the Littles, by adding a second story to their little burrow house beneath the ground. Of course, that means digging down deeper than any cat had ever dug. First, he found some dog bones.

Snowflake: Oh, this won't do.

Greg: So, he kept digging. Next, he found some tree roots.

Snowflake: Hmm... this is all wrong.

Greg: So, he kept digging some more. Then, of course, he found an interdimensional portal to a very strange and spacious burrow. It was What If World.

Mr. Eric: Frairien, the Fairy Alien was tinkering in his drab laboratory on the sun while chatting with his friend Spiffy, the Space Fairy.

Spiffy: Hey, Frairien, what are you working on? You haven't even gotten up your Ifmas decorations.

Frairien: Please, Spiffy, not right now. I'm busy. Let's see. A little nutmeg, two pinches of salt, graham cracker crust, and two gallons of plutonium.

Oh, Spiffy, I am way too busy to put up decorations, you're going to have to do it yourself.

Spiffy: Um.

Frairien: I don't waste my time decorating worlds, I dominate them.

Spiffy: I understand.

Mr. Eric: Frairien was working over something very ingenious-looking. An invention he'd been working on for two years, in fact.

Frairien: I don't have time to celebrate What Ifmas, or What's Upmas, or whatever you want to call it. I'm far too busy perfecting my plan to get everyone in the multiverse to enjoy the same holiday. My holiday. As a gift to my friend Emma, of course. Now, all I need is my final ingredient.

Spiffy: Oh, what's that?

Frairien: Oh, let's see. I just need—blast! Where is it? It's not in that drawer. My final ingredient, I need some kind of adorable creature. Preferably one with mass irresistible appeal. Let's see here... I wonder if Baby Yoda is free this time of year.

Spiffy: What about an amorphous blob of a fairy from outer space?

Frairien: No, no no no. Let's see. Any creature with some measurable level of cuteness will surely burn up as it approached the sun. If only some cute thing could just teleport directly into my lab.

Spiffy: Hmm.

Frairien: Yes, or climb through a portal.

Spiffy: Yeah.

Frairien: Or enter by some ridiculously abrupt narration of some kind.

[crickets]

Spiffy: Yeah, it doesn't seem to be happening. I'll see you later.

Frairien: Mr. Eric, are you even listening?

Mr. Eric: Oh, oh! Sorry. Yes, ah. And at that very moment, Snowflake appeared inside the lab through a green, swirling portal by a weird lever machine of some kind.

Snowflake: Where am I? What is going on here?

Frairien: [Gasps] Aren't you beautiful? Look at that white fur! You're a fluffy duster with legs, yes, yes, YES.

Snowflake: That is what I am often called, yes. I am one of the cuter cats in the—where am I, anyway?

Frairien: Allow me to introduce myself, friend. My name is Frairien, and you are?

Snowflake: Snowflake.

Frairien: Snowflake. Snowflake. What a good name. Please, please, please, pull up a chair, make yourself at home. Just don't touch anything. Can I get you something to drink? A bowl of warm milk, perhaps?

Snowflake: I was just wondering, why am I here? I seem to have fallen through an extradimensional space. I really wanted to get back and spend the holidays with my new friends.

Frairien: Oh, no no no no. I'm sure you did, don't worry about that. Just get comfortable. Spiffy? Get the adorable furball some milk.

Spiffy: Oh, and am I supposed to get him the secret pill, too.

Frairien: Stop—[muffled grumbling] Come on, Spiffy, we talked about this.

Spiffy: Oh, sorry.

Frairien: [Frantic whisper] Yes, yes, go get it!

Spiffy: Okay.

Frairien: And get a bowl of yarn, too, for our new friend, Snowflake. Now, tell me, Snowflake. Have you ever had a friend so dear, you just wanted to give them the biggest gift ever? Now, when you answer my question, I want you to open your mouth real wide.

Snowflake: Oh, um, well, yeeaaaas. [Coughs and chokes]

Frairien: Yes, just a little wider. Very interesting. Eat this!

Mr. Eric: Frairien stuffed a strange glowing pill down Snowflake's throat.

Snowflake: Um.

Frairien: How do you feel?

Snowflake: I feel like playing basketball? Is that right?

Frairien: Um, Spiffy, is that right? Basketball? Um... here's a ball. Let's see what you can do.

Snowflake: Oh, this ball of yarn is... awfully bouncy, yes. Oh, indeed!

Mr. Eric: And Snowflake started dribbling the ball of yarn all over the laboratory. He was juking around Frairien, and jumping over Spiffy. He made a dunk into a beaker and shattered it into a million pieces.

Frairien: [Gasps in horror]

Spiffy: Oh, oh, oh... I was supposed to get that on camera, wasn't I? As part of your nefarious plot.

Frairien: That's right. Give me that camera, Spiffy.

Spiffy: Okay.

Frairien: This is unbelievable. That was supposed to just turn his fur pink, but this will work. Let me record it, okay? [Clears throat] One more dunk, please. One, two, three, action!

Mr. Eric: And Snowflake did a huge backflipping dunk all the way across the laboratory into a far off basketball net.

Frairien: That was wonderful. Okay, now I'm just going to plug this in and upload it to IfTube. Okay, type in a description here. Hashtag, #LeCuteJames #FluffBaller and upload!

Spiffy: Hey, something's supposed to happen?

Frairien: What's that? A thumbs down. Miserable humans! Videos of kids opening presents get more views than this.

Snowflake: That's just the thing. See, I'm playing basketball in a drab lab covered in oil stains and clattering machines. But it's the holiday season. We've got to snazz this place up. I mean, I am really good at basketball but now I'm starting to think that your pill gave me a flair for interior design?

Frairien: Yes, yes. That is one of the FDA-approved side effects. No matter that. Oh, this is wonderful. You're a genius, Snowflake. Spiffy! Hang some lights around the hoop. In fact, let's use a wreath.

Snowflake: And maybe we should bake a pie. I see a pie over there, we'll just—

Frairien: No, no no no, no pies, not yet. Not yet. [Cackles evilly]

Snowflake: That pie seems to be eating itself until there's only one slice yet.

Frairien: Oh, no matter that.

Spiffy: Yeah, that's definitely not going to be important later or anything, don't worry, don't worry.

Mr. Eric: With the lab all cleaned up and lots of holiday decorations everywhere, and Snowflake now wearing a wonderful ugly sweater that he dug out from a trunk, they had the perfect setup for a wonderful video.

Snowflake: All right. So this time, I'm going to do my backflip dunk, but first I've just got to make up my cutest kitty cat face. I've practiced this on my humans.

Frairien: Oh, it's adorable.

Snowflake: Yes, yes. I know. And then...

Mr. Eric: And then he did a huge backflip dunk. This time he was trailing Ifmas lights that got caught on his leg, and he dunked the basketball of yarn through the hoop and then—

Snowflake: I seem to be stuck.

Frairien: Oh, hold on. One second. Let me get my hover ladder and bring it over there. Spiffy! Bring the hover ladder.

Spiffy: I just don't know why, if the ladder hovers, if we have that technology, why can't we just like hover him down, you know and—

Frairien: Spiffy, I don't pay you to ask questions. Just get it!

Mr. Eric: And after they hovered Snowflake down from the basketball hoop, Frairien handed him a piece of pie.

Frairien: Okay, now, Snowflake. This is the part of utmost importance to bring my evil—better than usual plan to fruition. In this final video, I want you to take a bite of this slice of pie and say that Frairien Sunbacked Super Pie makes every holiday brighter. Got it?

Snowflake: And that will bring hope and joy to everyone in the universe, including my friends back home?

Frairien: Among other things, yes. Now, say it with me:

Together: Frairien Sun Baked—

Snowflake: Pie—

Frairien: Super Pie—

Snowflake: Super Pie makes—

Frairien: Okay, a little faster, with a little more gusto.

Snowflake: Okay. Oh, uh. Frairien Sun Baked Super Pie makes every holiday brighter!

Frairien: Oh, ho ho ho! It's wonderful. Okay. Okay, sorry. Now let me record this. Ready? Three... two... one... action.

Snowflake: Listen, I'm not doing it again. I'm a one take, kitty, okay.

Frairien: I'm sorry... I only... I was just having you practice. I didn't have the record button pressed. Please, Snowflake. Do me a favor.

Mr. Eric: And after three hours, they finally got the video right.

Frairien: Excellent, excellent. That was perfect. Even better than that dunk you did where you kissed the ball under the mistletoe. So wonderful. Now, I'm going to post this video and... couple hashtags. Not sure what these are for, but here they go, and upload.

Spiffy: Uh, oh, oh. Oh, that's getting a lot of views. Oh, that's getting a lot of hits. That's getting a lot of thumbs ups.

Frairien: Oh, look at the views. Look at the sales. Look at the power! [Evil laugh] I mean, look at that holiday spirit.

Snowflake: Did you say sales? Surely I'm going to be just as wealthy as you, then?

Frairien: Well, yes. Very, fair, 90-10 split right down the middle. 90-10, like a slice of pie.

Snowflake: Well, as a cat, those numbers sound like numbers to me, so thank you.

Mr. Eric: The video had gone multiversal and everyone who saw it went out to buy one of Frairien's Sun Baked Super Pies. And every one of those pies ate itself down from a huge pie to one, single piece.

Snowflake: Well, I guess I've done everything I can. I think I would like to go home and spend the rest of the holidays with my friends and family, though.

Frairien: Oh, so soon? I... I don't think that's such a good idea, do you? We're just getting started.

Snowflake: Maybe next... the next holiday comes around, you can come pay me a visit.

Frairien: Um, well, hold on, here. Don't step too close to that portal. No. It's closed for renovations. The paint is starting to chip, the trim is really outdated, it's plastic, so, how about you just stick around.

Snowflake: Uh...

Spiffy: I think he's a little lonely, if it—just between you and me. And also Frairien, because he can definitely hear me talking right now.

Frairien: Spiffy, you are definitely two inches from my face, and I can hear everything you're saying. How about you get this adorable creature some more milk?

Snowflake: Uh.

Mr. Eric: And after a few laps of milk and their long day of recording and decorating, and posting videos, Snowflake fell fast asleep. When he woke up, it was the next day and Frairien was very excited. Everyone in the multiverse was just about to eat a slice of the FSBSP. Frairien Sun Baked Super Pie.

Frairien: Snowflake, wake up! Wake up! Look! It worked.

Snowflake: Oh, it's late. I'm going to miss the whole day.

Frairien: No, no no no, you don't want to miss this. Everyone in the multiverse is about to eat a slice of Frairien Sun Baked Super Pie. Even the sugar-free version is sold out, those pathetic pie-holics. And each slice has eaten an entire pie, and they'll be all so full they can't move and have no free will, ripe for dominion.

Snowflake: And how does that make the holidays better for everyone?

Frairien: Because soon, Snowflake, they'll all want more and more and more and they'll agree to make me multivemperor! Everyone who can tolerate gluten, anyway.

Spiffy: Well, what if gluten just gives them a stomach ache?

Frairien: Then, Spiffy, there'll be especially vulnerable to my dominion. [Evil laugh] And maybe I'll provide some Tums as a token of good will. All I need to do is throw this switch and all the people of all the worlds will only ever celebrate my holiday I just made up. Inventica, or Inventiday. Or maybe Inventrapalagamagadingdong.



Mr. Eric: Frairien pulled a tarp off of that lever machine from earlier and it revealed a perfectly functional portal right beside it.

Snowflake: Hang on a second. You said this was under repairs, that there was chipping paint. But portals don't even need paint. I was such a fool! You've tricked me into missing the entire holiday. My friends and family!

Frairien: Hold on there. Hold on there, Flakey. Can I call you Flakey?

Snowflake: It's not a very flattering name.

Frairien: That's okay. It'll do. Now, walk with me, Flakey. The truth is, family is terribly overrated. They want to give you hugs, shower you with love and support. Yech! What you really need is a multiverse full of mindless servants who will do your bidding. Think of it. You can force them to sing you holiday carols every day of the year. Now, what could be more festive than that? Plus, I've made you a celebrity. Every person in America will treat you like a hero even though you're nothing of the sort.

Spiffy: Yeah, I'm sorry to interrupt, Frairien, but about halfway into your monologue, he went through the portal.

[Record scratch]

Frairien: OH! NO! Where are my shoes? Where are my portal shoes, Spiffy? Hurry!

Spiffy: They're more like portal slippers, um...

Frairien: Oh, just get them. And get my cape!

Spiffy: That's more of a portal scarf, um. But okay, okay, okay.

Mr. Eric: And dressed in his slippers and comfy scarf, Frairien leapt through the portal after Snowflake.

Greg: Frairien found himself in a little burrough hung with twinkling lights and holly. There was a crackling fire in the little stone fire place and a family of tiny creatures his size sitting around it. The lovely scene warmed him in a way the sun never could.

Snowflake: [Hiss] Get out of here, Frairien. I don't want you mind-controlling my friends and family.

Frairien: You're right. I don't know how to celebrate Christmas, or Ifmas, or even Whatsgiving. The only holiday I've ever known was ControlTheUniversemas. It can be awfully lonely, so I thought that

maybe I could spend some time with you and my friends on What If World if we all celebrated on the same day?

Snowflake: What? Listen, on this world, today is Christmas. But do you see a wall between you and I?

Frairien: Uh, you mean like an invisible force field? Well, I can deal with that. I'll just go back and get my Inspectatronalyzer.

Snowflake: No, I mean that this day doesn't mean I can't spend time with you. I just wanted to see my family, too.

Frairien: Huh. It looks like there's snow falling outside. This planet must have some form of refrigeration system. I think it has frozen your senses, Snowflake. How about I go pull my mind control switch, and you'll have every weird creature from every farm on this insignificant planet come be part of your family, and—

Snowflake: You have got a choice to make. Come join us for the holidays as a friend, or go back to your world, flip your switch, and you'll never have a chance to be a real friend again.

Mr. Little: [Clears throat] Um, excuse me.

Greg: Mr. Little interrupted and pointed to the hallway.

Mr. Little: But, I believe your friend has already left.

Snowflake: Oh, he chose mind control over me much more quickly than I thought he would. All right, let's just enjoy our final moments of free will in this universe.

Mr. Eric: Frairien was standing back in his lab. It was very dark. All the Ifmas lights had been unplugged and only the dim, green light from the portal illuminated the lever. And Frairien's hand hovered over it.

Spiffy: Oh, sorry. I forgot my keys. But I guess it won't matter once you pull that lever and I don't have any free will anymore. So, uh, all right, see you later.

Frairien: Hold on a second. I'm trying to make a very important decision here. I don't want to spend Christmas in my lab. I want to spend it with my friends.

Mr. Eric: Frairien's hand stopped and he turned around and made a beeline for the portal, scooping up his one last slice of pie along the way.

Frairien: Hey, wait for me. I brought a pie.

Mr. Eric: And just before he took his last leap through the portal, he turned around.

Frairien: Spiffy? You coming?

Spiffy: Me?

Frairien: Oh, Spiffy. Ifmas would be the same without you, friend.

Spiffy: Oh, Frairien. Merry Ifmas and a happy Inventica.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Woo. Oh man, that was an epic tale. Greg, why don't you tell us about the show?

Greg: First of all, Eric, thanks so much for having me. This was a blast. I love What If World. It's such an amazing place and telling a story with you is a real treat. And it was awesome doing a Purple Rocket episode together. And like Eric said, Snowflake is actually one of the main characters—it's a ton of fun.

The Purple Rocket podcast is an educational audio adventure series for kids. Each season is a serialized story that progresses episode by episode, so it's kind of like an audio book. And each season is different. So one season is Grandpa's Globe, so you've got these twins who use their grandpa's magical globe to travel the world and explore different cultures. You've got Space Train, these kids fly around through the universe on a train. You've got Winglings under the Willow Tree, Digger for some of the older kids, and I actually just released the first episode of my newest series, Camp Dino about a kid who goes to a summer camp and has to learn how to raise a real dinosaur. It's pretty awesome.

Mr. Eric: Greg, thank you so much. I'm going to let you go so I can shout out some of our friends at home.

Greg: Thanks, Eric.

Mr. Eric: All right, James and Matilda, I hope you enjoyed your story.

Howverati: [Singing operatically] And I, Howverati would like to shout out Josie, age ten. Likes baking and designing clothes.

JF Kat: Er, I can't compete with that, but I still want to meow out Lucy, age six, who likes cats, Minecraft and dilophosaurus.

Fred: I've got a quick woof woof for Declan, age nine, and his little brother Nolan, age seven.

JF Kat: Freddy, I've got more meow outs than you, hahaha.

Fred: You don't have to rub it in.

JF Kat: Like this one for Ada Gaunt, age seven. She likes to listen in bed each night so make sure you go to sleep after hearing this!

Scullen: Ahoy, Scullen Bones here to shout out Maddy, age six who lives in New Hampshire.

Mr. Eric: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator. Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home eager to learn about holidays other than your own.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]