

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 198: What if Mr. Eric interviewed Petey the Pirate?](#)

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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 question from a listener named Ryan.

Ryan: Hello, my name is Ryan, again, I'm calling. I'm nine years old and my what if question is what if Mr. Eric interviewed Petey the Pirate?

Mr. Eric: Oh, Ryan, I am so relieved that that's your question because I've been a little confused, frankly, to see that I am on a pirate ship right now.  
[Record scratch.]

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, welcome, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Hey, Petey. You know, I usually like to conduct the interviews from the safety of my studio.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, don't worry. You're perfectly safe here.

Mr. Eric: Petey, do you have any idea how many times I've been eaten in What If World? Usually by Cthunkle?

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, don't worry about that. Cthunkle isn't even in this dimension.

Mr. Eric: We're in a different dimension.

Petey the Pirate: Th'arr't's right, we're in Pirate Universe.

Mr. Eric: Oh, so it's not a different dimension, just a different universe?

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, different universe, different dimension. Same difference.

Mr. Eric: I'm not sure that's true.

Petey the Pirate: Well, it's close enough for Pirate Universe. We play by our own rules here.

Mr. Eric: Okay, and you can promise there's no Cthunkle.

Petey the Pirate: Ny'arr, ny'arr. Not every character exists in every dimension. If they did, then I'd be in Star Wars! I auditioned for them enough times.

Mr. Eric: You auditioned for Star Wars?

Petey the Pirate: Well, I sent them many letters describing me Jedi skills.

Mr. Eric: Oh.

Petey the Pirate: And what me Jedi catch phrase'd be. "Go Jed'im!"

Mr. Eric: Go Jed'im?

Petey the Pirate: Yeah, J-E-D.

Mr. Eric: Do Jedi have catch phrases?

Petey the Pirate: Ny'arr, but they should.

Mr. Eric: I'm not sure that's true.

Petrina: You two should be getting to your questions. We've got choppy waters ahead.

Mr. Eric: Choppy waters?

Petey the Pirate: Don't worry about that. Petrina the Pirate's the greatest captain who ever lived.

Petrina: Oh, you flatter me, Petey.

Mr. Eric: Whoa whoa whoa, wait. Are we headed somewhere? I do not want to be part of a what if story again.

Petey the Pirate: No, no, nothing like that. Shouldn't we be getting to the first question?

Mr. Eric: Well, Ryan did share a number of questions, but we also have questions from other listeners you might want to hear.

Aurora: Hello, my name Aurora(sp?), I am 10 years old. So my question is what if Petey the Pirate and Petrina the Pirate sat down to play a game of

checkers but in the middle of it they forgot who Potty the Pirate was and they had to go on an adventure to find him?

Petey the Pirate: You know, Aurora, that's a great question. You see, because this whole thing started when Petrina and I were sitting down to play a game of checkers. [Mimics flashback musical cue.]

Mr. Eric: Wait, what's happening? No. No. No flashbacks in an interview. [Chimes]

Petrina: King me, Petey?

Petey the Pirate: How about I Queen ya instead.

Petrina: Whatever, just give me me extra piece so I can finish dominating you at checkers.

Petey the Pirate: Very well [grumbles].

Mr. Eric: Just then, Petey and Petrina realize that they had forgotten Potty the Pirate and had to go on an adventure to find him! Oh? Adventure? No no no no no, I did not agree to adventure.

Petey the Pirate: [Mimicking flashback musical cue]. [Chimes].

But the primary piratey purpose of today is to continue with this lovely interview.

Mr. Eric: We have barely started.

Petrina: Storm's picking up. Better batten down the hatches.

Petey the Pirate: Oh dear. Mr. Eric, would you mind helping me batten down the hatches?

Mr. Eric: I have no idea what that means.

Petey the Pirate: I don't either. Whenever she says that, I just bang around on the ship for a while.

Mr. Eric: Uh, okay. [Banging noises.]

Petey the Pirate: Hatches battened, Petrina!

Petrina: Good boys.

Mr. Eric: Petey, let's get back to one of Ryan's questions. He asks what your favorite thing is.

Petey the Pirate: Well, hmm, that's a tough question. I think it's gotta be me long, luscious, piratey locks.

Mr. Eric: Of hair?

Petey the Pirate: Of course of hair! What else?

Mr. Eric: I don't know, I thought maybe you might just mean a collection of nice locks, seeing as your hair is a little bit, um.

Petey the Pirate: Me hair's a little bit what, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: No, I just mean, you know, as we get older, some people, our hair starts to thin. I mean, Mine certainly is.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, that's too bad for ye, Mr. Eric. I bet you wish you had hair like mine.

Mr. Eric: I have noticed that your hair is, uh, much longer, and a different color than usual, too.

Petey the Pirate: Is it? That's What If World for you. You know, everybody's hair color can just change sometimes. Or be significantly longer than before.

Mr. Eric: Or have a waxy, wig-like texture.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, you noticed that, y'arr. The first wigs were in fact inspired by my beautiful hair. They thought it was so beautiful that they would try to impersonate it with fake hair that looked like my actual real hair that grows out of me head. [Crickets].

Mr. Eric: Okay. Well, let's get a new question from Marcel.

Marcel: My first name is Marcel and I wanted to ask you what if there was ghost pirates?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, so what if there were ghost pirates in What If World?

Petey the Pirate: What do you mean "what if"? Of course there are ghost pirates in What If World.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I didn't know.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, why do you think pirates are always burying their treasure?

Mr. Eric: You mean, they bury their treasure for their own ghosts?

Petey the Pirate: Can you think of any better reason to bury treasure that you're never gonna see again?

Mr. Eric: But can pirate ghosts use shovels?

Petey the Pirate: [Laughing] Can pirate ghosts use shovels? Uh... Petrina, can pirate ghosts use shovels?

Petrina: I'm sure we'll find out.

Mr. Eric: What's that supposed to mean?

Petey the Pirate: Oh, nothing. Don't overthink it.

Mr. Eric: Even when I think about it very little, it seems to imply that we're going to meet pirate ghosts.

Petey the Pirate: Or become pirate ghosts.

Mr. Eric: But I don't want to be a pirate ghost!

Petey the Pirate: Oh, but with that red beard of yours, you'll fit right in.

Petrina: Okay, me buckos, hold onto something. The storm's upon us.

Mr. Eric: A storm? I live in LA. I don't even own a slicker.

Petey the Pirate: Mr. Eric, don't you have more questions for me.

Mr. Eric: Okay, what do you do when you're not in an episode?

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr! I sell houses and condominiums as my superhero alter-ego, Peter the Realtor.

Mr. Eric: That's not really a superhero alter-ego.

Petey the Pirate: It isn't?

Mr. Eric: Well, it's normally more of a disguise, like a different personality so you wouldn't share the same name.

Petey the Pirate: It's not the same name. It's PetER the Realtor. We've only got the same middle name.

Mr. Eric: Your middle name's "the"?

Petey the Pirate: It's a very common middle name in What If World.

Mr. Eric: I guess you're right.

Petrina: Small hiccup, everyone. There's a kraken below us, but never you fear.

Mr. Eric: Why shouldn't we fear?

Petrina: Oh, as long as you battened down the hatches, our ship will be just fine.  
[Record scratch.]

Petey the Pirate: Eh...

Mr. Eric: Oh...

Petrina: You did batten down the hatches, didn't ya?

Kraken: Oh, look. A pirate ship with un-battened hatches. [Evil laugh]

Mr. Eric: [Cries]

Petey the Pirate: I'm sorry. I never realized that was a real thing.

Petrina: Oh, no worries. The kraken's just gonna slowly tear apart our ship. So just grab onto some driftwood and try to swim yourself to safety.

Mr. Eric: No no no no no no.

Petey the Pirate: Mr. Eric, this is all totally normal in Pirate Universe.

Mr. Eric: Then I don't think I like Pirate Universe very much! [Sting!]

Petey & Petrina: [Gasp in horror.]

Kraken: [Gasps in horror.]

Mr. Eric: Who was that?

Kraken: It is I, Krakthunkle, the Kraken of Pirate Universe.

Mr. Eric: Krakthunkle? You realize that sounds very much like a character from What If World that—

Kraken: That must be a coincidence. I'm a totally original squid monster.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, not a squid-o-pus, like Cthunkle.

Mr. Eric: Okay, well, Krakthunkle, I'm sorry I offended you, but whatever you do, just please don't eat me.

Kraken: [Eats Mr. Eric!]

Mr. Eric: [Sighs] [Splashes]

Petrina: Oh, splendid. We've all been eaten together.

Petey the Pirate: This must be where we're meant to find our missing friend.

Mr. Eric: What? Really? You don't even remember who you're looking for or where they are so you just hopped into a ship and sailed off into a storm then got eaten by a kraken, and that's good news?

Potty the Pirate: Oh, if it isn't my good friends Petey and Petrina the Pirate.

Mr. Eric: Potty the Pirate?

Potty the Pirate: In the flesh. Oh, that is until I'm slowly digested by this kraken.

Petey the Pirate: There you are, Potty the Pirate. Oh, now that I see you I remember you.

Mr. Eric: Great. So you found your friend.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, but that's not all we found, Mr. Eric.

Ghosts: [Ghostly y'arrghs and ahoys.]

Ghost: Being eaten by a kraken is very prestigious among pirate ghosts.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr and it must mean there's some treasure here that Peter the Realtor can use to help build affordable housing for all to live in.

Mr. Eric: Oh, that's very noble, Petey.

Petrina: I agree. What a good pirate.

Mr. Eric: Except that we're never going to escape this kraken's belly!

Petey the Pirate: Oh, yeah. That's right.

Petrina: I wouldn't worry. Old Petrina's gotten out of worse jams than this, including that time I got stuck in a jar of really terrible jam.

Mr. Eric: [Sighs] So how long does it take to get digested by a kraken?

Petey the Pirate: Oh, a dozen years or so.

Mr. Eric: Oh.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, y'arr, we're just gonna be here a long, long time, so... err...

Mr. Eric: You want to finish the interview?

Petey the Pirate: Yes please.

Mr. Eric: Now?

Petey the Pirate: If you wouldn't mind.

Mr. Eric: I... well, what else am I doing?

Petey the Pirate: I mean, I wasn't gonna say it.

Mr. Eric: I'm glad you didn't say it.

Okay, what is your favorite thing to eat?

Petey the Pirate: Oh, I always love a good pot of Potty's secret spicy stew of secrets.

Mr. Eric: A secret spicy stew of secrets? How spicy is it?

Potty the Pirate: Exactly as spicy as the spiciness of the secrets that are added.

Mr. Eric: Petey, what if that's our ticket out of here?

Petey the Pirate: What? What do you mean?

Mr. Eric: If we add the most secretest secrets to this spicy stew, it might help us get out!

Petey the Pirate: Why? Oh, too bad I don't have any spicy secrets.

Mr. Eric: Petey, I think there's one pretty spicy secret that you're keeping under your hat, if you catch my drift.

Petey the Pirate: You can't catch a drift. You can only catch driftwood, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Well, then, if you catch my driftwood, then I'm sure you can wig-gle out a spicy secret.

Petrina: Well, I'll start.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Petrina.

Petrina: I used to think I had to have a hook hand so I got one of those pretend ones and held onto it for three years.



Mr. Eric: Wow.

Ghost: And my eye patch covers a perfectly good eye.

Mr. Eric: Wow, Pirate Ghost. Can't believe you're still committing to that.

Ghost 2: And my ghostly parrot is just a kookaburra with painted feathers.

Mr. Eric: Oh, kookaburras are such cool birds. Okay, well, this is really embarrassing, but I can hardly ice skate or roller skate or roller blade to save my life and I'm afraid if I do, I'll hurt my wrist again.

Potty the Pirate: That's a spicy secret. Thank you, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: You're welcome, Potty.

Potty the Pirate: I...

Mr. Eric: Do you have one to share?

Potty the Pirate: I... I...

Mr. Eric: Yeah?

Potty the Pirate: I make half me stews in sauce pans rather than pots! Oh, ho ho ho, the shame.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, no, Potty. What a terrible secret. I'm sure the stew is gonna be spicy enough.

Potty the Pirate: Not spicy enough for a kraken's tummy, no.

Mr. Eric: Well, Petey. Unless you have any other hair-brained ideas, I'm sure you can uncover a secret right off the top of your head.

Petey the Pirate: Hair-brained ideas, you say.

Petrina: Oh, Petey.

Petey the Pirate: I know! Let's get another question for Petey!

Berkeley: Hi, my name is Berkeley and I live in Jacksonville and I am six years old and my question is what if you had to live in space with space alien pirates?

Berkeley Parent: What if you had to live in space with space alien pirates?

Berkeley: Yes!

Berkeley Parent: That's a good question Berkeley. I hope they answer it.

Berkeley: Okay.

Berkeley's Parent: Thank you and have a good day.

Berkeley: Thank you!

Mr. Eric: Well, thank you, Berkeley, but I don't know how we're gonna get all the way to outer-[space laser-y noises] ... space.

Alien Pirate: Y'arrgh. Our pirate space ship has an extra bedroom we're looking to sublet. Argh.

Petey the Pirate: Well, is there room enough for me, Petrina, Potty, Mr. Eric, and a couple of pirate ghosts?

Alien Pirate: It'll be a tight squeeze but we'll manage.

Kraken: Could I come live in your pirate spaceship as well?

Petey the Pirate: Sure, why not, Krakthunkle. The more the merrier.

Mr. Eric: Petey, no, no. Wait, no.

Alien Pirate: Okay, as long as he's willing to share a bunkbed.

Kraken: Naturally.

Mr. Eric: No, that's not natural, there's nothing naturally about any of this!

Petey the Pirate: Hooray, we made it out to outer space, presumably. Actually can't see anything outside this kraken's stomach, though.

Mr. Eric: Is it me or is that stomach getting a lot tighter?

Kraken: Sorry, I'm trying to squeeze into the top bunk.

Petey the Pirate: Mr. Eric, you're squeezing a little close to me.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, I can't help it!

Petey the Pirate: Watch the hair, watch the hair, watch the hair!

Mr. Eric: Petey, I am so sorry.

Petey the Pirate: Oh no, the stomach acids must have melted the roots of my hair while leaving the rest of it intact so that it would slowly slide off my head as if it were a wig.

Petrina: Petey, you know, many of our secrets aren't nearly as embarrassing as we think them to be.

Petey the Pirate: [Crying] I'm not embarrassed.

Alien Pirate: I was coming to see how you're settling in. Wow, look at your head.

Petey the Pirate: No! Don't look at me.

Alien Pirate: It is beautiful.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, you're making fun of me!

Alien Pirate: Take a look for yourself, argh.

Petey the Pirate: You know, you really have to work on your piratey talk, space alien pirates.

Mr. Eric: Petey, just look in the mirror.

Potty the Pirate: Oh, it's not a mirror. The space alien made its skin reflective.

Mr. Eric: Oh, well, work with me, people. I can only see the kraken's stomach right now.

Petey the Pirate: You're right! I am rather striking with me perfectly bald pirate head.

Alien Pirate: I meant those two antenna you have sticking straight up.

Petey the Pirate: No, sorry, those are just my last two hairs. I used to use them for a comb over.

Alien Pirate: Oh, well, my opinion is irrelevant as long as you love your own head, it is beautiful.

Mr. Eric: [Squelching] Hey, Potty, uh, does that count as telling a secret as far as the stew's concerned?

Potty the Pirate: Oh, that's right. Oh, but I think it spilled.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I can feel the spice right through my shoes.

Kraken: That is some spicy secret spicy stew of secrets. Aargh!

Mr. Eric: You know, sometimes the only thing worse than getting eaten by a squid monster...

Kraken: [Retching]

Mr. Eric: Is getting spat out by one.

Petrina: You know, this space ship is rather nice.

Petey the Pirate: If you know more space pirate aliens with rooms for rent, have them call Peter the Realtor. Here's me card.

Alien Pirate: This Peter the Realtor is wearing an awfully large wig.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, must be some kind of superhero disguise.

Mr. Eric: Must be.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Okay, Petey. I admit. I ended up having some fun.

Petey the Pirate: Really, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: No. I was shipwrecked, eaten, and I had the bottom bunk on the space alien pirate space ship.

Petey the Pirate: But at least you learned a lot about me and the mysterious Peter the Realtor.

Mr. Eric: And his increasingly elaborate wigs, yes.

Petey the Pirate: Well, I had a blast, and I'd like to thank Ryan, Marcel, Berkeley, and Aurora for their questions.

Mr. Eric: Yes, thank you very much.

Zack: Before we go, Zackimedes has come to shout out Felix Gerardin, nine years old, from Red Deer, Alberta, Canada. He likes soccer, math, reading, and his sister, Mada.

Mr. Eric: Short for Madeleine.

Fred the Dog: Oh, and I want to woof woof for Ely, age 11 and Ely's sister, Violet.

JF Kitty: Meow a big meow-out for Charlotte, age seven, from Moosehead Lake in Maine. She loves climbing trees, playing outside in the snow and playing with her sister Gracie.

Fred the Dog: Oh, then there's Ava, from Cresskill, New Jersey. She's five and a half and she loves art and unicorns and her little brother, Miles, who's three.

JF Kitty: Finally, we have Vivian Reeves, age six, from Nashville, Tennessee.

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 who see your own beauty every time you look in the mirror or reflective space alien pirate skin.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

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