

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 203: Whomanji \(Part 1\)](#)

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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've got a question from a listener named Aurora. Aurora emailed us to ask, what if J.F. Kat went into the Jumanji video game with Mamma Jamma and her family? And she wrote, P.S., I'd like to give a shout out to J.F. Kat!

JF Kitty: I purr-leave that's my first shout out from a listener!

Mr. Eric: Isn't that cool? Thanks, Aurora.

JF Kitty: Okay, thanks, Aurora. See you in the story.

Mr. Eric: Oh, wow. I thought he'd stick around for a minute. Okay, we've got one more question from a patron named Evie.

Evie: Hi, my name is Evie. I like cats and my what if question is what if at Zizi's house she had caterpillars and they climbed up her walls and made chrysalises and turned into butterflies? P.S., I'm eight years old and I love your show, bye, and thank you!

Evie's Parent: Thank you, Mr. Eric!

Mr. Eric: Ooh, I love caterpillars and of course, butterflies.

So right now let's find out what if J.F. Kat went into the Jumanji video game with Mamma Jamma and her family, and what if at Zizi's house she has caterpillars and they climb up her walls and make chrysalises?

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: It was family game night at the Jamma Loo house and Mamma Jamma could not be happier.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I've been looking forward to this day for weeks.

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma as she hustled up to Zizi's room inside their rocketship house. She was holding a fairly big box in her hand, illustrated with lush vines and leaves and the word Whomanji written across it.

Mamma Jamma: Knock knock, Zizi! It's your Mamma.

Zizi: Come in, Mom!

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma creaked open the door to Zizi's room. She never knew what kind of experiments Zizi would be doing on one day or another. And indeed, Zizi was leaning over a glass tank with four big, fat caterpillars inside munching on a juicy leaf.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, is that an experiment for school?

Mr. Eric: Asked Mamma Jamma, tiptoeing closer to her daughter across a fairly messy room.

Zizi: Oh, yeah, Mom, I think these caterpillars are just about ready to form chrysalises!

Mamma Jamma: And then I presume you'll, ah, have time to clean up your room a little bit?

Zizi: Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, of course. You see, butterflies are really useful pollinators and I've made a leaf that I think will make them finish their chrysalis stage faster, which could mean more butterflies and more pollinating!

Mamma Jamma: And a greener planet! Oh, my little hero.

Zizi: Thanks, Mom. You get it!

Mamma Jamma: That's not the only thing I got.

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma, holding up the box.

Zizi: Who-man-ji?

Mr. Eric: Zizi read.

Mamma Jamma: I think it's called Whomanji. Apparently it's this co-operative video game that you can play with the whole family and it's a blast. So let's leave your caterpillars to their big, juicy leaf, and go have some fun as a family.

Mr. Eric: It was hard for Zizi to pull away from her experiment, but she had a feeling Mamma Jamma wasn't going to take no for an answer.

Zizi: Oh, I suppose they'll be okay for a couple of hours. What could possibly go wrong?

Mamma Jamma: Exactly, Zizi. What could possibly go wrong?

Zizi: Okay, nothing went wrong.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, I was waiting for it, too. It seems like we're in the clear.

Mr. Eric: And they started running downstairs together, the Whomanji box shaking as they went.

JF Kitty: Oh! Ouch! Watch it?

Zizi: Huh? Is that a talking video game?

Mamma Jamma: Maybe, but I haven't even plugged it in, yet.

Mr. Eric: They got downstairs to the dining room table where Poppa Loo and Zack were already gathered.

Zack: So what are we playing? Guilds & Goblins today?

Poppa Loo: No, I don't think so. Your mother got a fresh new video game. All the kids say it's fun.

Zack: So why aren't we sitting around the TV?

Poppa Loo: I thought it'd be one of those magic video games that sucks you inside of it.

Zizi: Dad, not everything in What If World sucks you inside of it.

Poppa Loo: Oh, okay. I guess let's plug it in, then.

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo, sounding a little disappointed. But as Mamma Jamma opened the box to get the video game out...

JF Kitty: Now who turned on the light?

Mr. Eric: Inside the box was J.F. Kat and a bunch of shredded wires.

Mamma Jamma: Jojo Fluffy Kat? I ordered this video game special for my family.

JF Kitty: Purrsonally, I like it better this way. That was a very dangerous game.

Zizi: How can a video game be dangerous?

Mr. Eric: Asked Zizi.

JF Kitty: Well, it sucks you into a jungle world and then you've got to play your way out. It can take days, weeks, months, even!

Zack: Can it even take years?

JF Kitty: What are you talking about? This is a 20 minute story, of course it can't take years.

Poppa Loo: See, there, I told you, the video game sucks you in. I was right!

Mamma Jamma: Oh well, I guess we won't be getting sucked into any video games today.

Zizi: Okay, Jojo, let's get you out of that box.

JF Kitty: I was having such a nice nap, though.

Mr. Eric: And when Zizi picked him up out of the box and gave him a nice squeeze of a hug—

Zizi: Oh, that was weird.

JF Kitty: Yeah, it sort of felt like you pushed a button in my belly.

Mr. Eric: A crash sounded from upstairs, never a good sign when you're flying around in a rocket ship house.

Zack: What was that?

Mr. Eric: Asked Zack.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I'm sure it was nothing... nothing incredibly dangerous, anyway. Maybe just very dangerous. Poppa Loo, can you go check it out?

Poppa Loo: Okay, can I take one of the kids with me?

Mamma Jamma: No!

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, they've been at that Conservatory using magic.

Zizi: It's the Observatorium, Dad. And we're not allowed to use magic outside.

Zack: Plus, I'm not very good. I've only ever managed to paint my toenails.

Poppa Loo: I was wondering how you did that, they look great.

Zack: Oh, thank you.

Poppa Loo: You think you could get your old man's toenails, too?

Mamma Jamma: Get going, Poppa Loo!

Poppa Loo: Oh, fine.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo slowly sneaked up the stairs and was about to check each room for intruders or damage, but he didn't have to go far.

Poppa Loo: Uh, Zizi, were your caterpillars supposed to form giant chrysalises that blow up half our house tonight or was that supposed to happen tomorrow night?

Zizi: Uh-oh.

Mr. Eric: Zizi ran up after her father and indeed, there were four giant caterpillar chrysalises that had exploded their way out of her room into the hall, through Zack's room, and even up through the roof!

Howie: Howie House is damaged. Howie House must make emergency landing.

Poppa Loo: Howie, what are we supposed to do in case of emergency landing?

Mr. Eric: But their rocket ship house was already crashing out of the sky!

Howie: Generally, I would say, to fasten your seatbelts but right now I think there is only time to scream.

Poppa Loo: Okay, roger that. Aaah!

All: [Screaming!]

JF Kitty: Meow! Someone close the window, I'm trying to take a nap.

Mr. Eric: Just then something started to push its way out of the nearest chrysalis.

Zizi: Mamma, Zack, you better get up here, and bring the cat.

Mr. Eric: A butterfly was already pushing its way out of the hard exoskeleton of its chrysalis.

Mamma Jamma: Zizi, I thought I said no explosions in the rocket ship house.

Zizi: I think they wanted to hang from the roof but they got too big. They weren't supposed to get that big!

Zack: Also, doesn't a caterpillar's metamorphosis take two weeks?

Zizi: Usually... yes.

Poppa Loo: Well, good thing it didn't take that long because I think we're gonna have to fly these butterflies out of our crashing house!

Mamma Jamma: Okay, I already grabbed the crashing house preparedness kit.

Poppa Loo: We've got one of those?

Mamma Jamma: We live in a rocket ship house, Poppa Loo. Of course we do.

Poppa Loo: Well, that's why I also have these butterfly reins. Just in case.

Zack: Those are scarves.

Poppa Loo: The better to match the butterfly that you're... oh, just take it.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo handed them each a scarf and they climbed on a butterfly as it hatched and flew out the open roof of their house. J.F. Kat climbed inside Mamma Jamma's backpack as they flew off into the clouds.

Zack: Do you think Howie House will be okay?

Mr. Eric: Asked, Zack.

Poppa Loo: I'd be more worried about us, now. We don't know where these butterflies are even going.

JF Kitty: Purrhaps I can guess.

Mr. Eric: Said J.F. Kat, his whiskers twitching as he poked his head out of Mamma Jamma's backpack.

Zizi: Do you think we'll pollinate some giant flowers?

JF Kitty: Probably, once we reach the jungle.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, no. You don't mean...

Zack: Are we really getting sucked—

Poppa Loo: Into Whomanji! I knew it!

Zizi: I don't get it. Is it a video game or a place?

Zack: Why not both?

Mr. Eric: The clouds quite suddenly grew darker around them and the butterflies descended toward a great jungle just as a light rain started to fall.

Mamma Jamma: Well, a safari isn't exactly what I had in mind for family game night, but we can make the best of this.

Mr. Eric: The Jamma Loo family exchanged a nervous look as the butterflies landed on four massive colorful flowers.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, everybody climb down, it's time for a roll check.

Poppa Loo: But we're all right in front of you.

Mamma Jamma: We had an emergency, so we're doing a post-emergency roll check.

Zack: Ah, Mom.

Poppa Loo: [Grumbles]

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo?

Poppa Loo: Here.

Mamma Jamma: Zizi.

Zizi: Here.

Mamma Jamma: Zack.

Zack: Present...

Mamma Jamma: Okay, Zack, that was a little muffled, but... acceptable. Jojo Fluffy Kat?

JF Kitty: Here.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, great.

Mr. Eric: They climbed off their butterflies and down onto the jungle floor, which was thick with vegetation and damp with rain.

Mamma Jamma: I just wanted a simple game night where my family didn't all end up in grave danger.

Zack: I'm sorry, Mom.

Mamma Jamma: It's okay, Zack. But please stop covering your mouth when you speak.

Zack: That's not me, Mom!

Mamma Jamma: Okay, jokester... oh boy.

Mr. Eric: The plant Zack's butterfly had landed on had closed around the two of them like a massive venus fly trap.

Poppa Loo: Oh, okay okay okay okay! Nobody panic!

Mr. Eric: It started raining harder.

Zizi: I am not panicking.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi, and then she turned into a tiny mouse!

Zizi: I think I might be panicking a little, now.

Mamma Jamma: Zizi, don't you move.

Mr. Eric: But the rain water was already up to the little mouse's neck!

Zizi: Can I at least swim?

Mamma Jamma: Okay, swim, but in circles. I gotta save your brother.

JF Kitty: And I'll save that delicious mouse!

Mamma Jamma: Thank you, J.F. Kat, finally making yourself useful—wait!

JF Kitty: What am I waiting for?

Mamma Jamma: Spit out my daughter.

JF Kitty: Who?

Mamma Jamma: Zizi the mouse that you're eating.



Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo was trying to pry open the venus fly trap with a great big branch, but it snapped off in the thing's jaw-like leaves!

Poppa Loo: I wish we'd brought our jungle preparedness kit!

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma had plucked Zizi out of J.F. Kat's mouth and handed her mouse daughter over to Poppa Loo as she approached the venus fly trap.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, there, Venus, you open your trap! No child of mine's getting eaten today!

Zack: Actually, both of your children have already been eaten today.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, okay. Well, no child of mine is being digested today.

Mr. Eric: She was prying at the plant with her fingers but it wouldn't budge an inch. Then, some vines from the plant started flicking her in the face, tauntingly!

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I have had about enough! Hiyaa!

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma headbutted the plant! [Creaking sound] And it opened!

Mamma Jamma: Huh, that didn't even hurt my head!

Poppa Loo: How is that even possible? That thing's like steel.

Mr. Eric: Zack quickly scrambled out of the venus fly trap as his butterfly flew away.

Zack: It seems that we have entered the Whomanji video game world and each been granted some sort of super power. I believe if you hold your hand over your heart, your super power will appear written across the sky.

Mamma Jamma: How... oh...

Mr. Eric: With Zack out of the plant, the rain was finally dying down.

Poppa Loo: How in blazes did you figure that out, Zack?

Mr. Eric: And Zack held his hand over his heart, and writing appeared in front of him in a blocky, retro script, reading, "Inexplicably useful trivia."

Mamma Jamma: Oh, super powers. I guess mine must be martial arts training, or something. ... Muscle headed-ness?

Zizi: That's better than my power. My power's turning into a mouse. Oh, wait, no it's shapechanging.

Mr. Eric: And Zizi turned into a rhinoceros.

Zizi: Cool.

Poppa Loo: Oh boy, I can't wait to find out my super power! Making rain. Oh, I must be incredibly wealthy, like when people throw their money into the air.

Zack: I think you can just make it actually rain, Dad.

Poppa Loo: I mean, it's the jungle, it... it rains like all the time.

Zack: Hey, Jojo! What's your power?

Mr. Eric: Zack asked, but J.F. Kat was nowhere to be seen.

JF Kitty: Purrhaps it's getting catnapped!

Mr. Eric: They looked up to see the fluffy black and white cat floating 30 feet in the air.

Pig: [Oinking noise] This cat is mine!

Mr. Eric: An adorable, speckled, pot bellied pig floated right beside J.F. Kat.

Mamma Jamma: He's not technically any of our cats. He's more like an indoor-outdoor cat and lately he's been staying with us.

Pig: I'm not interested in your backstory. I'm only here to win Whomanji.

Zizi: Oh no, you don't! I'll shape change into something that can fly and get our friend back.

Mr. Eric: But Zizi hadn't quite gotten the hang of her shape-changing abilities and she was a worm, then a duck, then a horse, then a duck again.

Mamma Jamma: Uh, Zizi...

Zizi: Oh, wait! Ducks can fly.

Mamma Jamma: There you go.

Mr. Eric: And Zizi took off after the pig.

Pig: Nice try.

Mr. Eric: With a disdainful snort from the pig, Zizi the duck became frozen in the sky.

Zizi: What's happening?

Mr. Eric: The pig started floating away, carrying J.F. Kat with them.

JF Kitty: Purrry please put me down, Pig.

Zack: Yeah, and put down our daughter while you're at it or I'll make it rain on you.

Pig: Very funny. None of you can stand against my telepignesis. I'll see you in the next level where you'll surely lose again.

Mr. Eric: The pig flew out of the canopy of trees, taking J.F. Kat with them. And when it was finally out of sight, Zizi fell from the sky, her little tail feathers coiling around themselves until they became a tiny pink pigtail.

Zizi: I needed those tail feathers to help me steer!

Poppa Loo: I gotcha, I gotcha!

Mr. Eric: Cried Poppa Loo and indeed he was crying, which made the rain fall even more heavily, filling up the jungle floor until Zizi splashed down safely, before finally turning back into herself.

Zizi: What just happened?

Zack: The boss of this level seems to have telepignesis, a rare ability that lets you move things with your mind while slowly turning them into a pig.

Poppa Loo: Can your inexplicably useful trivia tell us how to defeat that big?

Zack: Well, there is a limit to how much they can lift. So if you get them concentrating on something really heavy, they'll be distracted.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, okay. That is very useful.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, but how do you know so much about telepignesis?

Zack: That's the inexplicable part, I'm afraid.

Mr. Eric: Said Zack, tucking something into his pocket.

Zack: Let's find our way to the next level.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, kids. Your mom and dad will go get J.F. Kat, you two just stay safe and sound here.

Zizi: No, you're gonna need our powers.

Poppa Loo: You heard your mother, you two start hiking back to Howie House. Should have finished self-repairing by the time you get there.

Zack: You two don't understand. That's now how video games work. We'll have to finish as a team or not at all.

Poppa Loo: But how are we gonna defeat that pig with all their pigikinesis?

Mamma Jamma: I think there's only one way that's gonna be possible.

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma, walking out of the water and standing up high to show that her head and neck had grown cartoonishly large.

Mamma Jamma: We're gonna need a family training montage! Who's with me?

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma stuck out her hand and everyone in the family joined with one hand on top of the other.

All: Gooooo Jamma Loos!

Mamma Jamma: See, it doesn't take a rocket ship crash and a pig that can move things with their minds for this family to bond.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, you just need to catnap our friend and start turning him into a piggy.

Mamma Jamma: Well, that wasn't exactly my point.

Zack: You just need to give each of us super powers.

Mamma Jamma: Well, that might have been a small part of it.

Zizi: You just need my science experiment to go horribly wrong in the coolest possible way.

Mamma Jamma: Well, the butterflies were nice...

Zack: And we just need to be together, right Mom?

Mamma Jamma: Finally, somebody gets it.

Mr. Eric: To be continued...

Poppa Loo: Oh, no, I understood that. I was just goofing.

Zizi: I've just been waiting for the montage to start.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: [Aurora] and Lily, I hope you enjoyed the first half of your story. We've also got some other questions mixed in here, but we'll play those next week when we finish our Whomanji two-part story.

Fred the Dog: Fred the Dog here to shout out Sebastian, age nine, who likes me and Godzilla.

Dracomax: And I am honored to shout out Eshal Rose Fanducen, who is six and a half years old. She has a sister Sylva Loos, and her favorite thing is to buy ice cream with her mother.

Fred the Dog: Then I got another woof for Theo Aarons, age eight, and his brother, Elliott. They listen to What If World together every day.

Alabaster Zero: Alabaster Zero here to shout out Ethan Willis, from Placerville, California. Ethan's six years old, likes rock hounding, camping, and bike riding.

Fred the Dog: Then, finally, there's Jimmy Martinez, age seven. He likes wearing disguises and suits. And his siblings are Shayla and Jojo.

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Miss Lynn, my helper, Craig Martinson for his theme song, and all you kids at home who know that it doesn't take an emergency to enjoy your family's company. You just need to spend some time taking each other in.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]