

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 204: What if everyone had a superpower? \(Whomanji Part 2\)](#)

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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 telling the second part of what's going to be a three part Whomanji epic starring the Jamma Loo family. We found a few more questions to add into this story. The first is from a patron named Dane.

Dane: Hi, I'm Dane and I'm nine years old. What if everyone had a superpower? And like magic. Bye.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Dane. We introduced those superpowers last week, but I promise we're gonna have a lot more fun with them in this story. We also used a write-in question from a listener named Lily who asked, What if my pig had telekinesis powers? Lily, thank you for inspiring our pigikinetic villain.

So let's find out, what if everyone had a superpower and what if a pig had telekinesis powers?

[Rising harp scale.]

Mamma Jamma: Whoa, whoa, wait, Mr. Eric! Don't you think we should give them a little bit of a recap?

Mr. Eric: Well, I figured they would have just listened to the last story.

Poppa Loo: Mr. Eric, you can't figure when your listeners are listening!

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, that's the whole freedom of a podcast. They can listen whenever.

Mr. Eric: Unless they're listening on the radio.

Mamma Jamma: Well, yeah.

Mr. Eric: Or they're being forced to listen while trapped in a tower.

Poppa Loo: You tell too many stories, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Fair enough. Why don't you give us a quick recap?

Mamma Jamma: So, last time Zizi's caterpillar experiment made these giant butterflies.

Poppa Loo: They blew out the back of our rocket ship house so we had to fly on them all the way to Whomanji, which either a place or a video game or possibly both.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, and J.F. Kat was there. He was warning us about this Whomanji place for some reason. But it seemed a lot of fun.

Poppa Loo: If you call a jungle that tries to eat your kids fun!

Mamma Jamma: Okay, that part wasn't fun. But then we found out that we had super powers!

Poppa Loo: And I can control the rain.

Mamma Jamma: And I've got an unbreakable head!

Poppa Loo: And Zizi can shape change.

Mamma Jamma: And Zack knows lots of helpful trivia.

Poppa Loo: But then, Jojo got catnapped!

Mamma Jamma: By a cute but decidedly villainous pig and we left off sitting in a gentle rain getting ready to train up with an awesome montage!

[Rising harp scale.]

Poppa Loo: Thank goodness we're back in the studio doing a recap because I couldn't wait to get out of that Whomanji. Oh, uh, no. Okay, no, we're back.

Mr. Eric: Ooh, yeah, I'm sorry. As you described Whomanji, you appeared there.

Poppa Loo: Curse my vivid imagination!

Mamma Jamma: Hey, it's the listeners' imagination, too.

Poppa Loo: Oh, it probably wouldn't be sporting to curse them, as well.

Mamma Jamma: No, it would not.

Zack: Mom, Dad? What are you talking about.

Mr. Eric: Asked their son, Zack, who was busy splashing around in a puddle on the jungle floor.

Zizi: Yeah, I thought we were supposed to be training together.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi, turning her hand into an umbrella to keep off the rain.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, that's right! It's time to train, Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: What's that? I could hardly hear you over this rain.

Mamma Jamma: I know. Shouldn't you just turn off the rain?

Poppa Loo: Me? I don't know if this is jungle rain or Poppa Loo powers rain, really.

Zack: Shouldn't you be able to turn it off, either way?

Poppa Loo: I'm not sure.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, we're all soaked to the bone so let's start our training by you turning off the rain, please.

Poppa Loo: I'm trying, Mamma Jamma, it's just, uh, I don't really understand how to use these powers yet.

Mamma Jamma: You just have to have confidence, Poppa Loo. That's always how these superpowers work. Go on, believe in yourself.

Poppa Loo: Oh, it's about believe... in myself. I can do that, sure, I think. Probably.

Zack: Uh-oh.

Mr. Eric: But the rain only increased and a whoosh sounded in the distance, like a raging river was barely towards them.

Zizi: Zack, quick, get on my back!

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi, turning into a hippopotamus.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, we're gonna need somethin that floats, fast!

Poppa Loo: Do you mean something that'll be quick while floating, or that we quickly need something that will float?

Mamma Jamma: Obviously, the second one!

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma.

Mamma Jamma: Kids, don't try this at home. Remember I got a super hard head. It's my superpower. Hiy-ow!

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma headbutted a fallen tree, splitting off a log that was just big enough for she and Poppa Loo to hang onto, when rain and river joined and swept them out of the twilight jungle.

Poppa Loo: Oh, is it morning? Have we been paddling all night.

Zack: I don't think so, Dad.

Mr. Eric: Said Zack, hanging onto his hippopotamus sister.

Zizi: Yeah, I think we've just reached the next level.

Mr. Eric: Added Zizi.

Mamma Jamma: As long as we're all safe and having a nice family outing.

Zack: Oh, I'm having a blast! [Laughs]

Poppa Loo: Oh, I really don't like when he cackles like that, Mamma Jamma.

Mr. Eric: They pulled their heads up over their floating log to see what Zack was laughing at. The whitewater rapids they were rushing down seemed to come to an abrupt stop up ahead.

Mamma Jamma: Is that the end of the level, or...

Zizi: A waterfall.

Mamma Jamma: A waterfall...

Poppa Loo: A water what?

Mr. Eric: Bright green words suddenly appeared in front of them. They had just enough time to read Power Up Falls before passing through the ghostly letters, which disappeared.

Zizi: Okay, Mamma Jamma, Poppa Loo. There are gonna be powerups as we go down.

Zack: And I bet we'll need them to win this level.

Mamma Jamma: I'd rather focus on us all surviving the waterfall.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, these powers have been nothing but troubleeeee!!!

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo's log went over the rapids and as Zizi the hippopotamus went over, she turned into a giant butterfly. Jagged bits of cliff jutted out from the foamy water as they fell. And Zizi fluttered around a sharp rock while Zack clung to her back.

Zack: If your butterfly wings get too wet, you are not going to be able to fly.

Zizi: I thought you were supposed to have useful trivia.

Zack: Just get me close to a powerup and I'll jump out and grab it.

Mamma Jamma: No jumping into a waterfall!

Mr. Eric: Shouted Mamma Jamma, but she was dealing with her own problems. Poppa Loo had summoned a rain cloud around the log, trying to steer them as they fell.

Mamma Jamma: That's nice going, there, Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Aw, shucks, Mamma Jamma. I just don't want to get showed up by our kids.

Mamma Jamma: It's not a competition, this is a co-op game! [CRASH!]

Mr. Eric: Their log crashed into a rock as they fall, splitting in half with the two parents careening in opposite directions.

Both: [Scream]

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma's half of the log was spinning toward a strange, ghostly, golden coin, underneath the rock she was falling towards.

Mamma Jamma: Head, don't fail me now!

Mr. Eric: And using her Muscle Headedness power, she crashed through the rock and got her Whomanji coin.

Zizi: Nice work, Mamma Jamma.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi, as she flew towards a pair of coins.

Zack: We could get both our powerups at the same time.

Zizi: I know, I just need to get a little closer. Zack, why'd you jump off me already?

Zack: I don't know, [Snorts] I didn't mean to!

Mr. Eric: Zack had been pulled off of his butterfly sister and was now freefalling.

Zizi: Zack, I'm not fast enough to catch you!

Zack: I'll get your Whomanji coin, then maybe you will be!

Mr. Eric: As Zack fell out of sight, she sped towards the coins, snagging her coin, just as a pink blur flew past her and got Zack's.

Pig: Hahaha, I've got more coins and more power than your whole family put together!

Mr. Eric: Zizi felt energy surging through her. She reached out, shape changing without knowing what she was doing. A tentacle shot from her, reaching toward her brother, but she was just grasping at air.

Zack: Falling at this velocity could inflict grievous bodily harm even if I land in water!

Mr. Eric: Lectured Zack to no one in particular.

Poppa Loo: Don't worry, Zack!

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo cried from a distance.

Poppa Loo: I've been saving up for a rainy day!

Mr. Eric: A torrent of rain spread out from Poppa Loo's hand, catching Zack and spinning him down a gentle slide all the way to the bottom of the waterfall.

Zack: But Dad, you've got to get your powerup.

Poppa Loo: No, this was my power up. The rainslide. I thought you'd be impressed.

Zack: What? I can't hear you. I'm still falling.

Poppa Loo: Oh, nevermind...

Mamma Jamma: I think your rain slides are great, honey. Can you catch me with one?

Poppa Loo: Oh, yeah, sure, sure thing.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo caught Mamma Jamma with another water slide just as Zizi in the form of a giant squid-o-pus crashed down at the bottom of the waterfall.

Cthunkle: I am okay.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi, I think?

Pig: You may think you have won this round, but I have played this level countless times and each time, my power grows greater.

Mr. Eric: And the little pot bellied pig flew over them as they waded in the water.

Zack: Why are you doing this?

Poppa Loo: Yeah, where's Jojo? I want to get that cat so I can go home.

Pig: You will find your kitty friend in the final level where I will defeat you and become the true ruler of Whomanji.

Mamma Jamma: You could just be the ruler, we don't really mind.

Cthunkle: Mother, do not offer him rule of Whomanji. It must go to us.

Mr. Eric: Said that squid-o-pus that should be Zizi, but I don't know what's going on, there.

Zack: Zizi, it seems your shape changing powers have evolved to the point where you can turn into other characters?

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, then Cthunkle might not be the best choice.

Cthunkle: Good point...

Zizi: Ooh, that was weird, but kind of fun.

Pig: You're all supposed to be paying attention to me. I'm doing an evil monologue, here.

Mamma Jamma: It's just not much of a monologue. We don't know your name. We don't know why you want to rule this Whomanji place, what's so great about it?

Pig: I am Piggylily. Whenever anybody comes, I gotta defeat them. That's the only thing about Whomanji.

JF Kitty: Please help me! I'm turning into a cute little pig.

Mr. Eric: J.F. Kat was still floating behind Piggylily, but the black and white cat now had a perfectly curly little pigtail and hind hooves instead of hind paws.

Piggylily: As far as my motivations, well, does it really matter when I still have your friend?

Poppa Loo: I hate to rain on your parade, but I'm going to!

Mr. Eric: A massive rain cloud appeared over Piggylily and J.F. Kat, but ...

JF Kitty: Aaaaah!

Mr. Eric: They flew off, deeper into the jungle.

JF Kitty: Purromise you won't let your powers go to your heads!

Mamma Jamma: But I don't understand. My power is my head. It got very big and so did my neck.

Zack: What did Jojo say?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, was the only one who heard because my ears are extra big, now?

Zizi: Biologically speaking, the size of your ears wouldn't really make much of a difference in your overall ability to hear.

Mamma Jamma: So I can hear better because it's a magic jungle, then?

Zack: That is most likely the case, yes.

Mamma Jamma: But Jojo was just saying something about using our heads and our powers and being careful, that's all good advice.

Poppa Loo: Was that all he said?

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo. He was hardly paying attention to Mamma Jamma, just staring at some raindrops as he made them dance upon his fingertips.

Mamma Jamma: Uh, yeah, I think so.



Mr. Eric: But Mamma Jamma was hardly paying attention, either. She was just admiring her giant head in the reflection thrown by a rain puddle.

Abacus: Oh, well, it's obvious that my shape-changing powers shall save the day, anyway.

Mr. Eric: Said Zizi, having turned into the wizard, Abacus P. Grumbler.

Zack: All right, you've all got really cool powers, I get it. No need to rub it in.

Mr. Eric: And Zack pulled out a little book from his pocket. It was the Whomanji rule book.

Zack: Oh, without my powerup I don't know this all by heart, but I remember reading some kind of warning about great power... or...

Poppa Loo: Oh, thank you, Zack. My powers are great, now.

Mamma Jamma: Not as great as mine. I think my head's getting even bigger.

Cackula : You can say that again, ah ah ah.

Zack: Zizi, why would you turn into Cackula.

Cackula : Because I can and because you cannot. Wa hahahaha!

Zizi: Sorry, I keep getting carried away with these shape changes. Okay, so we didn't get J.F Kat back, but we won a level.

Zack: You all won. I didn't get my powerup.

Poppa Loo: Oh, Zack, it's not about being fantastically powerful and amazing like your old man.

Zizi: Dad!

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo!

Poppa Loo: Because it's about us all working together, just like this. [Straining]

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo made a pulling motion with his hands and all the rain and river water was pulled from the Jamma Loo family.

Poppa Loo: See? Pretty cool, huh?

Zack: Poppa Loo, that was just showing off.

Fred the Dog: Two can play at that game! Look at how far I stretch my tongue that's too long for my mouth!

Mr. Eric: Zizi had turned into Fred the Dog and was stretching her dirty, slimy tongue around the whole family.

Mamma Jamma: Zack's right. I can explode bricks with my forehead but you don't see me showing off right now... Oh, look, there's some bricks! I'm gonna go break them with my forehead.

Zack: But Mom, what about the team training montage.

Mamma Jamma: Oh yeah! Gotta prep for the next level, everybody.

[Montage music!]

Poppa Loo: Oh, where's that music coming from?

Zack: It's a video game, just go with it.

Mamma Jamma: But we're in the middle of a jungle.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, shouldn't there be like a beetle playing that horn, or...?

Zack: There's one!

Poppa Loo: Well, I'll be. That beetle wails.

Mamma Jamma: It's Jamma Loo family time let's get together.

Poppa Loo: Gotta train, rain or shine in any kind of weather.

Zack: Our powers your buried and very weird at first glance.

Zizi: But no team ever improved without taking chance after chance!

Poppa Loo: Mamma Jamma's head is hard and her neck is thick. Always keeping up her guard, she can headbutt through bricks! She'll never give up with her family in tow, Whomanji's going down, every level like a domino!

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo brings the rain with his sensitivity, a very masculine thing if anyone is asking me. But now he spent an hour working on his catchphrase rather than practicing with his—

Poppa Loo: Rain go splash!

Mamma Jamma: Wife, I'm afraid!

Zizi: My brother Zack's got a knack for knowing all the lore, our king of trivia keeps learning more, always knowing the score. Thought this montage would have a little cooperation, instead he's up reading alone, it's alienation!

Zack: My big sister's always been a little better than me. Now her power's amplified, it's like she's Zizi times three. She can change her shape, so how can I compete. She's the queen again. And I am obsolete.

Mamma Jamma: Are those people? Singing?

Zack: Yeah, talking banana people right there.

Poppa Loo: But who's rocking the synthesizers?

Mamma Jamma: I hope it's a shiny tree frog.

Zizi: There's a tree frog on synths.

Poppa Loo: Where'd they get such a nice track suit?

Zack: It's a video game, just go with it.

Mamma Jamma: Shouldn't we have started the next verse by now?

Zizi: Are you kidding? Mr. Eric's got a baby coming soon and writing songs is really hard.

Poppa Loo: What do you mean, writing songs? This is just an awesome training montage.

Zack: I don't know about awesome, we're all just practicing in separate parts of the jungle alone!

Mamma Jamma: But we're practicing awesomely, right? Right?

Poppa Loo: Okay, how about this catchphrase: you're a pain in my rain!

Zack: Nope.

Poppa Loo: Oh, how about, it's time for shower power! Was that any better?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, now I see. This is a complete disaster. Good thing, because now it can only get better... from here.

Mr. Eric: The sun was setting again in Whomanji as if time had little meaning or perhaps they'd been playing with their powers all day long! Or as if Mr.

Eric, in recording this story, had realized it had gotten too long for even a two part episode. Plus, he's got a baby on the way and really needs to stretch stuff out right now, so please just stick with me.

Mamma Jamma: Are you kidding? I can't wait to keep using my giant head powers.

Poppa Loo: Oh yeah, we're gonna win this game.

Zizi: Or just keep playing.

Zack: Ugh, Mr. Eric, can you just say the end already.

Mr. Eric: How about... to be continued?

Poppa Loo: Hooray!

Mamma Jamma: Good luck with the baby, Miss Karen!

Zack: Yeah, I hope it's cute?

Zizi: Zack, all babies are cute.

[Falling harp scale.]

Zack: Sorry, my trivia knowledge doesn't extend to babies.

Mr. Eric: Well, Dane and Lily, I hope you enjoyed your story, and we're gonna answer another pair of questions in our actual final installment of the Whomanji trilogy next week.

JF Kitty: Purrfect timing because I'm here to shout out Liam from Kansas City, age six. He loves me, J.F. Kat, and he's even nailed down his accent. Wait, I have an accent?

Abacus: We must also shout out Noah from Wingam, Ontario, Canada. His favorite character is me, Abacus P. Grumbler and he spelled favorite with that "u" that they use in Canada and England and it makes me feel so fancy.

JF Kitty: Our final meow out for Grace from Bloomington, Indiana. Her kitties are named Tilly and Mush. She loves to play outside. Her favorite colors are light blue and black! And she loves all kinds of felines.

Mr. Eric: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, my helper, Miss Lynn, and all you patient kids at home who know that even we grown ups lose our way, sometimes. And we're very thankful to you for helping keep us on track.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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