

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 205: What if alligators ate crayons? \(Whomanji Part 3\)](#)

File Length: 00:18:45

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 are finishing, yes, I promise you, finishing, our three-part Whomanji epic. We're adding in two questions today. So, first, let's listen to this one from Noelle.

Noelle: My name's Noelle. I'm seven and my question is what if stuffed animals came to life?

Mr. Eric: Lovely? Who has not wanted this at some point. Stuffed animals are so cuddly.

Okay, then we have a write-in question from a listener named Ann. Ann is six years old, she's from New York, and she asks, what if alligators ate crayons?

I want to jump right into our story but we probably need Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo to help us with a recap. [Crickets].

I said, Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo should come help us with a recap... hello?

Zack: Sorry, they've just been playing with their powers for hours and hours.

Mr. Eric: Oh, hey, Zack. That was a fun rhyme.

Zack: It was unintentional.

Mr. Eric: Okay. Well, since you're here, do you want to do the recap?

Zack: Oh, why bother? Everything's a mess. Ever since Zizi did that science experiment that made those giant butterflies that took us to Whomanji and we met that telepignetic pig named Piggylily, and they're trying to win the game by defeating us and we got these super powers but Mamma Jamma, Poppa Loo, and Zizi all got these powerups and I didn't get a powerup and now all they can do is play with their powers and we're never gonna get out of here.

Mr. Eric: Wow. Zack, I can hear that you sound really stressed.

Zack: You know it.

Mr. Eric: But I want to compliment you because that was a very good recap.

Zack: It was unintentional.

Mr. Eric: Well, good luck in Whomanji, okay? Now, let's find out what if alligators ate crayons and—

Zack: Good luck!?! You're the narrator! [Record scratch.] Just—just fix it!

Mr. Eric: I promise I'm on your side, Zack, but you and your family get to make your own decisions in Whomanji. Isn't that great?

Zack: Great? That's what got us stuck in this mess in the first place!

Mr. Eric: And we'll also find out what if stuffed animals come to life?

Zack: Are you even listening to me? Oh, I'm being sucked back into What If World, aren't I?

Mr. Eric: You got this, Zack.

Zack: For crying out loud! No help from Mr. Eric. No help from my parents...

Mamma Jamma: Hiya!

Poppa Loo: Rain go splash! Oh, I already tried that one.

Zizi: Mom, Dad, look at me? I turned myself into a catacorn.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo, Mamma Jamma and Zizi were all still playing with their powers. They hadn't even noticed Zack briefly disappearing to give the recap.

Zack: Well, I'm ba—Oh, you said they didn't notice.

Mr. Eric: Did not, yeah.

Zack: Well, I was gone briefly but I'm back now. And where are we?

Mr. Eric: Asked Zack, taking in their surroundings.

Poppa Loo: Hey, did we wander into the next level?

Mr. Eric: There was just enough sunlight left to see that they were surrounded by towering trees... or not exactly trees.

Zizi: Whoa, those are the biggest crayons I've ever seen.

Zack: That must mean we're in the final level! The crayungle.

Mamma Jamma: No crayungle can scare me. I could headbutt through a crayon as thick as a redwood... you look at that?

Mr. Eric: Hugging the sides of these giant crayon trees were countless cute, fluffy little stuffed animals that you could hardly see in the dimming light.

Zizi: Why are there so many stuffed animals on these trees?

Zack: Oh, it's quite simple. Stuffed animals in Whomanji eat crayons. As do alligators! Both stuffed and unstuffed.

Mr. Eric: And upon closer examination, the trunks of all these crayon trees had tiny little crayon nibbles taken out of them.

Poppa Loo: Wow. That is the most useless trivia I've heard yet.

Zack: Oh...

Poppa Loo: Looks like I'm gonna have to save the day with my rain powers. [Rain!]

Mamma Jamma: Oh, no, I'll just headbutt them all to the moon.

Zizi: Ooh, ooh! Or I could shape change—

Cthunkle: Into Cthunkle, and bend this army of stuffies to my will!

Zack: Wait, why are we attacking the stuffed animals?

Poppa Loo: To win the level, Zack. It's a video game.

Zizi: Wait, no, Zack's right. There was someone we were supposed to save?

JF Kitty: Purr-ahaps you need a reminder! You would think a cat with a piggy noise would sound cuter than this.

Mr. Eric: Falling towards them was a fluffy, black and white half-cat, half-pig.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, who's that? They're so cute!

JF Kitty: Purrfect! You don't even remember me!

Piggylily: Oh ho ho!

Mr. Eric: Piggylily flew into view as Jojo Fluffy Pigkat landed on all fours.

Piggylily: You see, there is no winning Whomanji! The more powerful you become, the more you lose yourselves.

Zizi: Yeah, right! You're just afraid.

Cthunkle: Of my unstoppable power!

Mr. Eric: Zizi turned into a big, green squid-o-pus, but she was standing by a big, green tree and all the stuffed animal alligators and stick bugs and snakes started giving Cthunkle-Zizi a nice, warm hug.

Stickbug: Click, clack, stick bug hug! Clickclack stick bug hug!

Cthunkle: Now, all of you stuffed animals answer to me. Ooh, that's actually a very nice hug. You wouldn't think a stick bug could really give you that squeeze that you want in a good hug.

Zack: Zizi, no, we've got to save the...that fluffy cat! Whose name I can't remember...

Mr. Eric: A black and white tree sent stuffed pandas and zebras and orcas after Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Haha, yeah, right. I'll just bring the rain!

Mr. Eric: But the stuffed animals seemed to simply soak up the rain and grow bigger and bigger.

Panda: I'm a squeezable panda! I'll give you a handa because you do not have to consent to a hug!

Zebra: What a boundary respecting panda.

Mr. Eric: Said a big, stuffed zebra.

Zebra: It gets lonely being stuck in this crayungle forever.

Zack: Wait, wait, what do you mean by stuck forever?

Poppa Loo: Zackary, don't you interrupt the that stuffed zebra.

Zack: My name's just Zack. You named me!

Poppa Loo: Whatever you say, Zackarias. I'm just gonna be busy hugging these pandas and penguins and zebras, oh my!

JF Kitty: Meow we're in real trouble.

Mr. Eric: A rainbow-colored tree was sending stuffed peacocks and tree frogs and butterflies after Mamma Jamma.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, so beautiful!

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma, holding out her arms for a big stuffed animal hug.

Zack: Mom! Don't forget who you are!

Mr. Eric: She was giggling as stuffed animals bounced off her super-sized head.

Mamma Jamma: Hey, didn't we see you butterflies earlier?

Butterfly: Ooh, eee?

Mr. Eric: And these big, stuffed butterflies did have the same coloration as the butterflies the Jamma Loo family had rode in on.

Butterfly: I guess we decided to stick around once we became stuffed animals.

Zack: Are you sure you didn't get trapped when you became stuffed animals?

Mr. Eric: Said Zack, trying to pull Mamma Jamma away from the big rainbow tree and all the colorful butterflies, treefrogs, and peacocks.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, look at them! They all want a hug. I remember when my kids Zozo and Zark used to give me hugs all the time.

Zack: Mom! Dad! Zizi! We can't let Whomanji make us forget who we are! We're a team!

Cthunkle: A what?

Zack: We're a family?

Poppa Loo: A whomily?

Zack: We're the Jamma Loos!

JF Kitty: And also Jojo Fluffy Kat-Pig.

Mamma Jamma: That's right! We are the Jojo Fluffy Kat Pigs.

Zack: Uh, the Jamma Loos... whatever.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma suddenly shook off the rainbow-colored stuffed animals that were hugging her against a tree.

Mamma Jamma: I'm sorry, stuffies, we're gonna have to snuggle later.

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma Jamma.

Cthunkle: Yes, indeed.

Mr. Eric: Said Cthunkle-Zizi.

Cthunkle: We must hug in another dimension for in this reality...

Zizi: My family needs me.

Poppa Loo: Let go, Mr. Snuggly Panda Pants!

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: I'm taking a rain check on that hug.

Zack: Dad, that one actually made sense.

Poppa Loo: A lot of things make sense to me, now. Like how great power requires great mindfulness.

Zizi: And practice.

Mamma Jamma: And perseverance.

JF Kitty: And how you should save the heartfelt monologues for after you defeat the evil pig!

Zack: Oh, that's a really good point, Jojo. It's important to remind our friends of a-

Piggylily: Sorry, I just couldn't handle more lesson talk. I'm just gonna hold you all in place until you turn into pigs like me, and then I'll win again.

Zizi: So if we lose ourselves we don't win.

Piggylily: Correct.

Mamma Jamma: Oh. Then haven't you already lost?

Piggylily: Huh?

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, yeah, Piggylily, if that's even your real name.

Piggylily: What's your point?

Zack: Our point is you're losing every time you play this game.

Zizi: Your powers may grow, but whoever you were just fades away.

JF Kitty: Purrhaps you used to have a piggy family.

Mamma Jamma: And you just miss them, you poor little thing.

Piggylily: You five are a pain in my pork.

Zack: That's a good one.

Poppa Loo: I'm a pain in the rain, was it?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, it just felt too rehearsed, Poppa Loo.

Mr. Eric: The rain was picking up again, but stuffed animals kept soaking the rain up and growing bigger.

Piggylily: Your feeble powers cannot defeat me. You only make my stuffed animal army greater.

Mamma Jamma: Funny, though. They don't seem to be interested in us.

Zack: So much as those delicious crayon trees.

Piggylily: What?

Mr. Eric: Yes, the stuffed animals had grown and were taking even bigger bites out of the crayons. A river of rain water brought fresh alligators onto the scene.

Poppa Loo: Oh, I seem to have brought in some Whomanji-gators. They're probably gonna eat us.

Mr. Eric: A giant alligator stuck its head up out of the water and gave the Jamma Loo family a very grumpy stare.

Alligator: We do not eat people, gross.

Poppa Loo: But it's right there in the name, Whoman-jigators.

Alligator: No, no no no. We are just native to Whomanji. Who. W-H-O. Besides, are you even who-mans, yeah, I mean humans.

Zack: You know, it's never really been clear.

Poppa Loo: I was once drawn as a big pink pig.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, and someone drew me as broccoli, or maybe I just had fluffy green hair.

Zizi: Me and my little brother are still kind of figuring ourselves out.

Alligator: Exactly. That is why we should not make presumptions about people we have just met.

Poppa Loo: I am deeply sorry to have offended.

Alligator: Just be curious when you meet people rather than making snap judgments.

Mamma Jamma: This is not a judgment but out of curiosity...

Alligator: I see what you did there.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, would you want to eat that Piggylily? They've been trying to trap my family forever and they kidnapped our cat.

Alligator: Maybe if they were a crayon shaped as a pig.

Piggylily: No, real pig.

Alligator: Sorry, real pig. We will not eat you.

Piggylily: Oh, how convenient. I love when I win without even having to lift a hoof.

Mr. Eric: More and more giant Whomanji-gators floated down the river that Poppa Loo had created. The massive crayon trees started to get more chewed up and wobbly as more and more gators chomped on them and more and more stuffed animals nibbled.

Zack: Come on, we're getting there. Zizi, don't you want to bring your science experiment back home.

Zizi: Oh, my science experiment.

Zack: Mamma Jamma, don't you want to make this into a memorable family game night?

Mamma Jamma: Game night? Family?

Zack: Poppa Loo!

Poppa Loo: Poppa who?

Zack: Don't you want to get out of this wet jungle and into some dry slippers?

Poppa Loo: Oh, dry slippers...

Zack: And read a nice, dry newspaper?

Poppa Loo: News...paper?

Zack: And have some nice dry toast?

Poppa Loo: Well, that's insane. Nobody likes dry toast.

Mr. Eric: The Jamma Loo family seemed to be shaking out of their reverie and finally starting to see the danger they were in.

Piggylily: [Laughs]
[Crashing]
What was that?

Mr. Eric: Cracks and snaps sounded throughout the crayungle as towering crayons were teetering and swaying in the windy rain.

Zack: Come on, Jamma Loos! If we can knock over a tree, maybe we'll cause a distraction and then we can escape!

JF Kitty: Purty good idea! I'll help using my super power, inspirational cuteness.
[Snores like a cat pig]

Zack: Is that really your superpower? Okay, it says it right there. I mean, you've been taking cute naps for the better part of every day I've known you, but...

Mr. Eric: The Jamma Loo family was being held in place by telepignesis and cuddly stuffed animals, but the overwhelming cuteness of a floating, napping, fluffy half-pig, half-cat inspired them each to make one final move. And Zizi, even held in place, was able to transform into Bubblemax.

Bubblemax: Hi, everybody! Who's ready for bubbles?

Piggylily: Oh, that really grates.

Mr. Eric: And a barrage of bubbles separated off from the frozen Bubblemax-Zizi and started floating towards Piggylily.

Piggylily: You'll have to do better than rain and bubbles.

Mr. Eric: But Piggylily did seem distracted by all the bubbles they were trying to pop with their pigikinesis.

Mamma Jamma: Hi, Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Oh yeah?

Mamma Jamma: What was that you said about dominos?

Poppa Loo: Oh, I don't remember. That like six minutes ago—ooooh.

Mr. Eric: And with one swing of her head, a cascade of sky-high crayons crashed one into the next into the next into the next, all piling toward Piggylily who had to use every last ounce of their pigikinetic strength to keep from getting squished.

JF Kitty: Meow I can finally move!

Zack: Me, too!

Bubblemax: Me, three!

Zizi: Sorry, I had to stop being Bubblemax. That was intense.

Poppa Loo: Okay, Zack. How do we win this level?

Zack: Well, we could probably just defeat Piggylily.

Mamma Jamma: Or we could hop on these giant stuffed animal butterflies and get out of here!

Piggylily: No, you must continue to battle me! We cannot leave the game unfinished?

Zizi: Sorry, this feels like the kind of game that isn't worth winning.

Piggylily: No! Every game is worth winning?

JF Kitty: Even hungry, hungry hairballs.

Piggylily: No, that game's disgusting.

Mr. Eric: And the Jamma Loo family grabbed J.F. Kat and took off on their butterflies, back toward their rocket ship house.

Piggylily: No, please! I'll play hungry hungry hairballs!

JF Kitty: Say purrty please!

Mamma Jamma: Jojo, don't tease.

JF Kitty: Sorry.

Butterflies: Hey.

Mr. Eric: Said the butterflies as the Jamma Loos flew away.

Butterflies: Nice job, Zizi, on the science experiment. Sorry we transformed into toys and kind of ruined it.

Zizi: That's okay. I'm not sure the world's ready for butterflies big enough to pollinate giant video game jungles in the sky.

Butterflies: Uh oh, then we probably shouldn't be flying around spreading this giant people-eating plant pollen.

Zack: I'd be more worried about what happens when Piggylily's pigikinesis transforms all those falling trees into colossal crayon pigs.

JF Kitty: Meow hold on a minute. That's an apurrcalypse for another day. Right now we all need naps.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, my neck's shrinking, and now my head's starting to feel really heavy.

Poppa Loo: Oh, no. Am I gonna use my rain powers just when I finally nailed my catch phrase.

Zack: Please, Dad. No.

Poppa Loo: Splish, splash, take a bath! Oh, that would have been sweet.

Mr. Eric: The end.

Mamma Jamma: Does anyone know where we parked our house?

Poppa Loo: You mean, crashed it?

Mamma Jamma: Obviously.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Ann and Noelle, I hope you enjoyed your story. And I hope all of you kids have enjoyed our three-part Whomanji trilogy.

Fair Elise: Excuse me, Mr. Eric. But I'm here to shout out Eva, who loves dolls and doing art and lives in Dublin, Ireland. She and her brother, Rheen are big fans of What If World and Rheen likes Mario and Pokemon.

Abacus: And I've got a shout-out for Clara Eleanor Roland who was born in Scotland but now lives in Santiago, Chile.

Patty Pan: Patty Pan zipping in for a quick shout out for Eva. Eva and her little brother, Axle, that is! Eva loves unicorns and climbing trees and Axle loves dinosaurs and cars. They listen to What If World all the time and love the amazing world that Mr. Eric has created.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, that is so sweet to say.

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, my helper Miss Lynn, and all you kids at home who know that all of our great powers are meant to be grown into, not simply handed over, as fun as that might sound.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]