

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 207: What if all of What if World had a potluck?](#)

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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 patron named Beatrice.

Beatrice: Hello Mr. Eric. My name is Beatrice. I live in Los Angeles but I'm from New York City and I'm seven years old. I like cooking and my favorite characters are Fred the Dog, Abacus P. Grumbler, Dracomax and Cthunkle. And my question is: what if all of What If World had a potluck and it was really a surprise party for Sprite Alright? Thank you so much! Love the show. Bye.

Mr. Eric: Thank you so much, Beatrice. What If World really is overdue for a party and I can't think of anyone more deserving of a nice surprise. Oh, I also wanted to thank Beatrice's sister Eloise for all her question ideas.

Okay, I think I'm going to bring ratatouille to the potluck because it's really healthy and yummy and even I can eat it without upsetting my stomach.

Cthunkle: Mr. Eric has a sensitive stomach. I must incorporate this into my plot to take over the world.

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle, couldn't we just have one day off from you trying to take over the world.

Cthunkle: Okay, fine. I'll just go. But I was supposed to be your ride to What If World.

Mr. Eric: Oh, thanks. We just have to do the other what if question.

Cthunkle: There's no time. We've got to get there before Sprite Alright or we'll spoil the surprise.

Mr. Eric: Oh, okay, okay. So let's find out what if all of What If World had a potluck and it was really a surprise party for Sprite Alri--aah! Oh, come on! Do you really have to wrap me up in all your slimy tentacles?

Cthunkle: I suppose I could always eat you, again.

Mr. Eric: No, okay, this is fine.

[Rising harp scale.]

Fair Elise: Mr. Eric, thank goodness you're here.

Mr. Eric: Hey, Fair Elise. Long time, no see.

Fair Elise: I know. Look, Mr. Eric, we need your help.

Mr. Eric: You know, I realized I've never been to your house before.

Fair Elise: Well, and you're still not there.

Mr. Eric: Oh, yeah. I thought you lived in a thimble on top of a cloud but we're just on top of a cloud.

Fair Elise: You can thank our party planner for that.

Mr. Eric: Oh, wow. A potluck surprise party with a party planner? That's like a president level move, Fair Elise. Cool.

Fair Elise: You know, I just should have organized it myself but I have been so busy and he insisted that he'd do a phenomenal job.

Petey the Pirate: Well, a phenomenon is really just something that happens. It could be good or bad.

Mr. Eric: Petey, what are you doing here?

Petey the Pirate: That's Petey the Party Planner Pirate to you, sir.

Mr. Eric: Okay, I think I see the problem here.

Fair Elise: Yes, so can you just fix it with narrating.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, Fair Elise. I really can't narrate when I'm in What If World.

Fair Elise: Can't, or won't?

Mr. Eric: I would if I could, it's just really hard and it can have unintended consequences.

Fair Elise: Well the consequence of us being outside of the house is that it will ruin the surprise.

Petey the Pirate: Ny'arr ny'arr ny'arr. Sprite Alright will just teleport inside the thimble house and then she'll look outside and see all of us standing there. Or at least like one of our ankles because we'll be really big because we haven't been shrunk down.

Cthunkle: I could shrink everyone down by crushing them with my tentacles.

Mr. Eric: Oh, nonononono. That won't be necessary. Fair Elise, just why aren't we inside the house? Doesn't your house automatically shrink people when they knock on the thimble?

Fair Elise: It can shrink a few invited guests at a time but Petey made no invitation list and we would have needed a magical boost to get this many people inside of that small of a thimble. Please, Mr. Eric, do something.

Petey the Pirate: Ny'arr ny'arr ny'arr... Fair Elise. 'Tis I, Petey the Party Planner Pirate. I've got this.

Mr. Eric: Petey, maybe I could try to help.

Petey the Pirate: Now, you said you needed more magic to get everyone inside.

Fair Elise: Yes.

Abacus: Did someone say yes.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, but first I said more magic. That would have been a better cue for you to enter, Abacus.

Abacus: Well, I'm sorry. I was busy making my famous chocolate cookie ice cream casserole.

Dracomax: Abacus, how could you? I have spent all day making this chocolate candy bar casserole.

Abacus: Dracomax, we are dealing with real problems here. We cannot worry about how many different kinds of chocolate casseroles we have.

Fred the Dog: Did someone say chocolate stick casserole? Because that's what I brought?

Fair Elise: Petey, you said you would handle the potluck spreadsheet.

Petey the Pirate: And I did! I brought a sheet to spread out on top of the cloud here. Which I'm not realizing you meant like a... like a worksheet to organize who was bringing what to the potluck.

Mr. Eric: No problem Petey. I can help you start a phone tree and anyone who hasn't come yet, we can just call them.

Petey the Pirate: Ny'arr ny'arr ny'arr ny'arr, I can handle this. I don't need your help. Abacus, you get everyone inside the thimble house and I'll just make sure we don't have too many different kinds of candy here.

Whendiana Joan: Who here is ready for Whendiana Joan's perfect chocolate fudge replica of the Learninator?

Learninator: The likeness is uncanny. I question my own existence when I look into his chocolatey eyes.

Petey the Pirate: Oh, well, at least they're all different kinds of chocolate.

Mr. Eric: Well, don't worry, Petey, because I brought ratatouille. It's a vegetable dish. Although it is in casserole form.

Cthunkle: And I, Cthunkle, have brought a single fruit cup. I assumed fairies were small and that this would be enough.

Petey the Pirate: The memo said we were inviting all of What If World and you brought a single fruit cup?

Fair Elise: Petey, we really have to get everyone inside as soon as possible.

Petey the Pirate: Abacus, tell me you've got a spell ready.

Abacus: Indeed I do. Potluck for the populace with ketchup and condiments, shrink us all down with unintended consequence.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, why'd you have to say the unintended consequence part?

Abacus: I'm sorry, the spell had to rhyme, I don't make the rules.

Mr. Eric: Well, here we are, Fair Elise. We're all shrunk down inside your lovely thimble house. And we beat Sprite Alright here.

Sprite Alright: More like you squished Sprite Alright in the middle of all of you.

Petey the Pirate: Yo ho no!

Fair Elise: Um... surprise?

All: Surprise!

Dracomax: You are surprised! I command it!

Abacus: Surprise!

Learninator: It is obvious from her facial expression that she is both surprised and extremely uncomfortable.

Sprite Alright: Oh, no, no, this is just a phenomenal surprise. I'll just have the house shrink everyone down in half again.

Mr. Eric: Oh, wow, now my ratatouille is huge! It's gonna be enough for everybody. See, Petey, you just need to ask for help sometimes and your friends are there for you.

Sprite Alright: Now, what is the occasion for this surprise party.

Fair Elise: Oh, I've just been so busy being president lately, I wanted you to know how much I still appreciate you and always will.

Learninator: Your teleportation powers, though inferior to my ability to manipulate the space-time continuum make you a valuable ally and friend.

Whendiana Joan: That's just Learninator's way of saying we all appreciate you.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, you saved me like 50 times with your teleporting.

Petey the Pirate: And I just wanted to throw you a lovely party because I'm a party planner pirate now, and I'm doing a great job.

Cthunkle: This ratatouille is making me nauseous.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, Cthunkle. Do healthy foods not agree with you because you only eat things that are gross or something?

Cthunkle: How dare you. I have a very healthy plant based diet outside of the people that I eat.

Petey the Pirate: Mr. Eric, how could you bring a poison casserole to a party.

Mr. Eric: I did the same recipe I always do. I bought all the vegetables fresh and then I washed them and then I cooked them a lot.

Fred the Dog: It's true! I've had lots of Mr. Eric's vegetables and they never make me sick. Yum yum yum yum... blech. This is immediately terrible.

Abacus: There must be some wicked spell cast upon it. I must eat it in order to determine the nature of the wicked magic.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, I wouldn't do that if I were you... he just shoved his face right in there, okay.

Abacus: Well, it tastes exactly like ratatouille eugggh! Oh dear! I really shouldn't have stuck my head in here.

Petey the Pirate: Okay, okay, nobody panic. We've still got lots of chocolate for everyone to eat.

Cthunkle: Don't forget my fruit cup.

Petey the Pirate: Okay.

Mr. Eric: Petey, maybe we should call the Fur Force or something? I think these people need rescuing.

Petey the Pirate: Ny'arr ny'arr ny'arr ny'arr, we just need to move along the party. Everything is going swimmingly and I should know because I definitely know how to swim.

Mr. Eric: Okay...

Fair Elise: I'll try to soothe everyone with my magic and Petey, yes, lead on with the party, won't you?

Petey the Pirate: Well, Sprite Alright. As a sprite, I know that one of your rarest gifts is the ability to grant wishes!

Sprite Alright: All right...

Petey the Pirate: And what better way to be happy on your special day than by answering two extra what if questions in a single story?

Mr. Eric: Petey, you didn't...

Petey the Pirate: Didn't pluck two what ifs from the wind to make this the most prodigiously perfect potluck party ever!

Isaac & Leander: Hi, Mr. Eric. This is Isaac and Leander. Our first question is what if candy and ice cream were suddenly very good for you and vegetables were suddenly very bad for you?

Sprite Alright: All right, Leander and Isaac. What a nice wish.

Mr. Eric: Okay, good. So, Abacus, these must have been our unintended consequences, huh?

Abacus: Nooo... I guess. I don't know.

Mr. Eric: Abacus, why are you still eating the ratatouille?

Abacus: It was stuck in my beard.

Fair Elise: Abacus, stop it!

Alabaster Zero: Sorry to interrupt the party everybody.

Fair Elise: No, it's okay, Alabaster.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, vegetables are bad for you and candy and ice cream is good for you. We already know.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, we've got tons of different kinds of chocolate and candy and ice cream for everyone to eat and feel better.

Alabaster Zero: Hold it right there.

Dracomax: But Dracomax has a tum-tum ache.

Alabaster Zero: I'm afraid your tum-tum's gonna have to keep feeling crum crum for now, Dracomax.

Petey the Pirate: You know what, Alabaster? You really don't need to bring this news. We're up safe in a cloud and my party is going really, really well, and I don't need your help.

Alabaster Zero: Okay, fine. I'll just go save What If World by myself.

Mr. Eric: Alabaster, where are you going? Don't you want to tell us what the case is and then solve it with your old partner, Fair Elise?

Fair Elise: Alabaster, I would love to help, but I've got sick people here I'm trying to take care of.

Alabaster Zero: I don't need your help, Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: Oh, well, um, thanks for visiting anyway. Pixicato's upstairs getting ready for bed. You could read her a quick bedtime story before you go.

Sprite Alright: Now, Fair Elise. He's clearly very busy.

Alabaster Zero: Yeah, I am. Busy, that's what it is. Tell Pixicato, Uncle Bast says hello and I hope I don't get eaten by chocolate zombies. I'll see myself out.

Mr. Eric: Did he just say chocolate zombies?

Fred the Dog: That would explain why this casserole has been chewing on my leg for the past five minutes.

Casserole: [Groans]

Mr. Eric: Oh, Petey, what was the last question?

Petey the Pirate: Oh, that's right! We were gonna grant one more wish to really make this party a complete success.

Vicky: My name is Vicky and I like fruits and what if chocolate zombies took over What If World?

Vicky's Parent: That's a good one, honey.

Cthunkle: Ah, Vicky must be the reason I brought this fruit cup rather than a bigger potluck contribution.

Dracomax: I am not sure that that is true, Cthunkle. She says she likes fruit. You could have brought an entire giant edible arrangement.

Fred the Dog: Oh, I like when the pineapples are shaped like stars.

Mr. Eric: Hey, everybody, um... you do realize all these chocolate creatures are coming to life and trying to eat us, right?

Petey the Pirate: Y'ahoy! More guests to the party, wonderful.

Learninator: This life-size chocolate fudge Learninator is slowly crinkling me into a tiny tin can.

Abacus: Yes, and I don't mean to alarm anyone but I am up to my neck in someone's chocolate souffle.

Mr. Eric: Petey, I'm being swarmed by chocolate chip chocolate muffins.

Fair Elise: And Alabaster's out there all by himself!



Petey the Pirate: But the important thing is everyone's having fun.

Sprite Alright: I hate to be the one to say this, but being eaten by chocolate zombies, well, it's just not my favorite kind of potluck.

Petey the Pirate: Really? Is that so?

Fred the Dog: It's okay, I've licked my way out of trickier situations. A chocolate zombie's got my tongue!

Cthunkle: I am not afraid. Zombies are so far down the horrible monster pecking order. There's no way they can stand against a squid-o-pus of my caliber. Ow. Ow! Ow, stop poking me.

Mr. Eric: Hey, everybody, come on, it's okay to admit that we need help sometimes. That no matter how hard you try and how awesome you are, there are some things we just can't do alone.

Dracomax: Bah, if Dracomax had not been shrunk down, I would be big enough to defeat all of these chocolate zombies.

Petey the Pirate: You're both right! We just need to be bigger again and then we can all help each other. Sprite Alright?

Sprite Alright: Huh? Who's that? I can't see anyone, I'm inside this chocolate fudge zombie blob that just ate me.

Petey the Pirate: You don't need to be able to see me, Sprite Alright. Just hear me. I messed up your party. I'm in over my head and you've got to uninvite us all from your house right away.

Sprite Alright: Yeah, okay. I don't want my daughter eaten by chocolate zombies anyway.

Fair Elise: Or your partner.

Sprite Alright: Come on, Fair Elise, I'm the one getting eaten here.

Fair Elise: You're right, sorry.

Sprite Alright: And I want you all out!

Mr. Eric: Oh, I thought when we were back to big size that all the chocolates would still be small, somehow.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, they're all still really big and they still got my tongue.

Alabaster Zero: But remember, Fred. For the rest of this story, candy and ice cream are very good for you.

Fred the Dog: Okay, but just to be clear: in real life chocolate is very very bad for dogs.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr! In real life you should never give dogs chocolate or onion or garlic, and especially not grapes or raisins.

Cthunkle: What about eldritch horrors from beyond the known universe. Can we have chocolate?

Mr. Eric: Uh, sure, I guess.

Cthunkle: Finally, I can indulge my sweet beak. Yum, yum yum yum.

Dracomax: Wait, wait, wait. We just need to make sure that these are mindless zombies who cannot talk or communicate in any way.

Alabaster Zero: Don't worry, Dracomax. These chocolate zombies aren't actually alive or intelligent. Just magical candy somehow turned evil by the unintended consequences of a wayward spell.

Abacus: Well, there you have it. You can all eat as much of the evil chocolate as you want. Mm, good souffle.

Fair Elise: I just don't understand how they took over the world so fast.

Mr. Eric: Well, most of What If World was inside your thimble at the time.

Fair Elise: My party planner told me he'd leave someone very capable in charge.

Petey the Pirate: And as soon as J.F. Kat woke up from his nap, I'm sure he would have taken care of all of this.

JF Kitty: I just heard about your purrdicament.

Petey the Pirate: There he is right now, flying up on a helicopter full of... what's that?

JF Kitty: That this party didn't have any chocolate milk so I brought 37 barrels of chocolate syrup! Now we just need some milk to squeeze it into.

Cthunkle: Oh dear.

Dracomax: But I am already so full of chocolate.

Fred the Dog: We should really find Harrigo. This would be his scene.

Whendiana Joan: Oh, maybe I'll just travel forward in time to when we're finally finished eating.

Petey the Pirate: Mr. Eric, I think we might need just a little bit more help.

Mr. Eric: Wow, yeah. Looks like. Anyway, I've got two babies at home, now. Talk about needing help. I need to go help Miss Karen, so all of you just keep working together and believe in yourselves... oh, and maybe save some chocolate for me.

Petey the Pirate: You're leaving?

Alabaster Zero: Don't worry, Mr. Eric, we've got this.

Fair Elise: Zero Fair investigations is on the case.

Alabaster Zero: Aw, thanks, Fair Elise.

Mr. Eric: The end.

Sprite Alright: Great surprise party, everybody. Let's never do it again.

Petey the Pirate: No! I promise the next one'll be better!

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Vicky, Leander, and Beatrice. I hope you enjoyed your story. And don't worry, everyone's gonna be fine, just full of chocolate.

Fred the Dog: Oh, so full of chocolate... but I still got to shout out Christopher, who's eight and a half and likes dragons, dogs, and wizards. Also building with Legos, drawing, and riding his bike and scooter.

JF Kitty: Jojo Fluffy Kat here to shout out Payton. She's 11 years old and has been listening to What If World since age seven. She loves musicals and is from San Diego.

Fair Elise: And I would like to shout out a wonderful helper in Charlie Teachworth. He is nine years old and wanted to thank us for making this show because he really enjoys it. Well, thank you, Charlie.

Fred the Dog: And I got another shout out for Elliott who is almost five. He loves cars, trucks, vehicles, roads, and his favorite kind of car is a Mercedes! He also likes kung fu and speaks Mandarin.

JF Kitty: Finally, Fred and I have a dual shout out for siblings Toby and Sebastian. Toby is age seven.

Fred the Dog: And Sebastian is age five. And they're both from Tasmania, Australia.

Mr. Eric: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, our helper, Miss Lynn, and all you amazingly capable kids out there who aren't afraid to ask for help when you really need it.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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