

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 219: What if you sang so loud that it shattered the world?](#)

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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 Amos.

Amos: Hi Mr. Eric, I'm Amos and my what if question is what if Howvarotti sang so loud that it shattered What If World and Abacus, Fair Elise and Dracomax had to find life on one of Whopiter's / Jupiter's moons?

Mr. Eric: Ooh, I can't wait to visit Whopiter. Although shattering What If World sounds kind of bad.

Howvarotti: [Singing]

Mr. Eric: Howvarotti, long time no see.

Howvarotti: [Singing] I haven't been able to sing for such a long time! [Ominous creaking in the background] I have a song in me that's about to burst!

Mr. Eric: Ooh, just please don't burst in my studio. You know, bursting in general is not good for people.

Howvarotti: [Singing] I'm trying!

Mr. Eric: Okay, he's literally vibrating right now, um, so let's just quickly read our review question from siblings Asher and Callista, who ask what if a snail was the king of the jungle. Oh, I love snails. Actually, my son's really into snails, too. But I'm not sure he'll understand that he's listening to a snail. He's not even two, yet.

Howvarotti: [Singing] Please, Mr. Eric!

Mr. Eric: Oh, right, we need to get to the story. So let's find out what if Howvarotti sang so long it shattered What If World, and Abacus, J.F. Kat, and Fair Elise had to find live on Whopiter's moon, plus, what if a snail was king of the jungle?

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: The wizard Abacus P. Grumbler and the former president J.F. Kat, were in a meeting with the current president of What If World, Fair Elise.

JF Kitty: It's just not fair. People with magic have all the power in this world.

Abacus: Oh, poppycock. You were president. Surely if there was a cat president, then there can't be any inequality in What If World. Back me up here, Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: I'm sorry, Abacus. I know J.F. Kat has given you a lot of grief over the years...

Abacus: He's destroyed all my crystal balls. There was that time we traded places. He's always taking naps in my beard, uninvited—

JF Kitty: Purr, quiet down. [Snoring]

Fair Elise: But the fact is, many of us who have magic use that power to make our own lives better and sometimes that impacts others in ways we do not realize.

Abacus: But I don't do that, I'm a good wizard.

JF Kitty: You've destroyed the world more often than Cthunkle.

Abacus: But not intentionally.

JF Kitty: It doesn't matter! Actions have consequences irregardless of your intentions.

Abacus: Well, irregardless isn't a word, you know.

JF Kitty: Oh, there you go. Pontiferating.

Abacus: I think you mean pontificating.

Fair Elise: Stop stop stop, you two. J.F. Kat has made some excellent points but I need to ask about the opera singer in the room.

Abacus: I think you mean the elephant in the room.

Howvarotti: [Singing] No, she doesn't!

Abacus: Oh, him? That's just Howvarotti. He's in every scene Mr. Eric describes today. Probably a What If thing. No need to worry.

JF Kitty: You don't need to worry because you've got magic. But if I snuggled and tickled him until he burst, his song could blow me and every other cat right off this planet!

Abacus: Preposterous!

JF Kitty: No, it's entirely posterous!

Abacus: Also not a word.

JF Kitty: That's it. Howvarotti, purrpare for my purrsonality!

Fair Elise: Um, you probably shouldn't cuddle him to prove a point if that point would destroy the entire...

Mr. Eric: But J.F. Kat had already started snuggling up to Howvarotti, who was already squeezing out air like an overinflated balloon.

Howvarotti: [Singing] Oooooo!

Mr. Eric: And a song began to shake out of him, so impossibly big and loud that all of What If World shook, too.

Abacus: No need to fear. I'll simply conjure a wormhole and send his song off harmlessly into deepest space.

Fair Elise: Weren't we just talking about the unintended consequences of magic?

Howvarotti: [Singing] Howvarotti, Howvarotti, Howvarotti!

Mr. Eric: And as Howvarotti's song finally burst forth, What If World was split into a thousand pieces and sucked through Abacus's wormhole to drift apart in deep, dark, space.

JF Kitty: Purrfect. You destroyed the world, again.

Abacus: Oh, never fear. I see that we're just outside of Whopiter. I've got a wizard buddy who lives on one of the moons. He's king of the jungle, you know.

JF Kitty: And I'm sure he'll help out all you magical creatures and leave us cats out to dry.

Abacus: But you love being dry. You had me summon a tiny sun that would follow you around and also you could play with it and it was shaped like a mouse and it tasted good. Whatever happened to that little mouse, anyway?

JF Kitty: None of your business. You don't get to judge how I eat the, use the help I'm given. Meow!

Fair Elise: Did just just meow out a sun ray?

JF Kitty: Probably, complete coincidence, though.

Fair Elise: No, no, no, Jojo, you see, those sun rays could make a perfect S.O.S. beacon. You could help get us saved.

Abacus: And I gave him that power so I'm saving us.

JF Kitty: That's not how giving works. [Burp] MEOW!

Mr. Eric: With an even bigger burp came an even bigger ray of sunlight, glowing like a beacon through the solar system. A little space ship was quickly homing in on that sunbeam and came toward the piece of rock that J.F. Kat, Fair Elise, and Abacus were floating on.

Abacus: There we are, saved already.

Fair Elise: I'm not so sure. It looks like a space tow ship. Space fairies make them and they're usually unmanned.

Mr. Eric: And indeed, the little space ship shot a beam towards the rock that enveloped it, allowing the ship to somehow drag the entire chunk toward a nearby moon. A moon that appeared to be completely devoid of life.

JF Kitty: Is this your friend's moon? I thought you said it was a jungle!

Abacus: Of course it is. Fire Snail's a powerful wizard. I'm sure the jungle is just hidden by an illusion or an invisibility sphere.

Mr. Eric: They stepped off their piece of rock onto another, searching through craters and moon dust for any signs of this king of the jungle.

Abacus: Maybe it's one of those interdimensional jungles and we're slowly walking through a snail hole to reach it.

Fair Elise: That's true, snail holes are much slower than worm holes. Space fairies told me that.

Abacus: Yes, yes, indubitably.

JF Kitty: I'm still pretty dubitable here.

Fire Snail: Excuse me. Please watch where you're going.

Mr. Eric: J.F. Kat's tiny little paws had nearly stepped upon an even tinier speck of green. But upon closer inspection, it was a jungle on the surface of Whopiter's moon, so small that you'd need a microscope to make out the details. And out of that jungle stretched the slimy eyestalks of a red snail.

Fire Snail: Whopiter are Youpiter? Are you trying to conquer my jungle?

Abacus: No, no, no, of course not. It's me, Abacus! Remember? You, me, and Molamo hung out that one time on Whoto. I was complaining about my certain fluffy friend.

JF Kitty: He means me.

Abacus: The black and white you know what.

JF Kitty: Cat. He means cat.

Abacus: The one with cute little paws.

JF Kitty: He's actually pointing at me.

Abacus: And a very unusual accent.

[Record scratch.]

JF Kitty: Wait, that can't be me. Who is this mysterious fluffy purrrson?

Fire Snail: Oh yes, the complaining wizard. Cabbages, right?

Abacus: No, no, not quite, it's Abac—

JF Kitty: There's no time for that, Cabbages. Our world has fallen apart!

Fair Elise: And we heard, Fire Snail, that you have the power to help us put it back together.

Fire Snail: Power? I barely have the power to keep this jungle growing on my back. Do you have any idea how cold it is in outer space.

Abacus: Uh, like, jacket weather?

Fire Snail: Colder.

Abacus: Mittens!?

Fire Snail: So much colder.

Abacus: You couldn't possibly mean two jacket weather?

JF Kitty: This is purrty unhelpful. Can you save us or not, Fire Snail?

Fire Snail: You're in luck. With the magic of this fairy and this wizard, we could grow out my jungle until all four of us could fit inside.

Abacus: Oh, that's marvelous. You see, Jojo, they're willing to use their magic to help all of us.

JF Kitty: But only if it helps them, first! There are countless people out there in space feeling lost and frightened.

Abacus: Where are you pointing? I don't see anyone.

JF Kitty: I was gesturing for emphasis! Just because you can't see them doesn't mean their suffering isn't real.

Abacus: [Gasps] What a wise thing to say! Are you sure you're not a wizard?

JF Kitty: People other than wizards can be wise!

Fair Elise: Listen, if we all just put aside our differences for a moment.

Abacus: No, don't worry. I don't see differences.

JF Kitty: Of course you do! It's insulting to pretend that you don't.

Fire Snail: Perhaps there's a way to use all of our different abilities to save the day.

JF Kitty: Purrfect. Now the Fire Snail's stealing my thunder.

Fair Elise: You know, I do have an idea.

JF Kitty: Ah, come on, Fair Elise!

Fair Elise: I'm sorry, did you also have an idea?

JF Kitty: Of course I do, and it'll knock your socks off.

Fair Elise: I'm wearing flats today.

Abacus: And my socks are magic and un-knock-off-able.

JF Kitty: Ugh, I need new friends.

Mr. Eric: And as J.F. Kat explained his plan, everyone listened with rapt attention.

JF Kitty: Now you're interrupting me, too, Mr. Eric!

Mr. Eric: Sorry, just trying to move things along.

Abacus: I'm sorry, Mr. Eric, I couldn't make out the last part over your narrating.

Mr. Eric: I'm... ugh, I'm sorry. Sometimes I just like the sound of my own voice.

Howvarotti: [Singing] You and me both! You and me both! You and me both!

Abacus: Oh, he's been floating in outer space this whole time.

JF Kitty: Grab him. The whole plan relies on Howvarotti!

Fair Elise: I thought the whole plan relied on a giant can of tuna fish.

JF Kitty: The whole plan also relies on you not questioning what the whole plan relies on.

Fair Elise: Fair enough.

JF Kitty: All right Fire Snail, give that jungle all the warmth you've got.

Fire Snail: I've been described as a very warm person.

JF Kitty: Okay. Thank you. Now, Fair Elise, send out the call to Sprite Alright.

Fair Elise: That was going to be part of my plan, you know.

JF Kitty: I don't care.

Sprite Alright: All right, all right! Saving the world, again?

Fair Elise: Yes, dear.

Abacus: Uh, Jojo, I forgot what I was supposed to do.

JF Kitty: Conjure me some tuna.

Abacus: And how much tuna?

JF Kitty: Too much tuna.

Abacus: Ana canna puna, we love tuna!

Mr. Eric: And a can of tuna even larger than this moon of Whopiter was suddenly teetering atop it!

Fire Snail: This will have a disastrous effect on our orbit.

JF Kitty: Purrfect.

Mr. Eric: J.F. Kat used one razor sharp kitty claw to open a tiny hole in the can of tuna, diving in to eat his fill.

JF Kitty: Now, Sprite Alright.

Sprite Alright: All right, all right.

Mr. Eric: And Sprite Alright teleported him to the nearest floating chunk of What If World.

JF Kitty: [Burp]

Mr. Eric: And even though sound doesn't typically travel through space, they could all hear J.F. Kat's voluminous burp.

Abacus: Voluminous doesn't have anything to do with volume!

Mr. Eric: They could all hear J.F. Kat's thunderous burp.

Abacus: Much better!

Mr. Eric: And they saw a blindingly bright ray of burped sunlight. Then... the little space tow ship found the floating rock and brought it back to Whopiter's moon. Over and over again, J.F. Kat would eat his fill of tuna, get teleported across the solar system, burp out a ray of sunlight and the space tow ship would rein in another floating chunk of What If World as Fair Elise's magic combined with Fire Snail's magic to feed and grow the jungle, connecting one broken piece of the world after another.

Abacus: You know, I could probably use my magic to grow the jungle, too.

JF Kitty: You were supposed to already be doing that!

Abacus: Oh, sorry. By the power of my uncle, let's grow this jungle!



Fire Snail: That's some powerful magic. Who's your uncle?

Abacus: You know, I'm really not sure.

Mr. Eric: And after eating too much tuna and burping too many times for a polite podcast, What If World had been reassembled. Although it had been knocked completely out of orbit and was plummeting toward the surface of Whopiter at an alarming rate.

JF Kitty: Now, Howvarotti!

Howvarotti: [Singing] Good bye! Good bye! Good bye!

JF Kitty: He really loves the sound of his own music.

Mr. Eric: And the same power that had once knocked What If World apart was now pushing it away from Whopiter, launching it back towards its own natural orbit around the sun.

Fair Elise: Impossible! How did you get the calculations correct, J.F. Kat?

Fire Snail: Indeed, it was infinitely more likely that the world would have been destroyed all over again.

JF Kitty: Oh, that part's easy to explain. I just used my catulator.

Abacus: Catulator? This is just a sofa cushion!

JF Kitty: That I use to scratch out all my catulations.

Abacus: And this is one of my sofa cushions.

JF Kitty: Then I took a really long nap on it.

Abacus: But you didn't scratch any numbers here at all.

JF Kitty: Didn't I?

Abacus: No, you didn't. It just says, "The end."

JF Kitty: Hahahaha!

Abacus: I see what you did there.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Amos, Asher, and Callista, I hope you enjoyed your story.

Fred the Dog: Fred the Dog here to shout out Hunter, age six. Hunter loves to listen to What If World every day on the way to school and back. Hunter lives in Austin, Texas with sister Laney, age four, and wants to be a scientist.

Fair Elise: Fair Elise here to give a magical shout out to Justin and Chase. Thank you so very much.

Abacus: And I, Abacus P. Grumbler, have another shout out for Hunter, age nine, who lives in Washington state with sister, Emerson. Hunter likes playing video games, listening to podcasts, and tap dancing.

JF Kitty: Then there's River, who's four years old. She loves playing, especially in the water and on her tablet, but not at the same time. She has a huge stuffed animal collection and is at the thrift stores every weekend, looking for more.

Fred the Dog: And last, but most certainly not least, there is Bryson, age nine, who loves Legos!

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 kids at home who keep a watch out for unfairness. It's an awfully tricky thing to see sometimes.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]