

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 226: What if paper dolls came to life and put on a show?

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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.

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
Kielen. Kielen and brother Collin have written us many questions, and
this one reads, what if JF Kat had a racecar and crashed a lot. Ow!

JF Kat: Get your foot off the road, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Get your racecar out of my studio, JF Kat.

JF Kat: But it's my birthday present, so I get to play with it as much as I want.

Mr. Eric: I don't know who bought that racecar for you but it's dangerous.

JF Kat: Meo'll have you know, I've already crashed this car 17 times and the only
purrson I've hurt is you.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, and you've hurt me 17 ti—ow!

JF Kat: 18. I don't think I'm very good at driving.

Mr. Eric: You really aren't, Jojo.

JF Kat: Good thing I'm ameowzing at apologies.

Mr. Eric: Have you apologized? Ow ow ow...

JF Kat: Sorry!

Mr. Eric: Well, we've got one final question from a listener named Elise, who asks,
what if Fred, JF Kat, and Alabaster Zero made paper dolls and they came
to life and put on a show for What If World.

So let's find out what if our friends made paper dolls that came to life,
and what if JF Kat had a racecar and crashed—

[Tires squealing and car crashing noise.]

Crashed... a lot.

JF Kat: Meooooowwch.

Mr. Eric: Uh-oh.

[Rising harp scale]

JF Kat was very lucky to be okay. Well, mostly okay. He was recovering from his crash in the Whospital and his tail was in a long, white cast. Mamma Jamma was fussing over him, as you might expect.

Mamma Jamma: And why is that, Mr. Eric? Just because I'm a mom, I have to be the fussy one?

Mr. Eric: Oh, no. Jojo's just been staying with you all lately, and I just thought—

Mamma Jamma: Well, I'll have you know I didn't even make this chicken soup, Poppa Loo did. From a can.

JF Kat: Speaking of cans, can you put a lid on it?

Mr. Eric: Sorry, Jojo.

Mamma Jamma: A lid on the soup, you mean?

JF Kat: No, on your talk. I was just in a totally unexpected racecar crash.

Mr. Eric: I wouldn't say totally unexpected.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, we kept telling you driving is not a game.

JF Kat: Uh-oh, they're teaming up on me. I've got to change the subject.

Mr. Eric: Said JF Kat, as if we couldn't hear him.

JF Kat: But, you know, it's not really my fault at all. Fred and Alabaster bought me the car for my birthday.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I know. And that's why they're waiting outside thinking about what they've done. And they won't play their Snokemon or their Whentendos until you're feeling better.

Fred: Ah, come on.

Alabaster: We didn't do anything.

Mr. Eric: Fred the Dog and Alabaster Zero poked their heads into the Whospital room. Fred was an old pug mix, with a tongue too long for his mouth and Alabaster Zero was a detective who didn't always act his age.

Alabaster: Age is just a number, Mr. Eric. And also, I'm not really sure how old I am.

Fred: I'll be 14 this January, so I'm basically the most grown up dog ever and I don't even think a grown up can punish me, right? Right?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, you two. I'm not punishing you, I'm just giving you the chance to deal with your guilt and figure out how to play safely together.

Alabaster: Then can we have our Whentendos back?

Mamma Jamma: No. Have fun, bye!

Mr. Eric: And with that, Mamma Jamma left, blowing loud kisses that the three of them expertly dodged. [Kissing noises and expressions of dismay from the three in the room.]

JF Kat: Is she gone.

Fred: Yeah, I think so.

JF Kat: Then, fork it over, detective.

Alabaster: But it's evidence from a crime scene.

JF Kat: What crime? I crashed into a tree, or maybe it was a pile of sticks. Anyway, they were fine.

Mr. Eric: And begrudgingly, Alabaster Zero opened up his backpack to reveal a badly dented racecar that was just the right size for a cat.

Fred: Oh, forget about the car, Jojo. I brought some origami paper and once my tongue's nice and dry, I'll show you how to fold a paper doll.

JF Kat: Not interested.

Alabaster: Not interested in seeing a dog fold a paper doll with his tongue?

JF Kat: No. I prefer driving. Now, give me the keys.

Dr. Joan: The keys to what, Mr. Kat?

JF Kat: It's President Kat and I want the keys to meooow house. Uh, hello, Dr. Joan, What If World's foremost time traveling doctor. Is there anything I can—

Dr. Joan: You can put a lid on it, President Kat. And by "it," of course, I mean your desire to drive. You've got to rest at least 19 hours a day, preferably on a soft cushion beneath a sunny window where Mr. Eric usually sits for work.

Mr. Eric: Hey!

Dr. Joan: And absolutely no driving under any circumstances.

JF Kat: But, Doctor!

Dr. Joan: You'll have to see a butt doctor if you go driving again. Well, a hip surgeon, really. But the point is, figure out how to play safely or you'll wind up back here, again.

Alabaster: No driving. Got it, Doc.

Dr. Joan: It's Dr. Joan. Now, I must go back to the future where I'm not the only doctor character in the entire world.

Fred: Bye! Say hello to Future Us.

Dr. Joan: Only if it won't create a paradox.

Fred: A pair o' box? That's two more boxes than I have now.

Alabaster: Uh, can we play with that paper, now?

Fred: But how does she know I have two boxes? Time travel is spooky.

JF Kat: Okay, I won't drive anymeow, so let's fold some paper.

Mr. Eric: Fred the Dog popped the trunk of the little racecar and took out a tongue-ful of thin, colorful squares of paper. Origami was even more difficult for cats and dogs than it was for humans. But after a few hours and a lot of tips from Fred, the three friends had each crafted a paper doll.

Fred: And then you fold the flipper flap anti-counterwise and... done!

Alabaster: Wow. It's amazing how you folded that with your tongue while also telling us how to do it.

JF Kat: And your directions sounded absurd, but somehow I folded a perfect JF Kat paper doll.

Alabaster: And I made an Alabaster doll by following the same directions? That doesn't seem possible.

Fred: And my doll is me.

Alabaster: But...

Fred: I know, we should have our paper dolls put on a show for all of What If World. And not think too hard about how we folded them.

JF Kat: Purrific! We'll livestream it using this crystal ball Abacus sent me as a get-well gift. Then I'll knock it off a shelf later.

Alabaster: See, Jojo? Nobody likes being stuck in the Whospital, but we can make the best of it together.

Mr. Eric: With a little bat from Jojo's fluffy paw, the crystal ball rose up, glowing blue, and zoomed in towards the paper dolls, bathing them in the cool glow of its magic.

Paper JFK: Quick everyone, in the car! We'll film a chase scene.

Paper Fred: But Jojo, you're still hurt. You aren't allowed to race... wait a second. What happened to my beautiful voice?

Paper Alabaster: Nobody panic. As long as my voice is still deep and resonant, we'll be a-okay. What's happening?

Mr. Eric: The paper dolls didn't realize it, but the moment JF Kat turned the crystal ball toward them, they'd come to life and started talking!

Paper JF Kat: Well, now we realize it, you just told us.

Paper Alabaster: Yeah, way to spoil the mystery, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, paper dolls.

Paper Fred: We have names, Mr. Eric! We just don't know what they are so give a minute to come up with them.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I'm sorry. Please, take your time. It's not like I'm trying to tell a story or anything.

Paper JF Kat: Oh, I got it. You can call me Jojo Foldy Kard.

Paper Alabaster: And I'm Alaposter Tissue.

Paper Fred: My name's Letterhead Fred.

JF Kat: Enough with the introductions, you three paper dolls. Go race my car!
[Car tires quealing.]

Mr. Eric: And the little JF Car took off down the hall, Alaposter Tissue and Letterhead Fred jumping in the back seat at the last minute and fastening their seatbelts. Jojo's little crystal ball followed them around like a floating video camera, taping their adventures and live streaming it to all of What If World.

Nurse: Whooo. No driving in the Whospital.

Mr. Eric: A nurse cried, trying to chase them down but they zipped away, taking a turn and—

Jojo Foldy Kard: Wheel chair!

Mr. Eric: A patient was being pushed right into their path. But JF Kard zipped the car halfway up onto its side, driving with two wheels on the walls and two wheels skidding across the ground.

Alaposter Tissue: We really shouldn't be glorifying this kind of unsafe driving.

Jojo Foldy Kard: But a car crash can't possibly hurt us, we're made out of paper. We're basically indestructible.

Letterhead Fred: Uh, I'm not sure you've thought this through.

Alaposter Tissue: Uuuuuuggghh. Fooooooot!

Mr. Eric: And there it was, as they rounded another corner. A dragon's gigantic foot, but made entirely out of—

Letterhead Fred: Oh, sticks. [Crashing noises.]

Stick Dragon: Oh no, not again!

Mr. Eric: Shouted stick dragon. As, for the second time in a day, a little racecar crashed into her scattering her giant foot all into pieces. And now the three paper dolls were lost in a deep, dark, pile of sticks.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Letterhead Fred! Alaposter Tissue! Where are you?

Mr. Eric: But JF Kard was lost in the forest of sticks, lit only by the dim blue light of the crystal ball outside.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Hey, crystal ball? If you're still livestreaming, can you send someone here to help us?

Mr. Eric: But the crystal ball just rotated slowly above the forest like a distant moon.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Oh, what have I done to deserve this? [Crickets] How are there already crickets in this forest?

Mr. Eric: Asked, Jojo Foldy Kard, clearly avoiding the issue at hand.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Cram a paper airplane in it, Mr. Eric. I know what I did. Meow!

Mr. Eric: JF Kard was trying to pick his way through the stick forest but then he realized that one of his paper legs had a painful rip.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Meowch! I got myself hurt, and if my paper body can get hurt, then stick dragon's stick body can get hurt, too, huh. And even my friends.

[CRUNCH. Owl hoots.]

Meow, there's owls in this forest, too. I mean, crickets living in a stick dragon, I get.

[Owl hoots.]

But owls?

[Scratching and falling sticks.]

Mr. Eric: The sound of scratching sticks grew as if something was tearing through the forest, but he couldn't see what.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Hey, you can't just go clattering around like that. There are people here! Someone could get hurt.

[Harp music.]

But that's kinda exactly what I was doing driving around my car, recklessly.

Mr. Eric: The forest of sticks shook and started falling toward JF Kard. The little paper doll limped away, but he was surrounded. He dove into the crook

of a Y-shaped branch, bracing his little body as the forest crashed around him.

[Crashing noises.]

Jojo squeezed his eyes shut and felt the world shake and lift and turn upside down. And then, he felt himself falling.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Aaaah! If I get through this, I promise to think about safety before silly!

[Sound of sticks getting flung aside.]

Letterhead Fred: Jojo, is that you?

Jojo Foldy Kard: Fred! Are you in one piece of paper? I can't look.

Alaposter Tissue: Open your eye flaps. It's over.

Mr. Eric: JF Kard dared to peek open his eyes and saw that his Y-shaped twig was sitting at the top of a box of sticks. Alaposter Tissue and Letterhead Fred were on top of their own sticks inside a second box.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Thank goodness you're all right! I thought you'd been eaten by crickets.

Letterhead Fred: Crickets?

Jojo Foldy Kard: Look, I don't know what crickets eat, I'm 10 minutes old!

Whocilla: You three are quite lucky.

Mr. Eric: Said Whocilla the owl, wearing nurse's scrubs and picking up pieces of Stick Dragon's foot before dropping them in these two cardboard boxes.

Alaposter Tissue: Are we lucky, or were we really prepared and thinking ahead when we asked crystal ball to livestream our race in case anything bad—

Jojo Foldy Kard: No, I didn't do that for safety. I just did it to impress ppl.

Stick Dragon: I used to live my life that way, too.

Mr. Eric: Said Stick Dragon, poking her gigantic nose out of her Whospital room. I was the greatest daredevil dragon the world had ever seen, but with each crash, I had to breathe out more of my magic sticks to keep myself together until one day I woke up and was all sticks. [Cries.]

Letterhead Fred: Plus, you could have hurt a lot of people flying around so recklessly.

Stick Dragon: Who says I was flying? I drove a tiny racecar, just like you. And it would have been so cute if only I'd taken the time to put safety before silly.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Exactly. We'll play the safety game from now on before we move on to the next game.

Alaposter Tissue: That'll make us so much less dangerous.

Letterhead Fred: And less obnoxious! Possibly.

Stick Dragon: Maybe I can help if you put my foot back together.

Mr. Eric: And so, Jojo Foldy Kard, Alaposter Tissue, and Letterhead Fred gave up their twice-crashed racecar and put Stick Dragon's foot back together. Then, the dragon breathed out a pile of magic sticks into each of their two boxes so the paper dolls could build an obstacle course on a little patch of grass outside. It was all the space the dolls would need to play their daredevil acrobat game.

Jojo Foldy Kard: And let's make sure there's a huge leaf pile on the ground here where we're most likely to fall.

Alaposter Tissue: Bearing in mind that a pile of leaves isn't a safe crash pad for kids.

Letterhead Fred: Yeah, but we're made out of paper, so it's plenty safe for us.

Jojo Foldy Kard: Meow we're getting it.

Letterhead Fred: And we could also play with this pair of boxes.

[Magical teleportation noises]

Dr. Joan: Past Fred wanted me to say hello to you, Present Fred.

Letterhead Fred: My brain is so blowed up right now.

Dr. Joan: Goodbye.

Alaposter Tissue: Ah, so that's what a pair of box is.

[Magical teleportation noises]

Dr. Joan: No, it's not! And it's called a paradox.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: The end.

JF Kat: Wait a minute, where's my lesson? Where's my story?

Mr. Eric: Don't you get it? JF Kard was learning the same lesson that you were supposed to—

JF Kat: I only learn things when I experience them directly.

Mr. Eric: I'm afraid if we all live that way, we'd miss out on a lot of important lessons.

JF Kat: And you're sitting in my cushion beneath the sunny window.

Mr. Eric: I know, I was just trying to get a little work done, but—

JF Kat: Sorry, doctor's orders. I have to nap there 19 hours a day.

Mr. Eric: You already nap here most of the time.

JF Kat: 19 hours.

Mr. Eric: Sorry, we still have to talk to the folks at home for a quick second.

JF Kat: This is my space now, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Sorry.

Mamma Jamma: Mamma Jamma here to shout out Leto who just turned ten on November 20th. He lives in South Australia with his sister Harla. Leto's training to be a pro gamer. He loves Pokemon, Minecraft, Fortnite and What If World. And the whole family listening to us on long drives.

Pipey-O: And it'sa me, Pipey-O here to shout out Matteo, who just turned a six years old in October. He loves a Hot Wheels, Legos and a Mario. Never heard of him. And he listens to What If World every nighta before bed.

JF Kat: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, co-creator of What If World, Craig Martinson for our theme song. Our helper, Miss Lynn, and all you kids at home who enjoy playing the safety game before getting into the silly game.

Mr. Eric: Can I please do this part?

JF Kat: No.

Until we meowt again, keep won-fur-ing.

Mr. Eric: That was a real stretch, Jojo.

JF Kat: Mreaoow. You're right about that.

[What If World theme plays.]

: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, co-creator of What If World, Craig Martinson, who wrote and performed our theme song, our awesome helper, Miss Lynn, and all you kids at home who know that talking to others means sharing your interests and not just talking about how much you love tuna even though tuna's the absolute best. Don't forget to tuna in next time.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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