

Podcast: What If World

[Episode 234: What if Mr. Eric interviewed Harrigo the Tree?](#)

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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 an interview request from Jackson.

Jackson: Hi, Mr. Eric. My name is Jackson. I am a humongous fan of your show. My question is what if Mr. Eric interviewed Harrigo the Tree? And my questions for Harrigo are why do you like chocolate so much? What is your favorite type of chocolate? Did you get any chocolate for Valentine's Day? And has Fred the Dog ever tried to eat you since you are a tree? Thank you, bye!

Mr. Eric: Wow, Jackson! Thank you so much. We've never interviewed Harrigo! You gave us some great questions to start off with, and I also reached out to my two original patrons, my niece and nephew, Teddy and Liddy, to get some bonus questions. Finally, my helper, Miss Lynn, gave me just a couple more.

Now, outside of Jackson's questions, which we just heard, I do not know what these questions are, and neither does Harrigo, so you're about to hear a truly off-the-cuff interview.

Now, you might be wondering who Harrigo is. He's a big, old tree who loves to eat chocolate and first appeared in Episode 22: What if a tree named Harrigo ate a chocolate who was talking?

But today, Harrigo will be doing all the talking, right after he gets into the studio.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Harrigo? Buddy?

Harrigo: I'm in What If World, still!

Mr. Eric: Well, why?

Harrigo: Because I'm a tree. I'm rooted into the ground.

Mr. Eric: You're not like a walking, talking tree?

Harrigo: Talking, yes. Walking, no... depending on the story. But usually no.

Mr. Eric: So I've got to go into What If World to interview you?

Harrigo: I've got news for you, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Yeah?

Harrigo: You're already here! [Laughs]

Mr. Eric: I thought you just ate chocolate, Harrigo. You're not thinking of eating me, or anything?

Harrigo: No, I just know you don't like coming to What If World.

Mr. Eric: I love coming to What If World, I just don't like getting eaten while here. Besides this isn't about me, we've got to ask you your interview questions.

Harrigo: Well, hurry up about it. I haven't got all day.

Mr. Eric: Sorry, are you going somewhere.

Harrigo: No, but it's noon so I only have half of the day.

Mr. Eric: Oh. Okay. Harrigo, your first question is from Jackson, who asks why do you like chocolate so much?

Harrigo: You see when I was born, I was but a tree. [Flashback chimes.]

Mr. Eric: Are you doing a flashback?

Harrigo: More like dramatic narration.

Mr. Eric: Okay, it's just that that's usually my job, but...

Harrigo: And as I grew, I started to realize there was a What If out there that would someday bring me to life and I would have no choice but to love chocolate.

Mr. Eric: So it's just part of who you are, and nothing you can do about it?

Harrigo: I can make sure I make healthy and responsible choices, but I will always love chocolate no matter what I do.

Mr. Eric: Well, that's a perfect segue into our next question, what is your favorite type of chocolate?

Harrigo: Mr. Eric! I love all chocolates equally!

Mr. Eric: Well, that's very generous, but you must enjoy some chocolate more than others?

Harrigo: From the darkest chocolate of the richest cacao, to the melted M&M off of your shoe.

Mr. Eric: How did that get there?

Harrigo: [Eating]

Mr. Eric: You didn't have to eat my whole shoe, Harrigo.

Harrigo: And yet I did.

Mr. Eric: It's just it's a long walk back to What Is World—

Harrigo: Next question!

Mr. Eric: All right. This one comes from my niece Liddy, who asks, does the chocolate you eat make you more chocolatey brown?

Harrigo: Hmm... more of a rich mahogany, but yes. The more chocolate I imbibe, the more of a beautiful rich earthy brown I become, unlike humans or other trees, I am nourished and enriched by the chocolate I eat. Aren't I lucky?

Mr. Eric: And then my nephew Teddy asked: What is your favorite color?

Harrigo: I have a rare form of color blindness where I see only in shades of brown, so I guess, brown.

Mr. Eric: Brown?

Harrigo: Brown.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Liddy and Jackson have just a couple more chocolate questions for you, so we're going to do a lightning round. [Thunder crash.]

Harrigo: No, don't talk about lightning in front of a tree, Mr. Eric! How insensitive can you be?

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry... a rushing water round?

Harrigo: Acceptable.

[Ding.]

Mr. Eric: Do you like making chocolate sandwiches?

Harrigo: Only if the bread is also chocolate.

[Ding.]

Mr. Eric: Are you made out of chocolate?

Harrigo: I have an ooey-gooey chocolate core. But I don't know you well enough to describe it.

[Ding.]

Mr. Eric: Is your house made out of chocolate?

Harrigo: I am my own house, so, kind of.

[Ding.]

Mr. Eric: Did you get any chocolate for Valentine's Day?

Harrigo: I wait 'til the day after and buy it on super clearance.

[Ding.]

Mr. Eric: Did you eat your grandma that was made out of chocolate?

[Record scratch.]

Yee... probably should have read that one in my head before saying it out loud.

Harrigo: All right, yes! My grandmother was a piece of chocolate covered caramel with a sprinkle of sea salt, and just because she is—

Mr. Eric: How is that possible?

Harrigo: Because anyone can be a family, Mr. Eric, and Grandma Cocoa may live in my belly, but that's not because I ate her.

Grandma Cocoa: It's true! He takes very good care of me, although he could come to visit more.

Harrigo: I'm always visiting you, you live in my belly.

Grandma Cocoa: Oh, now he talks to me.

Harrigo: Grandma Cocoa, you're derailing my interview.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I mean, I really do want to dive into the grandma made out of chocolate thing, but we just have so much more to get through.

Grandma Cocoa: It's okay. I'll just sit here in the dark.

Harrigo: I've got a whole family of fireflies living down there.

Fireflies: Leave us out of this, Harrigo.

Mr. Eric: Miss Lynn asks: you have such a lovely singing voice...

Harrigo: Yes, I do, next question.

Mr. Eric: What's your favorite song to sing?

Harrigo: Anything public domain. [Singing operatically] The itsy-bitsy spider climbed up the water spout.

Strider: Excuse me, my name is Strider the Barrispider, barrister and representative of Itsy Bitsy the spider, demanding that you cease and desist all mentions of and references to her likeness.

Harrigo: I keep telling you, it's just referring to a spider that happens to be small. It could be any spider.

Strider: That excuse may hold up in the sticks, Mr. Harrigo, but I assure you, the League of Spiders takes such matters seriously.

Harrigo: Fine, I'll stop serenading the entire forest with my beautiful voice, are you happy?

Strider: I'm never happy, Mr. Harrigo, but my client will be.

Harrigo: That Itsy Bitsy!

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, Harrigo, there's just a lot going on right now. Should we reschedule the rest of the interview?

Harrigo: Oh, Mr. Eric, when you're a tree, life happens all around you. You just have to learn to accept that.

Mr. Eric: That is very wise, and I think, a very good segue to this question from Miss Lynn. Do you have any regrets?

Harrigo: I tried to eat a talking chocolate and I drove away my best friend, Whocilla the Owl in the process.

Mr. Eric: Well, yeah, those sound like big regrets.

Harrigo: I've been raised with every advantage. A rich, loamy forest, woodland creatures all looking out for each other. The presidents of What If World have declared this a protected forest.

Mr. Eric: You regret all that?

Harrigo: I should have been more giving towards my friends and fellow woodland creatures, but for so long I was a taker, only. I mean, except for the fact that I'm a tree, so I already give back more than most humans.

Mr. Eric: Whoa, when did this become about me?

Harrigo: I regret that it took me so long to learn that with great privilege comes great responsibility.

[Record scratch.]

Strider: Excuse me, my name is Strider the Barrispider, barrister and representative of Spider-Man, here with a cease and desist order for any line referencing or inspired by, "With great power, comes great responsibility."

Harrigo: But Spider-Man didn't even say that! Uncle Ben said it first, and Aunt May more recently. It depends on your Spider-Verse! Oh! Let me see that! [Rustling paper.]

Mr. Eric: Maybe I'll just, um, go.

Harrigo: This is pretty air-tight. Okay. I won't use the great power line, but with great privilege does come great responsibl—

Strider: I implore you not to finish that sentence.

Harrigo: [Groans.]

Mr. Eric: Okay, Teddy asks, what is your dream job?

Harrigo: I'm already doing it! Helping make sure those around me can get what they need. Providing shelter with my leaves and trunk, food from the nuts I drop, and helping maintain harmony by being a listener first before sharing my sonorous voice and expert opinions.

Mr. Eric: So, wait, what job are you describing?

Harrigo: I'm self-employed as a tree!

Mr. Eric: That's a job?

Harrigo: You don't ask a dog what their job is.

Mr. Eric: I guess you're right.

Harrigo: And people are not defined simply by their work.

Mr. Eric: Oh, well, then I think I have a great question for you. What's your hobby?

Harrigo: You seriously don't know?

Mr. Eric: Oh, singing, I guess?

Harrigo: Hardly! That's just something beautiful that happens naturally as the wind blows through my hollows. No, my favorite hobby is... well, look! [Dance music.]

Mr. Eric: I... maybe I don't talk to enough trees, but I don't see anything.

Harrigo: I'm doing it right now!

Mr. Eric: Oh, are we playing charades? You are a stationary tree.

Harrigo: Mr. Eric! Look! I'm dancing!

Mr. Eric: I'm not sure you and I have the same idea of what dancing is.

Harrigo: If only you'd stick around for several hours, or days, or years. You would see that we trees are always dancing.

Mr. Eric: Oh, as you grow and sway and reach and change. It is not the fastest dance, but yeah, I see it.

Harrigo: I mean, you couldn't possibly. It's been like 30 seconds.

Mr. Eric: But a breeze just blew recently, and...

Harrigo: Breezes don't tell me what to do!

Skanawana Winds: Look at Harrigo!

Hehe! We made him dance again!

There goes ol' dancin' in the breeze Harrigo!

We'll be back tomorrow! We'll make you dance to some ska music.

Harrigo: Joke's on you! I don't even know what kind of music that is. Sorry, it's the Skanawana Winds, they blow through here every now and then, making a ruckus.

Mr. Eric: Wow, Harrigo. I never realized how, being rooted in the ground like this, you could still lead such a rich, full, and interesting life.

Harrigo: You fast-moving creatures have trouble seeing what we're capable of, but I forgive you.

Mr. Eric: Oh, good, because I was just about to apologize.

Harrigo: Uh-huh.

Mr. Eric: Well, listen, we're almost out of time here, so I've just got two more questions. The first one's from Jackson, who asked, has Fred the Dog ever tried to eat you, since you're a tree?

Harrigo: I hope not! Because I'm a chocolate filled tree, I'd be especially bad for dogs. [Fred chewing in the background.]

Fred the Dog: Oh, man... I thought I was gonna have an awesome cameo, but now I just gotta go puke up a stick. I'll meet you back in the studio, Mr. Eric, on your fluffy carpet rug. You know, the one that's really difficult to clean?

Mr. Eric: Fred, can't you just get sick here, in the woods?

Fred the Dog: Like an animal!?

Mr. Eric: Um, yes.



Fred the Dog: Heheheh! You're so funny, Mr. Eric. Okay, see you later, Daddy. Oh, that's coming up real fast...

Mr. Eric: Fred, just wait one minute, just let me grab my gloves!

Harrigo: You said you had another question for me!

Mr. Eric: I know, but my dog...

Harrigo: He ate an imaginary stick filled with imaginary chocolate. He'll be fine.

Mr. Eric: Okay, I guess I'm just more worried about my rug.

Fred the Dog: Oh, Daddy never lets me roll around on this fluffy rug in his studio. It really doesn't stink enough if you ask me.

Mr. Eric: Okay, last question, um, really quickly, do you have any goals you want to accomplish in the future?

Harrigo: Oh, of course I do. Who doesn't have goals for their future, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: Are you talking slower on purpose?

Harrigo: This is the same speed I've always talked. I'm a treeeeeeeeee!

Fred the Dog: Oh, that imaginary stick's not sitting right.

Mr. Eric: Goals for the future, go!

Harrigo: I want to make the forest a more welcoming place while also teaching people to respect it, and the creatures therein.

Mr. Eric: That is a lofty and complicated goal, Harrigo. Possibly outside of the purview of this final interview question.

Harrigo: Nonsense, it'll be simple. I've already devised a plan to have messages posted all over the forest, telling others how to safely interact with us, what everything is, and when we need to be left alone.

Mr. Eric: I really got to go, but that just sounds like so many signs, Harrigo.

Fred the Dog: Ooh, must find worst possible place to empty stomach...

Harrigo: That's just the thing, Mr. Eric. It'll be easy. I have thousands of friends throughout the forest who can spin out these messages in their spider webs. We'll call them web pages.

Strider: This is Strider the Barrispider, here representing the estate and ancestors of one Charlotte Webb, the Spider.

Harrigo: Oh, right...

Strider: And also the entire internet.

Harrigo: [Groans.]

Fred the Dog: Hahah! Busted, Harrigo... whoa [puking].

Mr. Eric: Fred! No no no no! Wait! ... My rug...

[Falling harp scale.]

Harrigo: The end.

Fred the Dog: Ooh, I'm feeling so much better, just in time to shout out Colton, age seven, Liam, age 10, and Ely, age 12. They live in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Mr. Eric: And I'd like to thank Jackson, Teddy, and Liddy for their great interview questions, Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, our associate producer, Miss Lynn, and all you kids at home who are woodland protectors, even if you might not find yourself in the woods that often.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]