

Podcast: What If World

[Episode 245: G&G 15: Who's afraid of the big bad space chicken?](#)

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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.

[Guilds & Goblins music.]

- Mr. Eric: Greetings, Adventurers, and welcome back to Guilds & Goblins, the What If World show where your questions and ideas combine with live, in-the-moment die rolls to help us tell off-the-cuff stories. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and here are your fellow adventurers.
- Lola Rabbit: Yeah, I'm Lola Rabbit. I play Lowlandra, a wererabbit and nature mage.
- Scully: I'm Scully the Squid, I play Scullen Bones, the skeleton trickster.
- Zach: I'm Zach Jammaloo, I play Zachimedes, the goblin eggchanter.
- Zizi: And I'm Zizi Jammaloo, but my character is Turtok, the turtle timekeeper.
- Mr. Eric: And folks, you know we do a new question each week. This one is a review question from a listener named Ben, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to read it at the end, along with Silas's question. And yes, this is the final part of our three part adventure. But before we jump into it, let's get a quick recap.
- Zizi: Turtok, the turtle timekeeper was flying the team to meet the Underlows...
- Scully: When we were attacked by a giant space chicken.
- Lola Rabbit: We crash-landed but were saved by a wolf calling themselves the big bad wolf.
- Zach: But they didn't seem so big and bad to us.

Zizi: It turns out the muffin people, ruled over by the noble cupcakes, had labeled the big wolf as bad and bound them to their service with a magical contract.

Scully: So we snuck into their Muffin Mansion Maze to find and break the contract, freeing the big wolf, who wasn't really bad!

Lola Rabbit: But of course, the maze was made of baked goods and full of traps, and ooey-gooey, mindless, half-baked guardians that chased us all over the place.

Zach: We found a secret door at the last minute and fled through it, escaping the half-baked guardian.

Mr. Eric: And that's where we start our adventure.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: You're on the other side of the secret door. The ooey-gooey guardian is still pounding the wall behind you, but you finally found a moment of safety.

Lola Rabbit: Oh yeah, I don't feel like I'm gonna get chewed on by a headless, half-baked cake batter guardian at any second.

Scully: Did anyone, just a little bit, want to try a bite of them?

Zach: No!

Lola Rabbit: No.

Zizi: Yes, definitely.

Mr. Eric: A long, crystalline hallway stretches before you made of blue rock candy. It feels jagged and unfinished, but it lights your way well enough until you reach a secret bakery, dun dun DUN.

Zach: Mr. Eric, what's so scary about a secret bakery?

Mr. Eric: You can still hear the distant crashes of the baked good guardian trying to break through the secret wall. Lola, Zach, and Scully, you still have time to take your turn.

Zach: Okay, I will investigate.

Lola Rabbit: Sure, I'll help. I've baked a carrot cake or two.

Scully: I'll hang back with Turtok in case there's trouble.

Mr. Eric: Lola and Zach, roll learn.

Lola Rabbit: That's a 19.

Zach:  $9 + 4$  equals 13!

Mr. Eric: We'll start with you, Zach. It seems you're not the first people to have ever been lost inside this Muffin Mansion Maze. You find a little scrap of paper with some directions on it leading to a circled room that reads: "Office?"

Zach: I'll study this map. Maybe it can lead us to the contract.

Mr. Eric: And Lola, you discover something that only one with baking experience might figure out. There's a cookbook that shows you how to turn a muffin person into cupcake royalty, simply by creating a wig of permanent magical frosting.

Lola Rabbit: Uh, so what?

Mr. Eric: Scullen, since you're standing guard, you catch a glimpse of movement and see a large metal mixing bowl falling towards Zachimedes!

Scully: I want to launch my heaviest piece of driftwood at the bowl, see if I can deflect it. Ugh... a 3.

Mr. Eric: This bowl was falling just a little bit faster than you're able to throw and your scrap of driftwood sails wide and clatters noisily as— [CLUNK] Zachimedes, you get knocked on the head and suffer one hurt.

Zach: Ow! Why? That really hurt. Who did that?

Mr. Eric: You look up and see a little muffin wearing an apron and standing up on a tall shelf.

Muffin: Get out of my bakery!

Mr. Eric: They shout.

Muffin: I'll never tell you the secret of how to make muffin people into cupcake people.

Lola Rabbit: Oh, that? Yeah, I already found that in this cookbook. You left it wide open to that page, and uh...

Muffin: Well, I was baking and you interrupted me.

Scully: Yeah, well we're being chased by a giant gooey half-baked creature so if you'll just direct us to the office where they keep the contracts, we'll get right out of your hair.

Muffin: I do not have frosting hair for I am but a lowly cupcake, and only the cupcakes nobility are noble enough to handle the contracts.

Zach: Yeah, but you just said you can turn muffins into cupcakes.

Muffin: Yeah—

Lola Rabbit: But you haven't turned yourself into a cupcake?

Muffin: No, my contract says I can only turn noble-born muffins into cupcakes.

Zizi: But who decides whether you are a noble-born muffin or not?

Muffin: The cupcake people.

Zach: So the people in power are the only ones who decide who gets to be the people in power?

Muffin: Well, that's not exactly the language of my contract, but yeah.

Mr. Eric: It sounds like the half-baked guardian is about to break through into the secret corridor. If you stay here talking any longer, it might catch up to you.

Zizi: I could try to slow it down.

Lola Rabbit: The last time you tried that, didn't you speed up a space chicken until it crashed into us?

Zizi: Well, that can't happen every time, certainly.

Zach: It's coming, we've got to move! Muffin baker, do you want to come with us?

Muffin: The guardians won't hurt me, I have a contract.

Scully: Okay, no time! We gotta run.

Lola Rabbit: Well, I'm taking this book with me, muffin baker, cupcake maker.

Muffin: Then I have no choice but to sound the alarm.

Zach: And we're running, we're running!

Mr. Eric: You head deeper down the secret passageway and you hear a tiny bell ring behind you.

Scully: Some alarm.

Mr. Eric: Followed by a louder bell off in the distance.

Muffin: Things are about to get much worse for you! Hahaha! Haha!

Zizi: I thought things were already pretty bad, personally.

[Loud bell]

Mr. Eric: And it feels like the whole mansion is shaking with the reverberations of some giant alarm bell. The sharp rock candy crystals of the hallway start growing towards you. Everyone roll dare to avoid the suddenly spiky candy.

Scully: 6.

Zach: 11?

Lola Rabbit: [Chime] Nat 20!

Zizi: 5.

Mr. Eric: Lowlandra, with your nat 20, you can protect one other player as you daringly hop through the spikes.

Lola Rabbit: Probably makes the most sense for me to grab Zachimedes, because he's kind of small.

Zach: I'll take it!

Mr. Eric: So, Turtok, despite your hard shell and Scullen, despite your narrow bones, you're each scraped and battered by this rock candy and you take one hurt apiece.

Zizi: I'm at 2 again.

Scully: Me, too...

Mr. Eric: Well, fortunately for all of you, secret passages aren't well disguised from the inside and you're able to burst out of the hallway into a different part of the Muffin Mansion Maze.

Zach: Have we found the office?

Mr. Eric: Roll learn, see if you're getting closer.

Zach: 14?

Mr. Eric: Yes, despite the traps and chasing, you're still getting closer.

Zizi: But Scullen and I can only take one more hurt before we are stunned.

Lola Rabbit: Maybe not. I want to give the three of them each one of my carrots. Zach, you're hurt, too, right?

Zach: Yeah, but only a little.

Lola Rabbit: That's okay, I'm not hurt at all and I think I know what these'll do.

Mr. Eric: You each take a quick second to munch on these magical carrots and as Lola expected, you feel the mighty power of beta-carotene surging through you. You each heal one hurt. And Lola, for giving up all of your magic carrots, I'll give you one heart.

Scully: Hooray! We might actually survive.

Mr. Eric: And just as you say that, Scullen, you spy movement out of a big bay window, and you see, flying towards you from the distance...

[Loud squawking]

The giant three-eyed space chicken.

Zach: Have I mentioned how we're moving, we're moving!

Mr. Eric: Zach, what's Zachimedes' favorite food?

Zach: Well, everybody loves a donut, why do you ask?

Mr. Eric: Because as you continue to follow this map around a corner into a new hallway, you see that it's more a tunnel made up entirely of donuts that you have to crawl through to get to the end. Zachimedes, roll wonder to resist temptation.

Zach: 3 + 5...

Mr. Eric: Riding on top of Egglegs and following the map, you get about halfway down the tunnel until your head brushes against some delicious chocolate glaze and you just can't help it anymore.

Zach: I need donuts! OM NOM NOM!

Zizi: Can I pick up the map and follow it?

Mr. Eric: You can try, but it's going to be a hard roll for you because Zachimedes hasn't shown the map to anyone yet.

Zizi: An 18 but the lower roll is a 12, but then I add a 1 for learn?

Mr. Eric: You easily pry the map out of Zachimedes' glazed donut hands. And fortunately, his clawed finger seems to trace a little chocolatey line down from where you left off. It takes you a moment, but you're able to get out of the donut hallway. And there, before you, are the double doors that must lead to the office, only... the giant space chicken is right behind you.

Lola Rabbit: Here we go.

Mr. Eric: And the double doors into the office, well, they happen to be exactly muffin sized.

Scully: I could walk my finger bones through, but then I wouldn't be able to see.

Lola Rabbit: Oh, I could turn into a bunny and try to squeeze through?

Mr. Eric: It's small even for a bunny, but if you roll dare, I'll let you do it.

Lola Rabbit: Oh,  $5 + 3$ .

Zizi: I'll use some clockwork grease to help make her slippery.

Mr. Eric: Turtok greases you up, Lowlandra. You can roll one more time.

Lola Rabbit: Come on...  $6 + 3$ ...

Mr. Eric: You are well and truly stuck, and another ooey-gooey guardian arrives, this one made of soggy loops of half-fried donut.

Zach: Gross.

Scully: Ooh, I got a good trick idea. I want to send one of my hands onto the ooey-gooey guardian and throw some of its unfried dough at the giant space chicken.

Mr. Eric: Ooh ho ho! Being a trickster, I'll make that an easy roll for you, Scullen.

Scully: Ooh, a 6 and a natural 1!?

Mr. Eric: Since you don't use those bonus dice I do give you an extra heart per day, do you want to use it?

Scully: Yes, please!

Mr. Eric: Then roll one more D20.

Scully: Oh, come on...

Zach: What was it!

Zizi: Don't hide your dice, Scullen!

Lola Rabbit: We can't keep messing up rolls...

Scully: It was a 15!

Mr. Eric: The donut guardian tries to swipe your hand off, but a gooey clump falls off its finger and you quickly toss it at the giant space chicken.

[Squawk!]

The giant space chicken turns to the half-baked automaton and starts flapping its wings and pecking at it! You've bought yourselves some time, what do you want to do?

Lola Rabbit: If I transform into my big werebunny form, then back into the little bunny form, can I like, bust open this door frame a little?

Mr. Eric: Ooh, Lola, that sounds painful. It'll probably hurt, but I'll give you another dare roll if you try it.

Lola Rabbit: Yes, that's a 14 + 3!

Mr. Eric: You feel the brownie walls start to crack around you as you use your werebunny powers to partly transform, making yourself bigger, ow! And then smaller, again. You suffer one hurt, but you do finally manage to slip through.

Scully: I'll send my other hand in to help Lowlandra find the contract.

Mr. Eric: Your hand has good spatial awareness and could read braille and stuff, so you just keep bringing over papers to help Lowlandra.

Zach and Zizi, what do you do?



Zach: Well, I love eggs and this is a giant space chicken, so I want to try to understand it. I'll focus all my egg magic into myself and try to touch one of its feathers.

Mr. Eric: Roll wonder, Zach, but this is a dangerous creature. You might be at risk if you fail.

Zach:  $10... + 3?$

Mr. Eric: You have the brief sensation of falling up as you feel yourself being pulled into the mind of this giant space chicken. You see yourself flying from world to world, giving away your magical eggs to those in need until you get sort of stuck on this island and everything gets fuzzy and you hear a distant [chicken noises and a wolf howls] and you just feel confused and angry and sometimes frightened. And then you're being attacked by a creature made of half-baked donuts, before the bond is broken and you're back in your own mind, Zachimedes.

Zach: Turtok, I think we need to help her.

Zizi: I want to get next to the half-baked guardian and make my heliclockter whirl and whirl, trying to blow it away from the space chicken.

Mr. Eric: All right, all right, roll dare for that.

Zizi:  $16 + 2$ .

Mr. Eric: You angle your shell just so and spin your heliclockter propellers so fast that the donut creature is blown away, bouncing and rolling goo-ily down the hall. And then the space chicken seems to calm down, and by way of thanks, sits on top of you, Turtok.

Zizi: Zizi is experiencing distinct *deja vu*.

Mr. Eric: I bet you are. Meanwhile, Lowlandra and Scullen, you're looking for the contract. Lowlandra, with Scullen's help you can attempt an easy learn roll to try and find the contract.

Lola Rabbit: A 5 and an 18, zoom!

Mr. Eric: You and Scullen quickly leaf through a dozen pieces of aged parchment until you find one scrawled with magic runes, and on top it reads in a flowing golden script, "Big Bad Wolf."

Jilas: Have at thee, foul werebeast!

[Record scratch.]

- Lola Rabbit: Ugh, not this muffin again.
- Jilas: I am not a muffin, I am Jilas and I am a member of the cupcake nobility!
- Scully: Scullen puts their head up to the muffin hole so they can talk and says, yeah, but you cupcakes are just muffins with frosting put on top.
- Lola Rabbit: We found your secret baking book. The jig is up.
- Jilas: There is no jig, you simply do not understand, but you will once you witness the signing of your own contracts, stating you to be big and bad like the rest of them.
- Mr. Eric: And you don't know how, but Jilas seems to have learned your name and holds up a contract that looks identical to the big bad wolf, except that it reads—
- Jilas: Lowlandra, you are a big, bad, werebunny.
- Mr. Eric: Lowlandra, as the golden runes glow in your eyes, you see yourself as a younger werebunny being teased for loving the dirt and for talking to flowers, and for being just a little bigger than the average bunny. Roll wonder to resist the spell this cursed contract casts.
- Lola Rabbit:  $11 + 4...$
- Mr. Eric: Then tell me, Lola, how do you resist this magic?
- Lola Rabbit: Same as I did back then. I stare daggers at that contract and say, I like myself. I'm amazing and weird and wonderful, and nothing you write on a silly piece of paper is ever gonna make me doubt that.
- Mr. Eric: A rip tears itself halfway down the contract.
- Scully: Can I have my hand try to tear the rest of the way through the contract.
- Mr. Eric: Very much so. And being that it's paper, I'll make it an easy roll.
- Scully: It's two 8s.
- Mr. Eric: Jilas sees your hands coming and pulls the contract out of the way.
- Jilas: I've got a contract for you, too, you big bad bag of bones!
- Zach: Can I roll an egg through the opening?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, why not?

Zach: Then I'll make my shield egg super hot and try to burn up the contract.

Mr. Eric: I'll make that an easy dare roll for you, too.

Zach: Got a 15 and an 18.

Mr. Eric: As Jilas pulled the contract away from Scullen's hand, your warmed up egg rolls over and incinerates the contract altogether.

Jilas: No! You may have thwarted my Muffin Mansion Maze and befriended our giant space chicken guardian, but tonight the big bad wolf shall come for you and gobble you up!

Lola Rabbit: Actually, I don't think that's gonna happen. And I rip the contract in half.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, you don't even have to roll for that, it's in your hands.

Jilas: Well, it seems I was mistaken about all of you. I would like to give you honorary cupcake status and a handsome bribe. I mean, stipend.

Zach: No, I think we'll just go back to town and show everyone this book that proves no cupcake's better than any muffin.

Lola Rabbit: Especially not a carrot cake muffin.

Scully: You're not helping, Lowlandra!

Lola Rabbit: I practically saved the day singlehandedly.

Jilas: No, you mustn't upset the delicate balance in our society. You will invite chaos!

Zizi: Probably a little bit, but also much needed change for the better. Says Turtok, who's still being sat upon by a giant space chicken.

Mr. Eric: Yes, you are. I forgot.

[Time skip noise.]

Well, the giant space chicken offers to give you all a ride back to the town where you reveal the truth about cupcakes and muffins and indeed set off quite the commotion.

Muffin crowd: Down with cupcakes! Down with cupcakes!

Mr. Eric: The giant space chicken seems to be agitated by all this noise, closing its three eyes and covering its head with a wing as the sun sets off in the horizon.

[Chicken clucks and then the clucking turns into a howl!]

Zach: I knew it!

Mr. Eric: You knew that the giant space chicken was actually the werewolf the whole time?

Zach: Yeah, that's why they gave me my egg!

Mr. Eric: Well, as you suspected, the giant space chicken transforms into the big, but not bad, wolf.

Big Bad Wolf: Oh, oh no! I'm in the middle of town! I'm gonna run amok eating cupcakes and muffins! Why aren't I doing a bad thing right now?

Zizi: Because you have free will.

Zach: No one's inherently good or bad, we just get to make choices.

Lola Rabbit: I don't think you want to eat anybody.

Scully: You're pretty much kind to everybody except yourself.

Big Bad Wolf: Eh, well, I may be a big wolf by night and a giant space chicken by day, but whenever it is and whoever we are, we're happy to have you as friends.

All: Hooray big wolf! Hooray big wolf!

Big Bad Wolf: Maybe I can help these folks build a better town. But until then, I'll let the lot of you call on me three times. And as long as you're under the night sky, Big Bad Wolf will appear and teleport you anywhere you want to go.

[Record scratch.]

Scully: Wait, you can teleport people, too?

Big Bad Wolf: Oh, sure. It's a very common attribute of half werewolf, half space chickens.

Zach: Oh, I knew that. Can I roll to see if I knew that?

Mr. Eric: You didn't know that.

Zach: Fair enough!

Zizi: Well, I no longer have the fuel to fly us to the Underlows, but I have the location they left. Can you teleport us there?

Big Bad Wolf: Of course I can! I'm a big teleporting wolf!

Mr. Eric: And with that, the adventurers bid farewell to the big, teleporting wolf, who sent them away with one last howl.

Big Bad Wolf: Byeooooooooo!

Mr. Eric: Where did the big teleporting wolf send our adventurers? Will they finally meet the Underlows? Is Zach actually riding a giant space chicken egg?

Zach: I'm pretty sure, yeah.

Mr. Eric: We'll find out on our next adventure.

[Falling harp scale.]

Scully: Good one, Mr. Eric!

Lola Rabbit: Yeah, thanks!

Zizi: I had fun, too.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, players, and thank you, Ben, for giving us the perfect hook for our next adventure, by asking, what if the big bad wolf could teleport? And thank you Silas, for your question, which I'll finally play.

Silas: I'm five and my name's Silas, and my what if question is what if the big bad wolf changed into the big bad chicken?

Mr. Eric: So that was our big secret in our big three part adventure. We'll be back with more stories for you next week.

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, my producer, Miss Lynn, and all you kids at home who both like and love yourselves.

And until we adventure again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]