

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 25: What if my dog could talk and go to school with us?

File Length: 20:15

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.

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've got another email question. So... I don't know if
you've heard any of our last email questions but we had a friend named
Howverati come and sing the questions. And, well, it just kind of turned
out to be a mistake. He just... he sings too loud, he's broken my water
glasses, he's practically busted my eardrums.

So, today, I found a basement of my recording studio. And then, in the
basement, I found a closet. So I went in the closet. And then in the closet
I found a secret entrance to the sewers, so I climbed down there so he
wouldn't find me. And then in the sewers, I found this small little tunnel
that I'm pretty sure that he could only barely squeeze into, so, why would
he go looking for me here? [Nervous laughter]

So anyway, let's just read this question and hope that...

Howverati: [Distantly singing] Is in this tunnel that I live innnnnn?

Mr. Eric: No. It can't be possible.

Howverati: [Singing] Who is in this sewer I call hoooo-ooooome.

Mr. Eric: Oh, please, no.

Howverati: [Singing] Surely it is not someone I followed.

Mr. Eric: That's an odd thing to say.

Howverati: [Singing] I wouldn't spy on you like that, oh nooooooo.

Mr. Eric: Howverati, just get out here. How'd you even squeeze into this tunnel?

Howverati: I'm not... Howverati.

Mr. Eric: What? You look just as big as Howverati, you're just wearing a wig.

Howverati: This is my hair. Of course I'm not Howverati. I'm a girl.

Mr. Eric: Oh, of course... yes. You're not Howverati. Well, then. What's your name?

Howverati: My name is How...very...notthatguy!

Mr. Eric: Howverynotthatguy?

Howverati: Yes. Because I'm a girl.

Mr. Eric: Howverati, can you just drop the act? If you want to read the question that bad, you can just read it. Not sing it. Read it.

Howverati: Well, I'd love to read the question, but I'm not Howverati. I'm... Howverynotthatguy.

Mr. Eric: You know, I just don't like being lied to, so why don't we just take this wig off.

Howverati: Oh! OH!

Mr. Eric: You've got to be kidding me. It's not a wig.

Actually Howverati: [Singing] Mr. Eric, I have tracked you to the sewer...

Mr. Eric: What?

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] You mean this mean fellow that pulled my hair?

Actually Howverati: [Singing] Could that be my friend Howverynotthatguy?

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] Oh yes, and I'm not you on that I swear...

Mr. Eric: Wait, so there's two Howveratis? Who's that squeezing into the tunnel behind me? Howverati and Howverynotthatguy are actually two different people?

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] That's what I was just trying to tell youuu.

Actually Howverati: [Singing] It seems that you have mixed us up, I feeearrr.

Mr. Eric: How couldn't I mix you up? You sound alike, you look alike. One of you've just got long hair. Are you related?

Both: [Singing] Only in that we are both opera singers.

Mr. Eric: Folks at home, we're recording this episode on April Fool's Day so, I don't know when you're listening to it, but What If World kind of likes to play tricks on me today. It might be a weird week.

Okay, Hoverati and Howverynotthatguy... here's Sullivan's question.

Hoverati: [Singing] Give me thaaaat.

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] No give it to meeeeeee.

Howverati: [Singing] It is myyyyy question to read.

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] But you already had twoo turns.

Howverati: [Singing] But I'm Mr. Eric's favoriiiiite!

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] No you're not!

Mr. Eric: Come on guys, just sing the question, please!

Both, harmonizing: [Singing} Sullivan asks: What if my dog could talk and go to schoooooo with uuuuuuus?

Mr. Eric: Wow, you two actually sang together kind of nicely. It echoed kind of cool in the sewers and you didn't even give me a headache. Huh. Maybe this April Fool's episode won't be so bad after all.

Howverati: [Singing] Wait, I can do betterrrr!

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] Wait, I can do better!

Howverati: [Singing] I can sing much better!

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] I can sing much better!

Mr. Eric: No, you don't need to sing any better. Please. Oh, folks, just... try to enjoy the episode and if anything strange happens, oh, chalk it up to April Fool's okay?

Howverati: [Singing] How about staccato?

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] I can do staccatoooo!

Howverati: [Singing] What if my dog could talk and go to school...

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time there was a boy named Sully. Now Sully was a giant squid monster who liked to go...

[Record scratch]

Giant squid monster. I didn't meant to say that... what? Folks at home, it seems like if I'm not very, very specific, What If World might play some tricks on me.

Okay, so... Sully, the giant squid monster little boy really wanted to get a dog. Sully lived at the bottom of a very deep, dark lake where he was being raised by his uncle, a monster of unimaginable horror.

[Record scratch]

Oh, no. Oh. I didn't mean to say that. No, it's... this is a kid's podcast so of course it couldn't be a monster of unimaginable horror. No. Sully's uncle was just an ancient giant squid who one day hoped to take over the world.

Sully had finally worked up the nerve to ask his uncle about adopting a dog.

Sully: Hrrebenr hrurbb herr.

Mr. Eric: Sully said. [Clears throat, sighs] And then Sully repeated it in English:

Sully: Chtunkle, could we adopt a pet?

Chtunkle: Yees... We should adopt a pet.

Mr. Eric: Said Chtunkle.

Chtunkle: Like a vampiric weredinosaur with claws as big as the moon.

Sully: I was just hoping we could adopt a dog.

Chtunkle: Oh, that works too, but I don't see how a dog is going to help us take over the world.

Sully: Well, I don't really want to take over the world with it. I just want to pet it. And have it come to school with me.

Chtunkle: Very well, but I shall use my dark powers to find the weirdest dog imaginable.

Sully: Uh, I mean, as long as we're rescuing it, that's okay by me.

Cthunkle: [Laughs evilly] By the powers of the inky black bottom of the lake, I summon thee strangest dog to ever walk What If World! Aaaaa

[Pop!]

Mr. Eric: A little old white pug appeared inside of a bubble. Or at least it sort of resembled a pug. Its eyes were even buggier than normal and its tongue was the longest tongue you'd ever seen. And good thing it was in a bubble because even for a dog, it didn't smell so great.

Sully: Oh, Cthunkle! Thank you! It's perfect!

Cthunkle: Dog of the deep, I have summoned thee to be my nephew's pet. What is thy evil name that will cause all the citizens above to tremble in fear?

Fred: Oh hey, I'm Fred. Thank you for adopting me. It's really rare that us old dogs get adopted.

Sully: Oh hi Fred! I'm so happy. Can you come to school with us?

Fred: School? I'm a dog. I just want to run around chase things and sniff things and eat things and take long naps, oh and lick things. That's my favorite. I kind of always lick because my tongue's so long.

Cthunkle: Sully this dog doesn't seem as terrifying as I'd hoped.

Mr. Eric: But Sully was excited to have a new friend. He and Fred hopped on one of Cthunkle's big squishy tentacles and together, the three of them went up to the very top of the lake. They were right outside the Observatorium, which is apparently the only school in What If World.

[Record scratch]

Folks, I think What If World is just playing a trick on me again. There are other schools in What If World, of course. It's just we haven't gotten to them yet.

Cthunkle's giant tentacle reached all the way to the front door of the Observatorium and dropped off Sully and Fred.

Cthunkle: Now, you two make sure to take extra good notes in PE today.

Fred: You mean in Physical Education?

Cthunkle: What, no? I mean in Pain and Evil class.

Sully: Uh, Dad, there's no such thing as pain and evil class.

Cthunkle: I'm going to write a letter to JF Kat... about how I'm going to take over all of What If World! In order to fix our schools.

Fred: Oh yeah, it's good to get involved, Cthunkle. And you say hi from Fred to JF Kat.

Cthunkle: Wait, you know the president? Tell me how I might devour him!

Sully: Come on Fred! We're late for school.

Fred: Sorry, gotta go. Please don't eat my friend!

Mr. Eric: And Cthunkle sunk back down to the bottom of his very deep lake with a grumble. Now all the kids at school were very used to seeing Sully the giant squid monster, but they'd never seen a dog before.

Snurtle: Snurtle?

Zach: Look Zizi, it's a dog!

Mr. Eric: But before Sully could show off his talking dog friend to everyone, the bell rang!

[Bell clangs] Ding ding ding ding ding ding.

Fred: I think we're late for PE, Sully.

Mr. Eric: Said Fred. And he ran off, his long tongue dragging behind him.

Sully: Wait for me!

Mr. Eric: Sully the squid scuttled and scampered, skitteringly down the slobbery school schallway.

[Record scratch]

Schallway? I didn't. I didn't mean to... folks, I didn't mean to say all that. Schallway's not even a word. Oh, this story just keeps messing with me. Anyway, they got to PE class, okay? And there stood the mighty wizard Abacus P. Grumbler in the shortest shorts you've ever seen, with his skinny, hairy little legs sticking out.

Abacus: Now class, you know I'm not usually your physical education instructor. But apparently Mr. Eric couldn't come up with another character today, so here I am as a substitute.

Mr. Eric: I mean, it wasn't at all true what he said, but that's what he said.

Abacus: So, everyone, pick up your Hootballs, and—

Mr. Eric: Suddenly, Ms. Misty ran in with a note for Abacus.
See folks, I did come up with another teacher! Heheh... uh...

Abacus: [Splutters] Excuse me class, I've got a very important note from the president of What If World. It reads: All physical educations, quote unquote "PE" will now be replaced with "pain and evil" classes. Signed, Cthunkle, President of What If World. P.S. Mr. Eric has a hairy forehead. That's very strange.

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus, probably referring to Mr. Eric's hairy forehead, which is... it's quite... it's not hairy.

Abacus: No, it's very strange that Cthunkle should suddenly be the ruler and president of What If World.

Sully: Professor Grumbler, I think that's just a note from my Uncle Cthunkle.

Fred: Yeah, I don't see how he could have taken over What If World in like five minutes.

Abacus: But if it says it in squid ink on a wet scrap of paper that I received out of the blue, then it must be true. Class, please put down your hootballs and pick up your wands of tickling. I'm sorry we don't have anything eviler to use on short notice.

Mr. Eric: The whole PE class was pretty confused, but they did as they were told, picking up their tickling wands.

Abacus: Now... now tickle, class! Tickle your friends. Get their toes, their nose, that little spot behind the ears, that tickles for some!

Mr. Eric: It was fun for some of them, but you know, some kids didn't like getting tickled.

Fred: Uh, Professor Grumbler, I don't think everyone wants to tickle and be tickled for the whole class.

Abacus: Well, I'm sorry, Fred, but I'm sort of out of ideas.

Sully: Well, it's just, you should never tickle strangers and you should never let anyone tickle you if you don't want to be tickled.

Abacus: Yes, of course. We all know that, but this is Pain and Evil class now and...

Fred: Professor, something fishy around here.

Sully: Heeey!

Fred: No, not you. I mean, something other than you. Can I read that note?

Abacus: Well, I don't know. It was addressed to me, after all. But it also was a note encouraging evil. Is letting people read your mail evil or? Aaah! Ooh hoo! Ohho Stop tickling me! Ahah ooh!

Mr. Eric: And Abacus dropped the note. Fred went over to read the note and I'm sure he discovered that Abacus had misread that part at the bottom about Eric's hairy forehead.

Fred: Oh my goodness, Sully. I think this is serious.

Sully: It's got a symbol at the top that says From the Office of the President of What If World.

Fred: Yes, plus Abacus misread the part at the bottom.

Mr. Eric: I knew it.

Fred: I mean, he missed reading this last part that says P.P.S. Mr. Eric eats gum off the ground.

Mr. Eric: Ooh! Argh.

Sully: Oh, that's terrible news. Eating gum off the ground is terrible for you.

Abacus: Yes indeed, children. It is. I don't know why Mr. Eric would do something so horrible.

Mr. Eric: But Abacus, Sully, and Fred were forgetting about the bigger problem here.

Fred: Oh, but you know what? Cthunkle probably told Jojo Fluffy Kat that he knew me Fred the dog and then Jojo let him into the What House, and then Cthunkle. Oh, I don't know what he did then.

Abacus: Oh, Fred. That's an awfully silly story.

Sully: Yeah, heh. Anyone who came up with a story like that would have to be half crazy.

Fred: Yes, truly. Someone really blew it with this story. I thought it was supposed to be about me coming to school.

Mr. Eric: And then, the three of them looked around and realized that they were still in school and that's sort of how this whole story started. Right?

Sully: Oh, silly storytelling or not, this is all my fault.

Mr. Eric: Said Sully.

Sully: If I hadn't wanted a dog, he would have never adopted you and found out that you knew Jojo and taken over the world.

Fred: Sully, you may have started this by coincidence, but that doesn't mean that it's your fault.

Sully: I just feel so horrible.

Abacus: Sully, you can't blame yourself for other people's actions. You just wanted to bring your friend to school. You didn't want your uncle to take over the world.

Sully: Yeah, I guess you're right.

Fred: But that doesn't mean we just have to sit here and let it happen?

Abacus: That's right!

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus.

Abacus: Sully and Fred, as headmaster of the Observatorium, I must take the two of you to meet your Cthunkle.

Fred: That seems incredibly irresponsible.

Sully: Yeah, I mean, you're just going to shut down the school in the middle of the day?

Abacus: You're right. What a painfully bad idea. I blame Mr. Er—

Mr. Eric: Suddenly, Abacus P. Grumbler's mouth was full of peanut butter and he couldn't say another word.

Abacus: [Muffled, through peanut butter] Mr. Eric!

Mr. Eric: With a twist of the wizard's wand, all of the parents and caregivers were alerted that they needed to come get their kids. And you know, it was a pretty good idea, surprisingly. Because it seems like Cthunkle had made

all the classes turn evil. History class was all about dark magic! And science was all about turning people into frogs! All the students of the Observatory were really happy to get out of there and have a half day.

Abacus: [Grumbling through peanut butter]

Mr. Eric: I guess Abacus finally managed to swallow the peanut butter as long as he wasn't going to say anything rude.

Abacus: Well, Fred and Sully, it seems all the children have been picked up except for you two. Your Cthunkle must be out of range of my magic, which means he couldn't possibly be in the lake.

Fred: Yes, despite all this story's seemingly illogical turns.

Sully: It turns out that you've got to take care of us after all.

Abacus: Yes, indeed. What an interesting day it has been. Worthy of any storybook.

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus, feeling his mouth fill up with peanut butter again.

Abacus: I mean [Splutters, swallows] I mean, uh, worthy of the greatest storybooks. [Nervous laugh]

Mr. Eric: As they looked across What If World, they noticed there was a whole line of squid-like creatures that had been coming out of the lake and headed to the east.

Sully: Abacus, what's in that direction?

Abacus: I'm afraid, my boy, it's the What House.

Fred: Oh, phooey.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Whoa, Sully. You just took What If World in a whole new direction. Well, I guess you and April Fool's Day. I'm so glad it's almost over. Kids, it looks like Jojo Fluffy Kat, President of What If World might be in trouble. I think the only thing that might save him are your questions. Is there any way that you could ask a question that might help Jojo Fluffy Kat? Or thwart Cthunkle? I don't know. Hmm. Well, you kids are smarter than me, clearly.

Howverati &

Howverynotthatguy: [Harmonizing] Oh yes, you're clearly smarter.

Mr. Eric: Howverati and Howverynotthatguy, the story's over. Let's get out of here and hope our listeners help us figure out what happened to Jojo Fluffy Kat and all of What If World.

Howverati: [Singing] Is he doomed, is he doomed?

Howverynotthatguy: [Singing] Is Jojo Fluffy Kat dooooooooooomed?

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen Marshall, my editor and producer, as well as Craig Martinson, our theme song writer.

Okay, okay, and I'd like to thank Howverati and Howverynotthatguy for their last question reading.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

Howverati &

Howverynotthatguy: [Harmonizing] What about us?

©2017, Eric O'Keefe/What If World