

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: o62B: Bonus - What if old chewed up dog toys came back for revenge?

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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 to our first What If World mini episode. So let's hear our question from Violet.

Violet: Hi, my name is Violet and I'm nine years old. I live in West Palm Beach, Florida, and my question is what if all the chewed up dog toys that dogs chewed and ended up in the garbage came alive and sought revenge on the dogs?

Mr. Eric: Oh, man, Violet. That is an amazing question. All right, let's get into the story.

[Rising harp scale]

What If World's Fur Force is made up of three dogs. Fred the Zombie Dog is their leader. Howdy Pooch is a young and wily golden retriever, and Patty Pan is a flying green schnauzer. Now these three rescue dogs mostly lived at the station. They were smart enough to take care of themselves, but they hadn't quite gotten the hang of cleaning up after themselves.

[Record scratch.]

Fair Elise: Oh, Fred.

Mr. Eric: Said Fair Elise. She and her partner Alabaster Zero worked at the same station.

Fair Elise: Once you've finished chewing a dog toy, you must throw it in the garbage.

Fred: I wasn't finished with that. I just got it stinking just right.

Fair Elise: I've noticed, because it's stinking up the rest of the office.

Mr. Eric: And with a flick of the fairy's wand, the old lamby toy lifted up off of the ground and floated over to the garbage can. Then she flew over to

Howdy Pooch, who was chewing on a chicken doll and had gotten out every last squeaker.

Fair Elise: Howdy Pooch, you cannot eat the squeakers. Plastic is bad for you.

Howdy Pooch: Aw shucks, Fair Elise. You know I'm not gonna eat them all the way. I'm just gonna chew 'em and chew 'em and chew 'em and... [gulps, coughs]

Fair Elise: Oh, for Pete's sake.

Mr. Eric: And with a flick of the fairy's wand, Howdy Pooch coughed up the squeaker and it as well as the chicken toy went right into the trash.

Patty Pan: Can't catch me! Hahaha! I'd like to see you try to get this toy out of my mouth!

Mr. Eric: Patty Pan, had an old rope. She seemed quite attached to it.

Fair Elise: Oh, Patty Pan, you've got rope fibers caught up in your fur.

Patty Pan: That's okay! I'll chew 'em out later.

Fair Elise: I think not.

Mr. Eric: Zip! The rope flew away from Patty Pan. But seeing as she could fly, she caught up to it.

Patty Pan: [Growls] You're not getting this away from me!

Fair Elise: It's for your own good! These chewed up toys are not healthy.

Patty Pan: [Grrr] I don't care, I like it! [Grrrr].

Fair Elise: Looks like I'll need a little extra fairy dust.

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise took a pinch of fairy dust out of her pouch and... sprinkled it in the air, giving her just enough magic powder to win the tug of war. Zoop! The old rope flew through the cloud of fairy dust, right into the garbage with the other two toys. And then that trash can got emptied to the dumpster, and the dumpster got emptied into a garbage truck, and do you know where the truck got emptied? Yeah. Right into a landfill, where there were lots of other dog toys.

Now, fairy dust is a funny thing. It tries its best to give you the magic you want, but if someone nearby wants something really badly, well, the fairy dust might try to give that something, too.

Groaning voice: Dogs...

Mr. Eric: And seeing as Patty Pan wanted nothing more than to keep her toy.

Groaning voice: Dogs...

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise wanted nothing more than to get rid of that old rope toy and that old chicken toy and that old lamby toy.

Groaning voice: Do-o-o-gs...

Mr. Eric: Well, the magic of that fairy dust just got all mixed up.

Rope Toy: Dogs...

Mr. Eric: Said the old length of rope, picking itself up out of the trash.

Chicken Toy: Dogs! Dogs! Dogs!

Mr. Eric: The old, deflated chicken stood up, looking this way and that.

Lamb Toy: Do-o-o-o-gs!

Mr. Eric: And the old lamb toy tried to stand, but without any stuffing, it couldn't really stay upright.

Lamb Toy: Do-o-o-ogs...

Mr. Eric: The lamb toy sank back down to the ground.

Rope Toy: Dogs! DOGS!

Mr. Eric: But the rope reached out with little hempen fibers, picked up the old, flattened lamb toy, and wrapped it around itself like a cape. And then the old chewed up rope reached out with every tiny little fiber, those long, tendrils of rope each sparkled with a bit of fairy dust and when they touched upon the other chew toys all around the dumpster...

Other toys: Dogs! Dooooogs! Dogs? DOGS!

Mr. Eric: All the old chew toys came to life and started marching towards... yep. The station.

Fred: Okay, good job tonight, puppies.

Mr. Eric: Said Fred the Dog.

Howdy Pooch: Shucks, I'm hardly a puppy at all anymore.

Mr. Eric: Complained Howdy Pooch.

Patty Pan: Yeah, we've grown up a lot since leaving No-No Land.

Fred: I'm sorry. You two just growing up so fast. When you're an old zombie dog like me.

Howdy Pooch: Fred.

Mr. Eric: Howdy Pooch interrupted.

Howdy Pooch: You know that not a one of us want to be zombie dogs, right?

Fred: You don't want to take after your captain?

Patty Pan: Yeah, I'm sorry, zombies are really spooky and scary and gross.

Fred: That's not fair. Just because there've been a few bad zombies doesn't mean they're all bad.

Toys: Dogs! DOGS! Do-o-o-gs!

Fred: Uh, what was that?

Howdy Pooch: What do you mean, what was that?

Patty Pan: Yeah, we all have exceptional ears. It was clearly three zombies saying the word, "Dogs."

Fred: Of course I know that. But what kind of zombie says the word, "Dogs" rather than the word "Brains."

Howdy Pooch: Why don't you use your uncanny olfactory sense.

Patty Pan: [Sniffs] Yeah, it smells like a rope, a lamb, and a chicken.

Fred: [Snorts loudly] You're right, but that's impossible.

Mr. Eric: Just then, the door to the police station burst open! And there stood the piece of chewed up old rope, its lamby cape tied around its neck, riding atop a giant rubbery old chicken.

Fred: I don't believe it.

Howdy Pooch: It's our toys back for revenge!

Patty Pan: And there's a horde of a thousand other zombie toys behind them.

Mr. Eric: And the little rope stretched out again with its fibers. [Crunching and crackling sound.]

It plucked Patty Pan out of the sky and it lassoed old Howdy Pooch.

Howdy Pooch: Yee haw!

Mr. Eric: And one long fiber made its way towards Fred but...

Fred: Bleh! Two can play at the long dirty thing that wraps other things up game!

Mr. Eric: Said Fred the Dog, his extra long tongue pushing away the ropy fibers.

Rope Toy: Dogs!

Chicken Toy: Dogs dogsdogs Dogs!

Mr. Eric: And the chicken toy started charging forwards.

Lamb Toy: Do-o-o-ogs.

Mr. Eric: The lamby toy cape looked afraid but the ropy toy lowered itself like a lance headed straight towards Fred.

Fred: Oh my goodness.

Mr. Eric: Crash! In a tumble of fur and dog toys, Freddy went down.

Howdy Pooch: Oh no! It gotcha, Fred!

Mr. Eric: Howdy Pooch wiggled free of his lasso.

Patty Pan: No zombie messes with our zombie captain!

Mr. Eric: Said Patty Pan and a cloud of green fur ripped out as she flew out of the ropy grasp. Howdy Pooch and Patty Pan tried to help Fred, but there was a whirlwind of fur and fibers and wool and... rubber chicken. And all they could do was wait until the dust settled, and...

Fred: Oh yeah, heh heh heh.

Mr. Eric: They found Fred rolling around on his old furry lamb.

Fred: Oh, gimme dat.

Mr. Eric: And chewing gently with his worn out old teeth on the chicken.

Chicken Toy: Brok buk buk buk.

Mr. Eric: And batting lazily at the old rope with his tiny pug paws.

Fred: Why aren't you guys playing?

Mr. Eric: Fred asked Howdy and Patty.

Patty Pan: I think the question is why ARE you playing?

Fred: Don't you see, Patty Pan? We got our old stinky dog toys back.

Howdy Pooch: But don't they want revenge on us for having chewed them all up?

Fred: Well, you know how when animals play it kinda looks like fighting.

Patty Pan: Yeah, it's better exercise. Keeps us sharp! Rrrr.

Fred: I think it's the same thing with dog toys. They just want to keep being toys.

Mr. Eric: And Patty Pan zipped over to her old rope toy and gave it a bite, and it tugged itself away... but only a little, and then they started playing back and forth. It wrapped her up and she chewed at it, and it let her go and she let it go, and back and forth they went.

Fred: You see? You two just need to better understand the nuances of zombihood.

Howdy Pooch: It all makes sense, now. I mean, if they wanted revenge on anybody, it'd be Fair Elise for throwing them away!

Fred: Oh, spaghetti. Why you gotta go say that?

Howdy Pooch: What? What'd I say?

Mr. Eric: And suddenly the three old dog toys looked at each other.

Toys: Fair Elise! Fair Elise! Fa-a-a-ir Eli-i-ise!

Mr. Eric: And the three old dog toys led the horde of zombies right toward Fairy Glen.

Patty Pan: Well, I'm all tuckered out from playing, I'm going to take a nap.

Howdy Pooch: Yeah, me too.

Fred: You guys, they're probably gonna try to eat Fair Elise's brains or something.

Howdy Pooch: That is zombist.

Patty Pan: Yeah, definitely. They'll be fine. [Snores]

Mr. Eric: Fred followed the horde of zombie dog toys out toward Fairy Glen, but oh yeah, that city's in the sky. Except...

Toys: Fair Elise, Fair Elise!

Mr. Eric: The little rubber chicken started flapping its wings and all the other bird and owl and pegasus and flowercorn toys started flapping theirs as well!

Fred: That's no good.

Mr. Eric: Fred reached out with his tongue and grabbed onto the nearest flying toy.

Chicken Toy: Fair Elise! Fair Elise!

Mr. Eric: The chicken tried to wiggle him off, but he held on tight with his tongue.

Fred: This is especially uncomfortable.

Mr. Eric: And then it got even more uncomfortable. The little rope toy with the lamby cape had wrapped itself to Fred's tail.

Fred: This is gonna be a long flight.

Mr. Eric: And soon there was a horde of a hundred flying toys outside of Fair Elise's little silver thimble house.

Fred: Uh, ding dong, I guess?

Fair Elise: Who is it?

Fred: A bunch of zombies.

Fair Elise: I'll get my coat.

Mr. Eric: And suddenly Fair Elise appeared outside the thimble.

Fair Elise: All right, zombies. Are you here to eat my brain?

Zombies: Fair Elise! Fair Elise. Fai-i-ir Eli-i-i-se.

Fair Elise: Well, you know, I'm actually quite fond of my brain, but I see some of my magic in you, which, would you like me to fix you all up just a little bit.

Zombies: Fair Elise?

Fair Elise: You're living creatures now, you deserve respect. And Fair Elise gave a whistle. [Whistling]

Mr. Eric: And fairies started pouring out of every little silver thimble and button, from under every stone and out of every little shoe. And they all worked their magic all morning until every zombie toy was as good as new.

Fred: Hey, can you clean me up like that, too.

Fair Elise: Of course I can, Fred. I've been waiting for you to ask.

Fred: Oh, no. I mean, I don't want to get a bath or nothing, I was just—

Fair Elise: Well, you did wake me up at the crack of dawn with a horde of zombies seeking revenge on me.

Fred: And that's punishable by bath?

Fair Elise: I'm afraid it's the only punishment.

Fred: Oh, spaghetti.

Mr. Eric: Said Fred, as a blast of soapy water shot out of Fair Elise's wand.

Fred: It's tough being a zombie dog. Glaghagblh. Oh, I got soap in my mouth.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

I hope you liked your own exclusive story. Thank you all again, and I'll see you all at the next mini episode.

Until we meet again, keep wondering!

[What If World theme song.]