

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: o66: An Interview with Abacus

File Length: 12:39

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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. I'm Mr. Eric, your  
host, and today we've got kind of a special episode. It's not a traditional  
story, but it's an example of some of the bonus content that our Patreon  
members get.

See, a lot of kids have wanted to learn more about Abacus P. Grumbler,  
so I decided to do an interview with him. And I know there are lots of  
questions out there that still need answering, Miss Karen and I are  
moving this week, so I only had time to put out this little bit.

Now, let's have our interview with Abacus P. Grumbler.

Abacus:                An interview? I thought you said this would be a coronation, making me  
King of Magic.

Mr. Eric:               I'm sorry, Abacus, I didn't know how else to get you in the studio.

Abacus:                You told a mistruth?

Mr. Eric:               Well, not exactly. Don't you remember how the conversation went?

Abacus:                Not in the least. Fortunately, my magic wand records all such  
conversations. Let's just play back that call and see who the liar was.

Mr. Eric:               Oh, geez, Abacus.

[Boop beep! Ring-ring ring-ring.]

Abacus:                Hello, Professor Abacus P. Grumbler, wizard extraordinaire.

Mr. Eric:               Hey, Abacus. It's Mr. Eric.

Abacus:                Who?

Mr. Eric:               Mr. Eric, the host of What If World.

Abacus:                How can you host an entire world. You must have a very big dining room.

Mr. Eric: No, no, I host the show. The podcast?

Abacus: Mr. Eric, I have cast many spells in my day but I have never cast a pod.

Mr. Eric: Oh boy. So I do a show for kids, it's a storytelling show.

Abacus: I'm not following.

Mr. Eric: And I would like you to be on the show as, like an interview. Like a special guest.

Abacus: You're saying I'm special?

Mr. Eric: Of course you're special, Abacus.

Abacus: Do you think I'm the best at magic?

Mr. Eric: Well, you're the only wizard I've ever met, so... sure.

Abacus: So, would this be like a coronation? Making me king of magic?

Mr. Eric: Not really, it's an interview.

Abacus: Coronation.

Mr. Eric: It's an interview.

Abacus: Corrr-onation.

Mr. Eric: Oh, Abacus.

Abacus: Oh, Mr. Eric, you've made my day. I will be there and I will wear my narrowest wizard cap so that you may place the crown right over it.

Mr. Eric: Well, no, there isn't gonna be a crown...

Abacus: Toodle-oo! See you soon. [Phone hangs up.]

Mr. Eric: You see, Abacus? I tried to tell you that it wasn't, but I still wanted you here for the interview.

Abacus: Oh, Mr. Eric, you are a loathsome man.

Mr. Eric: Okay, well, I didn't want to make you unhappy, so I did actually cut you out this crown out of paper, see?

Abacus: It says King of Magic upon it.

Mr. Eric: Well, yeah, I just—

Abacus: Your handwriting is terrible.

Mr. Eric: Okay.

Abacus: But your gesture means so much.

Mr. Eric: Okay, we're back in business.

Abacus: No, nononono. There's got to be a ceremony. If I'm going to be king of magic, there must be a true...

Mr. Eric: Like a march or a song or something?

Abacus: Yes. Yes yes yes yes. Let me just use my magic wand.

Mr. Eric: Oh, Abacus, no, please, no magic wands in the studio. Last time I spent half a week as a chair.

Abacus: Well, your chairs are very uncomfortable.

Mr. Eric: So you made me into a comfortable chair?

Abacus: Yes, you're welcome. I'm just sorry the spell didn't take.

Mr. Eric: I don't want to be a chair!

Abacus: And I don't want to sit in this one, so let us stand as you coronate me! Is coronate, corononate...

Mr. Eric: Oh, let's just get this overwith.

Abacus: [Clears throat.] Music?

Mr. Eric: Uh, buh nuh nuh [sings graduation music]

Abacus: Oh, you can do better than that.

Mr. Eric: [Starts singing another song]

Abacus: Lovely, yes. Oh, this is just what I wanted.

Mr. Eric: And now the crown's on your head, okay, we can start our interview.

Abacus: Very well. Mr. Eric, what is your earliest childhood memory?

Mr. Eric: It's got to be playing in the parking lot outside the old apartment where I grew—[Record scratch.] No, I'm interviewing you!

Abacus: Exactly. I'm interviewing you.

Mr. Eric: No. Mr. Eric I going to ask Abacus questions so that the listeners can get to know you better.

Abacus: Very well. But do not ask me my true name, for if you were to hear it spoken, you would instantly lose your mind.

Mr. Eric: So Abacus P. Grumbler isn't your real name.

Abacus: Of course it's my real name. [Gasps.] You uttered it! How are you still standing?

Mr. Eric: I say your name all the time. Kids call in and say your name like, every week.

Abacus: Really?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, and it doesn't make anyone crazy. Oh, unless... what does the P stand for, Abacus?

Abacus: What do you mean?

Mr. Eric: Maybe we're not saying your whole name. What does the P in Abacus P. Grumbler stand for?

Abacus: Oh, well... it stands for Perfectly Normal Middle Name.

Mr. Eric: Abacus Perfectly Normal Middle Name Grumbler?

Abacus: Yes, that's it.

Mr. Eric: Wow, well, good to know.

Abacus: Good to know, indeed, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Why are you talking all spooky, Abacus?

Abacus: Why indeed, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Abacus, please stop saying the things that I say and then just adding indeed to them.

Abacus: Abacus please stop saying the things that I'm saying and then adding indeed to them, indeed.

Mr. Eric: Okay, moving on.

Abacus: Moving on in—

Mr. Eric: What are your parents like, Abacus? Your parents? What are they like?

Abacus: My father was a wizard of smoldering intensity. It's how he burnt his eyebrows off.

Mr. Eric: And your mother?

Abacus: Oh, she was a wonderful woman.

Mr. Eric: Oh, that's so nice. Sounds like you have many fond memories of her.

Abacus: Of course I do. I see her all the time.

Mr. Eric: What? I've never seen her.

Abacus: Why would you have seen her?

Mr. Eric: Well, I tell your stories.

Abacus: You tell my stories?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I'm the storyteller.

Abacus: Well, you know about the time I was turned into a hamburger.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, that was your first story.

Abacus: What about when the cat broke my crystal ball?

Mr. Eric: JF Kat, you mean?

Abacus: Eugh. You must be some kind of wizard.

Mr. Eric: No, I'm just... I'm the host of What If World.

Abacus: That's it. Show me your dining room.

Mr. Eric: What?

Abacus: If you're hosting an entire planet, you must show me your dining room!

Mr. Eric: Abacus, put down the wand, okay. We'll leave the studio, I'll show you my dining room, just please don't cast any magic, and—

Abacus: Zoom zoom zoom to the dining room! [Whoosh]

Mr. Eric: Abacus... it was literally out this door.

Abacus: Out what door?

Mr. Eric: The door that we're both now melted into.

Abacus: Melted into the door... then my magic worked!

Mr. Eric: What?

Abacus: For we are looking over your dining room. It's quite small.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I live in LA.

Abacus: I don't see how you could fit a planet in here.

Mr. Eric: Well, we make good use of the space.

Abacus: Oh, you've got to.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, um, do you want to make us not both stuck in the same door, please?

Abacus: The door also absorbed my wand, I'm afraid we're stuck here.

Mr. Eric: Oh boy. Well, do you want to tell me about your mom? You said she was a wonderful mother, but you also said she's still alive.

Abacus: Well, yes, she became the most powerful wizard in the world, which meant she had to split into two wizard in order to hold the power and one of them's sort of a nice wizard, and one of them is, well...

Mr. Eric: Well, what?

Abacus: Well, one of them's sort of a sad wizard.

Mr. Eric: That's not what I expected. I thought she would be like, trying to take over the world and stuff.

Abacus: Oh, yes, of course. She's trying to take over the world all the time, constantly. But I don't think it would make her happy.

Mr. Eric: That's deep.

Abacus: It's funny what being stuck in a door forever can do for your perspective.

Mr. Eric: Forever?

Abacus: Or until the spell wears off. Who's to know?

Mr. Eric: Ugh.

Abacus: Mr. Eric, I think this interview is going swimmingly.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I declare it a complete success.

Abacus: I got a crown, we've seen your dining room.

Mr. Eric: And we're a door.

Abacus: Yes, we're adored by all of your listeners.

Mr. Eric: So you do know I have a podcast.

Abacus: Where? Where have you cast this pod?

Mr. Eric: No, it's a—oh! Abacus!

Abacus: I'm just saying if the pod still has some magic left in us, perhaps it could free us from this door.

Mr. Eric: Well, it's sort of like in the computer.

Abacus: Oh, you Whatisians, hiding your pods wherever you please.

Mr. Eric: What did you just call me?

Abacus: Oh, it's not an insult, you're just a Whatisian, a person from What Is World.

Mr. Eric: Oh, okay.

Abacus: Yes, the fact that you're all terrible at hiding pods doesn't have anything to do with you being a Whatisian. Well, it probably does, but.

Mr. Eric: Ah ah ah! See, that's, right there, Abacus. That is prejudice. I don't think all Whatifians are silly.

Abacus: Whatifians? What are you talking about?

Mr. Eric: Well, if I'm a Whatisian, wouldn't you be a Whatifian?

Abacus: Typical Whatisians...

Mr. Eric: Hey.

Abacus: I'm just saying, Mr. Eric. The rules of your world need not apply to the rules of ours.

Mr. Eric: Okay, but there's a nicer way to say it.

Abacus: Well, then let me try saying this nicely. If you cannot find this pod you have cast, then a door we shall be for future and past.

Mr. Eric: That doesn't make any sense? How could an audio file on my computer turn us from doors back into people?

Abacus: Oh, Mr. Eric. So little do you know of the ways of magic. I thought you were a storyteller.

Mr. Eric: And I thought you were at least a halfway decent wizard.

Abacus: You know what? I think I'm going to close the door and my face will stay on the outside of it, and your face will stay on the inside of it, and we won't have to bother each other again.

Mr. Eric: Oh, no, Abacus...

Abacus: [Cries].

Mr. Eric: Hey, who's the kind of magic.

Abacus: I am...

Mr. Eric: What was that?

Abacus: I am...

Mr. Eric: I don't think I heard you.

Abacus: I am.

Mr. Eric: That's right! I believe in you, Abacus. I'm just a little upset because you turned me into a door.

Abacus: And I believe in you, Mr. Eric. You can get us out of this mess.



Mr. Eric: I don't know how.

Abacus: I thought you were a storyteller.

Mr. Eric: So what, if I say, and suddenly he had an idea, I'll have an idea?

Abacus: No, that's silly.

Mr. Eric: Wait, I have an idea! We just have to open the door wide enough to press the space key on the computer. That'll pause the recording and maybe it'll let us free.

Abacus: All right, just a little bit farther.

Mr. Eric: Come on, Abacus, stretch with that long, narrow, wizard hat!

Abacus: All right, maybe if I meld myself over to the bottom of the door, and eeeeehhh.

Mr. Eric: And let that crown fall down the hat.

Abacus: Not my crown.

Mr. Eric: You can be the best, crown or no. Let it go and maybe it'll just weigh down the space bar enough to—

[Click, crackle]

Oh, sorry. Hey, we're back folks. Oh man, sorry about that whole mess. We just, we paused the podcast for a minute so we could unstuck from the door forever, and—

Abacus: We did it, Mr. Eric! I had no faith in you whatsoever, but you succeeded despite it.

Mr. Eric: What, really?

Abacus: Yes, I had no idea how we would get out of that mess.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I thought...

Abacus: I'm just kidding. You did a wonderful job.

Mr. Eric: Well, and this has actually been a really fun interview, Abacus. Thank you for coming.

Abacus: You're welcome, sir. Until we meet again... keep wondering!

Mr. Eric: Wait, I say that.

Abacus: Well, I said it first.

Mr. Eric: Nuh-uh.

Abacus: Yeah-huh.

Mr. Eric: Well, it sounds better when I say it.

Abacus: Well, I'm a wizard. Everything sounds better when I say it.

Mr. Eric: Well, let's just say it at the same time, then.

Both Together: Until we meet again, keep wondering!

Mr. Eric: You see? Mine was so much better.

Abacus: Oh, mine was hands down above and beyond yours.

Mr. Eric: Well, we'll just have to wait and see from the listeners—

Abacus: The listeners? What do they know.

Mr. Eric: They know what they like!

Abacus: Well, if they like your voice better, then they've got terrible taste.

Mr. Eric: Abacus, don't say that! They're still listening.

Abacus: Well, why don't you just press the pause key, again.

Mr. Eric: Oh, right, yeah. I'll totally do that. I'll meet you outside.  
[Whispers] Until we meet again, keep wondering!

Abacus: I heard that!

Mr. Eric: Okay, bye.  
[What If World theme plays.]