

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 067: What if puppies had laser eyes and could fly?

File Length: 13:42

Transcription by Keffy

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're back with a full episode and a question from Obie.

Obie: My name is Obie and I like puppies and my what if question is what if
puppies had laser eyes and they could fly?

Mr. Eric: Obie, what a great question. I've been lucky enough to have dogs most
of my life, and they're a lot of responsibility. I can't imagine having one
that could fire lasers and fly!

[Rising harp scale]

Once upon a quiet morning, Poppa Loo was sipping his coffee and
reading his newspaper when. [Running feet.]

Zach: Daaad!

Zizi: Daaaaad!

Poppa Loo: Oh, boy.

Mr. Eric: Zach and Zizi came barreling down the stairs and ran right up to him.

Zach: Dad, we want a flying laser puppy.

Zizi: Yeah, Dad, can we please, can we please, can we please, can we please
have a flying laser puppy?

Poppa Loo: Oh, boy. Now, don't you already have a benevolent bat monster that
lives in your closet?

Zach: Oh, yeah.

Poppa Loo: And don't we already live in a rocket house?

Zizi: Obviously, dad.

Poppa Loo: Well, then what do you need a flying laser puppy for?

Zach: Oh, we were watching Grandpa's old tapes.

Both: Lalalala LASER PUPPY BATTLE!

Poppa Loo: I don't know why I keep those old things.

Zach: I thought they were cool.

Zizi: Pew pewpewpew! Yeah, there should be more laser puppies on TV.

Zach: So can we have one? Please?

Zizi: Please?

Poppa Loo: Sure, flying laser puppies were around when I was a kid, but—

Zach: That's not fair, why did you get to have a flying laser puppy and we didn't?

Poppa Loo: Well, let me tell you a story.

Zizi: Ah, Dad, is this gonna be a flashback?

Poppa Loo: Little piece of advice, you talk to your father, you better expect a flashback.

Both kids: [Groan.]
[Rising harp scale]

Poppa Loo: I was sitting in front of the TV watching my favorite show.

TV: LALALALA LASER DOG BATTLE! LASER DOG BATTLE! LASER DOG BATTLEEEEE!

I'm just gonna ask you one question. Do you feel like I got a flying laser dog? Well, do you, punk?

Commercial Lead-in: We will return to your favorite show, Lalalala Laser Dog Battle, after these brief messages.

Fair Elise: I'm Fair Elise, I'm offering flying laser dog obedience lessons. It's my first job, but you don't need to know that. Um, call 555-LASERDOG.

Poppa Loo: I scribbled down the number and ran to my mother.

Young Poppa Loo: Mother Linda.

Poppa Loo: I asked.

Young Poppa Loo: I think I'm old enough for flying laser dog lessons.

Mother Linda: Flying laser dog? You will blow roof off of house.

Young Poppa Loo: That only happens in the movies.

Mother Linda: Flying laser dogs are only for grown ups, Looouie.

Zach: Looouie?

Zizi: Who's Looouie?

Poppa Loo: It's my name, kids. You thought Poppa Loo was my real name?

Zach: Uh, sorta.

Zizi: Did Mother Linda really talk like that?

Poppa Loo: Yeah, I think so.

Zach: I don't know, it sounds like kind of a sloppy accent.

Poppa Loo: Well, everybody's a critic.

So there I was, pleading with my mother.

Young Poppa Loo: Oh please. Oh, please.

Mother Linda: Back in motherland, everyone had flying laser dog, yet no one is safe.

Young Poppa Loo: But I just know I could be a good dog owner, Mother.

Mother Linda: I'll tell you what. You come with me to flying laser dog museum. You still want laser dog after that, we can talk.

Young Poppa Loo: A museum?

Mother Linda: Take it or leave it.

Poppa Loo: So, what do you know, I took the deal. And I did every kid's least favorite thing to do in the whole wide world. I went to a museum.

Zach: I like museums.

Poppa Loo: Well, some kids don't. But when I got to the museum, oh, my mother's plan started to backfire right off the bat. There were kids pretending to pick up old stuffed laser dog toys and—

Child: Pew! Pew pew pew pew!

Mother Linda: Those children do not know the seriousness—

Child: Ah! Hehehe! Ooweee!

Poppa Loo: And other kids hung from flying laser dog statues suspended in the sky.

Young Poppa Loo: Mom, Mom, can I hang on a flying laser dog statue, please?

Mother Linda: But you haven't read book yet.

Young Poppa Loo: Oh, phooie.

Zizi: Dad, I love reading.

Poppa Loo: Well, some kids don't.

Young Poppa Loo: Ah, Mother, could I just please get to the flying laser puppy?

Poppa Loo: So we passed by the book. It was just a book full of names. Page after page. And everybody walking by it seemed to shake their heads for some reason.

Mother Linda: Over here, we have the oldest living laser dog.

Poppa Loo: It was Potty the Pirate curator, before he retired.

Children: Laser puppies, finally!

Poppa Loo: And there, floating before me, over a singed old cushion, was an even older dog.

Laser Dog: Woof.

Mother Linda: Old laser's losing his eyesight, so the worst his lasers can do is singe a button.

Young Poppa Loo: Aw, that's not a laser puppy.

Mother Linda: Quiet. This is history.

Poppa Loo: Everybody was ooing and awing and snapping pictures. And the old dog just floated there.

Young Poppa Loo: Come on, laser puppy! Give me some lasers.

Poppa Loo: And well, kids, I'm not proud of this, but I reached up to that floating dog and grabbed the only thing I could, his scraggly old tail.

Laser Dog: Woof?

Poppa Loo: I gave it a yank and out of that old dog's eyes smoked a little red laser.

[Laser zaps!]

And sure enough, all it did was singe a button. But it singed the button on the case containing one of the last laser puppy pills.

[Gasps]

And kids, I'm not proud of this either, but I snatched up that pill before it could even bounce on the ground.

Potty the Pirate: And here we have one of the last laser puppy p—Oh. Oh dear.

Poppa Loo: And Potty the Pirate Curator was all in a tizzy, but as Potty the Pirate panicked, I popped that puppy pill right in my pocket.

Potty the Pirate: Okay, if anyone finds that puppy pill, please be very careful. If you give it to a puppy, they'll become a flying laser puppy and you can't turn them back.

Mother Linda: Looouie, we must look for the laser puppy pill.

Poppa Loo: Said my mother. But of course, we didn't find it. I got home and I put in my dad's old tapes again.

Video: Lalalala Laser Puppy Battle! Lalalala Laser Puppy Battle! Laser Puppy Battle!

Poppa Loo: I loved watching those old tapes. They made me think of my dad and how much he loved his old laser puppy. So that night, I found Sparky sleeping on the couch in the den, as usual.

Young Poppa Loo: Come here, Sparky. I got a little treat for ya.

Sparky: [Excited snuffling!]

Young Poppa Loo: And that excited little pup wiggled on over and licked that laser puppy pill right out of my hand.

Sparky: [Dog whines.]

Zach: Uh oh.

Zizi: Dad, you didn't.

Poppa Loo: Well, kids come curious.

Zach: I'm not that curious.

Poppa Loo: Oh, of course you are. Every kid's curious. First, I thought, maybe I'd given him an old flying laser puppy pill, and he was just having a stomach ache.

Sparky: [More whining.]

Poppa Loo: Then I heard it. [Fluttering noise]. I couldn't see anything where Sparky's tail used to be, because his tail had started whipping around so fast it was like a repeller. And it lifted him right into the air.

Sparky: [Upset rrrrrr.]

Poppa Loo: Sparky didn't seem so happy.

Young Poppa Loo: It's okay, boy. Um... give me your paws.

Poppa Loo: And Sparky reached out with his two paws and I grabbed hold, and then suddenly—Zoom zoom zoom! Zippedy doo dah, zippedy day!

Zach: Ah, Dad.

Zizi: No one says that anymore.

Poppa Loo: Well, then I went zooming around, zip zap zop!

Zach: That's not cool, either.

Zizi: Yeah, not even improvisers say zip zap zop, anymore.

Poppa Loo: Well, I was flying around, voosh! Doesn't matter, I was flying.

Sparky: [Whining turns into somewhat pleased noises.]

Young Poppa Loo: Okay, Sparky, can I just climb up on ya?

Sparky: [Affirmative noise.]

Poppa Loo: And Sparky gently jumped down on the back of my shirt and hoisted me up on his back, and we were flying around my living room. Kids, I'd never had so much fun in my whole life.

[Flying dog noises and Looie's laughter.]

Zizi: But what about the lasers?

Poppa Loo: What about the lasers?

Sparky: [Dog laughter.] [Zap!]

Poppa Loo: Before Sparky knew what he was doing, he'd blinked out a little laser.

Young Poppa Loo: Hey, watch it there, Sparky.

Poppa Loo: I said to my puppy. But he didn't know how to watch it.

Sparky: [Concerned barking.] [Laser blast!]

Poppa Loo: And a bigger blast came out that time. Then suddenly, Mother Linda's favorite curtains were on fire.

Young Poppa Loo: Sparky, let me down. I gotta get the fire extinguisher [Fire burning].

Poppa Loo: I jumped off of Sparky's back and landed on the couch. I came up from a roll and made it into the kitchen just as I heard another. [Dog whines and laser noise.]

Young Poppa Loo: Oh no, oh no, oh no.

Poppa Loo: I grabbed the fire extinguisher and pulled the pin, just like my dad had taught me. I ran back into the room to put out the curtains.

Sparky: [Whining.] [Laser!]

Young Poppa Loo: Sparky, no!

Poppa Loo: What else do you say to a dog that's blasting lasers out its eyes. Sparky flew down next to me, lay on the floor and put his cute little paws over his eyes.

Sparky: [Sad whine.]

Poppa Loo: I put out the fire, but you know, extinguishers are loud. We lived in a little apartment. Your grandmother's room was right next door.

Mother Linda: What is this? You have laser flying dog in house?

Sparky: [Howls.]

Poppa Loo: Sparky howled, lifted his head up towards the ceiling and—

Zach: Uh oh.

Zizi: Oh no.

Poppa Loo: Oh, yep.
[Loud laser.]
He blew my roof off.

Mother Linda: Looouie, you are in so much trouble.

Poppa Loo: Mother Linda said, but she didn't seem mad. In fact, that was one of the only times I ever saw her cry.

Mother Linda: Oh, Looouie, I cannot have you be name in book.

Poppa Loo: She was hugging me like I didn't have ribs and kissing me like I didn't have cheekbones. And I looked at Sparky, and he had a mask over his eyes. To this day, I don't know how she got it on him so fast. Well, anyway. I had a lot of cleaning up to do after that.

Mother Linda: You blow off roof, you pay off roof.

Poppa Loo: And after all those hugs and kisses, well, Mother got a little tough. And as for Sparky...

Fair Elise: You see, a fairy's wand is much like a flying laser dog.

Poppa Loo: Said a young Fair Elise at her first job.

Sparky: [Groans.]

Poppa Loo: Groaned Sparky. And I was there holding his leash and groaning right beside him.

Young Poppa Loo: Ugh. Do we get to blast our laser dogs today?

Fair Elise: Oh my, no. A fairy trains for life with his or her wand just as a flying laser dog owner must train with their dog. Please open your handbooks to page 1,033, rudiments of flying laser dog safety goggle removal.

Sparky: [Weary groan.]

[Falling harp scale]

Zizi: Did Sparky ever get to fly again?

Poppa Loo: Oh, sure. But I was too big to fly him by then.

Zach: Did you ever get to blast bad guys, like in your dad's old show?

Poppa Loo: No, thank goodness. No, the best times I ever had with old Sparky were about ten years later when his eyes didn't work so well and he didn't need to wear those goggles anymore. He just got to be my dog again.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo was holding an old picture of Sparky, the last flying laser dog. He hovered above their old couch with his propeller tail. There were two people sitting behind the old dog. One was probably Poppa Loo as a young man, and the other must have been Mother Linda as an old woman, but it was hard to tell with the big flying dog right in front of them.

Poppa Loo: Ah, I miss him.

Mr. Eric: Cried Poppa Loo, and his kids gave him a big hug.

Poppa Loo: So, kids, I'd love to give you a flying laser dog, but I'm afraid there just aren't anymore.

Zach: That's okay, it sounds like a lot of work.

Zizi: And a lot of responsibility.

Poppa Loo: Well, you know what I learned?

Both: What?

Poppa Loo: That lasers are better off left to make-believe.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo wiped a tear and put down the picture of his mother and his dog.

Poppa Loo: Besides, who needs a flying puppy when you can have a flying Poppa Loo. [Grunts and groans] Why aren't my wings working anymore.

Zach: Oh, Dad.

Zizi: Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Oh, I know, I need my propeller tail! [Propeller noises.]

Zach: Dad, you don't have a tail.

Poppa Loo: Well, maybe you're going to be my tail!

Zach: Nuh-uh make Zizi!

Zizi: No, no, make Zach.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Well, Obie, I hope you liked your story. I know Petey didn't appear in it, but after all, we answered your question.

Petey: I don't know, I think that story needed some Petey the Pirate real bad.

Mr. Eric: Petey, have you been here this whole time?

Petey: No, no no no. I was sitting back here.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Petey.

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my editor and producer, Jason O'Keeffe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for the best theme song in the universe, and all you safe and responsible kids out there, please stay that way.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]