

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 091 What if Mr. Eric did an interview with Fred the Dog?

File Length: 13:35

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.

[Gentle bell music.]

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 for our Patreon story, we're going to start with a question from Renzo. He has been messaging us every week, I think, complimenting our stories and writing nice questions. But the last one he sent sounded really fun to me.

Renzo asked: what if Mr. Eric did an interview with Fred the Dog? He went on to say that I could ask Fred, How did you get turned into a zombie? What's it like being a zombie? What do you do when you're not on an episode for fun? Well, Renzo. Thank you so much for all these great ideas. But before we get started, we've got a quick thank you to another three patrons.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr. I'm here today to say thank you to Emerson. I think you've got a fine pirate name, Emerson, so if you ever find yourself in What If World, look up Petey the Pirate.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Petey. And thank you, Emerson. Then we had Finn and Mieran who wanted to hear, oh, from Fred! Well, I guess we should just get him in here, now, then.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, I'm already here, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Fred, I married your mom. You can call me Dad, if you want.

Fred the Dog: No, I think Mr. Eric just works fine for you.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Fred. Well, can you thank Finn and Mieran?

Fred the Dog: Oh, Finn and Mieran, you two are so nice. Mr. Eric is very lucky to have you.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Fred. I agree.

Fred the Dog: He's so, so, lucky to have you, he should give you treats all the time.

Mr. Eric: I can't actually give them treats. They're, like, through the microphone.

Fred the Dog: Mr. Eric should be so nice to you all the time. He's so lucky. Why don't he just take you on walks and talk—

Mr. Eric: Fred, are we really talking about Emerson, Finn, and Mieran anymore?

Fred the Dog: Oh, yeah, of course, Mr. Eric. Who else would we be talking about?

Mr. Eric: I think, maybe, you're telling me that I should take you on walks more often?

Fred the Dog: Yeah, but not when it's hot outside. I don't like going out when it's hot outside.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, well, Fred, it's been a really hot summer.

Fred the Dog: And could we just leave Ginger home next time we go for a walk?

Mr. Eric: No, Fred. She's your sister.

Fred the Dog: I don't know about that. She don't look much like me.

Mr. Eric: Well, yeah, I mean, she is adopted.

[Record scratch.]

Fred the Dog: [Gasps].

Mr. Eric: Oh my gosh. Fred, your mom never told you?

Fred the Dog: Hang on a second. You're saying Ginger is not my real sister?

Mr. Eric: Fred, of course she's your real sister. She's part of our family.

Fred the Dog: Hang on a second. Does that mean Otis is not my sister?

Mr. Eric: Well, no. Otis is your brother.

Fred the Dog: Ooh, yeah but Otis is really different. He climbs up on things all the time and he goes to the bathroom in a box.

Mr. Eric: Well, Otis is a cat.

Fred the Dog: A-ha! Now I got you, Mr. Eric! Cats and dogs are different things. Otis can't be my brother.

Mr. Eric: Oh, boy. I should have talked this over with Ms. Karen before agreeing to this interview.

Fred the Dog: This interview is over! You just turned my life upside down!

Mr. Eric: Oh, no no no no no! Fred, Fred, I'm sorry. I'm sorry! Listen, we've all been a family for four years now, so it's for real.

Fred the Dog: I'm out of here and there is no stick small that wouldn't make me stay.

Mr. Eric: Wait, you just, you want a stick? That would make you feel better?

Fred the Dog: Yes. Zombie dogs love sticks.

Mr. Eric: Well, when you're in What Is World I don't think you're a zombie dog. Actually, that kind of brings us to our first question. Do you remember how you got turned into a zombie dog in the first place?

Fred the Dog: Oh, it was many stories ago. [Makes doo doo doo time machine noises.]

Mr. Eric: Fred, no, we don't need a... we're not going to do a flashback.

Fred the Dog: Oh, but why not?

Mr. Eric: Just, I had a different mic back then, it's just not going to sound the same.

Fred the Dog: Okay, could we do a magic reenactment?

Mr. Eric: Oh yeah, that's a great idea! Okay, okay, okay.

[Rising harp scale.]

Fred the Dog: All right, Fur Force, let's go save that person that we're saving in this particular story.

Mr. Eric: And right at that moment, Fred the Dog was poked by a stick. At least I'm pretty sure that's how it went.

Fred the Dog: Oh no, I poked by stick! I guess I zombie now. The end.

Mr. Eric: Oh, sorry. The end.

Fred the Dog: The end!

Mr. Eric: The—well, I usually, the end.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, but your voice are weird. Let me do it. The end.

Mr. Eric: My voice is weird? Have you ever listened to yourself?

Fred the Dog: What are you talking about?

Mr. Eric: Oh, uh, nothing.

[Falling harp scale.]

Fred the Dog: Hang on, no no no. To back it up.

Mr. Eric: It's just you have a tongue that's too long for your mouth so it makes it difficult for you to pronounce things. It's not your fault.

Fred the Dog: Mr. Eric, I am perfectly intelligible!

Mr. Eric: You're right, you are perfectly intelligible.

Fred the Dog: Don't over pronounce the thing that I just under pronounced!

Mr. Eric: Okay, I'm sorry. I will stop over pronouncing the things that you under pronounce.

Fred the Dog: Stop repeating the things that I say that they are more understandable!

Mr. Eric: Okay.

Fred the Dog: Okay.

Mr. Eric: But here. Why don't I just put the headphones on you and I'll play it back so you can hear your voice.

Fred the Dog: Okay, go ahead, put the headphones on me. [Jingling]

Mr. Eric: Fred, you can't shake if you want the headphones to stay on.

Fred the Dog: Huh? Oh yeah, sorry. I just don't like things on my ears. Go ahead, put the headphones on me.

Mr. Eric: Okay.

Fred the Dog: [Jingles] Oh, uh, I don't like that, get those off of me!

Mr. Eric: I'll just play it on the computer, then.

Fred the Dog: No, no no. I'll be good this time, I promise.

Mr. Eric: Okay, just hold still.

Fred the Dog: Okay, I holding still. I holding very still.

Mr. Eric: Fred, you're moving. Stop—okay, you just—

Fred the Dog: I... don't want...

Mr. Eric: Okay, now you just ran across the room.

Fred the Dog: I don't want those headphones on me.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Fred. No headphones. I'll just play it.

Fred the Dog: Of course, the quality of the sound won't be as good...

Mr. Eric: Fred!

Fred the Dog: Oh, sorry. [Mouse click] Oh no! I poke by stick! I guess I zombie now. The end.

[Click]

Wait, that's how I sound.

Mr. Eric: Yeah. They say that because of the shape of our skull, our voices always sound different—

Fred the Dog: Mr. Eric, why you keep dropping these bombshells on me?

Mr. Eric: Oh, I'm so sorry, Fred, I—

Fred the Dog: My brother and sister are adopted! I got a voice like a ticklish baby!

Mr. Eric: Fred, it's okay. I sound really weird when I listen to myself, too.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, you sound really weird all the time. Me and Ginger agree. You make weird noises.

Mr. Eric: Oh, really?

Fred the Dog: Yeah and you dance funny, too.

Mr. Eric: I think I... yeah, I have some dance moves.

Fred the Dog: I didn't say fun. I said funny. It's not as good.

Mr. Eric: Ow, geez. Okay, well. I guess we're even, Fred.

Fred the Dog: Sure, you turn my life upside down and I say that you not a very good dancer, so yeah, we even.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Fred. Why don't we go on to the next question. Fred, what's it like being a zombie?

Fred the Dog: Oh, it's really hard so I just want to take lots and lots of naps. And also I have a craving for stick brains.

Mr. Eric: Right, the brains of sticks. Yeah, because What If World zombies eat different things.

Fred the Dog: And you never know where you're going to find a stick brain. Sometimes it's at the bottom of a bowl of kibble.

Mr. Eric: I don't put sticks in your kibble.

Fred the Dog: Sometimes you on a walk where someone dropped food on the ground and you got to eat it just in case there's a stick in there.

Mr. Eric: Uh... is that really why you try to eat everything?

Fred the Dog: And you stinky all the time when you a zombie, even after mommy, daddy give you long bath and try to brush away all your fur for no reason.

Mr. Eric: Oh, it's just because you get a little smelly.

Fred the Dog: Of course I do! I zombie dog.

Mr. Eric: Are you sure you're a zombie dog?

Fred the Dog: Of course, ever since I got poke by the stick.

Mr. Eric: Okay, how badly did you get poked by that stick?

Fred the Dog: It went right through my skin.

Mr. Eric: Oh, gosh Fred. I'm so sorry. I'm remembering that story now. How big was the stick, again?

Fred the Dog: Well, sometimes you exaggerate when you tell stories, but it was about thiiiiis biiiiig.

Mr. Eric: Okay, folks at home, dogs aren't really good with measurements. He's holding his paws about an inch apart.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, it was a really big stick.

Mr. Eric: Fred, we normally call that a splinter.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, a sticker. I like stickers. They like little sticks.

Mr. Eric: No, a sticker is something that's sticky.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, brown and sticky.

Mr. Eric: No, that's not how that joke goes.

Fred the Dog: It's not a joke, Mr. Eric. It's life as a zombie dog.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, it's just you've always kind of been stinky and ate a lot of sticks and slept a lot.

Fred the Dog: Oh my goodness. Are you saying I've always been a zombie dog?

Mr. Eric: No, no. When Ms. Karen rescued you, you were clearly a living dog.

Fred the Dog: When Ms. Karen what?

Mr. Eric: Oh, you know, rescued you from the—

Fred the Dog: From the evil vacuum?

Mr. Eric: No, from the shelter.

Fred the Dog: Wait a second. Are you saying I'm adopted, too? Are any of your children real?

Mr. Eric: Fred, we don't have kids. We have pets. Maybe down the line.

Fred the Dog: Oh, my world is so rocked right now. I think I need a really big stick to chew on.

Mr. Eric: Okay Fred, yep. Let me just run outside real quick. [Footsteps.]

Fred the Dog: While Mr. Eric gone to get a stick, I just want to let you know that I know I'm a rescue dog and also Ginger and Otis rescue cat, but I really like messing with Daddy. I mean, Mr. Eric. I call him Mr. Eric because it really make him mad. But he a good Dad. He pretty good. Whenever my ears get itchy from eating too many sticks, Daddy the only who can clean my ears out right. And when Ginger tried to eat my food, Daddy say, "No, no, Ginger, let Freddy eat the food." And that's pretty nice.

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay, Fred, I got you. Sorry, it was just really heavy.

Fred the Dog: Oh, Mr. Eric, that stick's as big as you.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, it fell off a tree.

Fred the Dog: I don't know, Daddy. That's too big. I can't get my mouth around that stick.

Mr. Eric: Did you just call me Dad?

Fred the Dog: No, Mr. Eric, you misheard.

Mr. Eric: Well, I'll just go find you a smaller stick.

Fred the Dog: Okay, I'll just keep sitting in your chair. But why don't you leave that stick while you go find a smaller one.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, no problem, Fred. We're good, right? You and me?

Fred the Dog: It's going to take a lot of chewing before I figure that out.

Mr. Eric: I understand. I dropped a lot on you today. You probably are a zombie, I just... I was just trying to be entertaining.

Fred the Dog: Okay, so let's get to last question. It say, what do you do when you're not on the episode, for fun? Yeah, I can read, too. Don't tell him. So I like to enjoy the finer things, like waiting for Mommy come home, [chewing], sniffing my bum [chewing], or sniffing Ginger bum. [Chewing] Chewing on sticks, that's good stuff. [Chewing] Oh, and every once in a while, for change of pace, I sniff Otis bum. [Chewing] But he don't like that so much so advice to all you kids at home? Don't sniff your cat bum, okay?

Mr. Eric: Okay, Fred. I had to run to the park but I found you a really solid, medium sized stick. Sturdy enough to chew, not so brittle I have to take it away. It should be perfect.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, it's pretty perfect.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I'm sorry Fred. I'm sorry we didn't tell you sooner about Ginger and Otis and how you're maybe not a zombie, but maybe you are. I still don't know.

Fred the Dog: I think I could get over it if you just take Ginger and Otis and send them back to the pet store.



Mr. Eric: Nice try, Fred. But once you've rescued someone, you're kind of responsible for them.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, I know. I had to learn that lesson as part of the Fur Force.

Mr. Eric: Oh yeah. What's it like being part of What If World's cutest group of rescuers?

Fred the Dog: Uh, leader of, Mr. Eric. And they're pretty sweet. Except when cats get stuck in trees. They don't like a long stretchy pug tongue wrapped around them for some reason.

Mr. Eric: I can't imagine why.

Fred the Dog: Hey, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, Fred?

Fred the Dog: [Chewing] This a pretty good stick.

Mr. Eric: Oh, well, I'm glad you like it.

And folks at home, I hope you enjoyed this quick episode.

Fred the Dog: I'd like to thank Mommy for being good Mommy.

Mr. Eric: Yes, thanks Karen Marshall O'Keeffe.

Fred the Dog: And Uncle Jason for drawing me.

Mr. Eric: Yes, and some other What If World art, sure.

Fred the Dog: Oh, and Craig Martinson. I like that song, even if Daddy play it too much.m

Mr. Eric: Yes, thanks, Craig.

Fred the Dog: And all you kids at home who have ever rescued a bug off a ground or a frog from a pool.

Mr. Eric: Or been nice to an animal you know, or even one your own family rescued. Having a pet of any kind is a lot of responsibility. And it might not be possible where you live, but that doesn't mean you can't be kind to every creature you meet.

Fred the Dog: As long as you keep your distance from the dangerous ones.

Mr. Eric:                   That's right, Fred. Thank you.

Fred the Dog:           And until we meet again–

Mr. Eric:                   Keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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