

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 170: What if dinos lived in a dog's mouth?](#)

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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 we're starting off with a question from Tyler.

Tyler: I'm Tyler.

Tyler's Parent: What's something you really like?

Tyler: Dinos.

Tyler's Parent: And what's your question?

Tyler: What if dinos lived in a dog's mouth?

Tyler's Parent: Tyler's question is, what if dinos lived in a dog's mouth? Thank you.

Mr. Eric: Oh, I love dinos, too! Thank you for sharing your question.

JF Kitty: Purr, uh, speaking of thank yous, I have a meow out for Oscar, age seven, from Cheltenham. He loves books, his pet fish, and his dog, Zephy.

I also have a meow out for Ayla. She likes cats, practicing hula hoop and riding her scooter.

Dracomax: And I must roar to Ezra from Houston, who likes Magnatiles, ninjas, and Zelda: Okarina of Time.

Mr. Eric: Classic game!

Pixicato: Pixicato here to shout out Sophia. She is six years old, lives in Washington, D.C., and loves unicorns.

Alabaster Zero: Last but not least, listen up to Sophie E.'s shout out. That's right, Sophie's a Lego whizz and loves to read. She's also got a little sister named Charlotte.

Mr. Eric: Well, thanks Sophie E., Sophia, Ezra, Ayla, and Oscar. Now, let's find out what if dinos lived in a dog's mouth?

[Rising harp scale.]

Fred the Dog: Oh, I'm running late! I'm so very late! Ooh! Ooh, my tooth hurts.

Mr. Eric: Fred the Dog was indeed running late for a dentist appointment. It felt like there was something trampling around inside his mouth but he had no idea what. Shh, don't spoil it for him!

[Doorbell rings and then door creaks open.]

Abacus: Oh, hello Fred.

Mr. Eric: Abacus P. Grumbler greeted his friend from the front door of the Observatorium.

Abacus: I don't remember having doorbell installed, though.

Fred the Dog: There's no time to question whether or not you ever had a doorbell. You agreed to babysit Recap for me.

Mr. Eric: And Fred the Dog unstrapped a little baby from his back and handed it over with his long, stretchy tongue.

Fred the Dog: His last bottle was at 6:30am so he'll probably be hungry, soon.

Abacus: Excuse me? Did I agree to watch this baby?

Fred the Dog: Yeah, of course you did. Why else would I be here? Don't worry, he's super duper well behaved.

Mr. Eric: Abacus looked down at the napping baby and smiled.

Abacus: Well, I've been a teacher all these years. Certainly I can handle a baby.

Mr. Eric: Fred handed over a diaper bag and started running off to the dentist.

Abacus: Wait, where did this baby come from?

Fred the Dog: Just don't forget to clean his bum bum, thanks Abacus, bye!

Mr. Eric: And suddenly the baby's eyes shot open.

Recap: I'll tell you where I came from: Alternia!

Abacus: You're very well spoken for a baby.

Recap: You bet your baby bib I am! You see, previously, in Alternia–

Abacus: Why am I seeing everything in sepia tone right now?

Recap: It's a flashback, just roll with it.

Abacus: Oh...okay...

Recap: The unicorns and Pixicato saved the world from Cthunder and then I, being the powerful disembodied voice that I am, brought everyone to What If World where I have of course materialized as a baby.

Abacus: Why, of course. And also Fred didn't have a baby in the story last week.

Recap: Oh, he sure did. I was just napping while strapped to his back the whole time.

Abacus: Oh, okay... well... what do you do, little baby?

Recap: Mostly I experiment with my phenomenal narrative powers.

Mr. Eric: Said Recap, squirming his chubby little baby arms and wiggling his chubby little baby fingers.

Abacus: Oh, then we should get along splendidly–

Recap: Baby disappear!

Mr. Eric: And then the baby was gone.

Abacus: Oh, I should have seen that coming.

Mr. Eric: Abacus scoured the entire Observatorium, and when he couldn't find baby Recap, he went and looked up his locate baby spell.

Abacus: Abra-ca-baby! [Magic noise!] Oh, great, he's at the bottom of the lake... Eagh! He's at the bottom of the lake!

Mr. Eric: Fortunately, baby Recap was in an air bubble within Cthunkle's black sparkly fortress.

Cthunkle: It's so nice to see you again, Recap.

Recap: Yes, I'm sorry I slept through the entire adventure last time.

Cthunkle: Oh, that's okay. You're a baby. You need your rest.

Mr. Eric: And Abacus scooped up the baby.

Abacus: Oh, Cthunkle. You helped raise your nephew, Scully the Squid. Care to do some babysitting?

Cthunkle: But didn't you agree to watch him.

Abacus: I suppose I did, I just don't remember doing that. Mr. Eric, are you sure I agreed to watch this baby?

Mr. Eric: Huh? Oh, me? Uh, yeah, I'm pretty sure. I mean, you must have, right? Because Fred brought him there.

Abacus: Oh, fine, I'll just take him back to the—he's gone again, isn't he?

Cthunkle: Yes, he teleported away about a minute ago. You're really bad at this.

Abacus: Oooh... abra-ca-baby.

Mr. Eric: And Abacus could see little baby Recap wreaking havoc inside the Observatorium's pantry!

Abacus: Oh, no no no no no! Tomorrow was to be pizza day!

[Time skip noise.]

Mr. Eric: Meanwhile, Fred the Dog had finally gotten to the dentist.

Fred the Dog: Hello, Tooth Fairy.

Mr. Eric: Said Fred, knocking on the side of a thimble that lived on top of a cloud in the neighborhood known as Fairy Glen. And he was shrunk inside the thimble to see Fair Elise giving him a flat stare.

Fair Elise: Fred, I don't know how many times I need to tell you this, but I am not the tooth fairy.

Fred the Dog: You're not?

Fair Elise: No, I am Fair Elise. I am a detective.

Fred the Dog: Then can you detect what's wrong with my teeth?

Fair Elise: No. For that, you'd need a dental detective, also known as a dentist.

Fred the Dog: But aren't all fairies good at teeth? You know, now that I hear myself saying it, I realize that's pretty wrong-headed.

Fair Elise: Well, at least you're learning.

Fred the Dog: Well, certainly someone in Fairy Glen is a tooth fairy.

Fair Elise: I've just been reunited with my daughter after months so please forgive me if I don't have patience for your antics right now?

Fred the Dog: What's antics? Is that like an anti-stick. I want to try that.

Fair Elise: [Heavy sigh.]
[Time skip noise.]
[Clattering, magical noises, creaking doors...]

Mr. Eric: Platters, pans, pots, and plates plunked down all over the place and containers of food and milk and eggs cracked and crashed and splashed everywhere.

Abacus: Oh, I'm going to use up all my spells for the day just cleaning this mess up!

Recap: I apologize. Everything in existence is new to me and wonderful. I must put it all in my mouth, or else break it. Yum yum yum. Yum yum.

Abacus: No no no. Put down the candy. Babies should never eat candy. Especially not magical babies.

Mr. Eric: Recap's eyes widened and his belly rumbled and magical spells shooting out of every finger and every toe and even his eyes and his nose!

Recap: This is hilarious.

Abacus: Ooh! [Whimpers]

Mr. Eric: Abacus raised a magical shield and retreated from the baby, who started chasing him all over the halls.

Recap: Knocking things over is the best. It's equally as good as tasting things and breaking them.

Abacus: [Whimpers] I didn't sign up for this!

Mr. Eric: Well, technically, Abacus, you did.

Abacus: Don't start, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: I'm just saying, oh, look out for Recap! [CRASH]

Abacus: Oh, for crying out—

Mr. Eric: Baby Recap had somehow managed to knock down an entire bookcase was about to land on the baby.

Recap: I just found a new passion: finding elaborate ways to hurt myself the moment you stop looking.

Abacus: [Crying] Whyyyy.

Mr. Eric: And Abacus flung out his most powerful spell to create a protective sphere around the baby.

Recap: What a nice magical bubble. I can't wait to figure out how to pop it.

Abacus: No no, please don't pop it! It's the only thing keeping you alive right now.

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus. Bookcases and rubble were all leaning on top of the protective sphere, and Abacus exhausted his magic pushing it all off.

Abacus: Oh, oh wait. I remember. My parents used an anti-magic baby carrier on me. Apparently I had the same problem, growing up.

Mr. Eric: Abacus scooped up the bubble containing Recap and rushed to his study. Meanwhile, the baby rolled the protective sphere all over the room, knocking down staves and potions and all kinds of magical ingredients.

Abacus: Ah ha! I've got it!

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus, thinking he'd finally gotten the hang of this parenting thing. But boy was he wrong.

Abacus: What did you say, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: Oh, uh, nothing. Just... keep... you know. Put the baby in the harness, like you were...

Abacus: I've had about enough of you today.

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus to baby Recap.

Abacus: No, I did not say that to baby Recap.

Mr. Eric: Uh-oh. Abacus, don't do anything rash.

Abacus: Oh yes. I have a question here from a patron named Micah. A question you're sure to enjoy, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: I don't like the sounds of this, but I'm sure I'll like the sound of your question, Micah. Just maybe not what it implies for me. Okay, let's just hear it.

Micah: My name is Micah.

Micah's Parent: And what is your question, again?

Micah: Um, what if Abacus P. Grumbler got so frustrated with Mr. Eric that Abacus flung Mr. Eric to the sky [unclear.]

Mr. Eric: Too bad your magic's all dried up for the day.

Abacus: I think one of these wands might have a spell left in it.

Mr. Eric: Abacus, if you think I'm gonna narrate you casting a spell on me, then you are sorely mistaken.

Recap: Abacus quickly grabbed a nearby wand and shot a spell up into the sky.

Abacus: Thank you, Recap.

Recap: Don't mention it.

Mr. Eric: Oh boy.

Recap: And Mr. Eric shrunk down until he was the size of a germ on the end of the wand.

Abacus: Oh, Recap, it's so nice when your magical powers aren't aimed at me.

Recap: And then he stuck me inside the anti-magic baby carrier.

Abacus: Now, I've just got to teleport to someone who knows a little bit more about magical babies than I do.

Recap: But I thought you used up all your magic.

Abacus: Oh, you're right. Where's that bus schedule?

Mr. Eric: Abacus? Recap? Anybody? Miss Karen? Ugh.

Fred the Dog: Abacus, hello? I learned my lesson about not presuming all fairies are the same, but then I forgot I still need to see the dentist.

Mr. Eric: Fred! Fred, it's me. Fred! Oh, he must not be able to hear me. I'm just too small.

Fred the Dog: Oh, my teeth really aching right now. I need something good to chew on. I wish I had one of those antics, those sounded delicious.

[Time skip noise.]

Recap: Just then Fred saw the stick sitting on the edge of Abacus's work bench, only it wasn't a stick. That's right, you guessed it, it was a wand.

Abacus: You see, Fair Elise, the baby just keeps babbling like this. I'm afraid there's something wrong with him.

Recap: Said Abacus P. Grumbler from inside Fair Elise's thimble house.

Fair Elise: Oh, what is it with everyone. Just because I am a fairy and a mother doesn't mean I know everything about magical babies.

Abacus: Oh, no no. I'm sorry, Fair Elise. I'm just actually here because you're a detective.

Recap: Chomp went Fred the Dog on the stick and there was Mr. Eric, inside his mouth, a jungle of old bits of sticks where thousands of tiny baby dinosaurs roamed.

Fair Elise: I'm sorry, Abacus. I am on vacation.

Abacus: Oh, well, then, maybe you could just help me with this magical baby since you're a fairy and a mother?

Fair Elise: Go home, Abacus.

Abacus: Okay, but could you just lend me some bus fair?

[Time skip noise.]

Mr. Eric: Okay, I am inside Fred's mouth. Yep, I'm inside my own dog's mouth. My horoscope was way off for today.

Dinosaurs... I love dinosaurs but not the kind that are alive and want to eat me.

[Breathing fast like he's running.]

Okay, I think I'm safe, although I should probably stop talking out loud about my feelings. Kids, I don't want you to get the wrong impression. Normally, talking about your feelings out loud is very healthy, but when you're being hunted by dinosaurs, it's generally something that—

Velocity: Hi, I couldn't help but notice you were narrating to yourself. [Record scratch.] You probably shouldn't do that when being chased by carnivorous dinosaurs like me!

Mr. Eric: Oh, I'm sorry. Please don't eat me.

Velocity: Silly creature, I'm not gonna eat you.

Mr. Eric: Oh, thank goodness.

Velocity: I just ate a bunch of lizards so I'm gonna save you for later.

Mr. Eric: Oh, man...

Velocity: Uh oh! That's the T-rex, she'll eat both of us unless you climb on my back and I whisk you away to my secret lair.

Mr. Eric: I guess being eaten by you later is better than being eaten by a T-rex right now...

Velociraptor: That's the spirit!

Recap: And the velociraptor known as Velocity had the germ-sized Mr. Eric climb up on her back, at which point, they ran deeper inside Fred's mouth to a stinky old wetlands of dirt, drool, and floating sticks.

Abacus: Recap, you have quite the imagination. What are you even talking about?

Recap: Said Abacus P. Grumbler, entering the Observatorium to see Fred.

Fred the Dog: [Splutters] Nothing!

Abacus: What do you mean, nothing?

Fred the Dog: That's what I was chewing on.

Abacus: Oh, all right. Well, are you ready to take this baby back? He's been nothing but trouble all day.

Recap: Maybe that's because you've done nothing but try to get rid of me all day!

Abacus: Oh, you're right. I'm so sorry. I've just been trying to find your real family to take care of you. I'm just so busy with work...

Fred the Dog: But aren't you a teacher?

Abacus: Yes.

Fred the Dog: And isn't it summer time.

Abacus: Yes, I have lesson plans to work on. Going to start those in a couple of weeks.

Recap: And as Abacus continued to make up flimsy excuses, Velocity the Velociraptor was preparing a big pot of stew to cook up Mr. Eric.

Fred the Dog: Uh-oh.

Abacus: Oh, ignore him. He... it's just cute little baby babble.

Fred the Dog: I don't think so, Abacus. That's one pretty powerful baby.

Abacus: But Fred, if what he's saying is true, then that would mean that you ate one of my magic wands.

Fred the Dog: Nothing!

Abacus: Excuse me?

Fred the Dog: Abacus, if you're trying to say that I've been sneaking into your study every time you're not around for the past three and a half years and chewing on your old wands and that's why they break half the time and your magic goes awry, then that's just crazy talk.

Abacus: No, I was saying you ate a wand with Mr. Eric at the end of it by accident. What was that about chewing all of my other wands?

Fred the Dog: Oh, my goodness! Mr. Eric is... eating a stick inside my mouth! We've got to deal with that pressing matter immediately!

Recap: Said Fred the Dog, trying to distract Abacus from the fact that he'd been chewing his wands for the past three and a half years.

Abacus: Oh, but Fred, I'm completely out of magic and you've chewed my last wand.

Fred the Dog: Come on, Abacus. You must have some magic laying around?

Abacus: Baby Recap destroyed all my scrolls and ingredients. Although I am sensing magic coming from somewhere...

Fred the Dog: I don't know where that could possibly be?

Abacus: Oh, no...

Fred the Dog: Oooh, no.

Recap: Oh yes. The last deposit of magic within a one mile radius was the forest of splintered wands inside Fred's own mouth.

Fred the Dog: This is gonna be really gross, isn't it, Abacus?

Abacus: Let's just be grateful Mr. Eric isn't here to describe it.

Mr. Eric: I am here! I'm being slowly cooked!

Recap: And with that, Abacus bravely reached inside the stinky mouth of Fred the Dog.

Abacus: Oh, you really don't have to describe this.

Fred the Dog: Baby Recap, I'd be more comfortable if you didn't talk about it.

Recap: He was fishing around through miles of slimy tongue, and age-old deposits of goop and dirt he'd licked up along the way.

Abacus: Oh, I wish I'd put on a pair of gloves!

Recap: But he hadn't put on gloves and he could practically feel the stink as he squished through the wooden splinters of an enchanted forest of dinosaur germs.

Mr. Eric: I think I see your hand, Abacus.

Velocity: Uh-oh! I guess I'll have to eat you up right now.

Recap: And Abacus's hand closed around a sloppy primordial goop, squeezing out the last bits of magic from his old wand pieces like one squeezes out seeds from a rotten tomato.

Fred the Dog: Oh, please, stop, Recap.

Abacus: I really don't need any more description.

Recap: When...
[Magical whooshing, and Abacus crying.]

Abacus: I need to wash my hands for 18 Happy Birthday songs.

Mr. Eric: Oh, thank you guys, you saved me. I said, quickly bringing myself back to What Is World.

Velocity: Ah, man! I didn't get to eat anybody.

Mr. Eric: Said Velocity, now standing in the Observatorium. She was a huge velociraptor looming over Abacus and Fred.

Velocity: And eating people's my second favorite thing.

Fred the Dog: Oh, I'm so sorry. What's your first favorite thing.

Velocity: Oh, it's embarrassing. I should just eat you two.

Abacus: Don't be embarrassed.

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus, slowly hiding the baby behind his back.

Abacus: You can tell us what your first favorite thing is. We're very good listeners.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, as long as you don't eat our ears.

Abacus: Fred, don't give the dinosaur any ideas.

Velocity: Oh well. I guess it couldn't hurt to tell you. It's dental detective work.
[Record scratch.]

Recap: Well, that's convenient!

Mr. Eric: Said Recap.

Velocity: What was that?

Mr. Eric: Asked Velocity.

Abacus: Oh, nothing.

Mr. Eric: Said Abacus, with a big wide grin.

Abacus: It certainly wasn't a delicious baby that I'm hiding behind my back.

Fred the Dog: Why would you describe him as delicious.

Abacus: I don't know, I'm panicking!

Mr. Eric: The velociraptor drew in close to Abacus and took a long look at his teeth.

Fred the Dog: Hey, if you're going to do dental detective work, you should start with me. I've had a toothache since the beginning of the episode.

Velocity: Oh, you? You just need to brush your teeth, silly. And floss. And use mouthwash.

Fred the Dog: Oh, that's horrible. But if I do that today, I'll feel better forever?

Velocity: As long as you keep doing it every day.

Fred the Dog: Every day... ooh... why can't I ever get a happy ending?

Mr. Eric: And Velocity was looking at the little baby Recap who smiled and giggled, showing four budding teeth that had just recently come in.

Abacus: Oh, please don't eat the baby. Take Fred, instead.

Fred the Dog: Nice, Abacus.

Velocity: I wouldn't eat your little brother. That'd be rude.

Abacus: My what?

Velocity: Well, it's obvious by the midline incisors in the upper and lower quadrants that you two are brothers.

Fred the Dog: Wow. Dental detectives are cool.

Velocity: We sure are. Now I'm gonna run off to the pantry. Smells like there's uncooked pizza ingredients everywhere.

Abacus: Oh, so much for pizza day.

Recap: Really? So much for pizza day? That's the line you want to go out on?

Abacus: What's wrong with so much for pizza day?

Recap: You just found out you have a long-lost brother and all you can think about is pizza.

Abacus: Oh, little brother. You've obviously never tried pizza.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Well, Micah and Tyler, I hope you enjoyed your story.

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who have ever looked out for a younger brother, sister, cousin, or friend. It's quite the responsibility being the big kid in the room, but you'll learn a lot and you might even make a new friend.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]