

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 194: What if a dog dug a hole and everything fell in?](#)

File Length: 00:21:29

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 a patron named Carson.

Carson: Hello, Mr. Eric. My name is Carson. I like pokemon, beyblades, my family, and nature. My what if world questions is what if Fred the Dog dug a hole so big that everything fell in? Bye!

Mr. Eric: Oh my gosh, Carson! You like so many things. And I can just see Fred the Dog digging that hole right now...

Fred the Dog: [Scrabbling] Aaaaaa!

Mr. Eric: We do have one more question from a listener named Regan. She drew a sketch of her idea and emailed it to us, but I think I'm gonna save it until the end. So let's find out what if Fred the Dog dug a hole so big that everyone fell in.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: You might recall that in What If World, the What House is not so much a house as a simple wooden door and frame, freestanding in the midst of an ancient forest called the Forest of If. But when you opened that door, you could step inside the true What House, which could be as big and elaborate or as simple and wholesome as the president and their people decided.

So, when Fair Elise stepped inside her What House, she was unsurprised to see that it very much resembled the Forest of If on the inside. The

walls were a thicket of brambles, alternating thorns with beautiful flowers that would bloom every morning and close up to sleep every night. The biggest difference was that the What House wasn't nearly as empty as the Forest of If. [Record scratch.]

[Crowd yammering.]

People clamored about, all shouting for their president at once.

Crowd: Fair Eliiiiise.

You're telling, we have to make an appointment to see my own partner?

[Harrigo's singing cadence] I would like to talk to the-uh president!

Fair Elise: All right, just give me one minute. It's my first day.

Mr. Eric: But the clamor only continued louder than before!

Crowd: Faiiiir Eliiiiise!

Yarrgzarrd!

Sprite Alright: Now, hold on, my love.

Harrigo: No, no, no, I won't hold on, no!

Mr. Eric: The thorny, brambled walls of the What House parted before Fair Elise and closed up behind her. She found herself within the Hopeful Office and saw a little dog-sized desk made of sticks that must have once belonged to Fred.

Fair Elise: Oh, Fred. It is my first day as president and I'm feeling a little overwhelmed.

Mr. Eric: She flew over to the desk and opened a drawer, still slimy from Freddy's tongue.

Fair Elise: Ew?

Mr. Eric: Within she found a note scrawled with paper and crayon. It read, simply, "Eat sticks. Love, Fred."

Fair Elise: This is the advice he gives me? What If World's longest running president and all he can say is eat sticks?

Mr. Eric: At that moment, Fair Elise's partner, Sprite Alright teleported into the room.

Sprite Alright: All right, love, it's your first day as president and I know you don't have much time for me—

Fair Elise: Sprite Alright, I always—

Sprite Alright: I just want to remind you that you promised Pixicato to be home by nine to tuck her in tonight.

Fair Elise: Right, right, of course.

Sprite Alright: Just be in the Hopeful Office at nine PM, and I'll teleport here to pick you up.

Fair Elise: Uh, yes, I will.

Sprite Alright: All right, I'm running late!

Mr. Eric: And she disappeared, leaving Fair Elise alone again. But she could still hear an increasingly loud clamor from within the What House. So, she flew out to investigate. The foyer was filled with trees and snokemon and these strange spinning top creatures that flew around, shearing off little pieces of thorn and petal wherever they got too close to the walls.

Fair Elise: Uh, Wayblades, excuse me, please do not prune the What House. Spin yourselves over here and I will hear what you have to say.

Trees: No, no, no, fair!

Mr. Eric: Complained the trees.

Snokemon: Rizard snor!

Mr. Eric: Grumbled a snowy dragon.

Wayblades: Fair Elise!

Mr. Eric: A red and yellow Wayblade, whose jagged steel edges looked kind of like fiery comets spun its way right up to her.

Wayblade: Fred the Dog said we Wayblades had to stop cutting down trees.

Fair Elise: Well, yes. Deforestation has been an issue.

Wayblade: But that's all we're good at! What are we supposed to do?

Fair Elise: Well, I thought with a little retraining, you could work as Feyblades, only pruning where needed and cutting back overgrowth and clearing dead vegetation.

Wayblade: Boring! We don't pay attention to that. We just clear the way like trailblazers. We're the Wayblades.

Fair Elise: Well, yes, Feyblades could also work as guides, leading others through dangerous parts of What If World.

Wayblade: Hmm, Meteor Swarm must think about this.

Mr. Eric: The Wayblade known as Meteor Swarm started spinning in thought, getting hotter and hotter as it did.

Snarizard: Snar snar snar! Snarizard!

Trees: No, no, no, he'll melt the snow, snow, snow.

Fair Elise: Yes, yes. Trees and Snokemon, I hear you. Meteor Swarm?

Meteor Swarm: What is it?

Fair Elise: Your fires are rather dangerous to the trees and Snokemon within the What House.

Meteor Swarm: Don't tell me how to use my fire and my blades!

Fair Elise: What if I just helped you retrain yourself into a Feyblade with a little magic?

Meteor Swarm: Hmm... keep talking...

Fair Elise: So, instead of going back to school for a year, you have all the training you need right now before you chop down the trees and melt the Snokemon.

Meteor Swarm: Hmm, fine.

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise started magically imparting her knowledge and kindness upon each of the Wayblades, helping them become Feyblades that could keep the forest clear and guide people safely from here to there. But before she could finish, the Snokemon and trees impatiently pushed their way in front of her!

Snokemon: Snar snar snarnizard snar [continues with variations of Snarizard for a while.]

Fair Elise: I know, I'm sorry. I thought I could just deal with their problem today and then they won't be melting you tomorrow.

Snokemon: Zard, snar. I.

Fair Elise: You're right. It isn't fair to put others first.

Mr. Mouser: Excuse me, Fair Elise.

Mr. Eric: Interrupted Mr. Mouser, her chief of staff.

Fair Elise: Oh, what is it now?

Mr. Mouser: It is time for your lunch break.

Mr. Eric: And he held up a perfect little fruit and vegetable wrap. But Fair Elise couldn't be bothered.

Fair Elise: I really don't have time for this!

Mr. Eric: And with a flick of her wand, the wrap went from in her plate to in her belly.

Fair Elise: Oh, I really ate that too fast.

Mr. Mouser: Also, a large hole is appearing in the forest and people are falling into it.

Fair Elise: Mr. Mouser, please kindly do something about that and leave me to the many problems staring me in the face.

Mr. Mouser: My goodness.

Mr. Eric: Said Mr. Mouser, looking wounded. But he picked up a tiny shovel and skittered out of the What House.

Trees: Go, go, go, it's our turn to go, go, go!

Mr. Eric: Complained a tree.

Fair Elise: I'm sorry, Harrigo, just let me finish hearing Snarizard out.

Snarizard: Zardisnar...

Harrigo: You were not here first, I'm 10,000 years older than you!

Fair Elise: So, Snarizard, you want permafrost magic on all the Snokemon? Like in Frozen II?

Snarizard: Snarr...

Fair Elise: Oh, because some of you are melting. You know, I'm trying to combat climate change, I really am, but it's a slow task.

Snarizard: Snar snarsnar!

Fair Elise: You're right, I feel horrid. Listen, just bring whatever Snokemon are here and I'll give them permafrost magic.

Snarizard: Iznarsnasnar.

Mr. Eric: Bowed Snarizard. And he opened the door to the What House and Fair Elise saw hundreds of Snokemon lining up outside beside a growing number of Wayblades.

Fair Elise: Ooh... All right, all right. We'll take turns. One Wayblade becomes a Feyblade and then one Snokemon gets permafrost.

Mr. Eric: And while Fair Elise was casting one spell after another, she spared an ear to listen to the trees.

Trees: Well, we just wanted you to tell the Wayblades what to do and we kind of like your solution. We think it'll lead to less pollution.

Fair Elise: Well, thank you, Harrigo. You know, if some of you trees could lend your magic, I'd be able to help the Wayblades and the Snokemon much more quickly—

Harrigo: No, no, no. I'm afraid, no.

Fair Elise: You're right. It's not fair to give them my magic and ask you for yours.

Harrigo: You should help us heal twig and bark from woe to wheel.

Fair Elise: Absolutely, so just get in line and I'll heal one tree and make one Feyblade and give one coat of permafrost at a time.

Tree: Help us first achieve our goal then help my trees out of that hole.

Fair Elise: I know, but helping reform the Feyblades will actually be helping heal the trees indirectly. And all that will help climate change, which will help you Snokemon, eventually.

Mr. Eric: And although none of them were happy, including Fair Elise, they agreed to take turns getting their tree healing and their Feyblade training, and their permafrosting as Fair Elise went down the line casting spell after

spell after spell, moving farther from the What House and deeper into the Forest of If as the sun went down in the cold sky.

Fair Elise: All right, little Snokemon, hold tight.

Mr. Eric: A crack appeared in Fair Elise's wand as her spell failed!

Fair Elise: That's strange...

Mr. Eric: Said Fair Elise, as she found herself falling to the ground, her little flapping fairy wings were no longer keeping her aloft. She hit the half-frozen ground none too gently and the little Snokemon ran up to her.

Snokemon: Sno?

Fair Elise: I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm just... I think my magic needs a little rest, is all.

Snokemon: Ta tana sno.

Fair Elise: Pitasnu, it's fine. I'll be okay.

Mr. Eric: The cute little pita pocket of snow put itself over Fair Elise like an igloo. She found the inside of the pita igloo glittering gently and she started feeling warmer right away. But that only made her feel more tired.

Fair Elise: Pita, I'm so grateful for this shelter on such a cold night, but...

Snokemon: Sno sno sno?

Fair Elise: No, I just haven't got time to rest right now. You'll just have to come back tomorrow and I'll get your permafrost done, then. At least you were the last one in line.

Pitasnu: Tatapisnu...

Fair Elise: What do you mean, there were others in the line before?

Pitasnu: Snu pita.

Fair Elise: But they were swallowed up in an ever-expanding hole in the ground?

Pitasnu: Pitasnu!

Fair Elise: Oh, and we're tumbling in it as we speak. Excuse me?

Mr. Eric: And the little pita pocket of snow closed around Fair Elise altogether, hugging her tightly as they tumbled down, down, down. And down, down, down, down down.

Fair Elise: Oh, we must have finally hit the bottom.

Mr. Eric: And down down down down downdowndowndown down down... down down down.

Fair Elise: Are you quite finished, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: All, down. I mean, done.

Fair Elise: Pitasnu, you saved me even though I didn't give you your permafrost.

Pitasnu: Snuuu pita.

Fair Elise: That's very wise, but could you let me out, now? I want to make sure we are both safe, wherever we are.

Mr. Eric: The Snokemon unwrapped itself from Fair Elise and she saw they were at the bottom of a very deep hole. Looking up, she could see just a sliver of moonlight and looking around she could see hundreds of shadowy figures.

Fair Elise: Who's that? Who's there? I'm president, I'll have you know.

Mr. Eric: Fair Elise warily raised her wand and tried to fly into the air but found her wings were all out of fair dust.

Abacus: I'm afraid we're all down here, Fair Elise.

Mr. Eric: Said a familiar voice.

Fair Elise: Abacus, is that you?

Abacus: Not just me, but everyone in What If World who cannot fly or teleport.

Fair Elise: But I thought you could both fly and teleport.

Abacus: Yes, but my magic is a bit unpredictable. If I were to disturb the sides of this massive hole...

Fair Elise: Oh, I see, Abacus. Yes. Well, we'll just have to find another way out.

Fred the Dog: I don't think so. We'll get to the other side of What If World before you know it.



Fair Elise: Fred the Dog?

Fred the Dog: Oh, hi Fair Elise. How's it going being president?

Fair Elise: Not particularly well. My magic has failed on my first day and instead of tucking in my daughter, I am stuck in a hole.

Fred the Dog: Oh, no. You're not stuck. See, I have a theory. If I keep digging down, eventually I'll just be digging up.

Abacus: Ooh.

Alabaster Zero: But where's your proof, Puppy?

Mr. Eric: Said Alabaster Zero, Fair Elise's partner in crime solving before she became president.

Fred the Dog: Well, my proof is at the bottom of this hole, so just help me keep digging and we'll find out together.

Alabaster Zero: Can't see the fault in that logic. Where's my shovel?

Mr. Mouser: You can have mine. I was trying to fill in the hole, but then I fell in.

Fair Elise: Oh, Mr. Mouser. I'm sorry I sent you here alone. I've just got so much on my plate!

Fred the Dog: Fair Elise... did you forget to take my advice?

Fair Elise: Your advice? You said, "Eat sticks." What kind of advice is that?

Fred the Dog: Only the best kind I could give. Did you do a single thing that was nice to yourself all day long?

Fair Elise: Well, no.

Fred the Dog: See, for me, no matter how tough things get, I make sure I take a moment every day to eat some sticks.

Fair Elise: But I've got too much responsibility.

Pitasnu: Snu pita?

Fred the Dog: She used up all her magic! You need some sticks, stat!

Fair Elise: Fred. I'm a fairy, I don't like to eat sticks.

Fred the Dog: Well, but what's your sticks? You know, what I mean?

Fair Elise: I have no idea--oh yes. My sticks. Sprite Alright! Pixicato? Where are you?

Mr. Eric: And her partner and daughter appeared right at the bottom of this very cramped hole.

Pixicato: Mother, it's a bit late, don't you think?

Sprite Alright: Fair Elise, I have been looking for you all night.

Fair Elise: I'm sorry. I wasn't giving myself time for the things I love and so my stress got away from me. Is that made you dig this hole, Fred? Were you stressed about not being president anymore?

Fred the Dog: What? No, this is my retirement present to myself. I figured there's got to be a lot of cool sticks on the other side of the world.

Sprite Alright: All right, well, I can teleport a few of you out of here, but I'm just about used up from looking for Fair Elise all night.

Alabaster Zero: I guess our only option is to keep digging through the center of the earth.

Pixicato: I think you'll find that there's molten lava at the center of the earth, which would be dangerous for most of us except of course the lava people.

Mr. Eric: Said Pixicato.

Lava People: Mm, thank you for thinking of us.

Mr. Eric: Said Molamo, the lava person.

Fred the Dog: Oh, that's just What Is World stuff. The center of What If World could be anything. We won't know until we get there!

Mr. Eric: And Fred started digging into the earth again.

Pitasnu: Snu pita...

Sprite Alright: Yeah, I agree. It is getting hot in here being stuck next to this lava person.

Fair Elise: Oh, I'm president. This is all my responsibility, but I'm too exhausted to even think.

Alabaster Zero: If only we knew where this dirt was going. Then we could go there.

Fair Elise: What was that, Alabaster?

Alabaster Zero: I mean, we're miles below the surface, so all that dirt and rock can't be here.

Fred the Dog: Of course not, sillies! You can't keep the dirt in the hole you're digging, that's crazy!

Fair Elise: Then, where is the dirt going?

Fred the Dog: Oh, you know me, I just take it with my big long tongue and I stretch it several miles back up to the earth's surface. That's why the digging is taking a little longer, now.

Cleocatra: Fred the Dog, if your tongue can reach up to the surface of the earth...

JF Kitty: Then we're really not purr-uh-stuck down here!

Fred the Dog: Who says you were stuck? I thought you were just hanging out with me. I think I'm almost to the center, everybody!

Fair Elise: And I think everybody wants to go to bed.

Dracomax: Or wake up!

Cthunkle: Or, have lunch.

Stevie Fleasel: Depending on our time zone.

Mr. Eric: Fred the Dog, finally realizing not everyone wanted to be in this hole with him, began wrapping his long, slimy tongue around each of them and lifting them up and out by twos and threes. When everyone was back on the surface, the sun was already rising, and with it, a clamor of requests began again.

Abacus: Now that I have your attention, the Observatorium needs repairs.

Cleocatra: And I would like a new diamond bracelet, if we're asking for stuff we want.

Molamo: Molamo wants more lava-accessible buildings, that don't melt when he enters.

Fair Elise: I hear all of you. And some of these are obviously very important requests, but I need to rest. We're lucky that there are many, many helpers out there, not just the president, and we can all continue working together so that we can all continue taking breaks for ourselves.

Fred the Dog: That's a good speech, Fair Elise. Now you go have a stick! You deserve---aaaah!

Fair Elise: Oh no, he must have dug to the center of the earth.

Fred the Dog: [Screaming] Still falling!

Alabaster Zero: And fallen in.

Abacus: But we don't know what is at the center of What If World.

Fred the Dog: I don't actually know where I'm going, this is weeeiiird.

Fair Elise: Well, we're going to have to find out, right after I get some sleep.

Fred the Dog: Maybe a What If Question will help me figure out where I am right now. Like a question from one of you kids...

Sprite Alright: All right, all right, we get it, Fred. He probably can't hear me.

Fred the Dog: No, I can still hear you. You just sound very far away. Kind of like meeeeee.

Alabaster Zero: Hang on tight, Fred. We're gonna find you. Okay, okay. Now, okay now I'm sure he's officially lost. Ye... yep. He's lost.

Fred the Dog: Sorry, no, I thought I saw a stick. But now I'm loooost--

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Regan and Carson, I hope you enjoyed your story. Oh, and I can tell you Regan's question, now. It was what if Fair Elise lost her magic. Thanks, Regan.

Fred the Dog: Now, it's time for shout outs!

Mr. Eric: Go ahead, Fred!

Fred the Dog: First, there's Torbin, age seven.

Mr. Eric: You said Torbin, right?

Fred the Dog: That's exactly what I said! He loves Harry Potter, science experiments, and gymnastics. Torbin listens to What If World every night before bed with his brothers Dane, who's nine, and Axel, who's four.

Zizi: Zizi here to shout out Dylan. She's eight years old, from Illinois. Dylan loves video games.

Fred the Dog: I've got another woof woof for John Diesel Hopkins, age 11.

Dracomax: And finally, I am Dracomax, here to shout out Ambi. She is also 11 years old, likes her cats Shadow and Seamus, Legos, as well as Star Wars. And she insisted that I get myself stuck in your studio for this shout out.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I noticed, Dracomax.

Dracomax: Hehe, sorry.

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, Dessiree McFarland for her sound design and editing, and all you kids at home who know that helping others is great! But you've still got to make sure you take time to help yourselves. Or, in the wise words of Fred the Dog, eat some sticks.

Fred the Dog: Actually, they shouldn't eat sticks! Sticks aren't good for children!

Mr. Eric: Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]