

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 223: What if a dog was a dentist? (Petey the Pumpkin Part 2)

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Lyrics: [Spooky background sounds play during the theme song.] 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.

Petey: Ahoy there, and welcome back to What If World, the show where your questions and ideas inspire off the cuff stories. P'arrticularly spooky stories this week.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I don't know if they're all that spooky.

Zach: How do you know, Mamma Jamma? We haven't told them the story yet.

Petey: Y'arr Mamma Jamma, why don't you tell your son, Zach, how is it that you know the spookiness levels of this week's story.

Mamma Jamma: Easy, because it's my turn to be in the story and I don't like things that are very spooky.

Zizi: Also, you're not afraid of much.

Mamma Jamma: That's sweet, Zizi, but everyone's afraid of something.

Poppa Loo: Good thing, too. Otherwise we'd have nothing to talk about this week.

Petey: Well said, Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Thank you, Petey the Pumpkin, the former Pirate.

Petey: For I, Petey the Pumpkin, the former Pirate, am a magically What-o'lantern with the ability to turn your I-fears into spooky—

Mamma Jamma: But not too spooky.

Petey: Arr, could you just tell us your fear so we can start the story, Mamma Jamma?

Mamma Jamma: Well it has to do with the dentist.

Petey: Of course, the dentist. A mortal fear for even the bravest pirate.

Mamma Jamma: I'm afraid of disappointing my dentist if I don't take good enough care of my teeth.

Petey: Y'arrgh. You couldn't just let me tell a story about a spooky dentist?

Mamma Jamma: That wouldn't be fair to dentists at all, never mind dental hygienists and their hard-working assistants...

Petey: Y'arr, you're taking all the fun out of this. Just play the question from Avi!

Avi: Hi, my name is Avi and I like unicorns and dogs and I'm five and three quarters and my what if question, what if Fred the Dog was a dentist. Bye!

Avi's Parent: Thank you.

Mamma Jamma: And the teachers at the dental school. Never mind the volunteers who go to those schools for procedures.

Petey: Y'arr. Thank you, Avi, for your question. Now, let's find out what if Fred the Dog was a dentist?

[Rising harp scale]

Mamma Jamma: I'd just finished doing that thing where I talk over people who are totally missing the point.

Petey: What? Are you talking about me?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Petey, of course I am. But I was narrating in my mind and it's rude to eavesdrop.

Petey: Y'arr, okay.

Mamma Jamma: And then I realized I was running late for my six month cleaning, what a shame.

Petey: She's actually excited about the dentist...

Mamma Jamma: So I picked up my smart-mouthed pumpkin, kissed my kids good-bye. [Motherly kissing noises.]

Zach: Maaaaaa. I love you, but you promised to limit yourself to eight or fewer kisses when you leave the house.

Mamma Jamma: And that was eight exactly.

Zizi: She's got you there, Zach. Aaah!

Mamma Jamma: [Eight more motherly kisses.]

Poppa Loo: Oh boy, now it's my turn. Guess I better pucker up.

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo, do you want me to be late for the dentist?

Poppa Loo: No... but maybe if you just gave the kids four kisses, you'd have the—

Mamma Jamma: Oh, fine. [Loud kissing noise.]

Zizi: Please stop.

Zach: I like that our parents love each other. But I still don't need to see it.

Poppa Loo: My face hurts.

Mamma Jamma: And off I went to meet my new dentist.

Bell: Ring ring a gingle!

Mamma Jamma: Jingled the doorbell upon my arrival. It was a lovely little poorly lit concrete room with a rusty chair and a flickering light bulb.

Fred: Hello and welcome to Fred E. Dentistry, the best dentist who ever lacked opposable thumbs.

Mamma Jamma: It was Fred the Dog, the cutest, oldest pot-puggiest, longest-tongue-iest—

Fred: Are you narrating to everyone about my long tongue and that's why I sound this way?

Mamma Jamma: I was just getting to it.

Fred: Well, don't bother. I'm here because you're afraid of the dentist and that's all you need to worry about. [Laughs spookily.]

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I'm not really afraid of dentists.

Fred: Oh, but you should be.

Mamma Jamma: And why's that, now?

Fred: Because the E in Fred E. Dentistry stands for eeeevil.

Mamma Jamma: Oh no! How evil?

Fred: Well, fairly evil. But also we're the only dentist in What If World.

Mamma Jamma: I know. At least you're in network.

Fred: Mwah haha! Then let the pain commence. Show me them toothums.

Mamma Jamma: You mean my teeth?

Fred: And did you read Dentist for Doggies five minutes ago? Did you spend 40 moneys for stuff to stick in people's mouths?

Mamma Jamma: I guess not.

Fred: Then that makes me the expert, here. So show me them toothums.

Mamma Jamma: And so, I leaned back in his folding chair and opened up my mouth. Aaaaaah.

Fred: Now it is time for me to count the cavities and scrape your teeth with these metally things.

Mamma Jamma: Oh thank you. The scaling's my favorite part. My teeth feel so smooth and shiny afterwards.

Fred: No! This is an evil dentist! Come on, you're supposed to be scared.

Mamma Jamma: I am a little scared you'll find a cavity, but I've been brushing and flossing every day and using mouthwash, too.

Fred: Oh, then what good are you? I'm supposed to be fairly evil now, and you're making it very difficult with your no cavity mouth.

Mamma Jamma: That sounds very frustrating, Fred.

Fred: No, don't sympathize with me! I'm a villain!

Mamma Jamma: The bell on the door rang again, ba-jingle-jangle. It was Poppa Loo. He'd brought my two kids here for a visit.

Poppa Loo: Mamma Jamma, get out of that chair. We just looked up your dentist on Welp and did you know he's a half-toothless old dog?

Mamma Jamma: Zach, Zizi, I'm so glad you're here. Fred needs a new patient.

Fred: Yeeesss. Yeeeeesss! Ho ho ho! A child after Halloween? With a mouth full of candy-rotted teeth. Come, sit in this creaky chair under my swinging lightbulb of evil.

Zizi: Mom, is it just me, or is Fred evil now?

Mamma Jamma: Just a little, honey, but he needs this.

Zizi: Okay. Aaaaah.

Mamma Jamma: Zizi opened her mouth and Fred took a long look inside.

Fred: You've got to be kidding me! Only one little itty-bitty emergent cavity?

Zizi: A cavity? I'm so disappointed. We just haven't been able to come to the dentist regularly for a long time.

Poppa Loo: I blame the fact that dentists haven't existed in What If World until now.

Fred: Wa ha ha ha ha! Now let the pain commence.

Zizi: I really don't think the dentist is painful.

Zach: Yeah, as long as we take care of our teeth and watch what we eat, our visits go pretty smoothly.

Fred: Wha-[mutters] isn't anyone here afraid of the dentist?

Petey: It art me! Bet you all forgot I was here because Mamma Jamma stuffed me in her enormous purse, but I brushed me pumpkin teeth every day so they'll last as long as the teeth of a carved pumpkin—

Mamma Jamma: [Whispering] I whispered into my purse.

Petey: Y'arr!? Carved pumpkins only last a few days? Oh, now I'm more afraid of being a pumpkin than I ever was of the dentist.

Mamma Jamma: Batoombrushcrumble! Just then, a giant dragon's head crashed through the door and seemed to immediately get stuck somehow.

Dracomax: It is me, Dracomax. I was chewing on a volcano and now I have a shard of obsidian lodged between two of my razor teeth.

Fred: Ah hahaha! Open wide, Dracomax, my perfect patient.

Dracomax: Of course, aaaaaah. Hey, are you fireproof by any chance?

Fred: Fireproof, no. But I have goggles.

Dracomax: Fireproof goggles?

Fred: I mean, they are safety goggles, so probably?

Dracomax: Okay, then just keep climbing around in there. Watch out for the delicious magma.

Zach: Uh, it's only magma when it's underground, Dracomax.

Dracomax: But what if I ate it when it was still underground?

Zach: Oh, that's an interesting question.

Mamma Jamma: We'd lost sight of Fred during this conversation but we could still smell him quite... easily.

Fred: That smell's not me, it's burning dog fur!

Dracomax: It is still technically you.

Fred: Okay everyone, in light of recent events involving some spectacularly overrated safety goggles, I am going to pursue a career outside of dentistry.

Dracomax: But, uh, inside of my mouth?

Fred: Apparently yes. I think I'm trapped her.

Poppa Loo: So no cleaning for me, ahahaha. Oh. I like how a dentist or a hygienist take care of me while I get some time alone in the chair.

Fred: Then go to a real dentist! This one's obviously a failed, fairly evil plot.

Zach: I heard that eating some candy in a single sitting or along with a meal is better for your teeth than snacking throughout the day. Is that true, Fred?

Fred: What? I just told you all. I'm a terrible dentist.

Mamma Jamma: And I heard that brushing after every single meal can actually wear down your teeth's enamel.

Fred: I truly have no idea what you're talking about.

Dracomax: And I have heard that eating a dentist is very good for your teeth.

Fred: Oh, you know, I think I did hear that somewhere before.

Dracomax: Wah hahahahaha!

Fred: Oh, sticks.

Mamma Jamma: And everyone lived happily ever after. The end.
[Rising harp scale]

Petey: Eh, happily ever after? I just found out that me pumpkin head's gonna rot!

Zach: I'm pretty sure Fred is still stuck in Dracomax's mouth while Dracomax's head is stuck in Fred's office.

Poppa Loo: Oh, it doesn't matter, that story's over so we're back here in the living room, meaning it's finally my turn to tell a story. Oh ho ho! And I've got a humdinger picked out for all of you.

JF Kat: Forget about it! It's my turn. [Record scratch.]

Poppa Loo: JF Kat?

All: JF Kat?

JF Kat: Me, y'ow.

Poppa Loo: No fair. Where'd you even come from?

JF Kat: I've been napping here since last week if you listen carefully and use your imagination, you can hear me purring through the last two episodes.

Poppa Loo: Of course you can if you imagine it, or—

Petey: Well, Jojo, all I want to know is whose story will save me from being a pumpkin the fastest?

JF Kat: Mine, of course.

Petey: Good enough for me!

Poppa Loo: But you didn't even ask me—

Petey: Now, what do you fear the most, JF Kat?

JF Kat: I'm not afraid of anything, Petey.

Mamma Jamma: But everyone's afraid of something, Jojo.

JF Kat: Why should I be? I'm a cat. I'm the best thing in the whole universe and everybody worships me! I can't remember ever feeling afraid in my whole life.

Petey: Then why did I get this question from Reuben?

Reuben: Hi, my name is Reuben and I like animals, and my what if question is what if JF Kat switched bodies with a mouse?

JF Kat: Bring it on. I'll be ameowsing as a mouse, too!

Poppa Loo: You know, Petey, if you picked me, I could tell a story where you, uh, get rich.

JF Kat: But in my story, you'll have really great hair.

Petey: Then it's decided. Let's find out what if JF Kat switched bodies with a mouse and Petey the Pumpkin Pirate had great hair?

Mamma Jamma: Petey.

Petey: Okay, that last part wasn't actually in the question.

[Rising harp scale]

JF Kat: It all started a week ago when Poppa Loo invited me to live in his house.

Poppa Loo: Well, I don't remember doing that. Ugh, narrator's powers taking me—
JF Kat, why don't you just come on over and live in our house, please?

JF Kat: I'd be purr-fectly delighted.

Poppa Loo: And while you're staying here, you should sleep directly on my face and eat anything off my dinner plate that looks good to you. Wait, did I actually say that?

JF Kat: And so it was settled. I would do the Jamma-Loo family the honor of having them get to take care of me. But after a week of me napping, scratching, and puking everywhere, suddenly this family wanted more.

Zach: I just thought it would be nice if I gave you a little pet.

JF Kat: I'm not that kind of cat.

Zach: Okay.

Mamma Jamma: But maybe you'll do a little trick for a treat?

JF Kat: How about you give me the treat first and then I don't do anything?

Mamma Jamma: That's fair.

Poppa Loo: I'm just saying, kitty, we've got a house full of mice. Couldn't you just use your cat wiles to scare them away?

JF Kat: And that's when I realized these people wanted me to be a different kind of cat than who I was. Well, I'd show them! [Purr-snoring]

Zizi: Was he in the middle of hatching a plot, or just?

Zach: I think this is the plot.

Poppa Loo: Okay, well. You kids want to go out for ice cream?

Zach: Yeah, that sounds good.

Zizi: Okay.

Mamma Jamma: [Car beeps] I'm already in the car, let's go get ice cream! [Sound of car squealing away.]

JF Kat: I woke up to a house that was suspiciously empty. These traitors would let me sit around not getting pet by them all day? Well, I'd teach them a thing or two. For real, this time! [Singing to the sound of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"] Let's knock over some vases, that's right, I call them them vases. I can say fancy words like vases! If you don't like it—

Mr. Mouser: Excuse me.

JF Kat: You are not excused. You interrupted my breaking of things.

Mr. Mouser: It's just that you broke a vase right in front of my family's mouse hole.

JF Kat: That's on you for living below a mantle that was so full of vases.

Mr. Mouser: Oh, you're probably right. Just make sure you don't break the last vase on the left. I've heard it contains a terrible cur—

JF Kat: You don't tell me what to do. [Vase crashes, magical zapping noise.] Meow, what's meoppening to meeeeeee? [Voice gets higher pitched, but

then returns to normal.] Oh, my voice is still the same. I thought because I was shrinking into a mouse that my voice would get higher, but it didn't.

Mr. Mouser: I think it would make the narrative confusing if your voice kept changing.

JF Kat: Who are you, anyway, suspicious mouse?

Mr. Mouser: I'm Mr. Mouser. You've known me for your entire life.

JF Kat: I thought you lived at the What House.

Mr. Mouser: No, you lived at the What House. I've always had to commute from here.

JF Kat: Okay, so I'm a mouse. Is this supposed to teach me some sort of lesson?

Mr. Mouser: I think it's just a standard cursed vase situation.

JF Kat: Hang on a second, Mr. Mouser. Are you a cat?

Mr. Mouser: Oh, so I am. That gives me some ideas.

JF Kat: That idea better not be eating me-ow.

Mr. Mouser: Oh, no. I was just thinking I'd be able to run to work much faster. But now that you mention it, you have eaten me several dozen times. It seems only fitting.

JF Kat: And using my own body's lightning fast reflexes against me, Mr. Mouse the cat lunged. I darted into the cat hole. Or mouse hole, whatever, and met his adorable mouse family for the first time.

Mouse child: Daddy!

Mouse child 2: Father!

Mouse wife: Ooooh, dearest.

JF Kat: Okay, listen. There's a cat out there that might claim to be me, and also he has my voice. I need you to sacrifice yourselves to him so that I may escape?

Mouse child: Whatever you say!

Mouse child 2: We love you.

Mouse wife: Goodbye, dear!

JF Kat: And I shoved them all out of the mouse hole and ran in the other direction.

Mr. Mouser: Does he actually think I'm going to eat my own family? He's really not a very good friend.

JF Kat: I heard that! These mouse ears are actually pretty good.

I was starting to feel hungry, but instead of wanting to eat delicious things like meat and leaves that would make me puke, I suddenly had a craving for seeds and fruit.

Spider: I'm afraid you won't find fruit or seeds in the dark corners of this house.

JF Kat: It was a spider who thought that they could talk to me as if we were equals. I always assumed that if I were a mouse, I'd want cheese. But I guess we'll eat just about anything if we're hungry enough, because now I was hungry for spider.

Spider: Oh, please don't eat me. I'm a nice spider just trying to raise my enormous family.

JF Kat: But before I could ignore that spider and shove them into my mouth—[More magical zapping noises!] I suddenly found I'd switched places with them!

Spider: This mouse body will let me hunt larger prey to feed to my family.

JF Kat: Just as long as you don't decide to feed them spider, haha... Oh, that'd be pretty weird, you know, considering that—

Spider: No, actually, that's quite a good idea.

JF Kat: But before that mouse could eat me, I used my newfound smallness to slip through a very small crack in the wood and get right outside of the house. Meow I wouldn't say I was afraid, but I think it's fair to say that I don't like being eaten.

Fly: You've got that right, buzzzz-ster.

JF Kat: It was a tiny fly gathering moisture off something I had, uh, left in the backyard.

Fly: My name's Fly number six to the nine-hundreth power. My family told me that a fly and a spider could never bezzzzzz friends. But now I see

that any two people can be friends as longffffzzzzzz... Are you spinning a web around me?

JF Kat: Ah, is that what I'm doing? It was what I was doing.

Fly: Yes, I'm pouring my heart out to you and you're spinning a web around me.

JF Kat: No, no, listen. I'm a first-time spider. I wouldn't even know how to spin a web if I tried! I said, as I continued to spin a web around him.

Fly: Now, that's just seriously insulting. You think I was born yesterday?

JF Kat: Probably. You're a fly.

Fly: Zzzzz... lucky guess.

JF Kat: And as I tightened my trap around the fly and went in to finally have lunch—

[Magical zapping noises!]

I'm beginning to think I may be curse.

Fly-Spider: Ooh, look who's the spider now and who's the fly. You. You're the fly and I'm the spider!

JF Kat: Good thing I was terrible at making webs because I was able to finally slip free just as—

Mamma Jamma: Beep beep! We're home, I don't know why I'm beeping to announce my arrival to an otherwise empty home.

JF Kat: It was those humans who wanted to take care of me. Well, I was finally ready to let them do it. Zzzzzzzz. I flew over to them. It was going to be their lucky day.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, shoo, fly. Don't bother me.

Poppa Loo: I'll get the fly swatter, honey.

JF Kat: But it's me! Lovable J.F. Fly!

Poppa Loo: Oh, no, oh, this fly is really flying in my face. Yagh, stop it. I think it's trying to eat me!

[Magical zapping noises.]

JF Kat: Meow I'm in this horrible human body.

Poppa Loo: Hey, look at me, kids! Your Poppa Loo is finally fly. Doesn't that mean cool?

Zach: Not since long before we were born.

Mamma Jamma: And never for you, I'm afraid, Poppa Loo.

JF Kat: All right everybody. I think I've got this curse figured out.

Petey: Y'arr I'm hoping so, because I still haven't made an appearance in this story. Wink, wink.

JF Kat: Oh, I almost forgot. It was Petey the Pumpkin.

Petey: The bold pumpkin.

JF Kat: Oh, right. And that's when I realized what I had to do. I picked up the pumpkin and opened my mouth wide—

[Magical zapping noises.]

JF Kat: There. Is everyone happy? Petey, you've got a full head of hair. Poppa Loo, you're a fly. Mr. Mouser, you've got the best body of all, mine. And I'm a stinky old pumpkin.

Poppa Loo: Wait a second, my hair was never as thick and full as it is on him. Who's telling this story, anyhow?

Petey: Oh, no, I actually, now that I think of it. I remember that you always had wonderful hair, Poppa Loo.

Mamma Jamma: Wow, I don't know if I've ever seen such great hair.

Poppa Loo: Okay, no, now I officially want back into that body.

Zach: Daddy, can I keep you in a jar?

Poppa Loo: No, son. You may not.

JF Kat: Everyone seemed to be having a great time. So I started to slowly roll myself out toward the compost bin. And I'd finally learned something. I was afraid of not getting attention.

Poppa Loo: The end, [cries].

Petey: Uh, so why am I back in my pumpkin body?

JF Kat: The story was over. Everything went back to normal.

Zach: But you didn't find any magic, or...

JF Kat: What can I tell you? It was a short story.

Petey: Does that mean I'll just turn back to normal because these were all just spooky Halloween tales?

Poppa Loo: I don't know, Petey. It probably depends on the next couple of What If questions.

Cleocatra: I am here, Cleocatra, to shout out Cece, age nine, from Chicago. She loves her cats Luna and Mina as well as art, skateboarding, soccer and animals.

Zizi: Thanks, Cece!

Petey: And I'd like to thank Eric O'Keeffe, who creates What If World along with Karen O'Keeffe. As well as Craig Martinson for our theme song, our helper, Miss Lynn, and all you kids at home who know that everyone's afraid of something so it's okay to share your fears.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.