

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 231: What if a donut had abs and liked to work out? \(Storyport Part 2\)](#)

File Length: 00:20:38

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 listener named Austin.

Austin: Hi, I'm Austin from Colorado. I like donuts. What if a donut had abs and liked to work out? Bye.

Mr. Eric: Oh, that's so much fun. We had a donut character in an old episode that I've been dying to re-introduce.

Now, we also have one more question from a patron named Colin. Colin wrote, what if all the What If characters were so furious with Mr. Eric that they banned him from narrating and hired Recap to narrate the whole podcast and Mr. Eric got sucked into What If World?

I really should have read this question in advance.

Abacus: You heard the question, Mr. Eric. Am-scray!

Fair Elise: Yes, I'm afraid you keep putting us in these impossible situations.

Fred the Dog: Now we're stuck in the past and we can't get out!

Mr. Eric: Well, hey, I was just doing my best to tell the story.

Fair Elise: Well, now Recap's going to tell the story. Um, actually, who is Recap?

Abacus: He's sort of my baby... but also a phenomenally powerful. You know what, I'll just Recap recap what happened when we first met Recap.

Mr. Eric: Don't you think it might be confusing to have Recap recap a past episode before we've told people what's happened in the most recent episode, because this is a two-part story?

Fred the Dog: Oh my gosh, talk about confusing, I have no idea what you just said.

Mr. Eric: Well, remember, in the last episode, somebody was chewing on Abacus's last wand.

Abacus: Yes, I thought it was Fred, but then he said it was Fred Evil.

Fair Elise: And Abacus P. Grumbler got turned into an abacus, so his magic wouldn't work. And I, Fair Elise, had to take us all back in time to visit past episodes and try to find Fred Evil.

Fred the Dog: Because it was him who was chewing it. Definitely. And it wasn't me.

Abacus: But as we time traveled into past stories, a dangerous space time paradox rift weird thingie started messing with all of us and the stories themselves.

Fair Elise: So I suggested we make a magic spreadsheet that would help us travel to the right places.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, except that used up the last of your magic and now we're stuck in the past and we can't get out!

Mr. Eric: Wow. You three did such a good job recapping that episode. We probably don't even need to hear from Recap and trap me in What If World for the rest of the story...?

Abacus: Nice try, Mr. Eric. Give up your microphone!

[Rising harp scale.]

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 flash-back. 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 whilst 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.

Fred the Dog: Oh, no, Mr. Eric. You stop that narrating.

Mr. Eric: Even in flashback?

Fred the Dog: Okay, but you can only narrate in the flash backs.

Fair Elise: Wait a minute, we just flashed back without magic.

Abacus: It must be Recap's phenomenal narrative powers.

Recap: Stop, you flatter me. But yes, definitely. I can help you storyport through time, but only because I sincerely like you and want to help in any way I can.

Abacus: Recap, that was the nicest thing you ever said to your Papa Abacus.

Recap: I was talking to the dog with the long tongue.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, I'm pretty much everyone's favorite. Probably because I'm so flawless and I never do anything wrong.

Fair Elise: Well, thank you, Recap. We need to find this missing wand or track down Fred Evil, who presumably chewed on the wand.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, it definitely was him that chewed on the wand and it wasn't me.

Fair Elise: And no more extra trips, remember the time anomaly from the last episode is still happening and we could destroy everything everywhere if we continue to—

Fred the Dog: Oh, look! This story has a donut!

Abacus: Ooh, a donut! I'm so glad we created this magical spreadsheet to help us navigate our way through time.

Recap: Why is everybody doing the recapping for me?

Fred the Dog: No, no, no, it's just a little exposition, Recap. Don't you worry about it. Now, please take us into the past, I'm starving. I haven't had a stick since I chewed on that magic waaandermelon.

Abacus: A magic wondermelon?

Fred the Dog: Yeah, that's what I said, now let's storyport right away and not ask any questions.

Fair Elise: Hm... Yes. Well, I remember this story. I went into a mermaid's bakery with a missing dog. Maybe a story about missing things could give us a clue about our missing wand.

Abacus: To the donut—

Mr. Eric: And just as that corgi came sniffing around, Julie's big wet mermaid tail came smack down between it and the little donut.

[Dog whines]

Fair Elise: I'm sorry, we found this little corgi wandering the streets. Has anyone reported one missing recently?

Julie: Oh, hey Fair Elise. Sorry, we haven't heard anything about a missing dog.

Mr. Eric: The little donut was still struggling to lift itself up. It tried to fold itself in half and push up with its head, but that's pretty hard without arms or legs. And just as it was starting to rise.

[Dog sniffing]

The corgi started climbing over Julie's mermaid tail and it saw all the coins sticking out of the little donut.

Corgi: That's really weird. Why do you have metal sticking out of your face?

Donut: I don't know, why do you have fur sticking out of your face?

Corgi: I'm a dog.

Donut: I'm a donut.

Corgi: I'm a dog.

Donut: I'm a donut.

Corgi: I'm...

Donut: You're a dog.

Corgi: You're a dog?

Donut: So you're not, like, a smart dog.

Corgi: [Cries] And you're not like a nice donut.

Donut: Ah! Sorry! I'm still learning how to talk to people, and dogs.

Abacus: Hmm, that story portal was more about accepting each other and owning our mistakes. How does that relate to us?

Fair Elise: Any ideas, Fred?

Fred the Dog: Why are you looking at me? I'm practically perfect in every way.

Fair Elise: Even when you make mistakes?

Fred the Dog: No, I mean yes. I mean, I never make mistakes like chewing on a wand and then blaming it on someone... magic portal just appeared and a buff donut walked through it.

Abacus: Oh, sure. The old buff donut through the portal gag. I'm not falling for that one again.

Donut: It's no gag. I came here to help make sense of my past. I regret teasing that dog, but there was a lot I didn't know about myself or the world back then.

Fair Elise: But now you're happy with who you are and also you work out a lot? And time travel?

Donut: Exactly. Once I understood myself and started letting others in, I wanted to take better care of my body. Then I discovered that I could use my time trabs to flex my way through the core of existence.

Fred the Dog: Oh, it's so obvious! But what do your time trabdrominal muscles have to do with me?

Donut: Well, whoever chewed that wand, maybe they're just trying to be perfect for others rather than being their authentic self. Or maybe their abs aren't ripped enough and they want to be able to bench press 50 baguettes like me.

Abacus: But, little donut...

Donut: That was never my name. You can call me Aberly, or The Time Donut.

Abacus: My apologies, Aberly. I'm Abacus, the abacus. He/him pronouns. Does your time traveling ever make people super muscular?

Aberly: Only when a catastrophic time paradox is building.

Abacus: [Gasps] But look how muscly my abacus beads are.

Aberly: Uh-oh, those beads are swole!

Fair Elise: Oh, fairy dust! All this time travel's unraveling reality!

Fred the Dog: Has my tongue always had six pack abs.

Fair Elise: Oh, we need to go now!

Aberly: Okay, just remember, it's never too late to be true to yourself.

Fred the Dog: I'm glad you found yourself, Aberly. But my thing's more thing about sticks than identity.

Aberly: I know! My thing was so much harder so just tell the truth!

Abacus: All right, where should Recap send us next.

Fair Elise: Maybe Fred can tell us. Is it possible, Fred, that the magic wand was chewed by someone other than Fred Evil.

Fred the Dog: Oh, yeah! You know what! I bet it was that Patty Pan, the flying green schnauzer from back in this story on the spreadsheet that we just told to the patrons.

Fair Elise: Hmm, that could work. I did throw out her old chew toys and there was magic involved.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, you'll see. It was definitely Patty Pan.

Patty Pan: Can't catch me! Haha, I'd like to see you try to get this toy out of my mouth!

Mr. Eric: Patty Pan had an old rope, she seemed quite attached to it.

Fair Elise: Oh, Patty Pan, you've got rope fibers caught up in your fur.

Patty Pan: That's okay, I'll chew them out later.

Fair Elise: I think not. [Zip!]

Mr. Eric: The rope flew away from Patty Pan, but seeing as she could fly, she caught up to it.

Patty Pan: You're not getting this away from me!

Fair Elise: It's for your own good! These chewed up toys are not healthy.

Patty Pan: I don't care, I like it!

Fair Elise: Looks like I'll need a little extra fairy dust.

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise took a pinch of fairy dust out of her pouch and sprinkled it in the air, giving her just enough magic power to win the tug of war. The old rope flew through the cloud of fairy dust right into the garbage with the other chew toys. And then that trash can got emptied to the dumpster and the dumpster got emptied into a garbage truck, and do you know where the truck got emptied? Yeah. Right into a landfill where there were lots of other dog toys.

Now, fairy dust is a funny thing. It tries its best to give you the magic you want. But if someone nearby wants something really badly, well the fairy dust might try to give that something, too.

Zombie voice: Dooooogs!

Mr. Eric: And seeing as Patty Pan wanted nothing more than to keep her toy...

Zombie Voice: Dooooogs!

Mr. Eric: And Fair Elise wanted nothing more than to get rid of that old rope toy and that old chicken toy and that old lamby toy...

Sheep Voice: Do-o-o-gs!

Mr. Eric: Well, the magic of that fairy dust just got all mixed up.

Rope: Dogs.

Mr. Eric: Said the old length of rope, picking itself up out of the trash.

Abacus: Dear me, it looks like all those magical toys are bent on revenge, or possibly world domination. It's usually one of the two.

Fair Elise: But look, Abacus, a landfill full of dog toys and fairy dust and no one's been here since. So as long as we're quick, maybe we won't disrupt time.

Fred the Dog: Wow! I bet we can find something really stinkolicious to chew on here.

Recap: And just as Fred the Dog started sifting through the landfill, a crack appeared across all of everything. Even Abacus the abacus, Fred the Dog, and Fair Elise.

Abacus: Hmm... my wooden abacus bar just became a razor thin yet infinite void through all of creation. Huh. Interesting.

Fair Elise: We need to move quickly. If the old chewed up wand got sent anywhere in time, it must have been here.

Abacus: Fred, you found it!

Fred the Dog: No... this is a different yet identical piece of chewed up wand. I can see how you might find that confusing.

Abacus: Oh, drat. Well, it's got to be somewhere.

Fair Elise: Yes, it is! Right there in his mouth. Let go of the wand, Fred! It's our only hope.

Fred the Dog: I don't know what you're chewing about... [Swallows] Okay, everybody, so we struck out on that wand, but I got a good feeling about the next ooh... weird. That crack in the universe just went right across my dog collar. Now I'm a floating puppy head.

Abacus: Interesting!

Fair Elise: No, not interesting. Dangerous.

Abacus: It can be both, Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: Time is falling apart at the seams, and so are we!

Fred the Dog: Yeah, but now my doggy body can dig over there while my head chews garbage over here! It's a win-win-win!

Abacus: What's the third win?

Fred the Dog: I don't know, ask Fair Elise. She's the one in three pieces, lucky.



Recap: And indeed, Fair Elise's wings had each flown off of her, headed in different directions.

Fair Elise: Fred, you need to be honest. That wand is in your mouth. And Abacus, you need to reach your little wooden abacus arm into his mouth and squeeze out the last bit of magic from that wand piece before all of reality ends.

Fred the Dog: Well, even if I did have chewed bits of wand in my mouth, who's to say your plan would work?

Recap: That's for me to say because I already said it in a past story.

Abacus: Oh, no no no no no, there's really no reason to storyport us there!

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: Now 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: Oh! I think I see your hand, Abacus!

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

Recap: And Abacus's hand closed around the 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, no, please, stop Recap.

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

Recap: When...

Abacus: Ooh, gross, I need to wash my hands for 18 happy birthday songs.

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

Abacus: Oh, I really did not need to relive that.

Mr. Eric: Hey, but at least I got set free from–

Fred the Dog: That was just a flash back, Mr. Eric. You hush.

Mr. Eric: Oh, okay. I'll just go have a sandwich. Recap, can you please recap that last part again?

Recap: Of course, Mr. Eric.

Abacus: Oh no no wait wait wait–

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

Fred the Dog: Baby Recap, maybe we can just skip to the end this time.

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: You'd think being made of wood, this wouldn't be as gross.

Recap: And Abacus's hand closed around the 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: I've heard of deja vu, but this is more like deja goo... hehehe ugh.

Recap: When...

Abacus: What have I done to deserve this?

Fred the Dog: It's not your fault, Abacus! I'm the one who chewed the wand, I'm sorry!

Abacus: We did it! We're home and I'm back to normal. Now, let's never speak of this again.

Fred the Dog: You mean how I chewed up your wand, or how you had to reach into my mouth again and feel around all the goop for several minutes?

Abacus: The latter, Fred.

Fred the Dog: No, it wasn't a ladder, it was a wand. A gooey-goopy old chewed up piece of wand that you had to squeeze your fingers around.

Fair Elise: We know, Fred?

Fred the Dog: You know all along, Fair Elise?

Fair Elise: I had my suspicions?

Abacus: You did? I was completely oblivious.

Fair Elise: Yes, you are very trusting, Abacus.

Fred the Dog: Oh, no, you're right, Fair Elise. I was a fibber. Everyone just thinks I'm such a great doggy and I don't want to let them down.

Fair Elise: So you pretend to be that flawless doggy while shame builds inside. But you can be your beautifully imperfect self, Freddy.

Fred the Dog: The truth is I love chewing on things. But sometimes I chew on things I shouldn't, and then I feel ashamed when people catch me, so I blame it on someone else.

Fair Elise: It's very healthy to be so honest, Fred. Now, we cannot undo our mistakes, but we can accept and learn from them.

Abacus: For example, Fair Elise could learn how she shouldn't risk the entire universe just to get one dog to tell the truth.

Fair Elise: Okay, okay, but in all fairness, fibs don't usually end the universe.

Fred the Dog: It kind of depends on the universe, Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: Point taken.

Recap: And so Recap, having done an incredible job telling a story no one would ever forget faded into the distance, graciously allowing Mr. Eric to finish.

Mr. Eric: Huh? Did I hear my name? I thought... I just finished making my sandwich. Why is no one talking in there. Oh...

Fred the Dog: Wow, Recap really did just disappear.

Abacus: There's no narrator. We can do whatever we want! Um...

Fred the Dog: So...

Fair Elise: You know, I really should probably get back to being president.

Mr. Eric: Sorry, okay, sorry. I don't know why my kitchen's so far away. The end.

Abacus: Oh, thank goodness.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Austin and Colin, I hope you enjoyed your story. And I hope all of you listeners enjoyed this two-part special.

Fred the Dog: Fred the Dog here to shout out Zachary, age 10. He loves LEGOs and once saw a shark next their foot at the beach. Whoa!

Abacus: Then there is Violet, age 11 from Austin, Texas. She loves J.F. Kat, but wanted her shout out from me, Abacus. She also loves cats, crafting, painting, and cats. In case you didn't get that, Violet loves cats!

JF Kitty: Thank you for that warm introduction, Abacus. For now I'm here to shout out Anna, age eight. Her current hometown is Bothell, Washington, because they're a navy family. She also loves cats and is cat mom to their cat, Rocket. Anna has a big sister named Esther, age 11.

Mr. Eric: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keefe, our co-creator. Lynn Hickernell, my associate producer, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who love yourselves for who you are, not someone else's idea of who you're supposed to be.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]