

## on the wall of the camarvan

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## on the wall of the camarvan

by [magentawritings](#)

### Summary

On a wall of the Camarvan, if you look closely, is a cluster of heights written in ink and by a shaky hand, all accompanied by the name 'Fundy'.

Funtober Day 7: Childhood

### Notes

This is my shortest entry for Funtober say far, but sometimes short and sweet is best.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Dad! Dad!” yelled Fundy as he jumped up and down. “Come on!”

“I’m coming, I’m coming,” replied Wilbur. He emerged from the back of the Camarvan, rubbing his eyes. When he took his hands away, Fundy could see the dark circles under them.

“Are you shapeshifting into a raccoon again?” asked Fundy.

“Look, if anyone’s going to be shapeshifting into a raccoon around here, it’s Tommy,” he said, now smiling. “I only have a little raccoon blood, remember?”

Fundy knew that he actually had no raccoon blood (which, good, because Fundy didn’t want any

raccoon blood, thanks). He also knew that the dark circles were because his father didn't sleep last night. But he had made him smile, so he didn't care if his father thought he was being dumb.

"Besides, there's more important matters at hand. Like seeing how much taller this little fox has gotten," said Wilbur, pinching Fundy's cheeks. Squealing, Fundy batted away his hands and ducked under his arms.

A part of him was a little annoyed by the 'little fox' comment – he was nearly as big as Tommy now – but only a little, so he didn't say anything. He knew his father had a lot on his mind.

"Okay, against the wall, solider! To attention, back straight, arms by side," commanded Wilbur, putting on his best general voice. Giggling, Fundy followed his orders.

Wilbur pressed the book they always used – a hardcover about various types of birds – to his head. Then, with a stick of white chalk, he made a decisive stroke, marking Fundy's new height.

Fundy stepped back and Wilbur went to grab the measuring tape.

The first mark, at the bottom, was from when he was a month old and still walking on four legs exclusively. That mark always made Fundy feel happy, because back then his father had thought he was just a more-or-less normal fox and yet he had still made it. It was at three months that the marks started to escalate; that was when Fundy learned how to shapeshift.

On some of the older ones, if you looked closely, you could see where something had been painted over. It was a secret that only Fundy's family – Wilbur and Tommy and Tubbo and Eret – knew about. Written there had been Fundy's old name. The one Eret had called his 'deadname'. Fundy was glad it was a secret, and that even though his family all knew about it they acted like they didn't; he liked his new name a lot more.

"5 ft, 11 inches! You're... you're getting tall!" declared Wilbur. Fundy could tell he was trying to sound excited. But he could also hear the undercurrent of pain in his voice.

"Is it bad that I'm getting tall?" asked Fundy. Tommy and Eret were tall, and Wilbur even taller than them. He always thought it was a good thing.

No!" said Wilbur quickly. "It's just... you're growing so fast."

"Yeah! So, I can join the fight!" replied Fundy. Why would that be a bad thing? Didn't his father want Fundy to make him proud?

"Oh, my little champion," Wilbur said. "There'll be plenty of fighting left to do, even if you grow slowly."

"So... you don't want me to grow fast?" asked Fundy, dejected.

"I want a little more time with my baby boy," said Wilbur, embracing him. Fundy couldn't help but notice that he reached his father's shoulders now. "That's all."

"But I'm not a baby," muttered Fundy into the shoulder, his words muffled. "And it's not like you're around to spend time with me."

"Hey, I'm spending time with you right now," pointed out Wilbur.

Fundy felt a flush of guilt. "I know," said Fundy, hugging back Wilbur. "And I know you're busy. But if I'm grown-up, you won't have to leave me behind. I can come with you and help."

“You’re helping right now,” promised Wilbur.

Fundy let out a skeptical huff.

“You know what, I don’t think I actually have any work today. Not any important work, anyway,” said Wilbur. “Why don’t we go fishing?”

“And we’ll let the salmon go?” asked Fundy.

“And we’ll let the salmon go.”

Fundy pried himself from Wilbur.

“Bet I can beat you to the docks!” he yelled. He dashed out the door, Wilbur’s shouts following behind him.

Maybe his father thought he wanted Fundy to stay a child. But Fundy will show him.

He’ll grow up fast and make his father proud.

## End Notes

My personal fanon with c!Fundy is that do to being a fox, and the whole Sally thing, Fundy aged really fast, which is why c!Fundy and c!Wilbur have such different perceptions of c!Fundy's age and/or maturity. Which, if I had a fox kit one moment and then a full-grown man the next... yeah, I'd probably be in the same boat as c!Wilbur.

The wall-where-you-mark-your-height-as-you-grow was an essential part to my childhood, which I guess is what caused my mind to go there when I was trying to think of ideas for the prompt.

Thanks for reading! Kudosing and commenting is, as always, adored. If there are any spelling and/or grammar errors, feel free to let me know!

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