

walter part 2

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walter part 2

by Anonymous

Summary

Walter misses him

Notes

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

Walter waited for him to appear without even knowing what he was waiting for. He was a dog. He was a dog. He didn't know what he was wagging his tail at as he stared at the corner that lead to the hallway in anticipation.

But nothing ever came. He waited and he waited and he waited until some sort of need overtook him and then he was whining and barking impatiently and the boy who took care of him complained all the while as he filled his bowl or let him outside.

He didn't know. He was a damn dog.

The boy opened the door and Walter waited for someone to cross the doorstep, but no one ever did.

He trotted on outside and waited for someone to call him, to whistle, to shout, to whisper. But no call ever came.

He ran around the pavement, what little grass there was, and waited for someone to throw him a ball, or a stick, or anything else that he could bring back. But no one ever appeared to accept his offerings. He stood there, in the yard, drool dripping around the stick in his mouth as he waited, and waited, and waited.

The call that came for him was never the one he was waiting for. It was shrill and clumsy and

awful, and he followed it nonetheless, because the one he was waiting for would want him to, and he wanted inside the house. Because maybe the house wasn't empty this time, maybe he'd finally come home. Maybe once Walter crossed that door Zam would be cooking something in the kitchen, or sitting on the sofa, or laying in bed where Walter could climb in next to him and snuggle up. Maybe then finally he could stop waiting.

He ran in, because he was a dog, and his dumb dog heart wouldn't stop hoping. His dumb dog heart wouldn't stop hurting. But it was just the boy who took care for him, he'd filled his water and food bowls, and he almost got it right this time. But it wasn't Zam, the boy wasn't Zam. Walter kept waiting for Zam to walk into the house. He waited waiting for Zam to call for him. He waited for Zam to open the door and drop his keys, take off his shoes and ask Walter where he was.

The house remained empty. Zam never came.

Walter kept waiting.

End Notes

i miss my dog.

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