

walter

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walter

by Anonymous

Summary

completely normal short story from the POV of zam's pet dog walter

Notes

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

He wasn't a goat. He was a dog. He didn't know what either of those things were. He was just a dog. But he liked being a dog.

If he could write he'd write a list of all the things he liked. It would be simple things, small things, and yet all the paper in the world would not be able to contain it.

First on that list would be Zam.

Zam had taken care of the dog when no one else would. Zam was good at that, giving his love to things. Walter was one of the rare cases where it stuck, the two creatures loving each other so fiercely, even Zam's monster of a brother couldn't separate them.

Not that Clown would do that to his little brother, but the once human now monster was very concerned about his brother, and didn't want the dog to bite him.

Second on that list would be biting Zam.

But Walter was always gentle and playful and sometimes the dog didn't even do it to Zam but only did it to the appropriate chew toys that Zam gave him. Because he was a dog and that was how he showed his love. Because he was a dog, and Zam loved his dog, and Zam understood that Walter

would never actually hurt him. Walter only truly bit the things that wanted to hurt Zam, but he didn't like biting in that case.

Third thing on that list would be playing with Zam.

Walter loved playing with Zam because he knew Zam loved playing with him. And it was never the same, always new and exciting. Running around chasing birds, trying to outrun the ball he was commanded to fetch. Walter even liked playing when Zam was sad, but that kind of play was calmer. He'd tuck himself by Zam's side, or underneath his arm, even rest his head on Zam's chest when his heart became restless and air wouldn't enter his lungs. Walter never really liked Zam's brother, but the weight of Zam's sadness at Clown's disappearance threatened to crush them both.

The fourth thing on that list would be food.

Walter was fed every day, either by Zam or his neighbor. But food always tasted better when Zam prepared it for him, which these days became less and less. He'd whine at the door and Pangi, the neighbor, would pet his head and say '*There, there.*' But it wouldn't bring Zam back home. He only ever appeared sporadically, always smelling like the desert. Sometimes he'd bring his new friends over, and Walter only liked them a little bit, was scared of them a lot, the coyote and the hare.

Fifth on that list would be Zam, again, because Walter was a dog.

Not a goat. A dog. A stray that Zam had adopted when he was still so young. Off-white, fur always seeming dirty no matter how often they tried to scrub him clean. He had a weird bark - is what Walter would say if he knew that it was weird - and Zam, still a young child, thought that Walter was a goat the first time he'd seen him. But now they both knew better. Walter was a dog, and Zam was not.

Sixth would be friends.

Walter didn't know Zam didn't know his friends weren't all human. Because Walter was a dog, and dogs saw things differently. And maybe Walter didn't know what a goat was but he'd recognize it wasn't a dog. And he didn't know what a human was but he recognized *most* of Zam's friends weren't humans. His neighbor with the okay-tasting food was human, sure. And so were the three guys promising him a job! Mostly! But there was his brother, who Walter could only sense now and not see. There was the man who smelled bad and made Walter cower in fear, not understanding all the bright colors in the smoke he made. There was the pair that Walter was afraid of, always smelling of blood.

There was...

Walter was a dog, and he would start growling at his own memories, as if the once-friend-of-Zam was really there. As if the dog could do anything against a knife in the throat.

"Walter, stop that," Pangi would scold, but Walter could only whine. Pangi didn't know how to play with him like Zam did. Pangi didn't know how to take care of him. Instead Pangi opened the door, and Walter dutifully padded off, away to growl at nothing in some other corner.

Seventh would be Zam's new brother.

Because the creature that came to visit their house was *like* Clown but different. Walter didn't know, he couldn't know, he was only a dog. But the thing that came to visit ruffled his fur in the way Zam once did, and Clown could only barely mimic. Walter didn't say anything as it walked past him, opening the door of their house. He only whined a little when Pangi screamed, but Walter

couldn't really do anything about that.

He was just a dog.

End Notes

yea he's just a dog idk what to tell you

someone in France is using my email address to order clothes and I'm so pissed off I wrote this . I might unpublish at some point because im a perfectionist and I've already allowed myself to post the 3htrio fic before I finished the vitalasubz part 2.

I wish I was a dog. I wouldn't have to write emails then. agh

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