

SAM'S CLUB

by Stanley Lieber

"Mister Alamo," Piotr intoned calmly into the microphone.

New money was in play.

Gradually, additional staff made their way to the overflow registers.

Remarkably, Drumpf's check had cleared. The unexpected windfall would all but ensure success.

Piotr's little green men drifted in and out of SAM'S CLUB, replenishing depleted stocks and selecting new equipment that would be required for the upcoming mission. Commencement: To be announced.

Meanwhile, Brandon's forces were known to be in disarray. Effectively missing in action for three decades, his knowledge of the situation on the ground was by now limited to open source reporting. Piotr allowed himself a smirk. Nothing like his father.

Here was Samuel Moore Walton: Grade school dropout, unlikely billionaire, leaning up against the service desk with a toothpick clenched tightly between his tight-grouted teeth. Unidentified detritus streamed like silt from the corners of his wide, thin mouth. Sam sighed, eyelids drawn close, surveying the expanse of his domain.

"We'll need a lot more pallets," Piotr remarked. "These hand trucks will come in handy."

"Safety is our first concern, but customer satisfaction is certainly not far behind," Sam assured him. "Always."

Without further comment, Sam turned, replaced his meshback cap, and ascended the nearby stairway to the second floor. Piotr followed, as his men explored the vast retail environment, exploiting the opportunity to top off their personal inventories.

No one followed them upstairs.