

Walrus Brings the Dominoes

Joe Simon ordered Domino's, popped open a Budweiser, and put his feet up.

He closed his eyes... for a minute.

Long day... laying shingles... installing windows. Finishing up drywall. His lungs were tight with construction dust.

The doorbell rang.

Pizza's here.

On the porch stood a walrus. His nose wrinkled in displeasure at the smell of the boots set by the door.

"You ordered dominoes?" said the walrus, in a flat, disinterested voice.

Joe nodded, looking for the insulated bag that should contain two large pepperoni pizzas.

The walrus extended a box, no more than 6" x 10." Pearly white dominoes with dark dots seemed to shift slightly of their own accord.

Joe rubbed his eyes.

"I'm Russ," said the walrus, shuffling his way into the kitchen, flippers slapping on the bamboo floor. "You ready to play?"

Joe sputtered, "I ordered Domino's. Not a damn kids' game."

The walrus directed his steely eyes to Joe's.

“Kids’ game, is it? Not good enough for you?”

“Nah,” said Joe. “I’m hungry. I feel like downing some Budweiser and seeing if there’s a game on.”

Russ’s metallic whiskers lifted in an unfriendly way.

“There is a game on. You beat me at dominoes—the delivery guy brings piping hot pies.”

The walrus gazed around the room, his eyes recording everything.

Joe reached for his beer, and the Colt 45 he kept in a side drawer.

The walrus coolly set up dominoes, undisturbed by Joe’s activity. His animatronics were impervious to human ammunition.

People were so predictable.

It was a matter of time until the boot-owner asked: *And if you win?*

But Joe simply set his beer on the table, and started choosing dominoes.

“Guests go first,” Joe said, smiling. “And when the pizza gets here, you’re paying for it.”