

The Game

by Judith

Vincent leaned forward, considering the chess board. He'd already sorted through all the available moves. Or lack of them.

You'd think the old man could let me win just one game! It is my 13th birthday. Vincent sighed.

"There's a lesson in every move." Father peered at his young pupil over the rim of his spectacles. "Impatience will not serve you, here."

"Yes, but..." Vincent looked up. His scowl deepened.

"Do you forfeit?" Father's confident expression intensified.

"I..." Vincent's hand hovered over his hapless king.

Father settled back, satisfied.

Suddenly Vincent spotted his opening. "Checkmate!" He pounced.

"What!?" Father bellowed.