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This is Chess

First of all, what is chess? Chess is a very ancient game. Its age, according to various estimates, is at least one and a half thousand years. There are two players in a chess game, the board consists of sixty-four cells, and the number of pieces is ... wait a minute. All this is very interesting, but very, at the same time, banal. Let's try to do something more creative.

So, close your eyes. Your room, hall, or whatever space you are in disappears. Before you is almost impenetrable darkness. The sound of footsteps, the ticking of the clock, wind or rain, all this is no more. You hear something different. Another goosebump sound. You open your eyes. Dust rises over a giant scorched field. The sky is covered with heavy clouds, and somewhere in the far west, an open piece of sky is reddening, foreshadowing the onset of twilight. A huge army in black armor marches across the field, marching without fear towards its opponent dressed in white. Ahead is the infantry - a number of warriors in armor. They trained from a young age in order to one day prove themselves on the battlefield, shed thick blood in the name of the king and in the name of the mighty queen. Their footsteps make the earth's crust tremble. The army is advancing, the warriors carry long bayonets, ready to feast on the sweet blood of the enemy. Behind the warriors, causing not just a shiver, but an earthquake, are two huge elephants. The kingdom is huge, these giants were found in the most remote corners of the country. Many experienced trainers fell under the feet of fifteen-meter tall giants before they could be brought under control. These are not just elephants, these are giant elephants, dangerous fighting weapons. They step forward like giant towers. Their massive tusks and trunks clear the way for them. These monsters live in the depths of the kingdom, wild and dangerous, like an ocean storm that hits an entire fleet of ships at dawn.

And here is the cavalry. Armed soldiers riding devil horses are a special breed, they are not ordinary animals. These horses were bred by royal sorcerers. Who knows what experiments they conducted, what charms they used. Crazy, fearless horses racing like a cheetah from the wild savannas - these are the fruits of the work of these magicians. Elite divisions. But they are vulnerable.

The royal couple is personally accompanied by officers - these are the best warriors. These are battle-hardened fighting vehicles. They fight like land lions or like predatory killer whales in the ocean. They fight to the very last breath, they know no fear,



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their sabers cut through the air and shed blood like the nectar of paradise gardens. They are waiting to attack.

The king will watch the battle, and his queen beside him. At first. She herself is a dangerous sorceress, trained. They gave her potions that twisted her joints, made her scream, tear her throat in gloomy dungeons away from people's eyes. These potions opened her mind and allowed her to see farther than any mortal. Her magic is capable of crushing entire legions. She was taught to fight with magic, dark and dangerous. And she will fight.

Two huge armies are ready to meet face to face. The legendary battle is about to begin. Giants will fall from the virgin corners of the world, wounded officers will look into the black sky of the night with eyes that no longer see anything. Many ordinary soldiers will fall. A price to be paid by both the winner and the loser.

The drums of war are heard. It is echoed by the thunder of heaven . The sky is torn apart, it rains like tears. Armies rush at each other, screaming under their standards, the cry of battle, seething blood in their veins. The battle begins.

You return to your comfortable chair in your office. You have witnessed the beginning of the battle between blacks and whites. The game called chess. They are there beating with muscles, but you fight with your mind.

This is a fight. This is a game. This is chess.

Maratov Ulugbek