

Father Wins By Forfeit

(a drabble for Roy Dotrice)

By Cindy Rae



"Did you know Bobby Fischer was only fifteen years old when he earned his International Master's title?" Father asked, moving his rook.

"Fourteen. And trying to distract me won't save your bishop," Vincent replied, countering.

Jacob sighed. His son was right. And winning.

"Check," Vincent said. "Your king is exposed."

Jacob glanced up to see Catherine, standing in the doorway. Concert night. A sumptuous blue dress clung to her lovely curves.

I may win by concession, yet, Jacob realized. If I can get Vincent to forfeit...

"You're about to be mated," Vincent warned.

"One of us is," Father quipped slyly.