

CHECK-  
MATH

By: Ryan K

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# Checkmate

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## Chapter 3

### Chase

Jan hit the ground with a thud. He struggled to stay awake as the knight set up two beds of pine needles. They had just trained him at the black base. He was armed with only a sword. "We will rest here" said the knight after a day of traveling. "Tomorrow we will go to the death river". Jan was asleep before his head hit the ground.

Jan awoke to the song of birds. They began the long journey again. At mid-day the knight stopped suddenly "There is the black base", he whispered. "We need to make sure that there are no white pieces around". Jan's hand went to his sword. The white pieces were their enemy

"There is no need for that", the knight whispered. The knight looked both ways before running across the clearing. Jan ran after him. A rotten stench filled the air. Jan staggered backwards. The stench was horrible. It was close to impossible to breathe. They stealthily made their way to the death river. It was brown and murky. It was the most polluted place Jan had ever seen. There was everything in there. There were toys, cans, sodas, you name it. It would be there.

The base was in the middle of the river.

"How are we going to get across?" questioned Jan.

“I don’t know” the knight answered. Jan scanned the river up and down. There was no sign of transportation. Jan was sure that he was not going to swim.

“Looks like we are going to have to swim” said the knight. Jan cautiously stepped in the river. His foot hit a board. Jan jumped back. The board went out of sight. Jan jumped in the river, hoping to land on the board. A raft appeared. The knight jumped on the raft as it drifted across the lake to the base. They jumped on the island and walked up to the door and knocked. No one answered the door. To their surprise, the door was unlocked. They walked in to be surrounded by white pieces.

They tried to run out the door that they came in, but some white pieces blocked the door. They were thrown in a cell. The cell looked old and ratty. The knight threw himself at the bars. They held fast. Jan flopped on the bed after an hour of prying at the bars with his hands. To his surprise the bed moved! Jan shoved at the bed across the floor. There was a small slit in the ground under the bed. In the small slit there was a tunnel! The Knight, with no hesitation, jumped in the hole. Jan followed, less eagerly than the knight had been.

The tunnel was not what Jan had expected. The walls were made of dirt. It was very tight. Jan was not very tall, but it was a very tight fit even for him. They climbed along. In about fifteen minutes they emerged from the tunnel into daylight. There was a loud noise. Jan turned to see white pieces pouring out the door. He turned on his heels and was gone. He ran in to the knight and they tumbled to the dirty ground together.

They both jumped up and ran to the raft. The raft drifted across the river. As soon as the raft hit the other side, they were both on the ground and running. The white pieces had to wait for the raft to come back to the other side.

Jan crashed through the underbrush. The knight was in front of him. They had ran till about sundown. They did not know where they were. Jan was in a need of water. When the knight finally stopped, Jan flopped to the ground.

“Surrender with your hands on your head” yelled a voice. Jan turned. They were surrounded. “Back to the death lake before dusk!”

# To Be Continued...