

Christmas

by Bill Wall

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the Net,
Not a gambit was playing on a single chess set.
The pieces were hung by the patzers who created,
In hopes that some master would get checkmated.

The players were nestled all around their game,
While visions of checkmate would give them fame.
And my opponent in his pajamas, and me in my socks,
Had just settled down for a long game with chess clocks.

When out on the Internet there was such a chatter,
I turned Chat on to see what was the matter.
Away to my Windows I downloaded my Flash,
To open the file and hoped Windows wouldn't crash.

The text was a chess game written in PGN,
it included a diagram showing all the chessmen.
When, what to my wondering eyes should I see,
But a miniature chess problem, with mate in three.

With such a chess ending, so lively and quick,
It had to be solved with some sort of neat trick.
Perhaps White promotes to a knight or a rook,
Whatever the solution, it's not in the book.

Now Sherzer! now Serper! now Polgar and Anand!
Oh Kramnik! Oh Gelfand! Oh Donner and Carlsen!
To the top of the FIDE list, to the top of the rating.
Grandmasters all! You should all be mating.

I returned to the net to play some more blitz,
I got beaten, perhaps it was by Fritz.
How is it that they play faster than Wall?
Even in bullet chess, I usually beat them all!

Perhaps I am playing some famous Grandmaster,
Who knows how to play much, much faster.
His moves are strong and I haven't a clue,
I feel like I am playing IBM's Deep Blue.

And then in a twinkling, I get checkmated,
I lost another chess game that was unrated.
I offered a draw, but it was turned down,
No perpetual check was ever found.

I challenged him again, then fell into a trap,
I have had enough of this chess crap.
But as I was resigning and was leaving the site,
My opponent emailed me "Happy Christmas to Wall, and to Wall a good-knight."