

“That’s quite some name,” he had unwittingly remarked before the first move, watching her write it down on a game pad.

“And you are?” she asked, ignoring his observation.

“Evelyn Copeland.”

She wrote this down above the column reserved for the player of the black pieces.

“Not Polish then.” She commented.

“No.”

And that was all she had said.

With the game ended, she gathered up her pieces and returned them to an old, rosewood box and then placed it in her backpack before leaving the park, and Evelyn in a state of turmoil. It took fully five minutes before Evelyn realised the white queen was still in his pocket. *Her* queen. He immediately chased after her but to no avail, she had gone; perhaps forever, like a hat blown from the head of a man standing on a cliff high above the sea.