

The Great Game of Men

War, war is human.

Humans are violent creatures, even their games.

This board is the battleground, where civilization wages war over centuries.

Each player begins with 16 pieces: a king, a queen, two rooks, two knights, two bishops, and eight pawns.

All pieces follow the king, it is their nature to be controlled, manipulated, and deceived by powerful, charismatic leaders. Even the kings are part of the greater game themselves, though they are not aware of it.

There is no equality, each piece belongs to their own class, a knight cannot act like a pawn, even if he wishes to do so. A pawn, however, after enduring so much sacrifice and hardship, he can change his social status, he can be anybody, but the king. The best position he can hope for in life is second-in-command.

There is no freedom in a system of class; every move is monitored according to the rules.

There is no liberty to be found. Trapped, restricted within respective social norms. That is their fate.

The rule of the game is surprisingly simple, defeat the enemy. The absolute enemy of the state, there are so many. But what is an enemy? Is there such a thing as an absolute enemy?

Look at all the pieces, the colors are different, but they are made of the same mud, they even look the same. They are one. Yet all they do is struggling among themselves, fighting another copy of themselves, and then repeat.

That is their purpose of existence. Their meaning of life. Their battle of eternity.

Peace in chess is short-term, unnatural and illusionary.

War is human.