

# CAPTAIN STONE

is missing

## 1: CHESS

CAPTAIN STONE IS  
MISSING...

"SO WHAT?" YOU MIGHT ASK.  
"EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!  
WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH  
YOU?"

WELL... SINCE YOU ASK... THIS IS  
GOING TO TAKE A WHILE -- "MILES  
BEFORE WE SLEEP" AND ALL THAT...





I ALWAYS LIKED CHESS  
-- AT LEAST, I LIKED THE  
IDEA OF CHESS.

SOME PEOPLE CAN MAINTAIN A CHESSBOARD --  
ALL IT'S PIECES, EVERY MOVE MADE -- IN THE  
FORM OF A MENTAL CONSTRUCT. THEY CAN ENACT  
A WHOLE GAME, LASTING DAYS, ENTIRELY WITHIN  
THE CONFINES OF SOME LIMINAL SPACE, SHARED  
WITH A SINGLE ADVERSARY.

THAT IS REAL  
CHESS.

ALL GOOD CHESS HAPPENS  
PREDOMINANTLY WITHIN THE  
MIND.

I UNDERSTAND THIS AS AN ABSTRACT CONCEPT  
-- I SEE THE FORM, BUT THE SUBTLETIES AND  
ENDLESS COMPLEXITIES ESCAPE ME ALMOST  
ENTIRELY.

WHEN I PICTURE A CHESSBOARD IN  
MY IMAGINATION THERE ARE NEVER  
ANY PIECES ON IT...

MOST OFTEN FATHER WON -- EXCEPT  
FOR WHEN HE LET ME BEAT HIM.  
HE'D HAVE LIKED ME TO BE REALLY  
GOOD, TO BE MUCH BETTER THAN  
HE WAS. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN  
FINE WITH HIM.

WASN'T TO BE.

BUT I LIKED THE  
AESTHETIC OF  
CHESS.

WHEN I WAS ABOUT SIX I ASKED  
IF WE COULD PAINT MY BEDROOM  
CEILING JUST LIKE A CHESSBOARD,  
AND HAVE GIANT UPSIDE-DOWN  
CHESS PIECES HANGING FROM  
HOOKS. IT NEVER HAPPENED, BUT  
I REMEMBER IT CLEARLY, JUST  
AS THOUGH IT HAD.

I LIKED THE **ELITISM**  
OF CHESS, TOO --  
(FOR MY SINS.)



BUT WHAT I LOVED  
WAS THE HUNT.



FOR A LONG TIME I HAVE  
LIVED IN THE MOUNTAINS  
ABOVE SANTA BARBARA.

I RELOCATED FROM THE UK  
OVER A DECADE AGO. IT IS A  
BIG ENOUGH SPACE TO LOSE  
YOURSELF AMONGST THE  
ROCKS, THE VALLEYS, THE  
SCRUB AND UNDERGROWTH.

THERE ARE BALD EAGLES.  
MULE DEER. MOUNTAIN  
LIONS -- IT CAN BE VERY  
DANGEROUS, IF YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

THERE ARE SO MANY  
DIFFERENT WAYS TO  
DIE OUT THERE.


YOU SHOULD  
DO THESE  
THINGS.





BUT THEN -- I'VE  
NEVER BEEN MUCH  
GOOD AT DOING  
WHAT I SHOULD.

IN CHESS THE HUNT  
IS SYMBOLIC -- AND  
IT COULD BE THAT  
THAT IS WHERE  
I GET IT WRONG.



THE KING, MY FATHER WOULD SAY, IS  
UNIQUELY WEAK. DEFENSIVE WALLS  
MUST BE RAISED ALL AROUND HIM.  
THIS IS WHERE HE DERIVES HIS  
STRENGTH. IT IS A GAME FOR  
GENERALS.

BUT EVEN AS A CHILD  
I KNEW I WAS THE  
QUEEN.

AND I  
HUNTED.

EACH PIECE YOU TAKE DELIVERS  
YOU CLOSER TO THAT KILL WHICH  
MUST, INEVITABLY, CLOSE THE  
BATTLE, HE WOULD SAY.

BUT WHEN I HUNTED  
FOR **REAL**, THAT IS  
SOMETHING ELSE  
ENTIRELY.



IT IS INSTINCT.

IT IS SCENT.

ADRENALIN.



THE DEEP TATTOO  
OF THE HEART.