Challenging My Dad With The Mujannah

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I have never beaten my Dad at Chess. Needless to say then, after 44 years so far of trying to, when I actually do finally manage to do it, I for one will be very happy.

Before we dive into this game, a little background to my Chess life.

Excuses aside, I would actually be a very strong player, if it were not for a combination of dying brick & mortar clubs, a lifelong obsession of wanting to evolve the rules by focussing on Chess Variants instead and, unfortunately, a previous period of depression lasting for several of my younger years.

But those are excuses, you say. Nope. They're facts. There's a difference, a very big difference, I assure you.

Oh and brick & mortar clubs are where real Chess is played by real people, experiencing reality. You know,

that little thing which went missing at the turn of the millennium? I only like to play over a real board and I generally only play computers if the end of the universe demands it.

So I do hope you look forward to playing through my challenging Stockfish (Elo 1666) with the *Mujannah* at the end of this article. Yes, the universe... was saved. It's OK you can thank me later.

Onto the game and introducing the *Mujannah*. This is a very young Opening, unknown to most and as yet hardly touched by professional scholars. In fact the only book yet written on the *Mujannah* is only a mere 26 pages long!

Believe it or not, but it is this very Opening, and not a new version of Chess, which pulled my head out of the sand and got me screaming with unrivalled excitement. I was back!

The *Mujannah*, whilst argued to be a variation of Bird's Opening, is actually unlike anything you will ever play. The whole mindset required to employ the *Mujannah* is without question not only eccentric, but completely alien.

I mean, the logic is almost a kind of mirror universe, whereby even off the bat, White is cautiously playing a very illusory drunken master, yet whilst holding some very beautifully concealed trump cards.

Sadly, whilst I lost this game, remembering my Dad is much stronger than I, employing arguably the strongest response from move one, in fact, it is this very generational gap of study between two players, the younger reigniting his spirit with a new form and a new Chess philosophy against his elder master, which only highlights how incredibly fascinating the *Mujannah* truly is.



Simon Jepps (Elo /u) Vs Gerald Jepps (Elo 1833)

SMS Match, 48hr max per move.

Mujannah Opening

The *Mujannah* begins, *1. f4* and *2. c4*, regardless of Black's response...

1. f4	e5
2. c4	exf4
3. Nf3	Be7
4. h4	Nf6
5. Qc2	Nc6
6. d4	d5
7. c5	Ne4
8. Bxf4	0~0
9. Na3	a6
10. g3	Bg4
11. Qa4	Bf6
12. Nc2	Re8
13. Bg2	Qe7
14. e3	Nxg3
15. Bxg3	Bxf3
16. Bxf3	Nxd4
17.0~0~0	Nxf3



Following a deliberately conducted confusion tactic about which way I would eventually Castle my King, unto the Queenside it was to be.

So far I had been literally teasing my Dad with 'ever so out of reach' carrots, whilst keeping his entire army at a very long arm's length. This isn't to say any 'teasing' was deliberate, hell no that would be futile, but rather an almost automatic characteristical trait of how the *Mujannah* seemingly commands the board independently, whence correctly employed by the player.

My long term strategy in this game was to keep absolute command of my enemy's movements, in tandem with an apparent weakness just beyond his reach, before turning the positional polarity on its head with unexpected, slight of hand attacks.

Did my plan succeed? Hmmmm... well, nope.

Yet however, it was at least extremely entertaining to say the least. The rest follows thus...

18. Rxd5	Rad8
19. Rhd1	Rxd5
20. Rxd5	Rd8
21. c6	Rxd5
22. cxb7	Rd8
23. Qхаб	Qd7
24. Qe2	Qc6
25. Bxc7	Qxb7
26. Bxd8	



White then actually resigns.

I was very much expecting my Dad to capture my Bishop and save his Rook, which if he let go would likely cause an armageddon about his whole position.

But no, he didn't and my anticipated **26**. **Qxf3**, which would reveal a very carefully shuffled pack of cards, thus did not actually happen either.

I had actually seen Black could attempt mate with 26. ... Qxb2+ 27. Kd1 ... but I overlooked 27. ... Qb1#, having wrongly assumed the Black Rook threat would now be gone and forgetting the Black Knight on f3 would seal the mate anyway!

It was late, about 2am and the seemingly wondrous plan I had prepared took precedence over any further reconsiderations. As is often the case with SMS matches, I wanted the game to move on without life slowing it down.

My prepared alternative to 25. Bxc7 was 25. a4, baiting Black to abandon the b7 Pawn with 25. ... Qxa4 in favour of an apparent weakness about my King, then following up with 26. Bxc7... or, since there's no real chance my Dad would actually be that stupid, to merely follow up with 25. e4, blocking his Queen's protection of the Black Knight and hoping for a more resolved Endgame.

Aye, my Rook sacrifice of 21. c6 Rxd5, was, in principle, wisely calculated. For a Pawn on the 7th Rank can often prove to be equally as dangerous, if not moreso, than any free roaming Rook.

Alas however, time took its toll and I fumbled with over confidence and impatience after such a very acutely coordinated and deceptive defence.

Good game though, good game and, as they say, if at first you don't succeed...

... Well, if at first you don't succeed... Save the universe instead. Read on to play through my triumphant challenging of Stockfish (Elo 1666) with the *Mujannah*. I believe this was an *untimed* match, hence the confusing clock readings which I still don't follow! But, as promised ... ENJOY.

