

# Pangea

# Roll Dem Bones

## *Sidebar*

Renga is the Portent of Random Chance, and is known as the Master of Games. His House of Cards in Sin City is home to the grandest casino in all of Pangea.

Omara looks puzzled as Vik asks her this question. “Who did I kill? No one! Why would you assume I killed anyone, especially with Halafalala’s dagger? I thought you knew me better than that, Vik.”

“I thought I did too. But the tower, the money, the dagger. Something isn’t adding up. Now, I don’t want to assume the worst, but you haven’t exactly been the most forthcoming with info since we all came back together.” Vik sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Just, be honest with us. What happened while we were separated?”

Chewing on her lip, Omara debates how much to say. Eventually, she settles on the truth. “I found my dad.”

Allura’s ears perk up, a mix of shock and glee. “That’s most wonderful, Omara!”

Omara holds up a hand. “It isn’t all it’s cracked up to be. I found him alright. I found him in Sin City. Poor man has been trapped in Hell this entire time.”

Vik puts a hand on Omara’s shoulder. “Omara, I... I’m sorry. I had no idea. What happened?”

“I followed a lead. After we all went our own ways last year, I dove into trying to find him. I found a lead that led to Sin City, right up to Renga’s House of Cards. It was... something.”

Eryk nods along. Unholy gods like Renga have little place in dwarven culture, but that doesn’t stop the occasion slip up from happening. “Yeah, I bet it was something.”

Omara looks down, kicking her feet idly. “I found my dad, neck deep in losses at a high rollers table. Just another of the Portent of Random Chance’s victims. Dad had made it there to strike it big, to win a jackpot that would set us up for life. And he was doing well too. Until he wasn’t.”

Vik offers an understanding pout. “How did you get him out?”

“I played a game. Like every lost soul in the House of Cards, I played a game. Believe it or not, I was up against Renga himself. Roll the dice, win the prize. For him, it was my soul. For me, it was my dad’s freedom. And... I won. We tied up, and the win came down to a coin flip.” Omara takes a breath. “We could have walked out of there right then.”

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Allura clutches her holy symbol, fearing what comes next. “You mean you didn’t? What happened?”

Omara shrugs. “The same thing that always happens. My dad sweetened the deal. A set number of years in service in exchange for the jackpot. Renga being the god he is, took it without a second thought. And that was that. There was nothing I could do once the contract was signed.”

“Your dad traded his life for money? That seems...” Viktrails off.

“My dad traded a few decades of service for me to have a life of luxury. It’s what he’s worked his whole life to do, and he finally had the chance to make good on the promise he made to me before I was born. That doesn’t mean it stings any less though.” Omara shies away from the group. “After all that, I still lost him.”

“Omara, I’m so sorry. I... I didn’t...” Vik pulls his friend into a hug.

Allura wipes a tear from her cheek, joining the hug. “At least it won’t be forever. You will have him again in the end.”

Eryk looks around, uncomfortable. Dwarves can be touchy people, but shows of genuine affection are rare. Even then, he joins the hug, albeit tentatively. “You have us in the meantime. And a boatload of money! Ha!”

Allura elbows Eryk in the side, shooting him a fierce look.

“Sorry, sorry.” Eryk maintains the hug.

“Alrighty dighty!” Eldie bellows as she stomps out from the back room. “I think I got something good... for... you. Did I miss something??”

Omara breaks off the hug, straightening herself. “Nothing worth noting. You were saying?”

Eldie glances over the group with a raised eyebrow, then shrugs. “Yeah, got you fixed right up! I took the liberty of polishing up your dagger and then fine-tuning the runes on it. Then I added this bad boy right here!” Eldie points to a new rune on the pommel.

Omara takes a peek but is less versed in runecraft. “What’s it do?”

Eldie smiles wide, wiping greasy hair out of her face. “This here little piece of fun is the Run of the Marked. When you cut someone with the dagger, it marks them for death!”