Prologue

Your eyes slowly open. The first thing you’re aware of is that you’re lying on your back on the hard, cracked dirt. How did you get here? With all your energy, you heave yourself into a sitting position. Your head throbs. Dry, brown grass pushes through the large cracks in the earth, and the song of those annoying, endlessly droning insects is ceaseless. You start to stand, and realize your hand is clutching something rather tightly. You open it. Ouch, that hurt—your hand must have been clenched like that for quite some time. Your eyes light upon the small, brown objects and your heart leaps. Your dice! (DESCRIBE DICE HERE) Now at least you have some chance of survival in this strange world. Your shirt has a special pocket just for dice, and you lovingly drop them inside it before heading for the rising smoke in the distance.