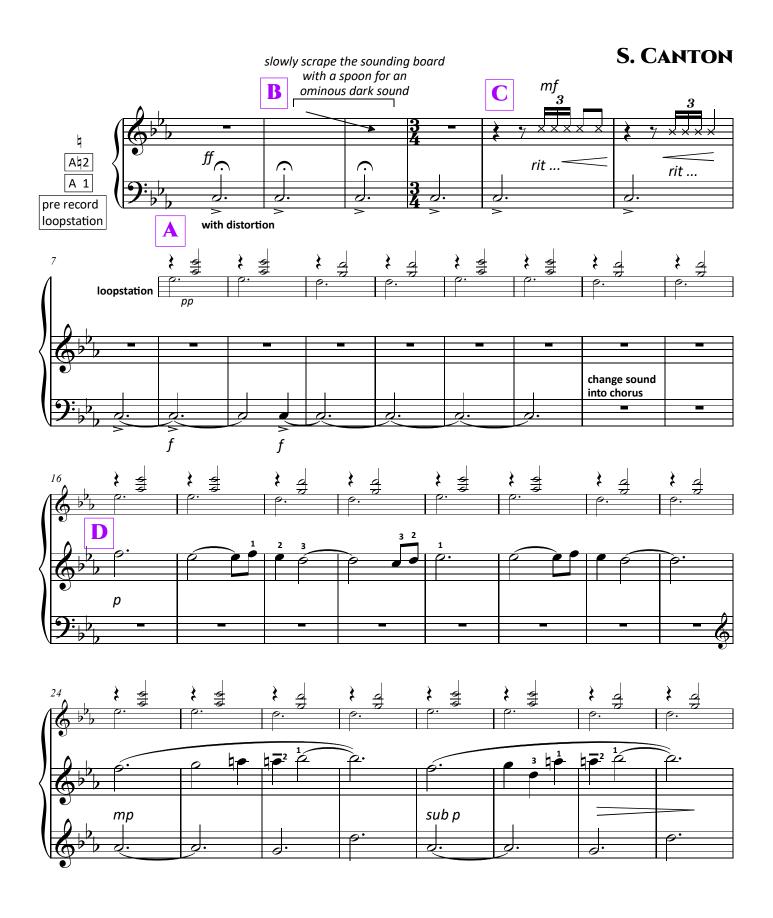
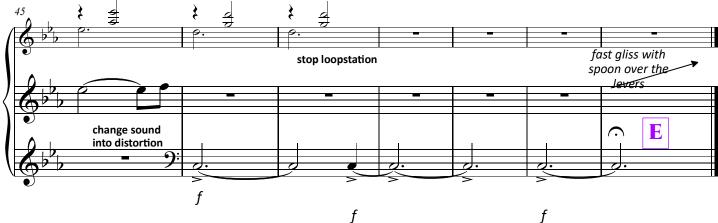
THE CURSED DICES FOR ELECTRONIC HARP AND SPOON







Every night when the clock strikes 8, shadows emerge. See them sitting around the table: hollow greedy eyes a fervent desire for more, always more...

B

Their clothes hanging like shadows around their thin bodies, their bony hands rolling the dice.

Little do they know the dice will never roll six. Little do they know, they will - once again lose everything tonight: their coin... their souls... their hopes... their minds... They are mere penumbras, bound by the voice chanting so beautifully from behind the table.

She sings with such beauty, such beguiling beauty, that they forget everything.



It's a curse,

this song that rules their nights. Until the clock strikes again.

Then they vanish silently into the mist Only to come back tomorrow. \blacksquare

Forever cursed by the dices