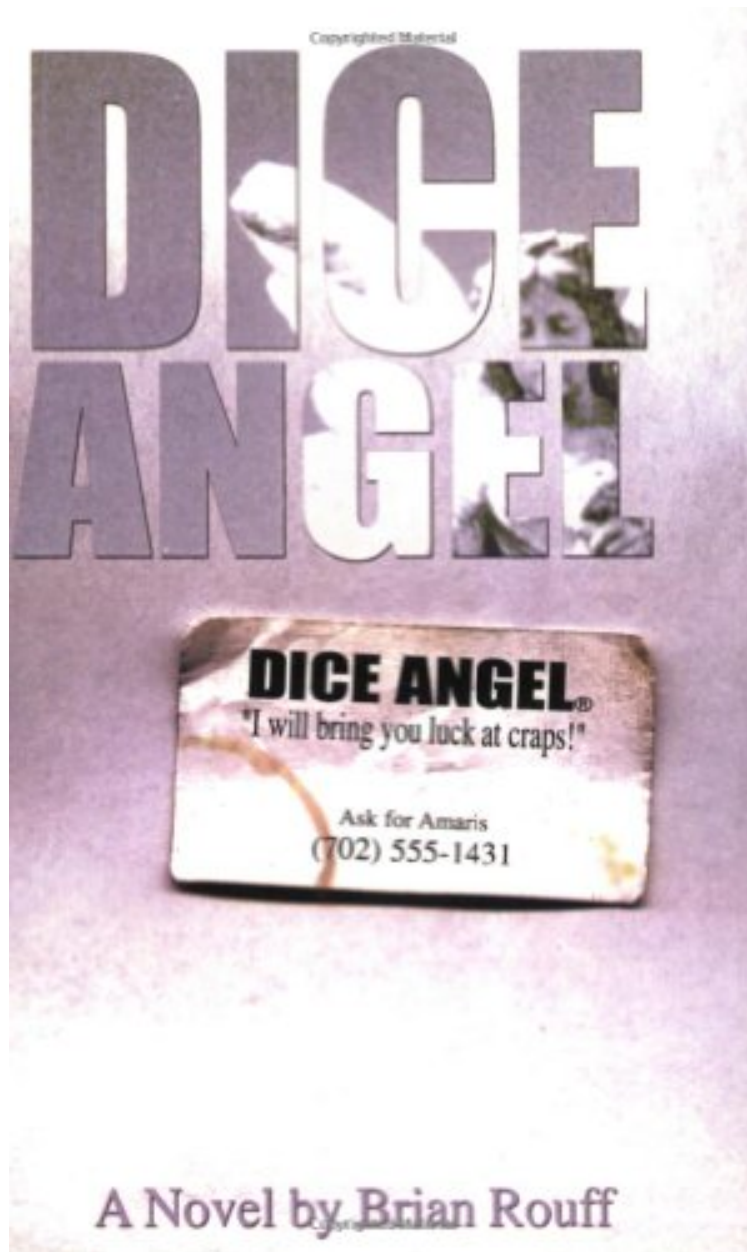


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Dice Angel

Brian Rouff

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Brian Rouff : Dice Angel before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dice Angel:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good story that gains momentumBy Paul MorrisThe author

surrounds one down-on-his luck character with several others who are struggling with their own sets of issues. But then suddenly, they put their heads together to make magic happen. The story builds throughout and gets better as things progress. Having lived in Las Vegas since 1994, I will add that the characters in this story represent a realistic portrayal of the personalities and attitudes one might come across in this city.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. A FANTASTICALLY FUN READ By Atom CrowI purchased "Dice Angel" based on a couple of reviews I read on and absolutely fell in love with it. Brian Rouff's characters are quirky, fun, unique and exhilarating. Poon, the IRS enforcer is a hoot as is Aramis, Jimmy D's, dice angel -- I found myself wishing I could come upon someone as gifted as she. Mr. Rouff is very economical in his writing. He tells a great, great story and if you like Las Vegas, gambling and down and out characters who get to triumph you may just love this book as much as I did. I highly recommend it and I think Rouff ranks right up there with Harlan Coben and Dean Koontz. The book is a fast read and I really wish I did not have to finish it. It's the kind of book you never want to end. I do not play craps but after reading the hilarious scene in the Luxor with Jimmy D trying to save his bar and Aramis saying mantra's over him in the background so he can win, I may just try. I actually tried calling the dice angel as a lark (her phone number is listed on the book cover). Much to my dismay, the number did not exist. I would be remiss if I did not mention Pete, the homeless guy, who gave Jimmy Aramis' card. Pete is a great character. Mr. Rouff is right on in his depiction of Pete (who happens to be an ex-stock broker like me). So if you are looking for a fast, enjoyable read, pick up a copy of "Dice Angel." I promise you'll love it. And honest, the number on the front of the book (Aramis' phone number) does not exist (wink wink). See you at the Luxor. I'll be the guy with all the dough.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Dice Angel - A Very Good Book By Jeffrey Purvin This short novel is very well-written. It has an engaging plot that leads to a gratifying ending. But, the best thing about Dice Angel is its character development. The characters are believable and diverse. The author is so focused on setting up the story's background and characterization that he doesn't introduce his central character, the Dice Angel, until half-way through the book. Dice Angel paints most of its characters via dialog. Besides making the book a very fast read, this method brings the reader right into the action. The reader pegs each character just as he or she would do in real life, i.e. by listening to what they say and noticing what they do. Without straining too hard to be funny, Mr. Rouff also does a good job of inserting humor into the story. Dice Angel is a very good book written by a skillful and imaginative author.

Jimmy Delaney is on another bad roll. His ex-wife is cranky. Burglars clean out all the coins from the video poker machines at his saloon, Jimmy D's. His accountant is missing - with all the bar's money. He can't get a loan because the IRS has a lien on the joint and a rogue revenue agent with a personal grudge is seizing Jimmy D's on Friday unless he can come up with \$50,000 in back taxes. Losing streaks in Las Vegas can be the worst in the world. And then a mysterious woman enters his life. A karma-spouting planet-charting colon-cleansing floozy - the Dice Angel. Can Delaney save Jimmy D's with a supernaturally hot hand at the crap tables at Luxor? Or does Lady Luck bite off, chew up, and spit out another Las Vegas loser...

"Brian Rouff has a chance to be to Vegas what Hiaasen is to Florida. Dice Angel is the perfect start." -- Tod Goldberg, Author "Buy the book, and in addition to reading a delightful story, you'll be the legend of your e-mail joke circle." -- John Ziebell, Las Vegas Mercury, June 13, 2002 "Dice Angel is pure excitement. Pure intrigue. Pure heart-racing adrenaline-rush. I guess that makes it pure Las Vegas." -- Andy Bellin, Author of Poker Nation "Funny and engaging. I cared about every single character. A great read!" -- Al Bernstein, ESPN "I don't have enough adjectives. Wonderful! Terrific! Marvelous! Really great fun!" -- Larry Wilde, America's best-selling humorist. "If you're flying to Vegas, I want you to read this book while you're on the plane." -- brachman.com, Las Vegas Book Round-Up "The characters are so lifelike, the dialogue is almost like eavesdropping on real conversations." -- Blurb "The characters are so lifelike, the dialogue is almost like eavesdropping on real conversations." -- Barney Vinson, author "With an unforgettable cast, terrific writing, and a surprise ending, Dice Angel is a sure bet!" -- Larry Edell, Crap Shooter Newsletter Check out Brian Rouff's entertaining novel. It may be the closest you hard-luck types get to a happy ending. -- John L. Smith, Las Vegas -Journal, May 10, 2002 About the Author Brian Rouff has lived in Las Vegas since 1981, which makes him a long-timer by local standards. He is married with two grown daughters. This is his first novel. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. The ringing phone ripped through my sleep like a buzz saw. I caught it on the fourth ring, nearly knocking the lamp off the end table in the process. Squinting through bleary eyes, I could barely make out the time. 3:11 a.m. "This can't be good," I muttered out loud, even though I was alone. Hoping for a wrong number, I barked, "What?" "James Delaney, Jr?" an official-sounding voice asked. The little hairs stood up on the back of my neck. "Who wants to know?" "Officer Robert Ramos, Metro Police, sir." For a brief horrible moment, I pictured my seven-year-old daughter Jenny, dead in the gutter. But that was impossible. Jenny was in Salt Lake with my ex-wife Joy. And Salt Lake, as far as I know, outlawed gutters years ago. Trying to sound casual despite my heart beating double-time, I asked, "What can I do for you, Officer?" "They hit your place again." "Shit! I'm on my way." In the time it would take to ask more questions, I could be there. Wide awake now, I threw on a pair of faded jeans and a UNLV sweatshirt as I fumbled for my keys, a million thoughts racing through my mind. How the

hell could they have gotten past my new super-high-tech security system? Maybe it's true what the cops say, that locks and alarms only keep out honest people. And honest people are in short supply here in Vegas, or anywhere else for that matter. I took the steps two at a time. As I flung open the front door, a blast of cold night air hit me in the face, sending an involuntary shudder through my body. Even after more than twenty years in the godforsaken desert, I'm still surprised by the extreme temperatures. Too fucking hot in the summer, too goddamned cold in the winter. Probably a lot like living on the moon, except for the gambling. Jumping into my '97 Mazda 626, the last sensible remnant of my married days, I peeled out of the driveway and headed for my bar. The screeching noise would most likely jar a neighbor or two out of a restful night's sleep. Good, I thought with grim satisfaction. Why should I be the only one up on a night like this?