

Karolina Pelc rejects luck and embraces movement. From casino floors to tech founder, *Her Play: Make Your Own Luck* chronicles decades of deliberate choices under pressure. Raw, precise, and unflinching, this memoir is a testament to endurance, instinct, and the calculated courage to build your own odds — one bold decision at a time.

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Business & Leadership Magazine

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Best-selling author and award-winning tech founder

“Building at scale under real pressure exposes who you are. Karolina never flinched. Her epic journey at the forefront of gaming and tech reshaped an industry. Raw. Uncompromising. Self-worth, lived.”

**Robin Ramm-Ericson,**

Unicorn founder of LeoVegas Mobile Gaming Group

“From a family history shaped by the Gulags of Siberia to the card rooms of Warsaw and the late-night buses of London, Karolina’s rise is extraordinary. *Her Play* is a gripping account of ambition, resilience and sharp entrepreneurial instinct — a compelling story of triumph over adversity that I found impossible to put down.”

**Mark Blandford**

Pionnering Founder of Sportingbet and serial technology investor

“One of the most impressive founder trajectories I’ve witnessed. Karolina’s bold belief, disciplined execution, and self-conviction prove extraordinary outcomes are engineered — not wished for.”

**Lisa Winning**

Bestselling Author, Founder & Exited Tech Entrepreneur

# HER PLAY

MAKE YOUR OWN LUCK

KAROLINA PELC





## Her Play

*Make Your Own Luck*

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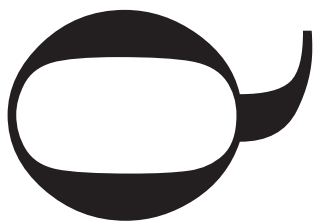
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This is a work of non-fiction. It recounts real events from the author's life and career. Certain identifying details have been changed, condensed or omitted to protect privacy and professional confidentiality. Where real names appear, permissions have been obtained. While some scenes are rendered with vivid narrative language, the author has made every effort to portray events truthfully and respectfully.

This book describes the gambling and online gaming ('iGaming') industry solely as the professional context in which the author worked. It does not encourage or promote gambling, nor does it endorse the gambling industry in any personal, professional or commercial capacity. Nothing in these pages should be interpreted as advice to gamble or as a defence of the industry itself.

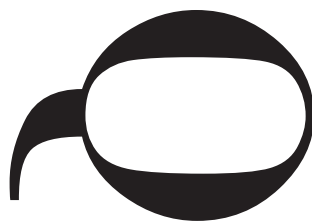
*Her Play* is a personal memoir about mindset, movement and ownership, not games of chance. It is not a tell-all, an insider exposé or a detailed account of industry mechanics. Company names and sensitive operational details have been intentionally excluded to respect confidentiality and professional boundaries.

If you choose to gamble, please do so responsibly and within your limits. For information and support, visit [www.begambleaware.org](http://www.begambleaware.org) (UK) or the equivalent service in your country.



PROLOGUE

**BEFORE WE  
BEGIN**



I thought I was lucky.

But I don't believe in luck.

In 2003, I dealt my first card on a smoky casino floor in Warsaw.  
In 2021, I launched my first startup in online gaming.

In 2024, I sold that company to the number one gaming brand in the United States.

It wasn't the biggest exit this industry had seen. But it was fast. A three-year sprint that looked like magic from the outside.

To me, it felt like twenty years packed into one long, unblinking stare.

No Ivy League network. No seed-stage fairy tale. Just a team of operators who'd once worked inside the very systems we were now rewriting.

And me — the one who chose to bet it all.

Then came the headlines.

The noise.

The silence.

And, finally, the question: *Was I just lucky?*

Because I've spent most of my life in a world where luck is misunderstood — romanticized, resented, sometimes even weaponized — people talk about it like it's a trait. Like charisma. Or charm. Something you either have...or don't.

But luck is slipperier than that.

It wears disguises. It shows up loud when it lands and disappears quietly when it doesn't.

I didn't learn that in theory. I learned it in motion — at the tables.

Slots are the purest version of hope. No skill, no strategy. Just press, wait and surrender. They ask for nothing but belief and repetition — a little blind faith wrapped in blinking lights. They whisper *Maybe this time* — and, if not, *Spin again*.

Blackjack is where reason tries to live. It gives you rhythm, rules and the illusion of control. Know the maths, play the edge — and still one card can unravel everything.

Poker thrives in the grey. It's not about the hand you hold but the story you sell. You can win with nothing but nerve — or lose it all while technically doing everything right.

## BEFORE WE BEGIN

All three involve chance. But only two demand more than luck.  
*Luck might open the door. But only movement gets you through it.*  
That's where this story begins.  
Not with fortune. *With forward motion.*

And no — this isn't a polished highlight reel or a victory lap in hardcover. It's a study in decisions. In how instinct sharpens through experience. How failure refines. And how surviving long enough can start to look like strategy.

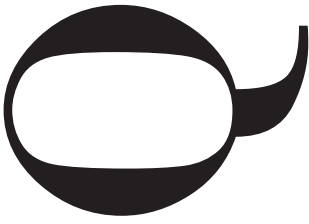
This book braids together the personal and the psychological. The stories with the science.

Why we freeze. Why we leap.

Why some people attract momentum while others wait for permission.

It's not a book about gambling. And not just about business. It's about learning to *play* — in life, in leadership and in every impossible hand between. And, like every game worth playing, it starts with a move.

Press Play.

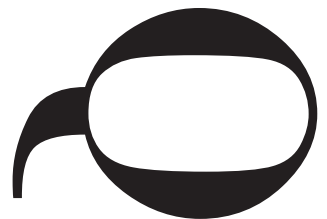


1

CHAPTER ONE

**SHE DRIVES ME  
CRAZY**

1



It was three o'clock on a frosty Tuesday afternoon in the middle of January 2004 – a day so slow at the casino that even the slot machines seemed bored. The venue appeared empty, save for a handful of regulars who'd turned this place into their primary residence. There was the homeless guy camped out by the bar, nursing his fifth cup of complimentary tea, his obligatory jacket (likely plucked from a charity bin) hanging off his shoulders like a cape. Moneylenders skulked near the walls, their eyes scanning for fresh desperation, patience honed like an animal waiting to strike. And let's not forget the occasional lady of the night, blending in with the sparse crowd, her high heels clicking faintly against the carpet.

The few customers here were the cautious types, placing one chip at a time on low-risk bets, their noses buried in meticulously filled statistical booklets. These booklets gave them no advantage whatsoever over the house, but they provided some weird illusion of control, which was clearly what they sought. It's like trying to predict the wind with a weathervane – you might feel prepared, but you're still at the mercy of chance. As Albert Einstein is supposed to have once said, 'No one can win at roulette unless he steals money from the table while the croupier isn't looking' – which, by the way, had also been tried occasionally.

The more experienced dealers yawned, their eyes darting to the staff-room stairs in the corner, waiting for the break personnel to relieve them from the monotony. Meanwhile, the newbies – me included – were scattered around the floor trying to look like we belonged.

It was the first time in years that the casino had taken in new dealers. Out of the hundred-strong group that started the training programme, only five had survived the gruelling three-month boot camp. The rest were eliminated daily, in a ruthless ritual reminiscent of a gladiatorial arena – less blood, but equally brutal.

The pressure was even more real for me, the daughter of one of the oldest inspectors in the casino, a man who'd been working there since its opening. His deep sense of pride translated directly into high expectations of me, his own and everyone else's. I could have

ended up with a guaranteed spot in the top five, getting the job with the tiniest bit of his influence, if my father hadn't been categorically against pulling any favours. But he was. There was also no reality in which he would bear the embarrassment of my being fired from the boot camp. So I had to put in 150 per cent of the effort expected. This meant training at home – from chip counting and completing time tests organized by him on the ironing board to being woken up in the middle of the night to answer questions such as 'How much are seventeen splits and thirty-four straight-ups?' – which, for those of you unfamiliar with casinos, involves somewhat complex maths.

The other survivors on the floor were being put through their paces too. Some practiced their roulette spins, others shuffled cards with varying degrees of success. A few repeated blackjack deals over and over, their movements scrutinized by the sharp-eyed inspectors patrolling the floor. 'Elbow high!' barked one of the inspectors, his voice cutting through the quiet hum of the casino. It was a command, not a suggestion, and it was directed at a trainee struggling to deal cards with the required grace. The poor guy flinched, his elbow shooting up like he'd been electrocuted.

Poland has always been regarded as the home of gold-standard dealer skills. Polish dealers are fast, efficient, accurate. Some would say merciless. Having worked in venues around the world, I now know that none of these skills mattered as much as the one thing none of us possessed back then: engaging customer service. 'Good evening. Place your bets. Good luck' was our idea of courteous conversation.

There was no anticipation or excitement in the air at this moment, just the quiet hum of routine and the occasional clink of chips. In the background, the radio played 'Milkshake' by Kelis, its catchy rhythm gently marking the slow, chilly passage through the early days of 2004.

Most of my colleagues had certain expectations when entering the casino world – a naive idea that it would be all glitz and glamour, like in the movies. They imagined themselves casually spinning roulette wheels while everyone admired their skill and grace. Not me. I'd heard various accounts from my father since the age of eight, yet I still don't think I was prepared for what was to come.

## HER PLAY

The venue was located on the first floor of the Marriott Hotel in Warsaw – a building that, at the time, was one of the most prestigious and recognizable landmarks in the city. As a towering skyscraper with traces of Communist-era architecture, it stood as a testament to a bygone age. Its design, a blend of modernist and brutalist influences, was intended to convey strength and progress, though now it felt dated, a relic of the past. The building was clad in mirrored windows that stretched from floor to ceiling, giving it a sleek, almost futuristic appearance.

When I was a child, before mobile phones existed, my mother and I would wait in the car – first a humble Fiat, then a Nissan Sunny – parked behind the hotel, ready to pick up my dad after his shift. If he ran late, we'd eventually wander inside to ask for him at reception.

Around Christmas, those visits felt magical. I'd stare up at the towering two-story tree in the lobby, glowing with golden lights and dressed in red baubles and ribbons – so different from the delicate hand-painted ornaments on our tree at home. That tree, with its air of wealth and polish, offered a glimpse into another world – one that left me wide-eyed and dreaming.

I never imagined working at the Marriott. Back then, I wanted to be a librarian. But I do remember fantasizing about being a guest. The gleaming lobby, the quiet luxury – it felt like a world reserved for people far grander than us. Even one night there seemed impossibly out of reach.

On sunny days, the Marriott's mirrored facade caught the sunlight, scattering it across the city in a dazzling display, while also reflecting the Palace of Culture and Science – Warsaw's most iconic, yet ugliest, building, a 'gift' from the Soviet Union in 1955. Its Stalinist Gothic style, with its towering spires and grand scale, felt out of place in modern Warsaw, yet it stood as a stubborn reminder of the city's complicated history. Warsaw in a single glance: a haunting mix of old and new, Communism and capitalism, past and future.

Inside the casino, there were no windows, nothing to remind us of the outside world. There were no clocks, either, so it was easy to lose track of time. Some days, we forgot whether it was day or night, as the outside world faded into a distant memory.

The atmosphere inside was a stark contrast to the building's austere exterior. The rooms were bathed in warm, golden light, with chandeliers hanging low over the roulette and blackjack tables. The carpets were a deep shade of red, patterned with intricate designs that seemed to swallow the sound of footsteps, creating a muffled, almost surreal ambience. The air was thick with the scent of cigarette smoke and the tang of alcohol, mingled with the occasional whiff of expensive perfume and, more often, the pungent aroma of cheap cologne.

Dealers in crisp white shirts and black vests moved with practiced precision, their hands gliding over the tables. The clinking of chips, the spin of the roulette wheel and the sporadic burst of laughter or groan of disappointment created a symphony of sound, both chaotic and strangely harmonious at once.

Even on a quiet day like today, the slot machines sang their unsophisticated tunes, most of them activated by a toothpick stuck into the corner of the Play button – the work of a single customer, hopping from machine to machine, convinced that the more he covered, the better his odds of winning. The casino management allowed it, which reveals everything you need to know about the substance (or lack thereof) of yet another gambler myth.

The casino itself was a weird mix of luxury and dated furniture. The chandeliers and plush carpets tried to scream opulence, but the worn-out chairs and slightly yellowed table edges gave away the truth. The closest resemblance it held to a VIP experience was probably a first-class train wagon ride – fancy enough to make you feel special but not enough to make you forget you're still on a train.

This was my very first day on the casino floor standing behind a table. I'd barely turned nineteen, and I'd finished my training about two months earlier, but we were all waiting for our government licences, which would allow us to deal with real money. In the meantime, our days were filled with assisting tasks, consisting mainly of collecting and sorting through the colourful losing casino chips – the ones pushed into the corner of the table when the main dealer cleared the felt after a spin. Sometimes, if you were lucky, you'd get to stand behind a chipping machine. In that scenario, however, an eight- to ten-hour

shift revolved around taking out already sorted stacks of chips, an experience I compared to unpacking the dishwasher. All night. Every night. For weeks in a row.

But finally the licence paperwork arrived, and I was allowed to show what I'd learned and what I was made of at a real table, with real customers. Except, of course, there were no customers on that day. So there I was, standing at an empty high-stakes roulette table, placed strategically at the rear of the casino. My hair was slicked back, and I was wearing the same penguin-like outfit as everyone else: a white shirt, tight waistcoat and black skirt, which was already uncomfortably short when issued and now hiked even higher, secured with a paper clip, as explicitly instructed by the floor manager. My lips and nails were painted the brightest of reds. I even remember the exact shade of lipstick and polish displayed in the staff room as the only acceptable option. Topping it off were high heels, which made my legs feel like they were staging a full retreat into my torso. And the cherry on top – a Mickey Mouse-style bow-tie. I didn't only look stupid. I felt exposed.

My mind wandered as I gazed blankly at the green felt, but a loud 'Spin!' from the inspector's chair quickly snapped me back to reality. You see, we were new and not hired to 'look pretty', as they used to say. 'You're on the clock, not on-stage. Be grateful, practice and get better. Mastery is built in repetition.'

Honestly? Knowing the clientele of the casino, the last thing I wanted to be seen as was pretty. Right before I started, I'd changed my hair colour from light blond to auburn. I'd hoped that, in this chauvinistic, old-fashioned environment, it would shift the perception of me further away from that of a Playboy Bunny. I am not entirely sure whether it helped.

I spun, as instructed. Again and again.

Just as I was settling into the mindless routine, the sliding front doors burst open with a loud bang. There was a commotion at the reception. Dozing inspectors jolted awake, and I felt a mix of panic and excitement – this could be my first customer. But no one else seemed thrilled. Instead, the managers scrambled frantically, and I

heard the repeated whisper: 'Kapelon is here. Get Karolina off the VIP table!'

Why? *What did I do wrong?* I wondered, but I wasn't there to ask questions. After all, I'd been reminded of that every hour.

Finally, he strutted in — Mr. High Roller, the kind of man who thought luck was a personality trait. He was short and scruffy, and wearing a battered hat he claimed was his lucky charm. The chandelier caught him mid-swagger, scattering light off every inch of gold: the heavy chain around his neck, the flash of his teeth when he grinned. Hard to say what shone brighter — the metal or his self-importance.

His eyes instantly locked on me. 'They've got newbies in!' he shouted with delight, as if there was a new ice cream flavour at the neighbourhood sweet-shop. I mistook his enthusiasm for a good sign. 'And they finally got me a lucky redhead. Look at her board! Baby, you were God-sent.'

And, just like that, I was his next target. My results board displayed three red numbers in a row. Statistically, the odds of the next number being black were about 47.4 per cent, but Kapelon didn't care about statistics. He didn't care about probability, logic or the cold, challenging maths of the roulette wheel. No, Kapelon cared about what he believed to be his ultimate destiny. The following number would be black. He knew it.

He threw his heavy, thick money plaques onto the table and barked, 'Change!'

I nervously pushed stacks of chips towards him. My hands trembled, and I was already sweating. All the other tables had opened in the meantime, and I seemed to become the main act in some sort of Cirque du Soleil-like show, about to attempt the final trick, with all eyes watching my every move in complete silence. I'm sure there was music playing, but all I could hear was the sound of my beating heart.

Kapelon spread some chips around his lucky numbers, with a significant portion of his bankroll on black. I looked at the bet combinations.

## HER PLAY

*I've got this. I can calculate payouts fast. I'll breeze through this.*

'Spin, darling,' he said in a tone that, again, I misinterpreted as charming. His words were a welcome change from the inspector's tedious barks, which made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

I reached for the ball and repeated the move I'd done a hundred times. But here's the kicker: nothing happened. Where was the ball? *O kurwa! Fuck!*

In horror, I realized I'd managed to send the ball flying across the room like I was playing darts, not dealing a roulette game.

Kapelon was kind. He and his equally peculiar entourage all shared a good laugh, mixed with a bit of pity for me. 'No spin. It happens. She's new. She's scared.' He was so smug, as if my fear had made him grow a few inches taller.

I tried again. No spin. I didn't know where the ball went that time, either, as I was too scared to look up from the wheel. I was sweating profusely now — or maybe the smell was coming from the inspector in his high chair, who had a much better idea of what would happen if I messed up again. The perspiration was literally dripping off his face. His earlier comment on repetition would now stick for life.

Luckily, the group was still in good spirits, and, in that moment, I was thankful for my decent good looks. I knew it was part of what had saved me thus far.

*Karolina, get yourself together, for fuck's sake,* I told myself.

I spun. I succeeded. *Pheew.* I watched as the ball danced around the wheel a few times before landing in the pocket of 28. I was so chuffed that I'd managed to spin that I didn't pay attention to what this number meant to him. I grabbed the dolly and cheerfully announced, 'Twenty-eight red!'

As the last word left my mouth, it struck me. He had lost every single bet. My soul fled my body.

He didn't laugh. He didn't smile. He stared dead-eyed. I had insulted him. Or worse. In his mind, I had robbed him. The next number was meant to be black!

'Spin,' he hissed through his teeth. In that moment, I wished for the inspector's bark. At least that was predictable.

Kapelon was giving me another 'chance'. But now he was only betting mid-spin, allowing me zero opportunity for any kind of advanced payout preparation. It didn't matter, though, as I still wasn't paying him a cent. Another spin. And another. Red popped up each time. He was losing every single bet. I must have broken some records with this continuous streak. It was as though I were caught in a bizarre, cruel loop of roulette karma.

By the fourth spin, his frustration was palpable. He threw a stack of chips on black, done with me. He started insulting me, calling me fat, ugly, you name it. At first, it stung. But then I remembered: I was trained for this. I was paid to take this abuse. So I stood there like a punching bag in a tuxedo. No one came to rescue me. No one intervened. I just had to absorb it.

Funnily enough, not even in those tense moments did I think, *What the hell am I doing here?*

Most people who know me today describe me as confident and resilient.

Back then? I was fresh out of high school, facing a high roller who carried himself like the world owed him everything. His presence was commanding. His temper, explosive.

Had I built up resilience yet? Maybe a little. But what I had in abundance was...no choice.

The reason I took this job was simple: I'd partied through the last years of high school instead of studying.

Once a straight-A student, I'd failed to get into the top journalism and political science course at Warsaw University. My parents, though disappointed, weren't shocked — they'd seen it coming.

Yet, when I didn't find my name on the list, I was surprised. Then it hit me: *I'm in trouble.*

Their response wasn't grounding. It was a hard cut-off.

No more financial support.

If I wanted to study, I had to get a job.

In hindsight, it was brilliant. They offered me a deal: work to pay your way, and we'll fund half.

Graduate, and we'll reimburse you. Quit, and you'll owe us.

But it backfired, because once I tasted financial independence, I didn't want to let it go. From the moment I earned my first pay cheque, I prioritized income over education.

Back then, not going to university wasn't just unconventional; it was unthinkable.

In Eastern Europe, entrepreneurship wasn't aspirational. Dropouts weren't cool. What *was* cool was juggling multiple degrees and speaking three languages. That's what 'success' looked like.

And I wanted to be someone — even if I wasn't interested in playing by the defined rules.

Unless I fancied bartending for peanuts, I had to make the most of the one opportunity my father offered: apply for a job as a casino dealer.

Apparently, being called a 'fat pig' and told to 'get the fuck off the table' was part of that arrangement.

So there I was. Trying desperately to think of how to save myself from this intimidating ordeal, I did something that, in hindsight, probably wasn't the best idea. I attempted to break the ice with a joke relating directly to a playful and somewhat superstitious saying.

'Sir, you've faced a lot of bad luck today. On the positive side, you must be very lucky in love, huh?' I said, hoping for a laugh, maybe a little levity.

It didn't land.

He went ballistic. No one was laughing. I found out later that he was three times divorced, paid multiple alimonies through the nose, and was still fighting over custody of his children with two of his ex-wives. Even without knowing why he was so angry, but seeing enough to know he was furious, I could already visualize the end of my brief career as a roulette dealer, if not the end of my life altogether.

'New dealer! She drives me crazy!' Kapelon barked while throwing up his hands in frustration.

I saw my replacement standing right behind me, poised to step in. Management knew that the change request was just a matter of time, but I don't think anyone could have predicted that the shy newbie would try to crack a very unfortunate joke at one of the most feared and powerful mafia bosses in the city. Perhaps I hadn't given it any

serious thought, either – it came out of my mouth in a pure act of desperation.

Finally off the table, I needed a cigarette.

I don't know how much time had passed since I managed to sit down in the staff room. It must have been a good fifteen minutes, but it felt like only a few seconds. No one was there to cheer me up. You see, this wasn't an exception to the rule. The casino industry didn't care about employees' feelings. And the customers? They didn't care about our insecurities, boundaries or good manners, either, especially those kinds of customers and especially back then. The moment we stepped onto that floor, we became part of the machine.

There I was, terrified and humiliated, deeply shaken by the absurdity of it all. And just when I thought the worst was behind me, the curveball came.

Kapelon, put off by his bad luck, wanted to move his game to another location – a standard move for these VIP types who thought they could control the world. We had another venue, located at the other end of the city, but it was closed. After all, it was Tuesday afternoon, and no one had expected this VIP action.

'Everyone, downstairs in three!' I heard from outside the smoking room. *Downstairs? For what?*

But as everyone moved, so did I – into the elevator, then the casino van. We were headed across town to open another venue before Kapelon arrived, with just enough time to set up tables and slot in dealers. It was a race against time, in heels.

It was -10°C, and we were freezing – especially the girls, tottering over icy pavement in outfits built for floor shifts, not winter chases. The high-roller crew waited for their cabs while we took off like something out of *The Fast and the Furious*.

'This is a story for a book!' someone laughed. Little did they know I'd someday end up writing that book.

Tension filled the van. We were crammed in like sardines – dealers in penguin suits, inspectors in stiff blazers, and me, still shaking from the disaster at the table. The driver weaved through traffic, likely breaking at least three laws per minute.

## HER PLAY

Then fate played its hand: a red light.

The van screeched to a halt. Silence.

And then Kapelon's cab pulled up beside us.

'Duck!' someone warned. Everyone crouched down like schoolkids caught sneaking out. I half expected one of us to whisper, *He can't see us if we don't move*, like it was a low-budget spy movie.

But Kapelon didn't even look our way — too deep in flirt mode with his date, laughing, blissfully unaware that a van full of panicked casino staff was hyperventilating one metre away.

I couldn't help but laugh too.

Here we were, freezing, flying through the city to set up a casino for this guy, and he didn't even notice — like we were just background extras in his film, and he hadn't realized the extras were real people.

The light turned green. His cab pulled away.

We exhaled in unison.

For a moment, we weren't just staff; we were co-conspirators in one gloriously ridiculous story.

The driver increased speed and took a few shortcuts. When Kapelon arrived, it all looked in order, as if the venue had been waiting for him to grace us with his presence all night. I even managed to do a few practice spins, with numbers lining up my results board.

The casino staff moved like a well-oiled machine, setting up tables, arranging chips and lighting cigarettes for the high rollers who'd followed Kapelon to this new location. The air was thick with tension, but also with a strange kind of camaraderie. We were all in this together, even if none of us had signed up for this level of crazy.

They walked in. Kapelon looked around, initially scanning the roulette boards. When one caught his interest, his eyes slowly slid to the dealer's face. And it was my board.

I don't know what kind of evil played this trick on me, but before I realized, I was showing four consecutive red numbers. Again!

He looked at the numbers, and I saw a spark in his eye. As his gaze moved to look at me, it was as if the first rays of sunlight on the beach had landed on my face. Except this warmth felt more like someone

holding a lit candlestick to my cheeks — an inch closer and it'd burn like hell. Our eyes met.

For a second he seemed confused, not sure what he was looking at. Then the confusion turned into a rage so visible that there was absolutely no doubt about how he felt.

The room fell still. Even the slot machines seemed to pause mid-jingle, as if holding their breath. The other dealers froze, their hands hovering over chips and cards. The inspectors, usually so quick to snap orders, were momentarily stunned into silence.

Kapelon's entourage shifted uncomfortably, exchanging glances but saying nothing. They knew better than to intervene when he was in this state of mind.

Meanwhile, I stood there, my hands gripping the edge of the table so tightly that my knuckles turned white. My mind raced, trying to come up with something — anything — to defuse the situation. Nothing came.

Kapelon had a notorious reputation for outrageous behaviour, from leaping onto tables with both feet to hurling ashtrays across the room. On one particularly infamous occasion, he went as far as attempting to urinate in the roulette wheel — a stunt that cemented his legacy as one of the most unpredictable and volatile figures the casino had ever seen. And he was about to live up to that ill repute again.

His lungs ballooned, his face flushed red and then came out a scream so loud yet perfectly clear. His words seared into my memory: '*Co do chuja pana?! For fuck's sake! Are you guys kidding me? Did you fucking clone that red-headed cunt?*'