

*Agents
of
Death*

Emma Johnstone

Grim Reaper



Your time has come
Your life is ending
To a whole new world
You'll be descending

He's cloaked in black
As dark as coal
He's here for you
Here for your soul

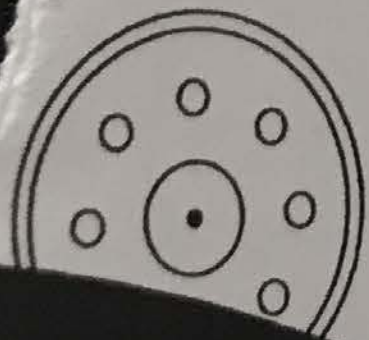
Hourglass in hand
With grains so small
He'll watch the sand
Until the last bit falls

It's time for you
Time for your death
The Grim Reaper has come
For your last breath

He wields his scythe
And one quick slit
Death becomes you
A new spirit

- Antonia Johnstone

WALKYRIE



The Hersir stood atop the bow looking over his men. Above them a cataclysmic storm brewed and in front of them a coast crumbled under undying flames. The warriors sat ready and alert for what was before of them.

The Hersir spoke, "Men!...Do we fear death?...No!...Do we intend to die in bed as old men?...No!...Victory is all we know!...Valhalla awaits!...Now forward my men! FORWARD!"

The warriors yelled and rose from where they sat, leaping off the ship into the shallow water. The Hersir made his way to the front of the warriors and took charge into the fallen village. Strewn through the village were corpses. Charred from the flames and dismembered from brute force, from something far more powerful than man. The Hersir was confused at what could have done this to the villagers. An ear splitting screech then echoed through the village and in front of the Hersir stood a beautiful woman cladden in gold and silver armor, armed with a longsword. The Hersir drew his sword and confronted the woman.

"I am Halvar, son of Ivar of house Urne. Lower your weapon and yield."

The woman looked up and stared at Halvar with glassy black eyes. Wings emerged from her back, extinguishing the flames and consuming the village in darkness. The warriors attempted to huddle together amidst the pitch black. Halvar, ready to command an attack, was soon met with the blood curdling screams and merciful begs of his men as something ripped them apart. A bolt of lightning split the sky and Halvar stood alone among a pile of his brothers torn apart and mutilated.

Under his breath he spoke, "Odin have mercy."

"Odin is dead," a piercing demonic voice spoke.

Halvar turned behind him to see the woman. Before Halvar could speak, the woman gripped his throat and lifted him off the ground. Continuously squeezing harder.

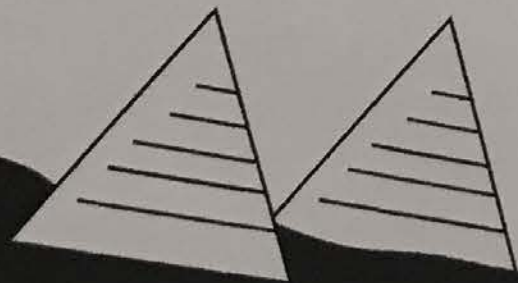
"Ragnarok is upon you and Hel is waiting," she said.

With one final squeeze Halvar's neck snapped and his lifeless body fell to the ground.

- Nick Johnstone



ANUBAS



I hold your heart
Within my hand
What happens next
Cannot be planned

Compared to a feather
Are you heavy or light
I place it on the scale
It must weigh just right

I can send you above
Or to the pits down below
The weight of your heart
Is the only way to know

And here we both stand
As we stare at the scale
I throw your heart to Ammit
You're going to hell

- Antonia Johnstone

CHARON



Here, thick with mire and of fathomless flood, a whirlpool
seethes and belches into Cocytus all its sand.
A grim ferry man guards these waters and streams, terrible in
his squalor - Charon, on whose chin lies a mass of unkempt
hoary hair;
his eyes are staring orbs of flame; his squalid garb hangs by a
knot from his shoulders.
Unaided, he poles the boat, tends the sails, and in his murky
craft conveys the dead - now aged, but a god's old age is hardy
and green.
Hither rushed all the throng, streaming to the banks;
mothers and men and bodies of high-souled heroes, their life
now done, boys and unwedded girls, and sons placed on the
pyre before their fathers' eyes;
thick as the leaves of the forest that at autumn's first frost drop
and fall, and thick as the birds that from the seething deep flock
shoreward, when the chill of the year drives them overseas and
sends them into sunny lands.
They stood, pleading to be the first ferried across, and stretched
out hands in yearning for the farther shore.
But the surly boatman takes now these, now those, while others
he thrusts away, back from the brink.

- Virgil

Dullahan



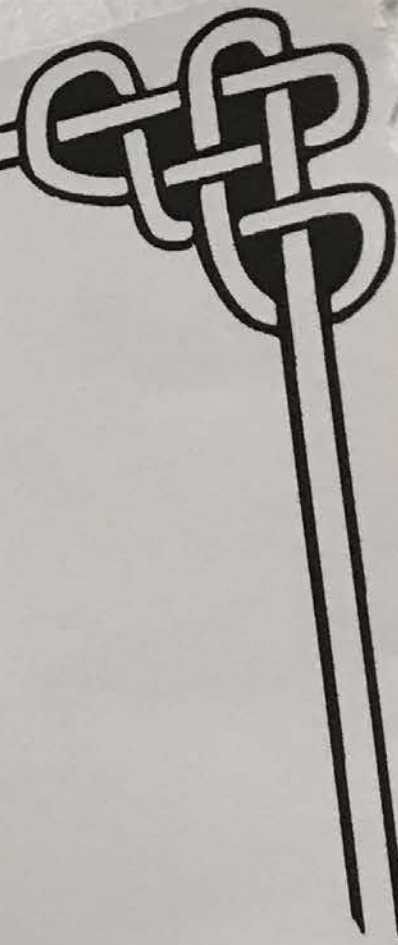
In the fields of ancient Ireland
Is a tale that once began
With a black horse and his rider
The Headless Horseman

They call him Dullahan
With his head under his arm
He is not known for being nice
He is not known for his charm

He will ride upon your doorstep
With a banshee by his side
And it will prepare the foul call
With its mouth stretched oh so wide

He will come and take your life
While you're nestled in your dreams
And once you are gone and dead
The banshee will let out its screams

- Antonia Johnstone



Davy Jones

The wood creaked all throughout the ship as it drifted along the ocean. Captain Hunt stood next to the quartermaster at the helm looking out onto the endless horizon. The crew had been on the run from the British for weeks. Pillaging had been unsuccessful and morale was low. Captain Hunt left the helm to the quartermaster and walked down into the bunks below. His crew was fast asleep. Some crew members questioned Captain's Hunt true intentions and ability, while Captain Hunt questioned some of their integrity. He felt uneasy about everything but pushed through the turbulence. As he left the bunks, a click was heard with the feeling of cold metal pressed to his head.

"Ahoy Captain. Move!"

Captain Hunt walked forward as a huge group of crew scurried out of the hull. In a panic, the quartermaster raised his pistol only to be shot down.

"Walk the plank, scallywag!"

The disgruntled crew then threw a board of wood on the starboard edge of the ship, while the rest shoved the Captain onto the board with swords.

"Any last words, dead man?"

Silence.

"Feed the fish. Say ahoy to Davy Jones."

The head mutineer raised his pistol and fired into Captain's Hunt chest. Hunt fell off the board slamming into the ocean and sinking below the surface. He felt the weight of the ocean on his body and the light slowly began to leave. A few moans could be heard in Hunt's ear while tentacles began to come up on both sides of him and grip him. Panic set in as he was quickly pulled faster down. The moans soon became words.

"Dead men tell no tales."

- Nick Johnstone



Baron Samedi

I am a tiny person
I possess a human spirit
And if you don't know my power
I can assure that you should fear it

I am owned by Baron Samedi
The king of Voodoo magic
And to end up on his shit list
I can tell you will end tragic

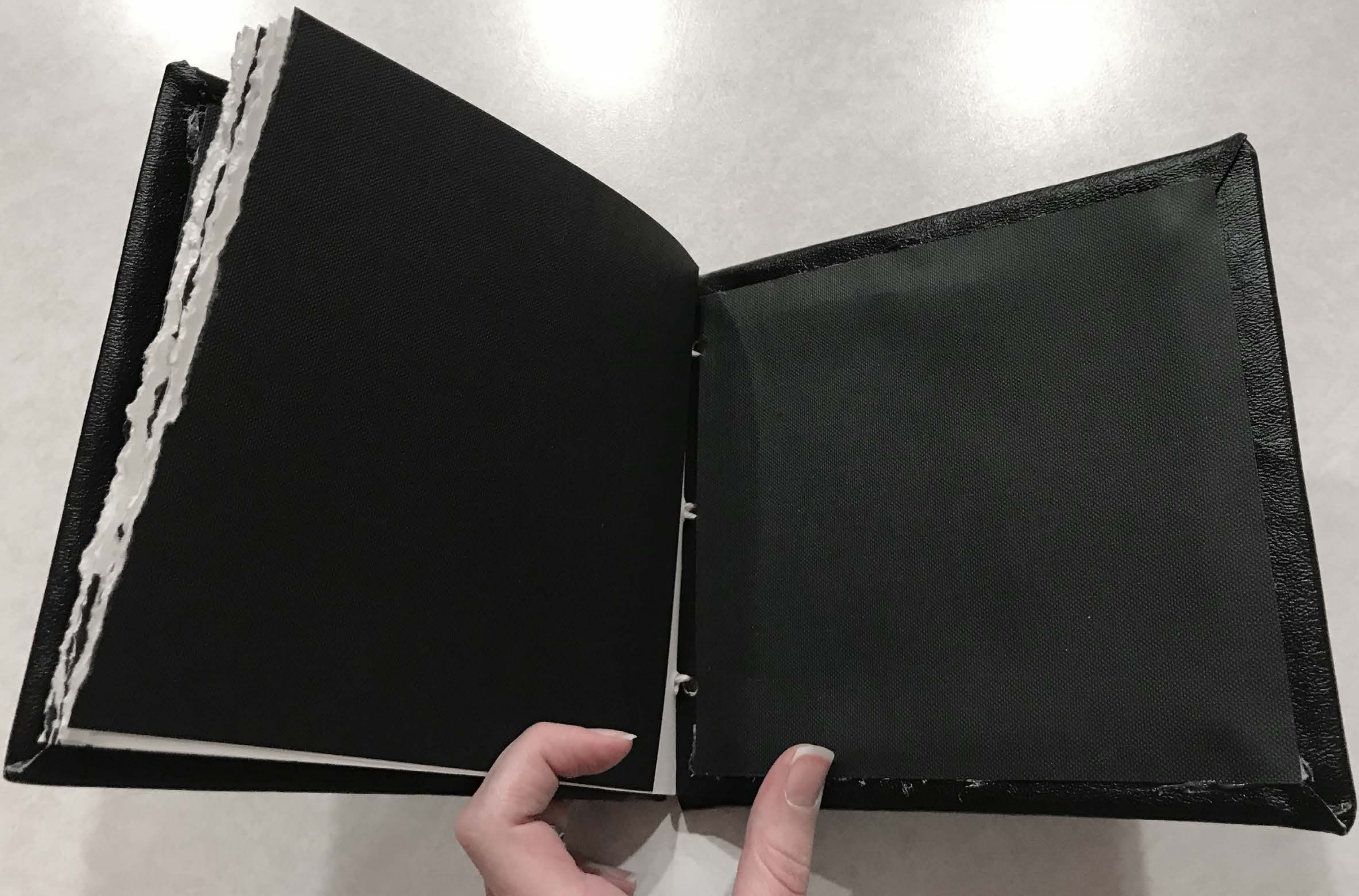
He will poke me, he will burn me
He will stab me with a screw
And the best part of the torture
Is that it translates onto you

You will feel pain, you will feel fire
It will make you want to die
And the torture will continue
Until I make you scream and cry

Mister Baron is a monster
Who has made me for your pain
And of the Voodoo magic he'll rule
Of Voodoo magic he'll reign

- Antonia Johnstone







Emma Johnstone
Typography
Osgood
Final Book

Here is the link to my final book on issuu.com. I notice that the link doesn't work if you directly click on it but if you copy and paste it, the page shows up fine.

https://issuu.com/ejohnstone27/docs/final_book/14