

Grim Reaper

Horriſying Tales From The Dead II

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Sir Jacob knew this day would come, but he didn't think it would be so soon. Sir Jacob peered through the curtains of his bedroom window, listening to the howling wind and watched as the lightning lit up the sky. His heart was beating like a bass drum. Something about this night was like no other night he has ever experienced. The howling of the wind and the thunder overwhelmed him with great fear of the unknown. Then he noticed in the distance a carriage barreling down the castle road at such a high speed. The closer the carriage got to the castle, the more his fear grew.

Sir Jacob could tell it was just a matter of minutes when death would knock upon his door. Just as the carriage pulled up to the front of the castle's gate, his heart was telling him not to answer the door. Sir Jacob knew in his heart when destiny knocks upon your door. There's no stopping a good or evil presence. Then the black figure stepped down from the carriage slowly walking to the front door of the castle, and with three loud knocks on the door, Sir Jacob calmly walked down the castle stairs to the front door shaking like a leaf to see who was at his front door.

There stood at the doorway of his castle a dark figure dressed in a black hooded cape with a scythe in his right hand. With sweat pouring down his face and his heart beating rapidly, Sir Jacob asked the black hooded figure, "What is it that you want from me? I have nothing to give, and I live in this old dark castle all alone. I'm not a bother to no one. Surely you must be at the wrong castle," said Sir Jacob.

"I am at the right castle, and I have been sent to retrieve your soul," said the Grim Reaper.

"Please! Don't take my soul. I am still in good health and have plenty of years left in this old body," pleaded Sir Jacob.

The Grim Reaper didn't answer Sir Jacob back, he raised the scythe, and Sir Jacob just froze in fear as the scythe swooped down, cutting his head right off his shoulders. The Grim Reaper got Sir Jacob's soul and headed off in the distance on his carriage of death to his next destination to claim another man, woman or child's soul for his collection.

