

Captain Cut-Throat was a pirate and a fearless pirate too.  
He had the fastest pirate ship and the fiercest pirate crew.  
He was the meanest mariner to sail the Seven Seas,  
And everyone that met him went all wobbly at the knees.



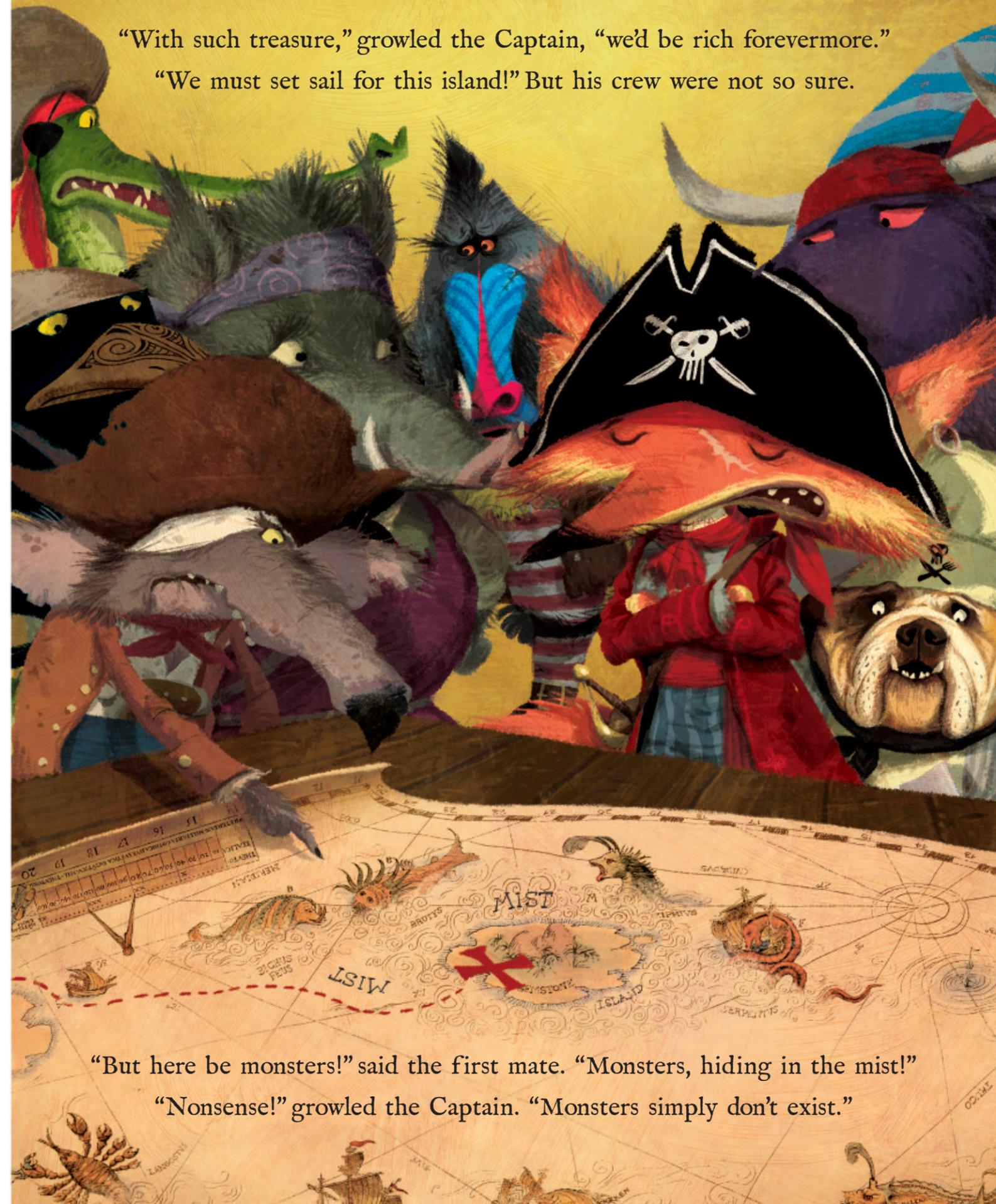
Now Cut-Throat, he loved treasure, as every pirate should,  
And he'd do anything to get some, sail anywhere he could.



So when he heard tell of an island, concealed in murky mist,  
That was strewn with GIANT GEMSTONES - well how could he resist?



"With such treasure," growled the Captain, "we'd be rich forevermore."  
"We must set sail for this island!" But his crew were not so sure.



"But here be monsters!" said the first mate. "Monsters, hiding in the mist!"  
"Nonsense!" growled the Captain. "Monsters simply don't exist."

So, despite the mate's misgivings, they set sail that very day,  
And with a fair wind in their favour, they were quickly on their way.



Captain Cut-Throat took the wheel and steered them straight and true,  
And the sea was calm and gentle and the sky was clear and blue.



So the first half of the voyage passed without a hitch,  
As the crew talked of the gemstones and how they'd all be rich.

And any thoughts of monsters were easily dismissed,  
And everything was shipshape, until they reached ...



# ... THE MIST!

It lay across the ocean like a fearful, foggy screen,  
A wall of wispy whiteness through which nothing could be seen.  
But they could hear the strangest noises, coming from within,  
Wailing, hissing, squawking sounds – a most disturbing din.





“TURN BACK!”

cried the lookout as he gazed into the gloom.



“TURN BACK!”

cried the ship's cook. “Or we'll surely meet our doom!”

“Sail on!” growled the Captain. “Just think of all those jewels. To come this far and then turn back – why we'd be a ship of fools!”



So on they sailed into the mist, the swirling whirling white,  
Which swept in from above them and hid the sails from sight.  
Then something swooped down through the air and perched upon the mast.  
Something with a savage beak, something fierce and fast.



“HERE BE MONSTERS!”

cried the lookout.

“UP HERE! Inside the mist!”

“Nonsense!” growled the Captain.  
“Monsters simply don’t exist.”



So the Captain didn’t notice as, hidden from his view,  
Something FAT and FEATHERY snatched a clawful of the crew.

So on they sailed into the mist, the swirling whirling white,  
Which swept in through the portholes and hid the hold from sight.  
Then something burrowed through the hull and broke in from beneath,  
Something smooth and slippery, with far too many teeth.



“HERE BE  
MONSTERS!”

cried the ship’s cook.

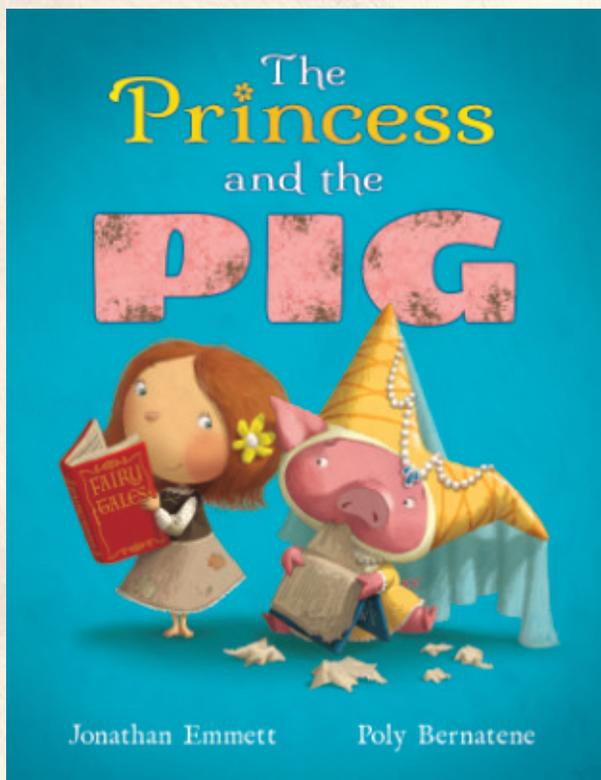
“DOWN HERE! Inside the mist!”

“Nonsense!” growled the Captain.  
“Monsters simply don’t exist.”



So the Captain was oblivious, he didn’t have a clue,  
As something STRONG and SNAKELIKE took a mouthful of the crew.

ALSO BY JONATHAN EMMETT AND POLY BERNATENE



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