

They all began to wonder if they were crazy, but little did they know they was not. "Hello," whispered Harry. An indistinct exhalation sounded as if it was coming closer. And closer. Then, how Harry had heard it before, their nerves were working overtime. Suddenly they jumped out of their seats, their heart stopped. Foggy mumbles echoed in the room. Despite their fear, they were seized with an urgent need to exit this weathered, creaked train, every second was agonisingly slower as this creature came closer and then... A swift figure caught their attention. "Professor!" they shouted. No answer. "Oh no!" Then it appeared, the Dementor.

Suddenly as quick as a bullet, Harry's face froze almost almost like Medusa looked at him. As the strange figure came closer and closer, the air became more and more toxic his face got paler and more limp as his blood was being drained. His blood pressure increased then decreased drastically.