

In the depths of the dark, gloomy night, where silence had engulfed the mysterious area - the area where only witches and wizards could go - on an unstable bridge was an old, rusty train. As it passed the middle of the bridge, it came to a sudden halt. That's when the panic started. I crept along the windows as the inside started to get unusually study and cold; even the drivers couldn't start the train. Immediately, the light glided and then finally turned off. After, thick, black smoke snuck into the train from the tightly shut doors and then they opened only to find out that a petrifying figure stood before their eyes. The dementor.

Ominously, gliding near the train, ready to feast on an innocent victim's positivity by giving them "the dementor's kiss." (creepily, hovering at the entrance, this possessed, sinister soul-sucker used it's magic and within seconds, the door slammed open and slowly began to enter the carriage. Once the figure was in sight, he shyly began to stare around as if he was looking for his prey. With a long, black shadow cape attached to his skin, with a hood trailing behind it, he began sucking a young boy's soul - and happiness - leaving the boy unconscious.