

Towering like cloaked pillars of rot, these creatures harbour neither kindness nor mercy; driven entirely by a hollow, gnawing starvation. These figures are ruthless, terrifying black holes - empty husks - completely barren of compassion. With their skeletal hands, Dementors reach into your soul, in fact, beyond your soul, all the way to your core! Their presence acts like a suffocating fog, that chokes out all hope; making people feel as though joy is a foreign land. Possessing no mercy, these demons from hell, can turn joy into a nightmare - nightmares that never end...

Located in the middle of nowhere, was a mystical enchanted forest (that hasn't been entered for 100 decades). Standing tall, an army of tangled trees danced in the cold breeze. Drops of frost settled calmly on top of the old, rusty steam train, as it screeched to a halt. Jolting abruptly the train tracks creaked under the train's weight. Black mist, mixed with the heavy air, as everything turned pitch-black. Roars split through the silence, as the windows began to bloom (with frost all over). Unexpectedly, the lights flickered and darkness suffocated the vehicle.