An Encounter with a Dementor

The golden snitch had nearly got caught. SWISH!!! A broom flew right past me as I was watching the game. It started to rain.

There was a shadow on the pitch. There was a flash of lightning and no one was happy. A dark figure with a dripping cloak flew out of the darkness. Its skin looked like a skeleton covered in ice.

I could see a dark face covered in blood eating a soul. I could not see anything but death and misery. But then I could see a finger getting closer and closer there was one flash of light and everything went black… There were screams of terror and rage.

I got up the dementor had gone Dumbledore was handing out chocolate.

Phoenix Gibb