An Encounter with a Dementor

 It was a normal Saturday morning a bit cold and cloudy but no days are perfect. Almost the entire school where packed into the quidditch pitch. Gryffindor were beating Slytherin. Gryffindor fans were cheering. Slytherin fans were booing.

 The temperature started dropping slowly but surely. Hardly anyone noticed. Suddenly the clouds thickened it was colder and darker than the dark side of the moon, even more so than Voldermort’s Heart. Everyone noticed that. The quidditch coach called the players down and announced the game would be postponed till further notice.

 Just as the players left to get changed 10 figures that looked like skeletons wearing cloaks of darkness swooped into the stadium. Even from a distance I could smell their breath it smelled like a corpse stuffed with rotten eggs.

 I realised at once that they were Dementors. As soon as I came into their presence I felt as if I would never be happy again. No one dared move, some people screamed. The screams were so ear splitting that I would have nightmares about it for the rest of my life.

 Somebody ran to the school to get help when they came back Professor Brady was with her. Professor Brady raised her wand shouted Expecto Patronum, a beam of light shot from the end of her wand. When it ended the Dementors were gone. She shouted to everyone to come down and get some chocolate.