

The Breeding Dementors

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The fog dropped down in London like a heavy, grey curtain. The mists were swirling all about. Everywhere, people felt a sense of hopelessness invade them, as if happiness no longer existed.

Depression reigned across the city and no one knew why.

The mists parted to reveal a shadowy figure billowing softly in the gentle breeze. The figure appeared to grow and expand, stretching itself like a rubber band. It split itself neatly into two, with each half becoming its own billowing entity.

Hiding behind the fog, the newly-created Dementors floated towards a playground in Little Whinging where they encountered two boys, one blond-haired, very fat killer-whale-sized boy, and the other black-haired, small and scrawny, dressed in oversized clothes.

Feeling the despair emanating from the pair, the Dementors swooped down, eager to extract all sense of hope and happiness from them.