

# CHAPTER 2

## DEPARTMENT OF MYSTERIES

It was kissing his face.

*The Rain.*

The Head of the Department of Mysteries slowly moved away from the window. He knew a storm was approaching. The sky was tar-black, hissing like a snake searching for its prey. The coldness of the office met the warmth of his blood, making him shudder. The black marble seemed to be sweeping away the portraits hung across it into oblivion, drowning them into the darkness. He walked across the room, turning his chest towards the wall, where a portrait of a young boy was hung. His eyes were the gray of the ocean, just before the glimmering rays of dawn strike the virgin waters. But his eyes were also thick and melancholic, like prowling clouds of the thunderstorm, like ashes of a thousand dead dreams, like cement on the gravestones. His features were casted of stars glimmering at twilight, enveloping the entirety of the sky. A tear slid down the wrinkled face of the Head. It had been 22 years since these ocean eyes had glanced into his own. Twenty Two Years since his boy had been engulfed by a veil of never ending sleep. *Just a few minutes more*, he thought.

The minister was brought back to reality by the sudden thud of footsteps coming from the unlit fireplace. *It was time*. He turned back to see a figure standing in the dark corner, a smirk on his pale face.

“I hope you have it” said the figure.

“Sure” replied the head, giving a weak smile on his face.

He turned away and headed towards a painting of a young maiden, with a dark dress and no eyebrows. He raised his wand. *Detego*. The painting swung open to reveal a small box, with inscriptions in an unintelligible language, giving a rustic yet magical aura.

“We had a deal.” reminded the head, giving the box to the figure.

The man observed the box carefully, his hands sliding down the inscriptions like a snakes fangs biting down into it’s preys flesh, getting ready to devour it.

“We still do. You have waited long enough. The time has now come to give you what you deserve. You have been faithful.” replied the man, in a deep raspy voice.

The smirk on the man’s face disappeared into a grin.

“Too faithful to say the least. It would be dangerous for a person so faithful to change sides, wouldn’t it?” added the man.

“ I don’t have any sides. All I want is revenge. We had a deal.” said the man, sweat trickling down his face.

“I never break a deal. I promised that you will get your revenge. And that you *will* Mr. Diggory. But not here. You will get it in hell.”

*“AVADA KEDAVRA”*