



The Witch of Kaalvan – Part 1: The Night Without Signal

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Under a darkening sky, Rohit rides his motorcycle down a narrow, desolate road toward the remote village of Kaalvan. The last bars of signal vanish from his phone screen just as the dense, oppressive forest begins to swallow the path ahead.



The motorcycle suddenly sputters and dies, leaving Rohit in a heavy, unnatural silence. He stands alone on the dirt road, surrounded by tall, crooked trees that seem to lean inward as if they are watching his every move.



THE GLOWING THREAD

S.T.

With no other choice, Rohit begins to walk deeper into the darkness as thick clouds drift across the moon, extinguishing the last of the light. The shadows of the gnarled branches stretch across the ground like reaching fingers, and the air turns unnervingly cold.



A faint, rhythmic metallic sound echoes through the trees—the distinct, haunting chime of silver anklets. Rohit freezes, his heart hammering against his ribs, but when he looks around, the forest remains eerily still and empty.



रोहीत रीच्यes कालवन

He finally reaches the outskirts of Kaalvan, but the village offers no comfort or welcome. Every window is dark, every door is bolted shut, and a suffocating sense of dread hangs over the silent, empty streets.



A door creaks open and an old woman with hollow, vacant eyes emerges into the pale moonlight. She suddenly reaches out and grabs Rohit's wrist, her skin feeling as cold as mountain ice against his warm flesh.



She follows those who hear her, the old woman whispers hoarsely before retreating back into her home and slamming the door shut. Rohit stands trembling in the street as the sound of the anklets returns, louder and closer than before.



Rohit turns slowly to find a tall, terrifying figure standing just a few paces away in the shadows. Her long black hair masks her face and sweeps the ground, but it is her feet, twisted completely backward, that make his blood run cold.



Panic takes hold as Rohit sprints through the village, desperately pounding on the silent doors and begging for help. Behind him, the entity does not walk but glides effortlessly through the air, closing the distance with every passing second.



Rohit bursts into a ruined, abandoned house and bolts the door, collapsing against the rotting wood in exhausted relief. In the sudden silence, a freezing breath brushes against his ear and a voice whispers, You heard me... so you belong to me.