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Prologue

Before the Text

They say when someone dies, the connection breaks. The voice fades. The scent disappears. The memories? They grow faint.

But what if love... doesn't know how to die?

It started with silence. Then the dreams came—soft whispers in the dark, fading traces of her laughter in the air. And then, the impossible—a message.

“I miss you too, Aryan.”

Sent from her number. After her funeral.

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Author's Note

From Vikas Patwari

Dear Reader,

First of all, thank you for picking up this book. As a writer, this story came to me not just as a plot — but as a powerful question:

What if someone you lost forever, suddenly came back... but not fully human?

This is a tale that blends the supernatural with deep emotion, inspired by real stories of grief, lost connections, and the strange spiritual beliefs that still survive in our Indian culture.

My aim was to write a story that feels like a late-night text, a shiver down the spine, and a heartbreak all at once. If this story made your

heart race, skip a beat, or tear up — then it has done its job.

Stay until the last page. The ending will leave you questioning everything.

And maybe... just maybe... you'll check your WhatsApp a little differently tonight.

With gratitude and chills,

– Vikas Patwari

Introduction

> Love never dies... but what if it refuses to rest?

When we think of death, we imagine endings. Silence. Darkness. But what if death is only a detour — a crooked road where emotions remain, where unsaid words linger, and where love still knocks... through an unexpected message?

“She Texted Me After Death” is not just a story. It’s an emotional rollercoaster of love, grief, obsession, and mystery. Set in the heart of India’s modern cities and ancient shadows, this tale dives into the very fear we all carry — losing someone

we love, and what we'd do if we got one last message from them.

This story is for every soul that has waited for closure, for signs, for that one last moment to say "I still love you."

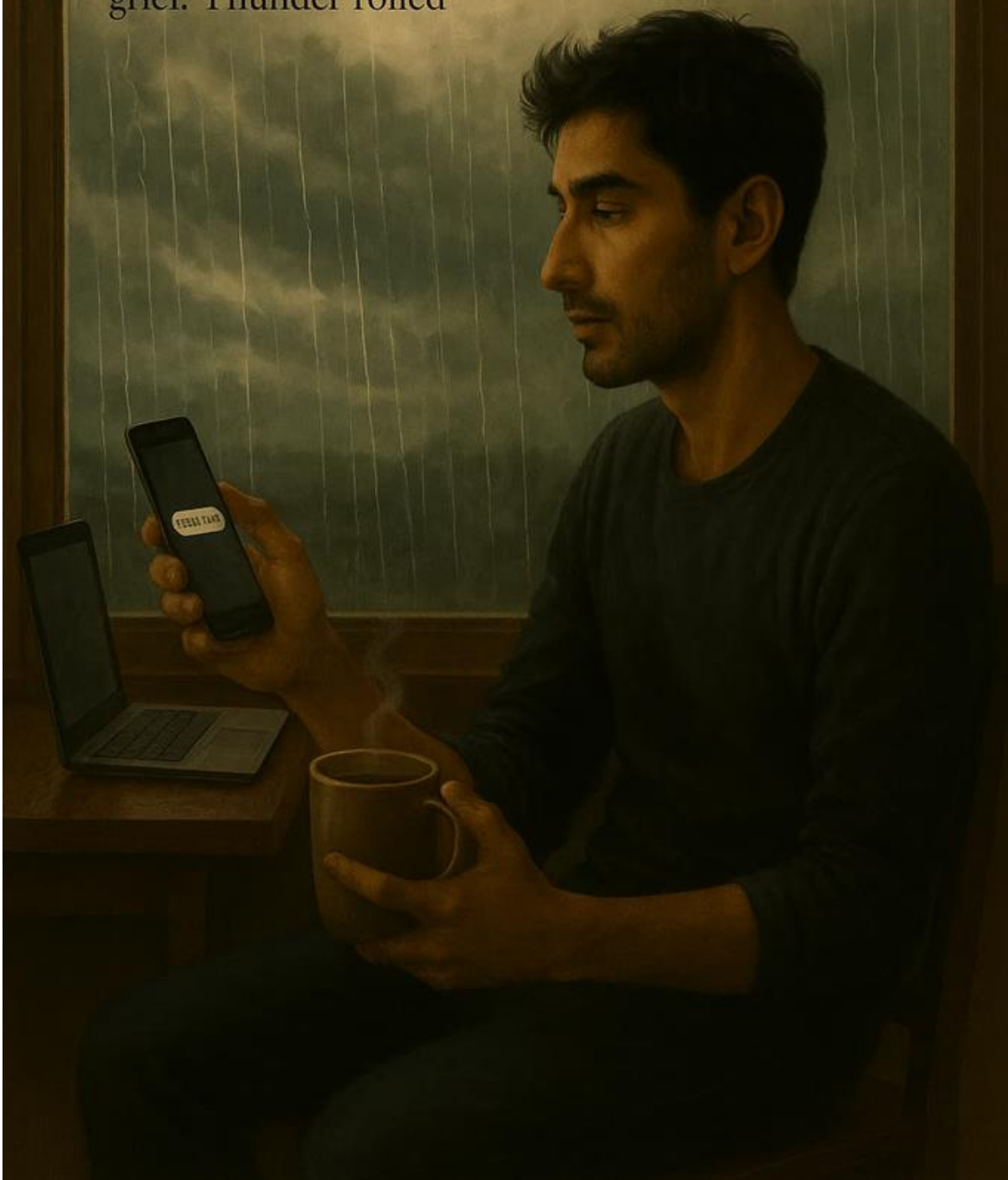
But remember...

When love crosses the boundary of life and death, it never comes back the same.

CHAPTER 1

THE SILENT CALL

It was one of those monsoon evenings in Bengaluru where the sky looked like carried centuries of grief. Thunder rolled



Chapter 1: The silent call

The rain hadn't stopped for hours.

It was one of those monsoon evenings in Bengaluru where the sky looked like it carried centuries of grief. Thunder rolled quietly in the distance, as if the clouds were whispering secrets to the Earth.

Aryan sat by the window, holding a half-empty cup of chai that had long gone cold. His laptop lay open on the table behind him, the screen dimmed to sleep, with an unfinished client pitch waiting. But his mind wasn't on work.

Not today.

Today was July 7th.

Kavya's birthday.

She would've turned twenty-five.

It wasn't possible.

Her number had been disconnected after her funeral. He remembered handing the SIM card to her father, who destroyed it. Her number — her existence — had ended.

And yet...

The message was there.

Blue ticks.

Typing...

Then another line appeared.

> “Did you forget what you promised me?”

Aryan's hand grew cold. He remembered. That night, under the stars, days before her death, she had made him say it — half as a joke, half as a romantic dare.

> “If I die before you, promise you'll find me again. In this life... or the next.”

> “I promise,” he had said, kissing her forehead.

His phone buzzed again. This time, a voice note.

He hesitated.

He tapped play.

At first, nothing but static. Then, slowly... a faint whisper. Broken, trembling.

> “Aryan...”

The voice was unmistakable.

Kavya’s.

His legs gave out, and he sank to the floor.
Was he going mad?

The door creaked.

He snapped his head toward it.

It was shut.

Locked.

The lights flickered for just a second.

And then it came again. Another message.

> “I need your help... before they take me away again.”

His heart pounded so loud it muffled the sound of rain. What was happening?

This wasn't just grief.

This wasn't just trauma.

This was... real.

His world had just shifted.

And nothing would ever be the same again