

# The Haunted House on Ravindra Nagar Road, Hyderabad

I was born in Dallas, Texas, an atheist who never believed in God. My father, a TCS employee, had a love for exploring the world. Every decade, we'd move to a new country, and he always said, *"Making connections across the world is necessary in this era."*

Our latest destination was Hyderabad, where my father took a position at the TCS branch on HB Colony Main Road. He found us a house on Ravindra Nagar Road, close to the office. It was a quiet, peaceful street—except for one building that loomed over the neighborhood like a dark shadow: a Victorian mansion. It had been vacant for years, now overtaken by wild plants and trees. People avoided it, especially at night.

Rumors swirled about the mansion. IIT professors even claimed that harmful ionizing radiation leaked from its walls. But the real horror lay in its history. Once, a large joint family lived there, but tragedy struck when their newborns began dying one by one. Soon after, all the adults met mysterious deaths. The government remodeled the mansion, hoping to repurpose it for businesses, but every company that set up shop there faced similar tragedies. Employees' families died

mysteriously, and the businesses shut down. No one dared to go near it after that.

There was also a chilling superstition: anyone who found a book titled *Raju: Untold Ghost-ography* would become the mansion's next victim.

One day, as I walked home from school, I spotted a book on the ground near the mansion. I didn't touch it, but later that night, to my horror, I found the same book in my school bag. Panicked, I rushed to my parents, but they dismissed it as a prank. My father, curious, took the book and began reading it in his room.

The next day, he was dead. The doctor said he had died of shock. I tried everything to destroy the book—tearing it, burning it—but it kept reappearing, untouched and whole.

Soon after, strange things started happening in our home. On the first night, I dreamt of killing my entire family, biting them like a wild animal. The second night, every door and window in our house was open, despite being locked. The third night, I heard a child's laughter, but when I searched, no one was there.

Desperate, I brought in a priest, hoping he could help. That night, he heard a loud heartbeat coming from the basement. He went down to check but never returned. In the morning, we found him dead.

Our home descended into chaos. Doors slammed shut for no reason, the temperature dropped to freezing, and objects moved on their own. I was terrified, and on one of the walls, written in blood, was the message: "*You can't escape.*"

My mother and I decided to go to the police, but when we returned to our house, we found cryptic symbols and sketches covering every surface. As we pieced together the clues, we realized the house was built on an ancient burial ground. But it was too late.

The spirits had taken hold of my mother. One night, I was awakened by a loud banging on my door. I tried to open it, but it was stuck. I heard a whisper calling my name, and the sound of something heavy being dragged across the floor. Suddenly, the door flew open, and my mother stood in the doorway, holding a knife.

I ran, but the house had transformed into a maze of corridors and staircases that led nowhere. I heard her ghostly laughter echoing through the halls and knew that I would never make it out alive. In the end, I found myself back at the Victorian mansion.

The next morning, the neighbors found my lifeless body hanging in the mansion. My father, it turned out, had learned the horrifying truth: the book revealed that the mansion's owner, Victor, was cursed, and everyone in

his bloodline was doomed to die. My father had become Victor.

To this day, the house remains vacant, a brooding sentinel over Ravindra Nagar Road. No one dares to go near it, haunted by the tragic tale of the spirits that were awakened. And on quiet nights, people still claim to hear ghostly screams echoing from within its dark, twisted halls.

I had become a part of the ghostly community, alongside six versions of my father. And though I didn't fully understand the curse, one thing was clear: we were all destined to die, over and over again.

I woke up in a cold sweat, crying, realizing it had all been a dream. Or so I thought. On my way to school, I saw a missing person poster with my own face on it. The events from my nightmare began to unfold exactly as I had dreamt them.

When I became a father, I finally understood: my bloodline was destined to die, cursed by the haunted mansion of Ravindra Nagar.