

READING FOR CONNOISSEURS OF THE UNKNOWN

THE LADY IN WHITE

THE FACE ON THE WALL

ನಾಳೆ ಬಾ: COME TOMORROW?

Q & A WITH A MILLENNIAL

JUST LIKE THAT!



## THE UNKNOWN

I DOUBT, THEREFORE I THINK, THEREFORE I AM

READING FOR CONNOISSEURS OF THE UNKNOWN

*the unknown / beyond life / travel / offbeat / art  
paranormal / faith / death / and after / and so on...*

ISSUE 02, VOL 01 AUGUST 30, 2025

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ISSUE 02, VOL 01  
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# FROM THE EDITOR

Between the harsh rigors of life - reality as we know, bites - and the seemingly innocent, or otherwise dark corridors of unexplained phenomena, we are like putty in the hands of destiny, fate or life. Or does it really? For the many oblivious of the unknown or the many who care two hoots for the same, there may be something said in their favour. For somehow many live an enchanted life. Untouched by the lackadaisical whims of fate or its henchmen, they live life fully encapsulated from the dirty tricks that many other poor souls like us are subject too. Perhaps their attitude is the answer to this dissonant query - why are they immune? Is it because they ignore the oblivious? The answer is right. Not giving it voice, substance, the subconscious is unable to fill the void. And they lived happily evermore. But wait, There is more. What if the subconscious is fed with positive vibes can we not achieve much more stability in life? There are many studies that proved or validate the fact that people who fake it, make it. People who practice Reiki learn to heal. And those with a calmer disposition are well placed to succeed. So why do more us not practice this?

**The Face in the Wall** is a short story that will entertain you. It is a classic tale which has wowed human imagination for more than a century!

On another note we talk about the **Come Tomorrow** (ನಾಳೆ ಬಾ) urban legend that had Karnataka reeling in the 1990s. Was it ever true - Nah. Then there is a fixation, India-wide and worldwide too, about the **Ghost Lady in White**. Why white? Why a lady? Most of the time. What's the mass psychosis about? Come, let's find out.

PHIL DASS





## ನಾಳೆ ಬಾ: COME TOMORROW

**U**rban or rural legend? Either way it is a true legend. With the exception of a few vernaculars, there is absolutely no reportage in the papers. Or possibly because the internet era was still in infancy in India.

The earliest reports are from 2010s and the actual phenomena occurred in the mid 1990s

The Hindi blockbuster, *Stree* (Woman) was loosely based on this story. Even Wikipedia has a page on this. But unfortunately, very little points to any evidence or that it actually happened. It did, because I have witnesses to the same. Not to the actual ghost but doors and walls with a written message in Kannada - ನಾಳೆ ಬಾ.

This was a pure mass psychosis. And it was not born in Bengaluru but elsewhere in the rural environs, north of the city. Mass psychosis, because it was widespread: it was not the time of internet and people were the first and last point of contact. Word of mouth does momentous damage far then good because it spreads fear and trauma so fast.

And so it was that the whole of Karnataka reeled under the scourge of a urban legend that lived on for a whole year and more.

People believed in it because they were religious and superstitious.

What was the story? A bridal ghost went around knocking on doors with the voice eerily familiar like someone in the family. And when opened it would transpire to kill the male, bread earning member in some insidious fashion. The best way to ward off the spirit was to write on the door or the wall a simple sign that read ನಾಳೆ ಬಾ or come tomorrow. And the stupid ghost would turn away from that house.

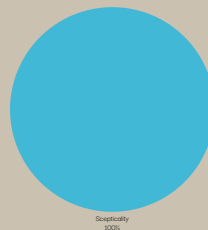
And so they did. Why take chances!!!

Pathetically, if it does not cost us anything, then most people would bow to the circumstances. So they did. And the legend spread.

The origin has never been verified. But it may relate to the ingenious way burglars in India were operating and still are.

A woman approaches a house and knocks on the door. When asked 'who,' she feigns be in distress and seeks help. When they do open, the gang bursts in and overpowers the householder and his/her family and burgles the house.

Unfortunately, the period does not show an escalation in crime or burglary. Perhaps the fear made the people more cautious and thereby, more resilient to misdemeanors.







## Desi Fare ★★★

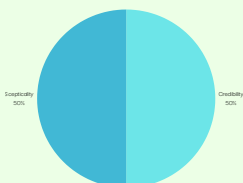
Mandala Murders  
Netflix

As TV series go this one is worth a see, if not for its theme and picturization but for its rare look at the way people perceive religion, god and cults. Mandala Murder is an ambitious series that has received mixed reviews. Based on the book *The Butcher of Benares* by Mahendra Jakhar it is a perhaps a mix of societal views on magic and faith and many other things.

The series prods into a series of ritualistic murders which is linked to a secret cult called Ayastha Mandala, and a god-like entity named Yast, who grants wishes in exchange for death sacrifices. A thumb given and voila magic unfolds. Some voluntary and some not so. The victims are chosen for specific body parts to complete a symbolic human figure, an interpretation of the mandala god.

Picturization is good. Questions though remain. How does religion marry technology and yield a machine that's more a product of science? Convolved plot and too much confusion.

Yet in the final say, one has to give credit where it is due. True, Mandala Murders is a mixed bag. But it's a bold attempt to unravel the human fallacy, in the Indian context, to have an open mind to all things unknown and give a long leash to imagination.





# Face on the Wall

Edward Verrall Lucas (1868-1938), was a British writer, humorist, and essayist and this short story by him is a classic that is at once haunting and humorous. Like life.

We were talking of the supernatural - that unprofitable but endlessly alluring theme - and most of us had cited an instance, without, however, producing much effect. Among the strangers to me was a little man with an anxious white face, whom Rudson-Wayte had brought, and he watched each speaker with the closest attention, but said nothing. Then Dabney, wishing to include him in the talk, turned and asked him if he had no experience to relate, no story that contained an inexplicable element. He thought a-moment. "Well," he said, "not a story in the ordinary sense of the word; nothing, that is, from hearsay, like most of your examples. Truth, I always hold, is not only vastly stranger than fiction, but also vastly more interesting. I could tell you an occurrence which happened to me personally, and which oddly enough completed itself only this afternoon." We begged him to begin.

"A year or two ago," he said, "I was in room in Great Ormond-street -an old house on the Holborn side. The bedroom walls had been distempered by a previous tenant, but the place was damp and great patches of discolouration had broken out. One of these-as indeed often happens-was exactly like a human face; but more faithfully and startingly like than is customary. Lying in bed in the morning, putting off getting up, I used to watch it and watch it,

and gradually I came to think of it as real - as my fellow lodger, in fact. The odd thing was that while the patches on the' walls grew larger and changed their contours, this never did. It remained identically the same.

"While there, I had a very bad attack of influenza, with complications, and all day long I had nothing to do but read or meditate, and it was then that this face began to get a firmer hold of me. It grew more and more real and remarkable. I may say that it dominated my thoughts day and night. There was a curious turn to the nose, and the slant of the forehead was unique. It was, in fact, full of individuality; the face of a man apart, a man in a thousand.

"Well, I got better, but the face still controlled me. I found myself searching the streets for one like it. Somewhere, I was convinced, the real man must exist, and him-I must meet. Why, I had no notion; I only knew that he and I were in some way linked by fate. I frequented places where men congregated in large numbers - political, meetings, football matches, and railway stations when the suburban trains pour forth the legions on the city in the morning, and receive them again in the evening. But all in vain. I had never before realised, as I then did, how many different faces of men there are, and how few. For all differ, and yet, classified, they belong to only as many groups as you can count on your hands.

"The search became a mania with me. I neglected everything else. I stood at busy corners watching the



# face to the wall

the crowd until people thought me mad, and the police began to know me and be suspicious. Women I never glanced at; men, men, men, all the time."

He passed his hand wearily over his brow. "And then," he continued, "at last I saw him. He was in a taxi, driving east along Piccadilly. I turned and ran beside it for a little way and then saw an empty one approaching. 'Follow that taxi,' I excitedly gasped, and leaped in. The driver managed to keep it in sight and it took me to Charing Cross. I rushed on to the platform and found my man with two ladies and a little girl. They were "going to France by the 2.30. I hung about to try and get a word with him, but in vain.

Other friends had joined the party, and they moved to' the train in a solid- body.

"I hastily purchased a ticket to Folkestone, hoping that I should catch him on the boat before it sailed; but at Folkestone he- got on board before me with his friends, and they disappeared into a large private saloon, several cabins thrown into one. Evidently, he was a man of wealth.

"Again, I was foiled, but I determined to cross, too, feeling certain that when the voyage begun he would leave the ladies. And I come out for a stroll on the deck. I had only just enough for the single fare'-to Boulogne, but -nothing could shake me now.

I took up my position opposite the saloon door, and waited. After half an hour the door opened and he came out, but with the little girl. My heart beat so that it seemed to shake the boat more than the propeller. There was no mistaking the face-every line was the same.

He glanced at me and moved towards the companionway for the lower deck. 'It was now or never.' I said: " 'Excuse me, but would you mind giving me your card ? I have a very important reason for wishing to communicate with you.' " He seemed to be astonished as, indeed, well he might; but he complied. With extreme deliberation he took out his case and handed me his card and hurried on with the little girl. It was clear that he thought me a lunatic, and considered it wiser to-humour me than not.

"Clutching the card I hurried to a deserted 'corner of the ship and read it. My eyes dimmed; my head 'swam, for on it was the words " Mr. Ormond Wall, with an address at Pittsburg, U.S.A. I remember no more until I found myself in a hospital at Boulogne. There I lay in- a broken condition for some weeks, and only a month ago did I return."

He was silent.

We looked at him and one' another and waited.

"I went back," he resumed, after a moment or so, "to Great Ormond street and set to



discover all I could about this American in whose life I had so mysteriously intervened. I wrote to Pittsburg; I wrote to American editors; I cultivated the society of Americans in London; but all that I could find out was that he was an American millionaire with English parents, who had resided in London. But where? To that question I received no answer. And so the time went on until yesterday morning. I had gone to bed more than usually tired and slept till late. When I woke the sun was streaming into the room. As I always do, I looked at once at the wall on which the face is to be seen. I rubbed my eyes and sprang up in alarm. It was only faintly, visible. Last night it had been as clear as ever - almost could hear it speak. And now it was but a ghost itself. "I got up dazed and dejected and went out. The early editions of the evening papers were already out, and on the contents bill I saw, 'American Millionaire's Motor Accident.'

You most all of you have seen it. I bought it: and read at once what I knew I should read. Mr. Ormond Wall, the Pittsburg millionaire, and party, motoring from Spezia to Pisa,' had come into collision with a wag on, and were overturned. Mr. Wall's condition was critical.

"I went back to my room still a good deal dazed, and sat on the bed looking with unseeing eyes at the face 'on the wall. And even as I looked, suddenly it completely disappeared.

Later, I found that Mr. Wall had succumbed to his injuries at what I take to be that very moment."

"Most remarkable," we said; "it is most extraordinary," and so forth, and we meant it, too.

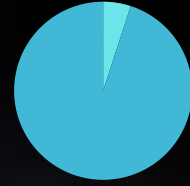
"Yes," said the stranger. "There are three extraordinary, three most remarkable things about my story. One is that it should be possible for the discolouration in a lodging house in London not only to



form the features of a gentleman in America, but to have this intimate, association with his existence. It would take science some time to explain that. Another is that the gentleman's name should bear any relation to the spot on which his features were being so curiously reproduced by some mysterious agency. Is it not so?"

We agreed with him, and our original discussion on supernatural manifestations set in again with in increased excitement, (luring which the narrator of the amazing experience rose and said good-night. Just as he was at the door, one of the company recalled its to the cause of our excited debate by asking him, before he left, what he considered the third extraordinary thing in connection with his deeply interesting story.

"Oh, the third thing," he said, as he opened the door. "I was forgetting that. The third extraordinary thing about the story is that I made it up about half an hour ago. Good night again."



# THE LADY IN WHITE

The "ghost lady in white," a sorrowful female spirit in a white dress, is a widespread legend found in folklore across countless countries. While specific details vary, these apparitions almost always share a common origin story of tragic loss, betrayal, or a violent death. They often haunt the location of their demise, seeking a lost child, vengeance, or a final resting place.

These stories, regardless of the cultural setting, serve as cautionary tales and share a few key characteristics:

- **A Tragic Origin:** Her grim fate is the result of a traumatic and untimely event like murder, suicide, or an accident.
- **A Tale of Heartbreak:** Many White Ladies die from a broken heart, often from a lover's betrayal, unrequited love, or the loss of a child.
- **Dressed in White:** She is almost always seen in a white sari, gown, dress, or similar garment, which can symbolize purity or her bridal status, intensifying the tragedy of her death.
- **Haunts a Specific Area:** Her spirit is bound to the location of her death or betrayal, such as a castle, bridge, or a lonely road.
- **Melancholy or Malevolent:** Depending on the story, she can be a sorrowful, weeping figure, or a vengeful and dangerous spirit that attacks or lures the living to their doom.

## White Lady Legends Around the World

From Latin America to Southeast Asia, this spectral figure takes on different forms, but her core narrative remains the same.

- **Latin America: La Llorona (The Weeping Woman)** In Mexico and across Latin America, the legend of La Llorona tells of Maria, a beautiful woman who drowns her children and herself after being rejected by a lover. As punishment, she is condemned to wander the Earth, weeping and searching for her lost children.
- **Southeast Asia: The Kuntilanak** This vengeful spirit from Indonesian, Malaysian, and Singaporean folklore is the ghost of a woman who died in childbirth. She appears as a beautiful woman in a flowing white dress and is known to prey on men and pregnant women.
- **Philippines: The White Lady of Balete Drive** A famous ghost story from Quezon City, this White Lady is said to be the ghost of a woman who died in a car accident. She appears to taxi drivers at night, only to vanish from the car, leaving behind her ghastly, bruised face in the rearview mirror.
- **Europe: Dames Blanches and Weisse Frauen** Variations of the White Lady appear across Europe, often haunting historic areas like castles. In Germany, the Weisse Frauen are sometimes harbingers of death for royal



## THE LADY IN WHITE

families, while in the Netherlands, the Witte Wieven are mythical beings that can be either benevolent or malevolent.

- India: The Lady in a White Sari - In India, the "white lady" is a common figure in folklore and films. She is often seen in a white sari and is believed to be the spirit of a woman who died tragically. Popular stories include a ghost who haunts the Delhi Cantonment area and another seen at the Bangalore airport, both of whom vanish after being sighted.

### Why White?

The most intriguing question about this widespread legend is the ghost's color. Why is she always described as being in white? The answer is open to endless speculation:

- Does it symbolize her lost innocence or her status as an innocent murder victim?
- Is white simply the easiest color for a spirit to manifest?
- Could it be related to ectoplasm, the substance some believe spirits are made of?
- Or does it represent how our eyes perceive the spirit world in a sort of black and white form?

Since our understanding of the spirit world is limited, we may never know the definitive answer, but it's an interesting question to consider.



# *Makes you laugh and makes you think...*

## **Beware!**

My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll see about that.

## **Elementary!**

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were going camping. They pitched their tent under the stars and went to sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night Holmes woke Watson up and said, "Watson, look up and tell me what you see."

Watson replied, "I see millions and millions of stars."

"And what do you deduce from that, Watson?"

"Well, if there are millions of stars, and if even a few of those have planets, it's quite likely there are some planets like Earth out there. And if there are a few planets like Earth out there, there might also be life, perhaps like our own. What do you see, Holmes?"

"Watson, I see that somebody stole our tent."



## **You asked for it!**

'Honey, Fred has done a DNA test, and... I don't know how to say this...he may not be our son.'

'Well, obviously!' he replied.

'What do you mean?' she asked.

'It was your idea in the first place,' her husband continued. 'Remember that first night in the hospital when the baby did nothing but scream and cry and scream and cry? On and on. And then you asked me to change him? I picked a good one, I reckon. Ever so proud of Fred.'

## **Chuck Norris and Rajnikant**

Chuck Norris counted to infinity. Twice.

The Chuck Norris jokes are very good. But can any beat Rajnikant telling a baddie "I will trash you so badly even google won't be able to find you!"

## **And men too!**

Good women are found on every corner of the Earth, but sadly the Earth is round!

## *Life has its moments...*

### **Zzzzzz**

I stayed up all night and tried to figure out where the sun was. Then it dawned on me.

### **So true...**

Give a man a fish, and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.

### **That's what I thought...**

I saw a man yesterday who was so bald I could see what he was thinking.

### **Smile**

Life is short. Smile while you still have teeth.

### **Cinder – Ella!**

Life is a not a fairy tale if you lost a shoe at midnight. You are drunk.



### **Work Phone**

The phone bill was exceptionally high. Man called a family meeting to discuss the matter.

Dad: "This is unacceptable, I don't use the home phone, I use my work phone."

Mom: "Me too, I use my company phone. I hardly use the home phone."

Son: "I use my office mobile. I never use the home phone."

All of them shocked turned to look at the maid who was patiently listening to them all this time.

Maid: "What? So, we all use our work phones, what is the big deal?"

### **Designated Decoy**

A Highway Patrolman waited outside a popular bar, hoping for a bust. At closing time everyone come out and he spotted his potential quarry. The man was so obviously inebriated that he could barely walk. He stumbled around the parking lot for a few minutes, looking for his car.

After trying his keys on five other cars, he finally found his own vehicle. He sat in the car a good ten minutes, as the other patrons left. He turned his lights on, then off, wipers on, then off. He started to pull forward into the grass, then stopped.

Finally, when he was the last car, he pulled out onto the road and started to drive away. The patrolman, waiting for this, turned on his lights and pulled the man over. He administered the breathalyzer test, and to his great surprise, the man blew a 0.00.

The patrolman was dumbfounded. "This equipment must be broken!" he exclaimed.

"I doubt it," said the man, "tonight I am the designated decoy!"



Credibility  
100%

## Angela Justin-Dev →

### INSIDE THE MIND OF A CONSCIOUS MILLENNIAL

**A**ngela Justin-Dev is a gold medalist post graduate in media, who works with Vedatma, Ernakulam. Her husband takes care of the CraftKriti, a ethnic wear brand popular in Ernakulam and Mysuru. She's a hardworking professional who has a good work-life balance. She is a digital native and savvy on life.



**Q**

**What's life?**

To paraphrase Forrest Gump, Life is a box of chocolates but at times some may not be to your taste. But, that only makes life more interesting and livable. I think the general assumption of heaven is a happy place, constantly. That would make it a boring place. Life should have its challenges, dreams, troubles... that's life.

**Q**

**What makes you tick?**

There's the personal and the professional part but they overlap each other. If I am happy in my personal life it will influence my success professionally. And vice versa. So I try to keep both infused with the element of caring and emotionally being there. But then again, it has to have a sprinkle of intelligence and logic.

**Q**

**What's your take?**

Everybody lives. But some live better. Our purpose in life is to live better. So we aim to achieve that goal with the achievement of providence - a good career, a healthy and caring family, and some other small things that make life richer. We should care also for neighbours, friends and strangers. We should strive to be selfless



## BHANGARH FORT

### THE MOST HAUNTED PLACE IN INDIA

**B**hangarh Fort, a 17th-century fortification in Rajasthan's Alwar district, is widely considered one of India's most haunted places. This eerie reputation, combined with its stunning architecture and scenic surroundings, makes it a unique and popular tourist destination. The Archaeological Survey of India has legally prohibited entry between sunset and sunrise due to the numerous paranormal legends associated with the site.

#### History and Origin

The fort was built in the 17th century by Raja Bhagwant Das of Amber for his younger son, Madho Singh. Madho Singh constructed the fort after receiving permission from an ascetic named Guru Balu Nath, who meditated nearby. The condition was that the fort's shadow must never touch the hermit's retreat. However, a later successor built the fort taller, causing the shadow to fall on the sacred spot and leading to a curse that brought about the fort's downfall.

#### Other Stories

The fort's haunted reputation stems from two prominent local legends:

- **The Sorcerer's Curse:** One tale recounts a black magic sorcerer who fell in love with Princess Ratnavati. He tried to bewitch her with a magical potion disguised in an oil bottle. The princess, aware of his trickery, threw the oil, which transformed into a boulder that crushed the sorcerer. Before dying, he cursed the fort, dooming its inhabitants to death and preventing their spirits from ever finding rebirth.



## The haunted reputation

- Official ban: The Archaeological Survey of India has put up a notice at the fort's entrance, strictly prohibiting visitors from entering before sunrise and after sunset.
- Eerie experiences: Locals and some tourists report strange occurrences, uncanny feelings, and an eerie atmosphere after dark. The fort's mysterious legends and history contribute to its notoriety as one of India's most haunted places.

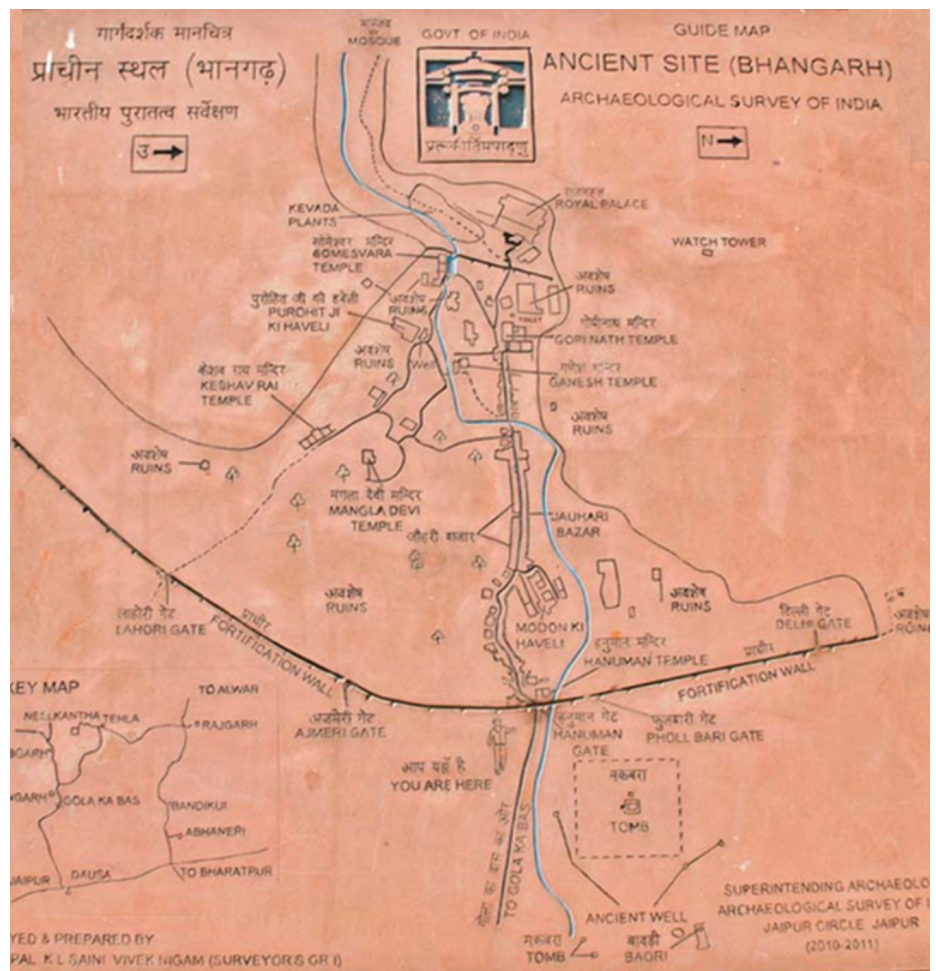
## Architecture and key features

- Rajput and Mughal fusion: The fort's architecture blends Rajput and Mughal styles, featuring several ornate structures constructed from sandstone and marble.
- Ruins: Although in ruins, the fort is well-preserved and offers a glimpse into its former grandeur. It includes temples, palaces, and courtyards.
- Scenic views: The fort is located in a natural valley surrounded by lush green hills, offering panoramic and breathtaking views, particularly during sunrise and sunset.

## Visiting information

Location: situated in the Alwar district of Rajasthan. 250 KMs from New Delhi, 90 Kms from Jaipur

Entry is restricted to daytime hours, typically from 9 am to 5 pm.



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