

Beneath the Snow Horror Narration Script

By the time Arjun realized that the college didn't exist anymore, the gate had already locked behind him. And something else already knew he was inside. Arjun was never good at studies. Failure followed him everywhere. So when he got admission into a small private college in the United States, he thought this was his last chance. But the address was strange. Far from the city. Hidden, almost forgotten. The village felt wrong. Not silent, but empty. Old grey snow covered everything, as if something was buried underneath. An old man rented him a small hut. When Arjun mentioned the college, the man said: "Don't stay there after dark." The college stood on a hill. A rusted gate. A crooked cross above it. Arjun pushed the gate open. It slammed shut behind him. Night fell. Footsteps echoed in empty corridors. Whispers filled the air: "forgive us... we didn't know... he is still here..." In the chapel, candles were burning. Fresh candles. Muddy footprints covered the floor. But no one was there. Behind the college, the snow revealed graves. Hundreds of them. Same date. That night, the whispers came inside his room. A pale student stood beside him. "You should not have come here." Arjun ran. The college changed. Doors led nowhere. He broke a window and escaped. Back in the village, the old man said: "That college burned down 12 years ago. No one survived." Arjun looked at his hands. Burned. Covered in ash. Then he remembered. The fire. The screams. The locked gates. Arjun never escaped the college. He never entered it either. He had always been there. Beneath the snow.