

The Parramatta Prince

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Introduction: The Weaver of Worlds

Before time became this endless grind of computer clocks and data floods, back when the only way to measure it was the slow spin of the stars and planets, that's when the big stories came to life. They weren't scribbled on paper or carved into rock—they were part of the world itself, glowing with the light of new stars and the darkness of empty space. The epics, the Itihasas, aren't just dusty old records of kings and wars. They're alive, like vast oceans of tales that rise and fall through huge cycles of creation and destruction. They buzz with an old vibration, like the birth of galaxies mixed with the quiet drop of a leaf in some forgotten woods.

In this ocean of stories, the Ramayana stands out as a powerful, clear stream. It's all about duty, love, and sacrifice, and it's been shaping people's minds for thousands of years, leaving behind this lasting vibe. Think of it like the smell of temple incense—sandalwood and camphor, full of devotion. Or the fresh earth after the first rains, promising renewal. And yeah, the metallic bite of blood from battles fought for what's right, not out of hate. The story shines with Sita's pure moonlight glow and Rama's bright,

sun-like goodness. Its colors? The deep blue of Rama's skin like storm clouds, the golden orange of a sage's robes, and the angry red of a demon's fury.

But stories have deep, hidden parts—undercurrents that twist the familiar tales, and side paths that tell something different. The version you know is one beautiful tapestry in the hall of time. In another room of this endless cosmic house, though, the weaving went a different way. Fate's loom, nudged by some playful cosmic joker who loves surprises, added a weird new thread. Not a natural color like saffron or blue sky, but the electric blue of a web link. Not soft like silk, but slick like a phone screen.

This thread of Ramayana came from a future era, with skyscrapers of glass stabbing at smoggy skies, screens opening doors to endless online worlds, and this weird magic called coding. It was the Kali Yuga, the age of chaos and rush, full of noise and hurry. But even then, people had their own rituals, their own tough disciplines, and strange rewards. This lost chapter doesn't start with a king's oath or a sage's curse. It kicks off with the steady drone of servers in a place that'd later be called Sydney—like the modern world's own sacred hum.

It's about unsung heroes, those little threads that hold the whole thing together. You know Rama, the perfect prince with his divine bow humming gold. Ravana, the genius king with ten heads full of smarts and ego, laughing like crashing mountains. Hanuman, whose loyalty could literally move mountains, roaring loud enough to crack the sky.

But you haven't heard of Chunmun Singh, the Data Sage of our messed-up age. His big tests weren't in a peaceful forest ashram, but in a bland office under buzzing lights. Fourteen years of

crushing deadlines was his penance, and he stuck to his celibacy vow amid all the glowing screens tempting him. This is how his ordinary life—a plain gray strand—got yanked back in time and tied into the bloody, epic showdown of an ancient war.

It raises a wild question: What happens when the cold, yes-or-no logic of the future slams into the wild, magical chaos of the past? How does duty hold up when the hero isn't a prince with a god-blessed bow, but a data guy with some bizarre gift from corporate burnout?

Listen up. Past the blare of conch shells and the boom of war drums, there's a new noise in the air. The zap of a portal shutting, like static ripping reality. And a new smell: that crisp ozone whiff, like tech and lightning, mixing with the old battlefield dust. The loom's spinning, and a fresh pattern in unheard-of colors is about to unfold. Hindi translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: The Rishi of the Server Room

For fourteen years, Chunmun Singh's world had been a cage of beige cubicles and recycled air, its only soundtrack the monotonous hum of servers and the frantic, percussive clicking of a hundred keyboards. Baba Bank's Sydney headquarters was a temple to the god of commerce, a glass and steel tower where the only incense was the bitter, burnt aroma of stale coffee and the only prayers were muttered anxieties about quarterly reports. Chunmun was a priest in this temple, a Data Rishi whose penances were performed not under a banyan tree but in the cold, blue glow of a dual-monitor setup. His meditations were deep dives into complex SQL queries, his mantras the elegant, logical flow of Python scripts.

He was a ghost in the machine, quiet, efficient, and largely invisible. He found a strange solace in the clean, binary certainty of his work, a stark contrast to the messy, unpredictable world of human interaction he so carefully avoided. His vow of celibacy, undertaken years ago as a half-serious discipline, had become a shield. It kept him focused, insulated from the distractions of a world that felt too loud, too bright, too demanding.

And then there was Priya Sharma (Aka Ms. Aussie).

She was a project manager, a whirlwind of cheerful competence and warm, genuine smiles that seemed utterly out of place in the sterile corporate environment. Her laughter, a rare and precious sound in the hushed office, could cut through the drone of the air conditioning like a melody. She smelled of fresh air and a faint, floral perfume, a scent that was a stark, beautiful contrast to the building's synthetic sterility. To Chunmun, she was a splash of vibrant, impossible color in his monochrome world. He watched her from the safe distance of his cubicle, admiring the way she navigated the treacherous currents of office politics with a grace he could never muster, the way she stood up to overbearing executives with a firm, unwavering politeness.

Their worlds collided over the 'Cerberus Project', a catastrophic data migration that had defeated two previous teams. It was a tangled mess of legacy systems and incompatible code, a digital hydra that grew two new problems for every one that was solved. The project was overseen by Ms. Aussie's boss, a man named Mr. Davies, a petty tyrant whose management style consisted of veiled threats and public humiliations. He saw his employees not as people but as resources on a spreadsheet, to be depleted and discarded.