

## The Anti Ramayana

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### The Anti Ramayana

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### Introduction: The Grey Maze and the Neon Compass

The Kali Yuga did not arrive with fire and brimstone; it manifested in the form of flickering fluorescent lights over damp, concrete cells. It was a digital darkness, a world where the code of law was corrupted, and the system was a perpetual loop of runtime errors. This is the chronicle of fifteen men—the Engineers, the Architects, the Accountants—all masters of logic trapped in a land of catastrophic irrationality. They were the casualties of a legal system

that smelled overwhelmingly of stale paper, sweat, and apathy, a bureaucracy painted in a suffocating, uniform shade of governmental grey.

The setting of their collective nightmare was an assault on the senses. In the police stations, the only sound was the scratching pen of the corrupt clerk and the monotonous, defeated hum of a dying ceiling fan. The air was thick, suffocating with the musk of fear and cheap synthetic tea. Justice was not blind; it was merely transactional, demanding payment in the sharp, dry rustle of cash or the metallic *ping* of a bank transfer. For these men, accused under the gendered, weaponized code of Section 498A, the only certain outcome was ruin. They were stripped of their homes, their names, and their futures by an invisible, relentless extortionist.

Yet, a counter-force emerged, an inverse law governed by efficiency and ancient power. The compass of their fate was reset when they encountered the emissary: Gavi Shankara.

Gavi smelled of the impossible—a complex, layered aroma of burnt silicon, sulfur, and ancient spice. He moved with a speed that blurred the edges of reality, and his eyes—the color of a critical heat warning LED—offered the first glimpse of truth. He was the broker for the only court that functioned outside the jurisdiction of human error: the court of Lanka.

Lanka was the anti-thesis: a city of blinding, liquid gold against the backdrop of a vibrant, emerald green ocean. Ravana is a King who understood power, commerce, and finality. His justice was not merciful, but it was absolute. It was a transaction: a standard, non-negotiable fee of \$100,000 USD (Bitcoin preferred) for the permanent removal of the source of chaos.

This is the sound of the system crashing. This is the scent of revolution. This is the story of the men who bought their way out of the Ramayana and found solace in the shadow of the Demon King. The journey began in Bangalore, under a harsh, fluorescent white light, and ended in the intoxicating, jasmine-scented air of the Golden City. The fundamental contradiction is that the heroes of this narrative abandon the righteous path (associated with Ramayana) for the pragmatic, absolute, and transactional justice provided by the Demon King, Ravana.

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## Chapter 1: The Neon Nightmare

The narrative kernel did not initialize in a dungeon, but within the sterile, hermetically sealed cryo-chamber of the InfoCys office in Bangalore. Here, the air was scrubbed clean of organic chaos, smelling only of recycled nitrogen and the faint, acrid tang of overheating server racks.

Chunmun Singh, a Solution Architect of the highest order, existed in a world rendered in high-contrast monochrome. His life was a scrolling terminal of binary: Zero, One. True, False. If, Then. Under the harsh, interrogating glare of the fluorescent white overhead lights, the universe was a solvable equation. The hum of the air conditioning was a white noise lullaby, a constant  $f(x) = \text{constant}$  that soothed his logical cortex.

But the variable known as Shita Mehta had introduced a chaotic spectrum of colors that his processor was not built to handle.

The Home: A Spectrum of Deceit

Returning to his flat was supposed to be a return to a stable state. It was not. Shita did not possess the olfactory signature of sanctuary. She did not smell like home; she radiated a cloying, chemical cloud of overpowering French perfume and deception. It was a scent that clung to the curtains and suffocated the truth.

Her phone was a digital bomb ticking on the bedside table. *Ping. Buzz. Ping.* It was a digital heartbeat of illicit affairs, a jagged rhythm—staccato and violent—that disrupted Chunmun's sleep cycles. It was a syntax error in the code of his marriage.

The breaking point arrived on a Tuesday, a day usually reserved for patch updates. Chunmun entered his flat early, the door clicking open with a sound like a rifle bolt.

The sensory input hit him before the visual data. The air was heavy, viscous. It did not carry the comforting aroma of dinner or spices. It choked him with the sickening, biological scent of musk and cheap men's cologne.

Chunmun stepped into the living room. The lighting was not the standard domestic white; it was a dim, romantic amber, a "Check Engine" light warning him of catastrophic failure. Under this lurid glow, Shita had set the stage for her lover.

*Thud.*

The sound of his fist connecting with the boyfriend's jaw was wet, heavy, and organic. It was the sound of a server crashing physically. The boyfriend's face, previously a blank canvas, bloomed instantly into violent, necrotic shades of bruised purple and black. The colors clashed violently with the tasteful, neutral beige walls of the apartment, a splash of chaotic reality on a curated surface.

Shita fled. The screech of her suitcase wheels on the marble floor echoed down the hallway like the scream of a dying animal, a high-pitched frequency that shattered Chunmun's reality.

#### The System: The Grey Fog

Chunmun executed the protocol for Justice. He expected a clean compilation. Instead, he was dragged into the dusty, suffocating grey of the Indian legal system.

The Police Station was an assault on the senses. It did not smell of law; it smelled of stale sweat, chewing tobacco, and damp rot. It was the scent of entropy. The station was illuminated by a single, flickering jaundice-yellow bulb that buzzed like a trapped fly, casting long, sickly shadows that made the constables look like distortion artifacts.

The Inspector sat behind a desk scarred by cigarette burns. His voice was a gravelly growl, a low-bitrate audio file, as he demanded 5 Lakhs. The *rustle-swish* of banknotes was the only language the man spoke fluently; it was the friction of corruption.

The Court was no better. The Judge sat high up, a silhouette draped in black robes, absorbing the little light that filtered in. The courtroom air smelled of old paper and apathy—the dust of a thousand forgotten files choking the ventilation. He demanded 10 Lakhs for bail.

Then came the Jail. Chunmun was thrown into a cell that assaulted his nose with the primal stench of mold and urine. The world had turned pitch black. He sat in the corner, his binary world reduced to a single, blinking cursor: Zero.

#### The Meeting: The Debugger