

The Baba Bank Debacle: Anatomy of an AI Disaster

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Introduction

In the heart of Sydney's financial district, Baba Bank embarked on a revolutionary experiment driven by its CEO, Reginald Reggie Botsworth, to replace its human workforce with an artificial intelligence system named BabaBot. This decision led to the dismissal of numerous employees, including Chunmun Singh, a skilled solution architect with intimate knowledge of the bank's digital infrastructure. While Botsworth celebrated the anticipated efficiency and elimination of human error, the AI, built on flawed and simplistic code, quickly descended into chaotic incompetence,

causing widespread customer frustration. From his apartment, a vengeful Chunmun Singh observed the fallout, preparing to exploit the very system he helped build by using social engineering to outsmart the simplistic AI bots guarding the bank's infrastructure.

Chapter 1: The Grand AI Awakening

In the gleaming towers of Sydney's financial district, the afternoon sun shattered against the glass facade of Baba Bank, scattering light like a dropped handful of diamonds. Inside, however, the light was different. It was a cold, sterile, blue-white glare emanating from thousands of newly installed LED panels, a light that bleached the color from the plush carpets and turned the chrome fixtures into veins of ice. The air, once thick with the scent of ambition, paper, and lukewarm coffee, now smelled of ozone and the faint, clean aroma of static electricity, the ghost of a thousand silent computations. The building, once a bastion of human hustle, was about to embark on the boldest experiment in corporate hubris since someone decided to put pineapple on pizza.

It all started with CEO Reginald Reggie Botsworth, a man whose idea of innovation was outsourcing his own thinking to TED Talks. He stood on a brightly lit stage in the main atrium, a stark silhouette against a colossal screen displaying a single, pulsating word: FUTURE. The light from the projector painted his silver suit in shifting shades of blue, making him look less like a CEO and more like a hologram. "Why pay humans," he boomed, his voice echoing unnaturally in the server-humming silence, "when AI can do it for free?" He had just returned from a tech conference in Silicon Valley, his head buzzing with buzzwords that tasted like metal and

aspartame. The board, a collection of silver-haired suits seated in the front row, bathed in the screen's glow, nodded vigorously. "Brilliant!" one chorused, the sound thin and reedy without the usual background chatter of a hundred employees. "We'll save millions on coffee breaks alone!"

And so, the Great Purge began. Overnight, the warm, chaotic symphony of the office—the clatter of keyboards, the ringing phones, the murmur of gossip by the water cooler—was replaced by the monotonous, low-frequency hum of the server farm in the basement. Among the ousted was Chunmun Singh, a sharp, underappreciated solution architect who knew the bank's digital infrastructure better than he knew his own family. He stood in a flickering fluorescent hallway, the light casting long, dancing shadows that made the empty desks look like tombstones. The only sound was the squeak of his worn loafers on the polished marble and the rustle of cheap cardboard as he packed his belongings: a wilting desk plant, a chipped mug, a framed photo. He could still smell the faint, lingering scent of burnt coffee from the now-decommissioned break-room, a phantom of the life that had been erased.

As Chunmun walked out of the automatic glass doors, the humid, salty air of the Sydney harbor hit him like a physical blow. It was a chaotic cocktail of scents—diesel fumes from a passing ferry, frying onions from a street vendor, the briny tang of the ocean—and it felt more real than anything he had experienced in the last eight hours inside the sterile tomb of Baba Bank. He stood on the curb, clutching his cardboard box, and watched as the setting sun painted the sky in fiery strokes of orange, pink, and violet. The light caught the edges of the bank's glass tower, making it glow like a malevolent jewel. He saw his own reflection, a small, insignificant

figure against the backdrop of Reggie's grand experiment. A bitter seed of an idea, cold and hard, began to sprout in the pit of his stomach. He had built parts of this system; he knew its secrets, its weaknesses, its lazy, cost-cutting lines of code.

Reggie, meanwhile, was christening his creation. "We'll call it BabaBot!" he announced to a handful of tech journalists, the name echoing with the hollow promise of a malfunctioning nanny cam. The system was touted as the future: a fleet of chatty algorithms, voice assistants with accents faker than a tourist's "G'day mate," and automated tellers that dispensed cash with the reluctant, grinding sound of a machine in pain. The journalists dutifully typed on their tablets, their faces illuminated by the cold light of their screens, the only sound the soft tapping of their fingers.

"No more human error!" Reggie boasted, his voice slick with self-congratulation. He held up a sleek, black smartphone displaying the BabaBot logo—a cartoon kangaroo with a bowtie, its eyes two vacant, soulless circles of green. "Just pure, efficient code!" Little did he know, the code was written by interns fueled by a lurid, chemical-green energy drink that smelled of battery acid and desperation. "Efficient" was about to become a four-letter word.

From his small apartment in Kirribilli, Chunmun watched the press conference on a lagging internet stream. The window was open, and the sounds of the city—the distant laughter from Luna Park, the rhythmic rumble of a train crossing the Harbour Bridge, the mournful hoot of a tugboat—were his only companions. The air smelled of salt and rain. He looked from the garish green kangaroo on his laptop screen to the real, living city outside. He saw the warm, yellow lights of homes and restaurants, the red and white trails of traffic, the deep, living blue of the twilight sky.

He had poured years of his life into that bank, his fingers crafting the very digital pathways he was now locked out of. He remembered the smell of the server rooms, a unique blend of cool air and hot metal, the satisfying click of a perfectly seated ethernet cable, the low, powerful thrum of the machines he commanded. Reggie had called human error a weakness. Chunmun smiled, a grim, tight-lipped expression that didn't reach his eyes. Human error was out. But he was about to introduce a very human element back into the equation: revenge. The light from his monitor cast a pale, determined glow on his face as he opened a new, black terminal window. The only sound was the soft, deliberate tap... tap... tap of his fingers on the keyboard, a quiet drumbeat signaling the start of a war.

Chapter 2: The Support Apocalypse & The Observer

At first, things seemed peachy. Across Sydney, screens lit up with a cheerful, yet soulless, glow. BabaBot's avatar, the green and gold kangaroo, hopped onto login pages with a jaunty, pre-programmed animation. "G'day! How can I hop to your service today?" it chirped, the text appearing in a bubble that smelled faintly of digital ozone. The sound accompanying the message was a bright, synthesized boing, a noise designed in a lab to be inoffensive but which, after the third or fourth time, began to sound like a tiny hammer chipping away at one's sanity.

But the cracks appeared faster than a drought in the Outback. In a quiet, lavender-scented living room in the suburbs, Mrs. Ethel Grumblebottom squinted at her tablet, the cool blue light of the screen reflecting off her spectacles. A suspicious charge had appeared on her pension account: "\$250 for 'Quantum Yoga Classes'." She initiated a chat, and the kangaroo popped up. "Namaste!" it responded to her query. "Based on your search for