

The Bureaucratic Hauntings

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Introduction

Chapter 1: Sumitri's Veil of Forgotten Seals

Chapter 2: Puju's Whisper Against the Ledger's Storm

Chapter 3: The Ancestral Winds and Bureaucratic Curses

Chapter 4: Komal Gupta's Silent Symphony of Unraveling Shadows

Chapter 5: Pallavi's Radiant Unraveling of the Marble Maze

Chapter 6: Priya Sharma, Ms. Aussie's Coastal Liberation and Azure Horizons

Chapter 7: The Ethical Hacker's Curse

Chapter 8: Priyanka's Ember of Renewal in the Shadowed Canopies

Chapter 9: Rohini's Eternal Bloom Amid Tropical Canopies

Conclusion

Introduction

In the infinitely vast, intricately woven, and brilliantly colored tapestry of human migration, where massive, ancient continents drift slowly and silently like bruised, deep-purple and brilliant crimson petals upon the eternal, roaring, and frothing river of time, there exists a powerfully quiet, radiant sisterhood. The rushing waters of this temporal river echo with the loud, overlapping voices of countless ancestors, their murmurs blending into a constant, deafening hum that sweeps across the globe, carrying with it the heavy, earthy scent of ancient soils and the sharp, metallic tang of the open, crashing ocean. Amidst this grand, sweeping movement of humanity, these incredible women stand as absolute pillars of

quiet strength, their intertwined lives serving to brilliantly illuminate the profound, complex interplay between the deep, shadowed roots of their heritage and the bright, blindingly sunlit expanse of their new horizon.

This luminous, powerful garland of a sisterhood is composed of nine extraordinary desi women: Sumitri, Puju, Rashmi Bongi, Komal Gupta, Pallavi, Priya Sharma—who is affectionately and widely known as Ms. Aussie—Priyanka, Khushboo, and Rohini. Each of them acts as a fierce bearer of ancient, glowing brass lamps, casting a warm, flickering, and deeply golden light across the vast, luminous, and brilliantly blue expanse of modern Australia. Sumitri breathes in the crisp, silver-tinged winds of Melbourne; Puju listens to the loud, rhythmic crashing of Sydney's sparkling azure waves; Rashmi Bongi and Khushboo navigate the bright, humid, and heavily floral air of their respective coastal cities. Komal Gupta brings a cool, serene, snow-white luminescence to the green hills of Adelaide, while Pallavi completely floods her spaces with the blinding, explosive magenta and rich gold of ancient Rajasthan. Priya Sharma, radiating the intense, bright yellow energy of the sun, smells deeply of sweet frangipani and sharp sea salt; Priyanka burns with the fierce, focused orange intensity of a sacred flame in freezing Canberra; and Rohini blooms like a magnificent, wet pink lotus amidst the incredibly thick, steaming, and intensely green tropical canopies of Darwin.

Their incredibly vibrant, interconnected stories, which are deeply and beautifully woven directly into the very fabric of this grand novella of Bureaucratic Hauntings, slowly unfold as a completely luminous, fragrant garland generously offered to the profound, divine mystery of everyday existence. This heavy garland smells intoxicatingly of crushed, golden marigolds, sweet white jasmine,

and the deeply earthy, grounding aroma of wet red clay. Much like the massive, towering great epics of old—where towering gods of blinding light and frail mortals of flesh and bone violently grapple with heavy, inescapable fate amidst the choking, yellow dust, the deafening, clashing iron, and the sharp scent of copper blood on ancient battlefields—these modern women confront entirely different, yet equally terrifying, adversaries. They do not face loud, roaring, sword-wielding demons breathing literal fire; instead, they fiercely battle the insidious, silent, and suffocating grey specters of endless paper, rigid protocol, and terrifyingly complex procedure.

These horrific bureaucratic phantoms are violently born of incredibly distant, dark, and moldy municipal archives that smell overwhelmingly of rotting binding glue, decaying pulp, and absolute despair, seamlessly merging with the cold, sterile, and aggressively buzzing digital labyrinths of the modern age. The air around these phantoms drops in temperature, illuminated only by the harsh, unflattering, and flickering blue-white glare of computer monitors and fluorescent tubes that emit a constant, high-pitched, tooth-aching whine. These dark, suffocating forces violently threaten to completely eclipse the vibrant, loud, and incredibly colorful pulse of their lived love, heavily suppressing their rich cultural memory and silencing their echoing, joyous familial laughter. The grey tape seeks to entirely drain the bright reds, deep yellows, and rich greens from their vibrant homes, replacing the scent of roasting spices with the toxic, metallic bite of hot printer ink and dry, stale dust.

Yet, it is precisely herein that one discovers the absolute noble essence of their grand, unfolding narrative: this essence does not reside in loud, cataclysmic, world-ending victory accompanied by roaring explosions and triumphant, blaring horns, but rather in the

incredibly subtle, quiet, and deeply profound golden alchemy of true presence. Every single unfolding chapter beautifully reveals exactly how the powerful feminine spirit—which remains deeply, inextricably rooted in the sacred, fertile, and heavily scented brown soil of ancient India while simultaneously blooming violently and colorfully directly under the vast, blindingly bright blue southern skies—miraculously transforms terrifying, dark curses of grey clutter and loud, aggressive contention directly into magnificent, vibrant blossoms of brilliant, fragrant renewal.

Through incredibly rich, deafening sensory symphonies composed of the bright, eye-watering yellow of toasted saffron, the sharp, stinging taste of cold white sea salt, the heavy, sweet, and sticky floral notes of crushed orange marigold, and the deafening, roaring, and completely purifying deluge of a grey monsoon downpour, the careful reader slowly discerns far deeper, older truths. These truths deeply explore the fragile human soul's tragic, terrifying tendency to fiercely cling to loud, painful struggle as a false, rigid identity, mistaking the blinding headache of stress for true, vital purpose. The narrative loudly trumpets the absolute, redemptive, and glowing power of pure simplicity, and highlights the eternal, beautiful, rhythmic dance wherein the incredibly deep, rich past actively nourishes and feeds the bright, vibrant present, rather than violently imprisoning it in a dark, cold, and echoing iron cage.

This brilliant collection of stories is absolutely no mere, dry chronicle of boring paperwork finally resolved; it is, instead, a massive, incredibly profound, and deeply glowing meditation on the very core of the human condition. It is a bright, sunlit space where the beating heart's incredibly quiet, soft, and deeply resonant golden wisdom easily and completely outshines the absolute loudest, most aggressive, and thundering claims of ancient, decaying legacy. As

one slowly and deliberately turns these thick, richly textured pages, their fingers brushing against the crisp white paper, may the howling, invisible ancestral winds carry forth a soft, melodic, and deeply comforting whisper directly into their ear: a beautiful promise that true, blindingly bright freedom finally, violently blooms only when we bravely and permanently release the incredibly heavy, dark, and moldy ledgers of yesterday in order to fully, fiercely embrace the bright, loud, and vibrantly living poetry of today.

Chapter 1: Sumitri's Veil of Forgotten Seals

In the sun-dappled, warmly illuminated suburbs of Melbourne, where the pale, silvery-green eucalyptus trees swayed and their leaves rustled with a crisp, dry acoustic hiss, whispering secrets to the cool, southern winds, Sumitri's home had become a suffocating reliquary of unresolved claims. The ambient light in the living room had shifted from a welcoming, golden amber to a clinical, grayish hue, trapped by the sheer volume of accumulating paperwork. The atmosphere hung unbearably heavy in the lungs, choked with the musty, decaying lament of official envelopes. Their thick, manila paper exuded an overwhelming scent of stale dust and bitter, aging adhesive, their once-proud seals now cracked like the parched, brown earth of forgotten droughts and the shattered ambitions of bygone empires.

Her husband, Arjun, a man of profound scholarly bent and unyielding, rigid honor, had submerged himself entirely into the abyssal, suffocating depths of a visa extension labyrinth. He sat