

## **Coimbatore Crows**

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## **Introduction**

Every city has its shadows, but in the sprawling, sun-drenched suburbs of western Sydney, the darkest shadows are often cast by those who have just learned to fly. Coimbatore Crows began as a tale of ambition curdling into exploitation—a story of Hoseph Pillai and his son-in-law, Howtham Raj, who arrived from India and immediately weaponized their newfound security against their own community. Through their underground housing network, StayPeas,

they turned desperate 482 visa holders and vulnerable, long-term citizens into walking dollar signs.

But a community is a living organism. When a parasite latches onto it, the body eventually mounts an immune response. The following chapters chronicle the rise and inevitable collapse of the StayPeas empire. It is a testament to the fact that while greed can build a nest rapidly, it takes a foundation of trust to weather the storm. When the whispers of the exploited finally reach a deafening crescendo, the law awakens, and the artificial hierarchy of the Coimbatore Crows is dismantled—proving that true social harmony requires the rooting out of those who profit from the misery of their brothers.

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## **Chapter 1: The Flight from Coimbatore**

The cabin of the Boeing 787 was a pressurized capsule of recycled air, smelling faintly of aviation fuel, sterile antibacterial wipes, and the lingering, metallic scent of foil-wrapped airline meals. Overhead, the dim ambient lighting had shifted from a harsh, wakeful white to a bruised, artificial twilight—a deep, glowing indigo designed to simulate night and force sleep upon the hundreds of bodies crammed into economy class. But sleep was a luxury Hoseph Pillai had never afforded himself, not in the dusty, chaotic real estate offices of Coimbatore, and certainly not now, suspended thirty thousand feet above the Indian Ocean.

Hoseph, a wiry man in his late fifties whose skin bore the sun-baked texture of decades spent negotiating on unforgiving Tamil Nadu

pavements, sat rigidly in his aisle seat. His sharp, calculating eyes flicked around the cabin, noting the subtle hierarchies even here—the legroom, the proximity to the bathrooms, the invisible lines of comfort bought and sold. In his breast pocket rested a battered Casio calculator, a heavy, plastic talisman. The faint, rhythmic *clack-clack* of his thumbnail against its hard casing was the only sound he made, a nervous tic that spoke of numbers constantly churning behind his brow.

Beside him sat his daughter, Gansa. The faint, sweet scent of jasmine oil still clung to her tightly braided hair, a final, fading olfactory tether to the home they had left behind. She was silent, her forehead pressed against the cool, vibrating acrylic of the windowpane, staring out into the infinite, featureless blackness of the night sky. She could feel the low, bone-deep hum of the massive Rolls-Royce engines vibrating through the floorboards, a relentless acoustic drone that matched the persistent, unspoken anxiety sitting heavy in her chest.

On Gansa's other side, illuminated by the harsh, blue-white glare of his smartphone screen, was her husband, Hawtham Raj. Hawtham was tall, possessed of a restless, kinetic energy, and wore the sharp, tailored shirt of a man who believed his new 482 employer-sponsored visa with Public Consultancy Services was a coronation rather than a contract. His thumbs moved in a frenetic blur, scrolling through the endless, brightly colored thumbnails of Sydney property listings on Domain. The screen cast long, skeletal shadows across his face, highlighting the sharp angles of his jaw and the hungry, unblinking intensity in his eyes.

Howtham's screen switched from property photos to a dense Excel spreadsheet. Cells filled with projected rents, bond deposits, and utility splits glowed in harsh, neon green against the dark mode

background. He swiped through the columns with the casual detachment of a man playing a mobile game, completely blind to the fact that each row represented a human life, a desperate family, or a solitary worker seeking refuge. Gansa watched his fingers blur. She remembered the vibrant, chaotic symphony of Coimbatore's Oppanakara Street—the blinding flare of gold jewelry in shop windows, the deafening honk of auto-rickshaws, the rich, earthy scent of roasted peanuts and exhaust fumes. It was a hard life, but it was honest in its noise. This, however, felt distinctly different. The silent, calculated manipulation of numbers on a screen felt cold, sterilized of any humanity. The faint, metallic rattling of a beverage cart making its way down the narrow aisle broke her reverie. A flight attendant, illuminated by the harsh white task light of the galley, offered tiny plastic cups of water. The water tasted of chlorine and plastic, a bitter draught that did nothing to wash away the rising dread in Gansa's throat. She looked past Hawtham to her father.

"Coimbatore is too small," Hoseph muttered suddenly. His voice was a dry rasp, barely carrying over the engine roar, yet cutting through the white noise with absolute clarity. "A big fish in a dried-up pond. In Australia, we will build something big. Beds are gold in Sydney, Hawtham. People will pay anything for a roof over their heads when the rain starts to fall."

Hawtham didn't look up from the glowing rectangle in his hands, but a slow, tight smile stretched across his lips. The harsh light reflected in his dark pupils. "I have already mapped it out, Uncle. Parramatta. Harris Park. Westmead. It is the new homeland. The Indian community is exploding there. Every day, fresh off the plane, hundreds of them, all desperate. The rental market is tight, strictly regulated. But affordable rooms?" He paused, tapping a listing for a

decaying four-bedroom weatherboard house. "There is a severe shortage. We start with shared accommodation. No strata complications, no official leases if we keep it strictly informal."

Hoseph pulled the Casio from his pocket, the plastic buttons cool against his calloused fingertips. "Boarders only," the older man murmured, the scent of the mint he was chewing masking the stale air. "Lodgers. No full tenancy agreements. The Residential Tenancies Act is a trap for landlords. But boarders? 'Reasonable notice' is all the law demands. Easy money. It requires no capital, only leverage."

Gansa stayed quiet, her breath fogging a small circle on the cold window. She smelled the bitter tang of the instant coffee Hawtham had spilled on his cuff earlier. She sensed the raw, predatory hunger in their voices, a metallic, almost coppery taste of ambition that made her stomach churn. The cabin lights suddenly flickered, a momentary disruption of power, casting them all in brief, absolute darkness before the indigo returned. They were flying toward a new dawn, but to Gansa, it felt as though they were bringing the darkest, most cutthroat shadows of the old world with them.