

## The Parramatta Protocol

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### Introduction: The Modern Kurukshetra

Before the first line of code was ever weaponized, before the neon lights of Western Sydney bled into the exhausted eyes of foreign visa holders, the battlefield was already set. Parramatta, with its towering, mirror-glass monoliths scraping against the bruised Australian sky, was not just a corporate hub; it was a modern Kurukshetra. Here, the ancient wars of Dharma and adharma—of

righteous duty against unchecked, consuming greed—were not fought with chariots and divine arrows, but with Statements of Work, offshore leverages, and the ruthless exploitation of human life.

The air in this city carried a dual scent: the earthy, ancient aroma of eucalyptus trees stretching along the winding river, completely at odds with the sterile, hyper-conditioned chill of the corporate lobbies that smelled of floor wax and ambition. In these glass fortresses, the human soul was reduced to a spreadsheet metric, a resource to be squeezed until it shattered. This is the chronicle of a system built on a foundational lie, a narrative constrained by the fates of the countless individuals caught in its gears.

It is a story of a silent machine fueled by margins and maintained by fear. It is the story of Chunmun Singh, an architect of systems who found himself forced to become an architect of his own survival. As the digital age promised a borderless world of opportunity, it instead delivered a new, sanitized form of feudalism. The Parramatta Protocol was the unwritten, unspoken rule of this kingdom: extract, exploit, and discard. But even the most meticulously designed systems possess a fatal flaw, and in this glass-and-steel battlefield, the resistance began not with a battle cry, but with the quiet, defiant click of a keyboard.

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## Chapter 1: The Brisbane Bait

Deep beneath the shimmering, mirror-glass corporate towers of Parramatta, a silent, invisible machine hummed with a predatory frequency. It was not a machine of gears and oil, but one fueled entirely by profit margins, operating on a hidden, labyrinthine

system of human expendability known only to the entrenched insiders of PCS Australia.

It was a Tuesday morning when the sky over Western Sydney was bruised with the smoggy, violet light of dawn. The air outside tasted faintly of eucalyptus and the metallic tang of heavy commuter traffic grinding its way down Church Street. Inside the colossal monolith of the PCS headquarters, however, the air was entirely different. It was clinically scrubbed, chilled to a goosebump-inducing eighteen degrees, and carried the faint, synthetic scent of industrial carpet cleaner and ozone from thousands of active servers.

Chunmun Singh, an Australian resident and a highly skilled Solution Architect, swiped his proximity badge. A sharp, electronic *beep* echoed in the cavernous, marble-clad lobby, a sound that would soon become the cadence of his unfolding nightmare. He stepped into the elevator, the doors sliding shut with a pressurized hiss, cutting off the low murmur of the waking city. As he ascended to the fourteenth floor, the harsh, white LED lighting overhead flickered, casting pale, spectral shadows across his face.

Chunmun was about to become a very specific, very expendable cog in this merciless engine.

The catalyst for his descent began weeks prior with a massive, high-stakes Request for Proposal (RFP) for Birgin Airlines. The document, a thick, digitally bound PDF radiating blue light from every monitor on the executive floor, represented millions in potential revenue. Bditya Lastwar, a ruthless, ladder-climbing manager with eyes the color of cold slate, had aggressively pursued and ultimately won the bid. Bditya's office was a sensory assault; it permanently reeked of a heavy, overpowering amber musk cologne that seemed designed to assert dominance, masked only slightly by

the bitter, acidic smell of three-day-old espresso. When Bditya spoke, his voice was a low, grating rumble, like stones shifting under pressure.

The Birgin Airlines contract required a demanding hybrid delivery model: one grueling month onsite in the subtropical, humid climes of Brisbane, followed by three months of intensive offshore coordination. Bditya, driven purely by the incentive of minimizing his delivery overheads to maximize his own quarterly bonus, had initially posted the role on Chnome, the internal resource portal. The portal glowed on his dual screens, a vibrant, chaotic mix of yellow warning flags and green availability dots. He was desperately searching for a sponsored 482 visa holder to fill the gap on the cheap.

But none were willing. The Brisbane onsite requirement was the poison pill. For the offshore resources, traveling to Brisbane meant facing the brutal, bureaucratic reality of the Indian income tax department—a sudden shift in tax residency that would devour their meager earnings.

Cornered, the neon lights of the Parramatta skyline reflecting in the sweat on his forehead, Bditya faced an agonizing financial choice. He could hire an external, seasoned Australian contractor to ensure the project's success, which would cost him a staggering 1200 AUD a day, blowing a massive hole in his projected margins. Or, he could hire an Australian resident as a full-time employee for half the price, promising them stability while secretly viewing them as a temporary patch.

He chose the latter. He chose Chunmun for 600 AUD a day.

Chunmun accepted the role with the quiet confidence of a veteran architect. He boarded the red-eye flight to Brisbane, the cabin filled

with the low, hypnotic drone of the jet engines and the smell of reheated airline food. Upon landing, he was hit by the thick, warm, humid air of Queensland, a stark contrast to the sterile chill of Parramatta.

For a month, Chunmun practically lived in the Birgin Airlines war room. The walls were plastered with massive, brightly colored architectural diagrams—neon green lines connecting cloud databases, bright red circles indicating security nodes, and a labyrinth of blue APIs. The clatter of his mechanical keyboard was the constant soundtrack to his days, stretching long into the tropical nights.

The Birgin executives were notoriously difficult to please, often sitting around a table with stern faces illuminated by the projector's glare in a boardroom that smelled of stale pastries and anxiety. The critical juncture arrived during the integration phase of the legacy booking engine with the new cloud infrastructure. The client's lead engineer, a man whose frown lines seemed permanently etched, challenged Chunmun's proposed API gateway, aggressively predicting a catastrophic bottleneck during peak holiday traffic. Chunmun didn't flinch. He didn't consult a manual or defer to an offshore team. Standing before the whiteboard, the marker squeaking against the slick surface, he mapped out a dynamic, auto-scaling load balancer architecture in real-time. He walked them through the failover redundancies, explaining how the microservices would decouple the authentication requests from the core payment gateway. He spoke with the quiet, unassailable authority of a man who saw the digital matrix as clearly as a physical blueprint. He ran a live simulation on his local machine, the terminal spitting out green success codes that verified his theoretical math. The tension in the room broke, replaced by a

collective exhale of relief from the Birgin executives. The lead engineer nodded, a rare gesture of complete concession. Chunmun had not just provided a patch; he had future-proofed their entire revenue stream. He delivered flawlessly. The architecture was robust, elegant, and entirely bulletproof.

The client, deeply impressed, signed off on the final designs with the scratch of an expensive fountain pen on thick paper, the ink a rich, deep blue. The Statement of Work (SOW) was paid in full. The financial transaction pinged across the network, a silent victory.

But the moment the digital ink dried on the final invoice, the atmosphere in Parramatta shifted. Bditya sat in his cologne-drenched office, the glow of his monitor painting his face in a harsh, unyielding light. The sound of his fingers hammering the keys was deliberate and violent. With a cold, calculated smirk, he drafted an email to the Resource Management Group (RMG). The font was a stark, impersonal black against the blinding white of the screen. The subject line was brief: *Release Chunmun Singh from PCS*. He clicked send.

The metallic *whoosh* of the email client confirmed the execution. The bait had been taken, the fish was caught, and now, the line was being cut.

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