

The Parramatta Evictions

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Introduction

In the restless, constantly pulsating heart of Parramatta, the air is a thick, shimmering tapestry woven from the intense, blinding gold of the Australian sun and the heavy, humid breath of a sprawling suburban landscape. The atmosphere is alive, vibrating with a chaotic symphony of sounds: the high-pitched, metallic screech of the electric trains braking heavily on the steel tracks of the Western Line, the low, constant, rumbling hum of thousands of car engines idling on Victoria Road, and the distant, echoing cacophony of the massive Westfield shopping center, where the sharp clicking of heels on polished tiles mixes with the loud, bright chatter of a

hundred different languages. Cutting right through this vast, concrete and glass expanse of suburban realities, the dark, cool waters of the Parramatta River snake through the earth like a brilliant, winding silver thread, reflecting the neon signs and streetlights in its muddy depths, carrying the weight of a thousand vibrant migrant hopes directly toward the distant, unseen sea.

Tucked away within this sprawling, sun-baked landscape, hidden behind a sun-faded brick facade and a small, overgrown patch of dry brown grass, stood a modest flat that pulsed continuously with the vibrant, overwhelming chaos of an unbreakable chosen family. Brought together not by blood, but by the crushing, practical necessity of surviving the brutal, unforgiving, and deeply unaffordable housing market of Sydney, nine incredibly distinct desi women and one steadfast couple, Surya and Duja, had woven their complex, colorful lives into a single, tightly packed shared space. The flat was a sensory overload, a place where the air was permanently stained with a hundred conflicting scents and sounds.

At the center of this domestic whirlwind was Sumitri, the steadfast, unyielding matriarch. Her presence smelled deeply of ancient, earthy sandalwood and sharp camphor, her heavy silk saris rustling loudly as she walked, the dozens of heavy gold bangles on her wrists jingling like loud, commanding temple bells with every sharp gesture she made. Beside her was Puju, the fiery, unpredictable improviser. She brought with her the stinging, eye-watering scent of smoking black mustard oil and the violent, percussive crackle of red chillies hitting a scorching iron pan, her voice a rapid, staccato burst of energy that kept everyone on their toes. Then there was Rashmi Bongi, the flat's resident dramatic force. She moved through the hallways enveloped in a thick, almost suffocating cloud of sweet jasmine perfume, her booming, highly trained theatrical

voice capable of shattering the quietest afternoon with operatic wails and the loud, metallic clanking of prop swords.

Providing a stark contrast to the drama was Komal Gupta, the cold, calculating architect of precision. She smelled of sterile, sharp lemon disinfectant and crisp, freshly printed paper, her world defined by the rapid, rhythmic clicking of her mechanical pen and the deafening roar of the vacuum cleaner deployed at dawn. Pallavi, the digital enchantress, lived in a completely different sensory realm. Her space glowed with the cold, shifting blue and neon pink lights of LED strips and multiple monitors, the air humming with the low, electric buzz of overworked computer fans and the lightning-fast, rhythmic clatter of her glowing keyboard. Priya Sharma—fiercely and proudly known to all as Ms. Aussie—was the bold, loud cultural bridge of the group. She constantly brought the harsh, smoky, stinging scent of charred sausages and burning fat from the backyard barbecue into the flat, her loud, nasal, distinctly Australian drawl cutting through the delicate Indian melodies with booming chants from televised football matches.

Adding further chaos was Priyanka, the relentless experimenter of audacious, physical strokes. Her presence was a blur of bright, neon-colored yoga mats and the heavy, earthy smell of human sweat, accompanied by the loud, thumping bass of workout music and the squeal of heavy furniture being forcefully dragged across the wooden floorboards. In complete opposition to her was Khushboo, the gentle, soft-spoken bearer of overwhelming sweetness. She coated the flat in the thick, warm, intoxicating aromas of bubbling sugary syrups, melting ghee, and roasted cardamom, her voice a soft, melodious whisper that wrapped around the residents like a warm blanket. Finally, there was Rohini, the silent, unblinking seer. She contributed absolutely no noise to

the flat, her presence marked only by a chilling, heavy silence and a gaze so intensely focused and deeply perceptive that it pierced significantly deeper than any loud, spoken word ever could.

Completing the household as its tenth entity was the couple, Surya and Duja. Surya brought the heavy, grounded pragmatism of a weary resident landlord navigating the chaos, while his wife Duja added a relentless, calculating fire, her colorful cotton saris swishing as she plotted tactical maneuvers alongside the sisterhood.

In a fateful attempt to alleviate the crushing financial burden of their Sydney rent, the sisterhood and the couple agreed to sublet one single, modest, white-walled room at the end of the long hallway. They chose Sunil Sharma, a highly diligent, softly spoken software engineer. Initially, Sunil had seemed like a true blessing from the heavens. He brought a quiet, deeply respectful competence to the chaotic household. He smelled faintly of crisp, clean cotton and peppermint tea, and his rent payments arrived in their bank accounts with total, clockwork reliability, sometimes slightly delayed by a day, but always present and accounted for. He was a phantom tenant, an invisible man who bathed the hallway in the soft, blue glow of his screens and asked for nothing.

Yet, over time, blessings, much like the heavy, sweet, sun-warmed mangoes sitting in the kitchen fruit bowl, can slowly turn overripe and rot. The flat, which had once felt like a grand, spacious sanctuary filled with the echoing, bright sounds of shared laughter and the comforting, earthy aroma of steaming, spiced chai, began to feel incredibly, physically constricted. The walls seemed to shrink inward. The clash of eleven vibrant personalities against one quiet bachelor created a thick, suffocating tension that hung in the air like heavy smoke. Quiet, nervous whispers in the kitchen slowly grew

into loud, firm, collective resolutions. They needed their space back. They needed him gone.

However, they were faced with a massive, unmoving obstacle: Australian tenancy laws. These strict, black-and-white statutes, with their heavy, bureaucratic emphasis on absolute fairness, mandatory, prolonged notice periods, and the terrifying, formal oversight of state tribunals, stood like distant, giant, unyielding stone guardians strictly protecting against any form of outright, sudden expulsion. Undeterred by the boring constraints of legal propriety, and heavily emboldened by the wild, vibrant, and wildly creative spirit that has long defined the desi diaspora, the nine sisters and the couple embarked upon a massive, highly coordinated campaign of comedic eviction. It was an epic odyssey of sheer domestic ingenuity, designed to attack the senses and the psyche.

What ultimately unfolded over the ensuing weeks was no crude, violent confrontation, but rather a brilliant, luminous comedy of errors. Every chapter of their chaotic campaign revealed the profound, absurd poetry that is hidden deep within the stressful reality of shared living. It was a testament to the incredible, unyielding resilience of the human spirit, and a journey that ultimately revealed the quiet, earth-shattering wisdom that sometimes, the absolute greatest, most profound eviction a person can undertake is the eviction of our own tight, narrow expectations. Reading much like a vibrant, modern-day Panchatantra set brilliantly against the bright, suburban backdrop of blooming purple jacaranda trees and the chaotic, loud bustle of Westfield shoppers, this story dances gracefully between sheer, colorful mischief and deep, silent profundity. Here, in these sunlit, noisy suburbs where vastly different cultures violently collide and beautifully harmonize