

Genghis's Last Delivery

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Introduction

History is most often recorded as a grand, sweeping ledger of blood, bronze, and shattered stone. It is a chronicle of unstoppable forces—emperors, khans, and kings—violently redrawing the maps of the world with the sharp edge of a sword and the thundering hooves of cavalry. We are taught to revere the conquerors, to study their flanking maneuvers, and to marvel at the sheer, terrifying scale of their ambition. But history rarely asks the more absurd, profound question: what happens when the apex predator of human antiquity is suddenly thrust into the relentless, grinding machinery of modern suburban existence?

Genghis at Parramatta is a meditation on that very collision. It is an exploration of the space where the mythic meets the mundane, where the smell of ancient, sweat-stained leather and horsehair clashes violently with the acrid tang of hot asphalt, unleaded petrol, and the sugary exhaust of a thousand idling cars.

In the pages that follow, the eternal blue sky of the Mongolian steppe is traded for the glaring, blue-white fluorescence of western

Sydney's shopping malls. Here, the great Genghis Khan—a man who bent entire continents to his will—faces an adversary that cannot be intimidated, flanked, or put to the sword. He faces the suffocating, invisible dragon of modern economics. He faces the staggering cost of living.

This is not merely a tale of a displaced army. It is a sensory journey into the heart of a vibrant, unyielding suburb. You will smell the rich, toasted cumin of Kajal Mehta's defiant kitchen, hear the crackling, lethal hum of electrified riverbanks, and feel the soul-crushing weight of a gig-economy delivery bag slung over the shoulders of a veteran warrior. Through the quiet, observant eyes of our recurring protagonist, Chunmun Singh, we watch the grandest empire in human history slowly unraveled not by opposing armies, but by lease agreements, algorithms, and the prehistoric patience of river crocodiles.

Prepare to witness a siege unlike any other—a war of financial attrition where the mightiest whirlwind must ultimately yield to the quiet, immovable mass of the everyday.

Chapter 1: The Horizon Bleeds Gold

In the vast and indifferent ledger of eternity, where empires are but fleeting inscriptions upon the wind-scoured earth, there came a day when the thunder of hooves crossed oceans that no Mongol map had ever dared to ink. Genghis Khan, he whose name was once a synonym for the devouring sky itself, stood upon the deck of a vessel forged in the fires of improbable necessity. The Yellow Sea had long since yielded to broader waters, the salt spray leaving a

stiff, white crust upon his leather armor. **After slipping unnoticed through the massive, glittering expanse of a grand harbour, they navigated inland until** the shores of their true destination rose like a fever dream through the morning mist: Parramatta, a suburb cradled in the arms of a **muddy** river that murmured secrets older than conquest.

The Khan's eyes, sharp as the falcon's gaze that had surveyed a thousand battlefields, narrowed against the alien, blistering sun. The light here was not the pale, forgiving glow of the steppes, but a harsh, blinding gold that seemed to hammer against the retina, washing the landscape in an overexposed glare. His horde—ten thousand strong in this vanguard, their composite bows unstrung but restless—had followed him across impossible leagues. Famine in the northern steppes, whispers of richer pastures beyond the known world, and the eternal restlessness that gnawed at his soul like a hungry wolf at marrow had propelled them.

As the ships scraped against the river's muddy embrace, a profound, heavy scent rolled over the decks. It was not the familiar smell of crushed sagebrush and horse sweat, but a thick, humid perfume of rotting eucalyptus leaves, brackish water, and the distant, acrid tang of hot asphalt. The Parramatta River, a sinuous vein of churning brown water threading through towering gums and geometric concrete brutalism, stirred with unnatural life. The air vibrated with a cacophony entirely alien to the invaders: the shrieking laughter of kookaburras, the mechanical hum of distant traffic, and the low, rhythmic sloshing of the tide against muddy banks.

Hundreds of crocodiles—creatures summoned, it was later whispered, by the collective will of residents who had read too many cautionary tales and stocked their waterways with the ferocity of

forgotten gods—lurked just beneath the opaque surface. Their scales were the color of wet river stones, their pale, algae-flecked bellies hidden in the murky depths. Only their eyes, ancient, unblinking, and the color of polished peridot, broke the surface, reflecting the harsh glint of Mongol armor.

The first wave of horsemen, urged forward by the Khan's bellowed command, plunged into the ford. The water exploded in a geyser of ochre mud and blinding white foam. Then came the sound. Jaws snapped shut with the echoing, percussive crack of splitting timber—the absolute finality of a closing chapter. Screams rent the air, piercing the heavy humidity; these were not the noble, defiant roars of fallen warriors, but the high-pitched, raw terror of men devoured by myth made flesh. The panicked whinnying of the horses cut through the din, a desperate, sulfurous smell of animal fear mingling with the coppery, hot stench of freshly spilled blood.

A thousand souls vanished into the murk. The river churned into a frothing cauldron of crimson and brown, the blood staining the water like dark ink spilled across an unfinished map. Severed limbs in silver-studded leather bobbed for a brief, sickening moment before being dragged below, accompanied by the guttural, wet tearing of flesh and the sickening crunch of bone.

Genghis Khan watched from the bank, his face a mask carved from granite and regret. The glaring sun beat down upon his shoulders, heating his armor until it burned against his tunic. "This is no ordinary river," he murmured to his generals, the spectral echo of Subutai whispering in his mind over the chaotic din. "It hungers as we hunger."

Yet retreat was a word foreign to his tongue. The survivors pressed on, their numbers thinned, their horses skittish, their hooves

slipping on the slick, foul-smelling mud. They crested the rise toward the gleaming sprawl of Parramatta. Before them lay a labyrinth of glass and steel, towering malls and eateries catching the afternoon sun and reflecting it back in a dazzling, blinding array of prismatic colors. The air here shifted entirely; the smell of the river gave way to the dizzying, artificial scents of commercial existence—sugary exhaust, roasted coffee beans, and the sharp ozone of electrical substations. Ordinary lives pulsed here with the rhythm of commerce, a steady, thrumming heartbeat of a city unaware of its impending siege.

The residents of Parramatta, a tapestry woven from a hundred cultures, did not cower. They had built lives in this place where the crushing, invisible weight of rent whispered threats louder than any khan's decree. Shops shuttered with the deafening, metallic rattle of corrugated iron. Families evacuated to higher ground, their car tires screeching against the pavement, leaving behind the acrid smell of burnt rubber. But they did not leave before preparing traps born of modern ingenuity.

Silent wires, stripped of their protective casing, had been laid along the banks by unseen hands. These electric guardians, humming with a low, venomous buzz, awaited the next crossing. As the rearguard of the Mongol host urged their mounts up the embankment, hooves met raw copper. A blinding flash of cerulean light erupted, accompanied by a sharp, cracking sound like a localized thunderstorm. Another thousand fell in twitching, smoking agony. The smell of searing flesh and singed horsehair filled the air, thick and nauseating. Their bodies danced a macabre, jerky ballet under the indifferent, cloudless sky.

The Khan's army, bloodied, bewildered, and reeking of their own scorched kin, surged forward into the paved streets. Their stomachs