

Hacker Baba

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## Introduction

In the expansive saga of "Hacker Baba," we delve deeply into the individual consultations during the Divya Darbar. The air of the Uttar Pradesh ashram, set beneath the sprawling, ancient arms of a sacred peepal tree, is thick with a symphony of scents: the sweet, heavy smell of marigold garlands, the sharp tang of ritual camphor, and the earthy aroma of *daal* and *pooris* sizzling in massive iron *kadais* for the *bhandara* (feast). Devotees, wrapped in a vibrant palette of saffron, crimson, and blue saris, gather, their collective murmuring a low, hypnotic sound beneath the rhythmic *clang* of temple bells and chanted *bhajans*.

Into this ancient tapestry of faith steps Chunmun Singh. His lure isn't divine, but digital: a free WiFi network, its signal a silent, invisible net cast over the faithful. This modern-day *bhandara* enables his man-in-the-middle attacks, his laptop screen glowing a soft blue in the shadows as it intercepts the digital whispers of the crowd. The unencrypted data—chats flashing green on his monitor,

desperate Google searches in stark white boxes, the bright red alerts of banking app logs—forms the backbone of his "miracles."

This data is fed into an AI tool, its algorithms a silent, processing *whir* that analyzes patterns, generating probabilistic forecasts cloaked in the mystical language of astrology. Each chapter spotlights one woman, her face illuminated by the flickering *diyas* of the platform, her voice trembling as she speaks of in-law conflicts, financial instability, or marital strains. Chunmun's revelations, sounding like divine prophecy, stun them into fervent adoration. Their responses are a rush of sensation: the warmth of their desperate hugs, the scent of their coconut oil and jasmine-scented hair, the wet, emotional touch of kisses on his hands and feet.

But Chunmun, a man accustomed to the cool, blue glow of a monitor and the quiet tap-tap-tap of a keyboard, crumbles. The introverted hacker recoils from the heat of their bodies, the intensity of their gazes, the loud, piercing sounds of their devotion. This sensory overload foreshadows his abrupt departure, leaving a vortex of exposed secrets and unfulfilled promises echoing in the dusty, sun-drenched ashram courtyard. Hindi translation has been provided at the end of the book.

## Chapter 1: Vibha's Revelation

The sun dipped low, a molten orange disc bleeding into a purple-bruised sky, casting long, skeletal shadows over the ashram courtyard. The humid evening air felt heavy, smelling of dust, crushed marigolds, and the faint, sour scent of the nearby cattle pens. Vibha, a 35-year-old bank clerk from Bhopal, approached the

platform. Her sari, a faded, watery blue, clung to her damply, a color that perfectly symbolized the stagnation she felt. "Baba ji," she whispered, her voice barely a hiss above the crowd's devotional murmur. She knelt, the rough jute mat scratching her knees. "My job is a dead end. My husband... distant. What does fate hold?"

Chunmun, his face a mask of serenity illuminated by a single, flickering oil *diya*, glanced at the cool blue glow of his concealed laptop. The "blessed" WiFi had been his *parchi* (miracle slip). Her data painted a vivid picture in flashing pixels: late-night emails to a male colleague, "Rajesh," the text glowing white with flirtatious, confessional words. Interspersed were job applications on Naukri.com, her bank app logs showing a secret account—2 lakhs—and her 50,000-rupee salary. His AI crunched the patterns, the laptop fan giving a nearly inaudible whir.

"Vibha," he intoned, his voice amplified by a crackling microphone, echoing over the rhythmic clang of a distant bell. "The stars reveal *shadows* in your past. *Messages* sent under the moonlight to one not your spouse... words of longing hidden like monsoon clouds."

Vibha's face, pale yellow in the lamplight, went stark white. A sharp, audible gasp escaped her.

"Your assets speak of a concealed treasure," Chunmun continued, his voice a smooth, hypnotic drone. "Your spirit burns like Mars. But Venus aligns in your work realm; a raise awaits if you tread carefully. Though hearts may fracture if these secrets spill..."

"Baba ji, it's true!" Vibha cried, the sound torn from her. Tears streamed down her face, glistening on her cheeks. "How... how could you know my whispers to Rajesh? The late-night dreams of escape?" She poured out her marital woes, the words tumbling out

in a rush—her husband's cold indifference, the in-laws' incessant, shrill demands.

Overcome, she surged to her feet, breaking the decorum of the line. She lunged and embraced him, her hug tight, desperate, and lingering. Chunmun stiffened instantly. Her body was warm and damp through his thin saffron robes, and she smelled of sweat and a faint, flowery talcum powder. He was a coder; this physical contact was a system overload. "the gods guide us," he murmured, his heart pounding a frantic *thump-thump-thump* against his ribs.

But Vibha pressed on, pulling back just enough to plant a soft, wet kiss on his cheek. "Marry me, Baba ji!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with a feverish, bright light. "I'll divorce him! I'll leave it all for your wisdom!" Her plea for a permanent stay, a common plea in these circles, sounded like a jail sentence to him.

Chunmun's heart hammered. The attention was a virus he couldn't patch. As she retreated, still weeping and promising eternal loyalty, he felt the warm, damp spot on his cheek where she'd kissed him. The *darbar* continued, but Vibha's affection lingered like malware, the scent of her cheap perfume a corrupting file in his mind.

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## Chapter 2: Puju's Confession

The twilight had deepened, the sky now a deep, velvety indigo. The first stars glittered, and the sounds of the *aarti* (evening prayer) began—a *loud, joyful clanging* of bells and *conch shells blowing* from the main temple. The air was cooler, rich with the scent of burning camphor and ghee from the lamps, mingling with the spicy, savory aroma of the *bhandara* feast being served nearby. Puju, a vibrant 32-year-old homemaker from Indore, fidgeted as she