

Parramatta to Pentagon

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Introduction: The Architecture of Chaos

To understand the terrifying, near-apocalyptic events that transpired at the International Convention Centre in Darling Harbour, one must first understand the fundamental operating philosophy of Chunmun Singh. He did not view the world as a chaotic, unpredictable tapestry of human emotion, random chance, or divine intervention. To Chunmun, the universe was simply a massive, poorly optimized database. Every human interaction, every geopolitical shift, every crowded carriage on the rattling T1 Western Line—they were all just raw, unstructured data streams waiting to be captured, cleansed, and transformed into actionable intelligence.

He was a man who had dragged himself from the absolute, grinding bottom of the socioeconomic pipeline. **Barely a year ago**, before the pristine, two-bedroom apartment in Parramatta, and before the highly lucrative wellness clinic in Eastfield Parramatta, Chunmun had been a digital ghost. He had been a low-level, underpaid IT contractor, navigating the grueling, sweaty commute from the outer western suburbs of Sydney, surviving on two-minute noodles and fiercely protective of his tax deductions. His life had been strictly *bronze-layer* data: messy, high-volume, and of extremely low immediate value.

But Chunmun possessed two unique assets that fundamentally separated him from the millions of other weary commuters. The first was his brother, Kumbhakarna. Kumbhakarna was not a metaphor. He was the literal, earth-shaking, mythological colossus of ancient epic, miraculously reincarnated and currently residing in Western Sydney with an insatiable celestial hunger and a profound, childlike love for aggressively bright luxury vehicles. The second asset was a byproduct of Chunmun's fourteen years of rigid, ascetic, monk-like celibacy: the psychic ability to induce profound, immediate, and unstoppable sleep in anyone he focused upon.

Together, with the grounding, intelligent guidance of Chunmun's wife, Priya, they had leveraged these assets to build Kumbhakarna & Brother—a wellness empire where stressed corporate executives paid premium rates to have their tension literally crushed out of them by multi-armed Rakshashis. They had moved from the bronze layer to the *silver layer*. They had cleansed their inputs. They had achieved stability, comfort, and an impressive, steady stream of fiat currency.

Yet, for an architect like Chunmun, the silver layer is never the final destination. The ultimate goal of any Medallion data architecture is

the *gold layer*—the highly refined, perfectly optimized, infinitely valuable core where absolute control and maximum yield are achieved.

This is the story of a man who looked at the volatile, heavily armed geopolitical landscape of the modern world and saw only a vulnerability waiting to be exploited. It is the story of the hubris of absolute logic, the terrifying power of weaponized human emotion, and the profound, world-ending danger of trying to treat the fate of the globe as a perfectly executable, risk-free trade. It is the story of how Chunmun Singh attempted his final, ultimate cloud migration, and in doing so, accidentally initiated the countdown to the end of the world.

Chapter 1: The Medallion Architecture of the Mind

Chunmun Singh sat in the pristine, sunlit living room of his two-bedroom Parramatta apartment, the rhythmic, mechanical *clack-clack-clack* of his Cherry MX Blue keyboard the only sound competing with the distant, steady hum of the central air conditioning unit. Outside, the harsh, unforgiving Australian afternoon baked the immaculate suburban lawns into a brittle, golden-brown crust. The heat radiated off the asphalt in shimmering, mirage-like waves, smelling faintly of melting tar and dry eucalyptus. But inside, behind the double-glazed, tinted windows, the air was crisp, cool, and carried the subtle, artificial scent of lemon-verbena floor cleaner. Chunmun's mind, however, was entirely divorced from his physical surroundings, focused with laser-like intensity on a complex web of financial data displayed across three glowing, twenty-seven-inch, high-definition monitors.

It had been barely a year since he and his brother, the mythological, earth-shaking colossus Kumbhakarna, had transformed a desperate, poverty-stricken scheme on the rattling carriages of the T1 Western Line into a highly lucrative, legitimate wellness empire. Now, with Priya expertly managing the chaotic day-to-day operations of Kumbhakarna & Brother in the fragrant, incense-heavy corridors of Eastfield Parramatta, and their five multi-armed Rakshashis handling the endless stream of stressed corporate clients with bone-cracking efficiency, Chunmun found himself burdened with an unexpected, entirely modern problem: idle time.

He was a man who thrived on ruthless optimization, on the intellectual thrill of streamlining chaotic, high-volume inputs into beautifully structured, actionable outputs. In his previous life as a freelance IT Solutions Architect for BABA Bank, he had spent his days designing intricate Medallion data architectures. He had lived in the trenches of data lakes, carefully shifting raw, unstructured bronze data—messy, unfiltered logs and transactions—into cleansed, query-ready silver tables using Azure Data Factory, before finally aggregating them into refined, high-value gold tables in Snowflake. He understood the flow of information better than he understood human beings. Now, looking at his mounting bank balance, bathed in the icy blue light of his monitors, he realized his wealth was just sitting there, stagnating in the equivalent of a digital swamp. The capital was raw bronze data. It needed to be processed. It needed to multiply. And he had a brand-new, terrifyingly efficient tool to do exactly that.

The discovery of his second psychic ability had been entirely accidental, a glitch in the system of his carefully controlled life. Two weeks prior, during a particularly frustrating, sweat-inducing