

## Crimson Kundalis and Red Knives

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Introduction: Stars Over Parramatta

Chapter 1: Sumitri's Veil of Celestial Duty

Chapter 2: Puju's Lament of Sisterly Shield

Chapter 3: Rashmi Bongi's Invocation of Cultural Eclipse

Chapter 4: Komal Gupta's Technical Karma Reversal

Chapter 5: Pallavi's Maternal Prophecy

Chapter 6: Priya Sharma aka Ms. Aussie's Hybrid Horizon

Chapter 7: Priyanka's Whispered Warnings

Chapter 8: Khushboo's Fragrant Forgiveness

Chapter 9: Rohini's Reckoning and the Jailed Stars

Chapter 10: The Investigation, CCTV Revelation, and the Judge's Reckoning

Conclusion: Echoes Beyond the Bars

### **Introduction: Stars Over Parramatta**

In the vast southern firmament where ancient constellations wheel above the restless pulse of a young nation, there lies a suburb where two worlds kiss and clash like lovers in eternal dialogue. Parramatta, with its vibrant saris drying on sunlit balconies, its temples rising beside sleek office towers, and its kitchens fragrant with cumin and cardamom, became the stage for a tragedy as old as humanity yet refracted through the prism of migration and mortality. The evening air always carried a heavy, intoxicating blend of roasting spices and the sharp, metallic tang of the distant railway lines, creating a sensory paradox of domestic warmth and industrial

cold. Here, nine desi women—Sumitri, Puju, Rashmi Bongi, Komal Gupta, Pallavi, Priya Sharma known as Ms. Aussie, Priyanka, Khushboo, and Rohini—found their lives bound by the intricate mandalas of their kundalis.

Each chart, consulted in the shadow of banyan trees or under the neon glow of Sydney nights, functioned as a grim cosmic diagnostic, whispering the same inexorable prognosis: blood would one day stain their hands to cure a terminal cosmic affliction. This neon glow bled across the wet pavement in vibrant streaks of magenta and electric blue, reflecting the harsh, unyielding reality of their prophecy. This is not merely a tale of crime and consequence, but a luminous exploration of the human soul caught between the fragile boundary of life and the unyielding void of death.

The women, mothers and wives navigating the delicate balance of preserving heritage while embracing opportunity, saw in the celibate solution architect Chunmun a vessel of spiritual rot whose quiet existence at Baba Bank threatened the vital heartbeat of their enclave. To them, his ailment was a palpable, rotting scent in the air, a spiritual necrosis that required urgent, terminal intervention. Guided by planetary decree, they converged one fateful evening, kitchen knives transformed from instruments of nourishment into tools of existential surgery. The blades glinted like shards of ice under the flickering yellow streetlamps, humming with the terrifying weight of their impending task.

Three ritual stabs from each, followed by a solemn vigil of transition, fulfilled the stars' demand, acting as a desperate hospice intervention for a decaying universe. What unfolds across these pages is a symphony of voices: each woman offering her unique defense in the austere theatre of justice—existential diagnosis, the crucible of concrete and stars, a melancholic song of transition,

organic equilibrium, guardianship of the void, a liminal horizon, diagnostic premonitions, palliative forgiveness, and the terminal ward. Their testimonies rise like incense, rich with the poetry of faith, the sorrow of sacrifice, and the resilience of immigrant hearts who took upon themselves the burden of guiding a spirit from life to death.

This novella, rendered in the spirit of profound literary inquiry, does not seek to judge but to illuminate the eternal tension between predestination and free will, between ancient wisdom and contemporary statutes. In Parramatta's hybrid light, where the amber glow of ancient diyas meets the harsh white glare of modern streetlights, we confront questions as timeless as the stars themselves: Can prophecy absolve a fatal medical intervention of the soul? Where does belief end and accountability begin? As you turn these pages, may you feel the weight of kundalis above and the steady ground of justice below. For in the story of these nine women lies a mirror to our shared humanity: forever gazing upward, forever bound to earth, and forever guarding the threshold of the dark.

## **Chapter 1: Sumitri's Veil of Celestial Duty**

In the shadowed corridors of human fate, where ancient stars whisper decrees to mortal ears, Sumitri rose like a figure from an ancient epic, her sari a cascade of saffron and shadow. The Parramatta District Court was a theater of harsh, unforgiving fluorescent lights, casting sterile beams that caught the dust motes dancing in the heavy, conditioned air. Yet, Sumitri seemed to carry her own atmosphere—a lingering scent of crushed turmeric, damp earth from a sudden Sydney monsoon, and the metallic tang of cosmic inevitability. The nine desi women of Parramatta—bound not merely by suburbia's quiet streets but by the inexorable script of

their kundalis—had gathered in fateful sisterhood. Their stars had foretold blood, a killing etched in planetary fire, and so they had converged upon Chunmun, the celibate solution architect at Baba Bank.

Sumitri, the eldest, spoke first, her voice a river carving through granite, echoing in the cavernous wood-paneled room. "Your Honour," she began, her eyes distant as if consulting the very heavens that had damned them, "this was no murder born of malice, but a sacred fulfillment of dharma." The courtroom held its breath. The scratching of the stenographer's machine sounded like the frantic scuttling of beetles, a sharp, rhythmic clatter against the profound silence of her revelation. "My kundali, drawn by the wisest pandit in Varanasi, revealed that I would spill blood to avert a greater catastrophe," she said. She recalled the crackling WhatsApp call across oceans, the pandit's voice breaking through digital static, delivering the existential diagnosis. Chunmun carried within him the seeds of communal ruin. He was not merely a man, but a terminal cosmic affliction—a spiritual malignancy that required immediate, decisive hospice intervention.

We nine, mothers and wives of Parramatta's desi enclave, saw the signs. The planets aligned on that fateful evening, urging us toward his flat," she testified. Sumitri's memory transported the court to the bustling sidewalks of Wigram Street in Harris Park and Parramatta, where the neon signs of sweet shops bled crimson and gold into the rain-slicked puddles. She remembered the heavy, suffocating scent of roasting cumin from the corner eateries, suddenly overpowered by the sharp, ozone smell of an impending storm. Chunmun had been there, standing near the station, his aura visibly decaying. To Sumitri's awakened eyes, he was already a

ghost, a patient in the final, *Prantik* phase of a terminal spiritual disease, shedding sickness into their vibrant ecosystem.

She paused, letting the silence swell like a monsoon cloud. The courtroom sketched her tale in vivid strokes: the women, their hearts pounding with the weight of prophecy, arming themselves not with rage but with kitchen knives sanctified by turmeric and prayer. She described the physical weight of her knife, the smooth, worn wooden handle that smelled faintly of the thousands of family meals it had prepared, now chillingly transformed into an instrument of existential surgery. "He invited the encounter," she claimed, her gaze piercing the judge. "His gaze upon our homes, his solitary vigils—they whispered of intentions darker than the night. We entered to confront, to redirect the stars".

Her narrative unfolded in lush, sorrowful layers. She recalled the cramped flat, where Chunmun's servers hummed like temple bells, emitting a low, vibrating frequency that rattled the teeth and smelled of hot dust and electrified copper. His life was a fortress of code and celibate restraint, illuminated by the frantic, asynchronous blinking of blue and amber LED lights from his network racks. The flashing lights painted the women's faces in alternating hues of technological coldness and maternal warmth. The women, she insisted, had come as protectors of their families—Sumitri's own toddler grandson playing in the background of her memory, a symbol of innocence they shielded. She could still hear the distant, innocent chime of a child's toy, contrasting violently with the heavy, ragged breathing of the man before them.

Each stab, she reframed as a ritual cut, three per woman, precise as the trishul of Shiva, to release his trapped soul and fulfill the kundali's decree without excess suffering. The sound of the blades was not violent, but wet and definitive, like a heavy cloth being torn