

Melbourne Mirage

© Chinmoy Mukherjee 2025-2045 no part of this document can be used without explicit written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Melbourne Mirage

Introduction

Chapter 1: The City of Dreams

Chapter 2: The Office Labyrinth

Chapter 3: The Predator's Invitation

Chapter 4: The House of Lies

Chapter 5: The Coffee Shop Confessional

Chapter 6: The Mystic and the Mogul

Chapter 7: A Tangled Web

Chapter 8: The Fall

Chapter 9: The Impossible Return

Chapter 10: Desperate Measures

Chapter 11: The Final Flight

Chapter 12: The River's Mercy

Chapter 13: The Penance of Stone

Chapter 14: The Mirage Fades

Conclusion

परिचय (Introduction)

अध्याय 1: सपनों का शहर (The City of Dreams)

अध्याय 2: दफ़्तर का भूलभुलैया

अध्याय 3: शिकारी का निमंत्रण (The Predator's Invitation)

अध्याय 4: झूठ का घर

अध्याय 5: कॉफ़ी शॉप में स्वीकारोक्ति

अध्याय 6: रहस्यवादी और मोगुल

अध्याय 7: एक उलझा हुआ जाल

अध्याय 8: पतन

अध्याय 9: असंभव वापसी (The Impossible Return)

अध्याय 10: हताश उपाय (Desperate Measures)

अध्याय 11: अंतिम उड़ान (The Final Flight)

अध्याय 12: नदी की दया (The River's Mercy)

अध्याय 13: पत्थर का प्रायश्चित्त (The Penance of Stone)

अध्याय 14: मृगतृष्णा का लुप्त होना (The Mirage Fades)

निष्कर्ष (Conclusion)

Introduction

The journey of Chunmun Singh began not with a single step, but with a clean, sharp breath of air. For a solution architect from the clamor and heat of Bangalore, the first taste of Melbourne was a revelation. It was the scent of cool rain on asphalt, the rich, dark aroma of coffee from a hidden laneway, and the soft, silver light that seemed to wash the world clean. Deputed by InfoCys to this vibrant Australian metropolis, Chunmun arrived with a heart full of hope, believing he had found a city whose rhythm matched the quiet, orderly beat of his own soul. He fell in love instantly and immensely with the gentle *ding-ding* of the trams, the sprawling green parks, and the easy, multicultural grace of its people.

But Melbourne is a city of layers, and beneath its welcoming, polished surface lies a world of fierce currents and hidden complexities. This is the story of a man caught between two worlds: the spiritual discipline of his fifteen-year Raja Yoga practice and the intoxicating, open culture of a city that promised freedom but demanded a price. Within the sterile, air-conditioned walls of his corporate life, Chunmun would navigate a labyrinth of human desire and decay, finding fast friends like Sumitri, Suman, Puju, and Leila, and even faster enemies in the shadows of power.

This novella chronicles Chunmun's profound and tragic entanglement with the women who would shape his destiny—a predatory boss who demanded his body, colleagues who offered intimacy as a transaction, and friends who betrayed him for sport.

It is a tale of how a brilliant, introverted man, armed with ancient spiritual knowledge and modern technical skill, is tested, corrupted, and ultimately broken by the very dream he chased. It is the story of a fall, not just from corporate grace, but from spiritual purity, as the glittering mirage of Melbourne lures him into a desperate web of moral compromise, leading to a supernatural discovery and a final, devastating reckoning with the laws of nature and karma. Hindi translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: The City of Dreams

The air that hit Chunmun Singh as he stepped out of Melbourne Airport wasn't the familiar, thick blanket of Bangalore's humidity, heavy with the scent of diesel fumes and jasmine. This air was different. It was thin, crisp, and clean, carrying a faint, salty tang from a distant ocean he couldn't yet see. A gentle, cool breeze, a novelty after the perpetual warmth of home, whispered against his face, making the hairs on his arms stand up. The light, too, was a revelation. It wasn't the harsh, direct glare of the South Indian sun, but a soft, silver light that seemed to filter through the vast, pale blue sky, making everything appear sharper, more defined.

As the SkyBus glided down the Tullamarine Freeway, Chunmun was glued to the window. The sprawling, low-slung suburbs unfurled before him, a tapestry of red-brick houses and green lawns under a sky that seemed impossibly large. It was orderly, quiet, and spacious in a way that felt both alien and deeply calming. His life as a solution architect at InfoCys in Bangalore had been a cacophony of noise and frantic energy—the relentless honking of traffic, the

press of crowds, the constant, hurried negotiations of daily life. This felt like stepping into another dimension.

His first walk through the Melbourne CBD was a sensory symphony. He stood at the corner of Flinders and Swanston, a landmark he'd only seen in pictures, and felt the city's pulse. The iconic, mustard-yellow facade of Flinders Street Station glowed under the afternoon sun, a grand old dame presiding over the modern city. The rhythmic *ding-ding* of a deep green tram approaching was a charming, melodic sound, a world away from the roaring chaos of a Bangalore bus stand. He watched as people—students in fashionable coats, businessmen with sleek briefcases, artists with colourful hair—flowed in and out of the station, a river of humanity moving with a relaxed, unhurried grace.

He wandered into Degraives Street, a narrow bluestone laneway that felt like a secret European alleyway. The air here was thick with the rich, dark aroma of roasting coffee beans, a scent so potent it was almost intoxicating. The hiss of espresso machines from a dozen tiny cafes created a constant, comforting white noise, punctuated by the clinking of ceramic cups and the murmur of conversations in languages from all over the world. He saw vibrant graffiti art splashed across brick walls, a burst of defiant colour against the charcoal grey stone. He bought his first Melbourne coffee, a flat white, and the velvety texture and bitter, complex taste were a revelation. He sat at a small outdoor table, watching the world go by, feeling a profound sense of peace settle over him. He loved this city. He loved its quiet confidence, its hidden treasures, its embrace of art and coffee. InfoCys had deputed him here to work, but as he sat in that laneway, a warm cup in his hands, Chunmun felt he had been sent to a place where he could finally breathe.

Chapter 2: The Office Labyrinth

The InfoCys office on Collins Street was a world away from the vibrant, unpredictable life of the city's laneways. Inside, the air was recycled and sterile, smelling faintly of industrial carpet cleaner and lukewarm coffee. The light was the universal, soulless glare of fluorescent panels. The sounds were muted and corporate: the soft, rhythmic clicking of keyboards, the low hum of servers, the polite, hushed tones of conference calls. It could have been an office in Bangalore, Singapore, or New York. It was a space designed to erase geography.

It was here that Chunmun first navigated the complex ecosystem of his new team. His friends emerged first, like bright spots of colour in a monochrome world. There was Sumitri, her desk perpetually cluttered with coffee mugs, her eyes always carrying a hint of a deeper melancholy. Suman, who wasn't an employee but owned the nearby Indian restaurant where the team often went for lunch, would visit with a bright, energetic smile and containers of food that smelled of cumin, coriander, and home. Puju was quiet and intense, her intelligence sharp and her observations keen. And then there was Leila, the scrum manager, a woman who moved with an assertive, almost theatrical energy, declaring herself the office's "hug guru."

But with the friends came the shadows. His boss, Rashmi, was a formidable presence. She was sharp, impeccably dressed, and possessed an aura of authority that bordered on intimidating. A divorcee with a young child, she often spoke of her loneliness in a way that felt less like a confession and more like a warning. Her eyes would linger on Chunmun a second too long during meetings,