

The Parramatta Poltergeist

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Introduction: The Plasterboard Sanctuary

In the sun-drenched heart of Parramatta, the atmosphere is a pressurized cauldron of blinding light and chaotic energy. Here, the blistering glare of the Australian midday sun bakes the concrete pavements, radiating waves of visible heat that distort the horizon.

This intense, solar brightness collides violently with the polished, hyper-reflective, and completely sterile blue glass facades of the newly constructed commercial high-rises that dominate the skyline. These massive architectural monoliths cast long, deep, razor-sharp black shadows that aggressively slice across the hot pavement. It is in this exact intersection of suffocating urban heat and cold,

corporate architecture, right where the relentless, low-frequency, guttural hum of the Great Western Highway meets the residential grid, that there exists a grim, concrete monument to forced, suffocating domesticity: 69, Cowper Street.

To the casual, unobservant passerby walking through the hazy, ozone-scented exhaust fumes of the highway, the building is nothing more than a highly standard, remarkably unremarkable, and aggressively beige residential block. It is a dense, multi-story hive constructed of cheap brick and thin drywall, entirely built to house a suffocating density of stressful, thirty-year mortgages, bitter, deeply entrenched strata disputes regarding impending building work rectification orders, and the constantly simmering, completely unspoken, and highly toxic resentments of modern matrimony. The very exterior walls of the building seem to faintly exude the sour, metallic scent of financial anxiety and the dry, chalky dust of decaying concrete.

But to Chunmun Singh, a highly esteemed, brilliant Solution Architect employed at the prestigious Baba Bank located in the red-brick suburb of Redfern, this mundane, brick-and-mortar structure is significantly more profound. To him, the apartment is merely the necessary, physical, and highly temporary grounding point for his Annamaya Kosha—his heavy, dense, biological mortal shell.

Chunmun exists as a complete, baffling anomaly within the highly reactive ecosystem of the residential building. He is entirely, blissfully unburdened by the heavy, dragging earthly anchors that chain his neighbors to the ground: he has no demanding spouse, no endless, crippling car loans, and absolutely no desire for the exhausting, brightly lit theater of social posturing. Instead, he lives a highly curated, deeply peaceful life defined by pristine, unwavering celibacy and a razor-sharp, flawlessly optimized

intellect. His daylight hours are intensely spent within the deeply air-conditioned, humming, and surgically white server rooms and corporate offices of the bank. There, his mind is heavily engaged in weaving incredibly complex, highly abstract cloud architectures and meticulously untangling massive, intricate data pipelines. He ensures the vast digital infrastructure of his firm remains as permanently robust, completely unshakeable, and structurally sound as a massive, granite mountain range.

His nights, however, are entirely dedicated to the ancient, highly rigorous, and deeply ascetic discipline of Raja Yoga. When he crosses the threshold of his apartment, he enters a completely different sensory realm. Inside his private sanctuary, the air is absolutely never stale, heavy, or burdened. It constantly carries the faint, incredibly grounding, and deeply earthy scent of unlit sandalwood incense, a rich, woody aroma that hums with quiet, ancient energy. This heavy base note is perfectly balanced by the crisp, blindingly clean, and incredibly sharp aroma of freshly laundered, pure white cotton sheets. The ambient lighting in his apartment is perpetually kept low, cool, and highly restful, the shadows punctuated only by the glowing green LEDs of his enterprise-grade networking equipment, which cast small, perfectly round reflections against the stark white walls like glowing, digital chandan dots. This serene, perfectly balanced, and highly optimized environment sits in a stark, violent contrast to the thick, anxiety-ridden, and deeply chaotic atmosphere that aggressively permeates every single other inch of the rest of the building.

However, Chunmun has recently discovered that attaining true, uninterrupted, and profound spiritual enlightenment is a deeply difficult task when you are continuously surrounded by the frantic, dissonant, and highly abrasive noise of other human beings.

Sharing his immediate, physical airspace, completely surrounding his quiet sanctuary above and beside him, are exactly nine desi couples. Together, their combined lives form a highly chaotic, constantly shifting, and deeply grating auditory chorus of severely mismatched ambitions, loud, clattering cookware, and violent, door-slamming domestic friction.

To the nine distinct, deeply frustrated wives who occupy these neighboring units—Sumitri, Paju, Rashmi, Komal, Pallavi, Priya, Priyanka, Khushboo, and Rohini—Chunmun is absolutely not just a quiet, polite neighbor. He is a highly effective, incredibly destructive marital weapon. In the brightly lit, deeply unhappy arenas of their living rooms, he is constantly held up as the impossible, flawlessly curated, and entirely unattainable standard. He is loudly and repeatedly heralded as the "carefree, hyper-intelligent, absolutely perfect bachelor". His mere existence, his quiet footsteps, and his impressive corporate title are used daily as heavy, blunt instruments to mercilessly bludgeon their comparatively average, deeply exhausted husbands.

The resulting, festering resentment from these men is intensely palpable. It physically seeps straight through the cheap, thin plasterboard walls exactly like a heavy, cold, rising damp. The hallways and shared ventilation shafts continuously smell faintly but distinctly of stale, burned turmeric and old cumin, deeply mixed with the sour, metallic tang of bitter regret, and the harsh, acrid, choking smoke of completely failed, incinerated expectations.

They deeply envy his absolute, unbroken silence. They fiercely covet his total financial and emotional autonomy. They weaponize his entire existence simply to aggressively highlight every single, microscopic failure of the deeply flawed men they married. Yet, what the loudly arguing, heavily distracted residents of Cowper

Street absolutely do not know is a secret of incredible, metaphysical proportions. Chunmun's profound architectural skills extend significantly, wildly beyond the massive, cooling fans of the digital enterprise servers housed at Baba Bank. Through long, arduous years of intense, highly disciplined, and completely silent meditation, accompanied only by the rhythmic, melancholic internal hum of his own perfectly controlled breath, he has completely mastered the ancient art of detaching his Manomaya Kosha. He can effortlessly slip his astral, entirely mental sheath completely out of his heavy physical body, allowing his pure consciousness to roam the entire building entirely unseen, unheard, and completely undetected by human senses.

Deeply tired of continuously being utilized as the glowing, perfect measuring stick for their endless, highly vocal marital misery, Chunmun has calmly, logically decided that it is finally time to physically intervene. He has spent long, dark weeks floating silently through their floorboards, meticulously observing their incredibly petty, loud squabbles. He has carefully cataloged the deep, dark colors of their emotional insecurities and perfectly mapped the highly fragile, fracturing structural weaknesses of their toxic relationships.

Tonight, the brilliant Solution Architect is officially, completely logging off the secure corporate VPN. He is mentally stepping entirely out of his weary, biological physical body, leaving it resting in the cool, sandalwood-scented dark. He is calmly preparing to meticulously deploy a very different, highly aggressive, and deeply visceral kind of structural realignment upon the building. He entirely intends to act as a focused, terrifying poltergeist, operating exactly like a spectral, completely invisible debugger, intentionally designed to violently prune the chaotic, highly inefficient noise from his