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Introduction: The Rezoning of the Domestic Sanctuary

In the relentless, hyper-accelerated gig economy of digital validation, the traditional Indian joint family has been quietly, forcibly rezoned. It is no longer a domestic sanctuary bathed in the warm, amber glow of brass *diyas*, smelling of blooming night-jasmine, the sharp crackle of roasting cumin, and the damp, heavy, petrichor-laced earth of the monsoon. Instead, it is an unexploited, high-yield resource—a content mine bathed in artificial daylight, ripe for brutal extraction. For a newly minted generation of digital creators—armed with blinding, halo-shaped LED ring lights that cast a harsh, shadowless blue-white glare and smell faintly of

overheating lithium, hot plastic, and sterile ozone—every sacred familial bond is merely collateral damage.

To them, the high-pitched, ragged intake of breath before a mother's genuine, hyperventilating tears are highly monetizable audio metrics. The crimson flush of a father's blistering, vein-popping rage is high-yield, algorithmic gold. An ancient matriarch's quiet, stone-faced dignity is simply the required emotional currency to be traded for the dopamine-inducing *ping-ping-ping* of a viral extortion prank.

These digital entrepreneurs operate under the astonishingly arrogant assumption that tradition is inherently passive—that it exists only in faded sepia tones. They believe that their elders are simply outdated relics, deaf to the rapid, malicious social updates of modern internet culture. They launch their domestic "stress tests" like hostile corporate takeovers, treating their ancestral *havelis* with their deep violet shadows, and the quiet village courtyards that echo with the cooing of pigeons, as sandbox environments for chaos. They hide behind the universal liability waiver of the modern coward, shouting over the deafening din of shattered peace and clattering brass: "Relax, it's just for the camera!"

But they made a critical, systemic miscalculation. They forgot that the Indian household is an ancient, ruthlessly efficient institution. It is a complex, breathing entity that has survived centuries of colonial empires, the crushing weight of catastrophic economic shifts, and labyrinthine bureaucratic nightmares. When pushed to the absolute brink of public, blindingly lit digital humiliation, the family does not crumble into tears. It does not break. It counter-attacks.

The creators assumed they were introducing a minor disruption into a fragile, dusty ecosystem. In reality, they were kicking the hornet's

nest of an institution engineered to absorb shock and snap back with terrifying, coordinated precision, striking with the concussive force of a falling iron anvil.

Like, Share, and Submit chronicles the exact, horrifying moments the legacy systems fought back. These nine chapters serve as case studies in digital hubris, documenting what happens when the arrogant architects of artificial, pixelated chaos are abruptly subjected to the unyielding, terrifying, and fiercely physical laws of the real world—where the screen goes black, and the heavy doors lock shut.

Chapter 1: The Clinical Reversal

Virender adjusted the lapel of his heavily sequined *sherwani*, the synthetic fabric scratching uncomfortably against his neck. The afternoon sun was a blistering, unforgiving gold, casting long, dramatic shadows across the dusty threshold of his family's ancestral home in the village. He checked the viewfinder of his hidden Sony A7S III for the fourth time. The red recording light blinked like a steady, demanding heartbeat. His co-star, a struggling actress named Priya, wore a cheap red *chunari* that smelled faintly of mothballs and industrial fabric dye. She nervously chewed her lip, her heavy bridal makeup already beginning to melt under the oppressive heat.

The plan was a masterclass in digital extraction: burst into the legacy infrastructure of his traditional household, declare they had eloped against all caste and community protocols, and capture the inevitable, explosive system failure for his two million subscribers. The thumbnail was already rendering in his mind's eye: **"FAMILY DISOWNED ME?! (EMOTIONAL RED ALERT)."**

He kicked the heavy teakwood front door open with a resounding, echoing *crack*. The hinges groaned, a sound that usually commanded immediate attention. He gripped Priya's sweaty hand, projecting his voice from his diaphragm to ensure the hidden lavalier mics picked up every decibel.

"Ma! Pitaji! We are married! We couldn't wait for your approval! The old ways are dead!"

But the courtyard wasn't filled with the expected chaotic swarm of shocked relatives. The air was thick with the scent of roasted cumin, fresh mud, and brewing masala chai, but the atmosphere was eerily static. The family was seated in a perfect geometric semicircle on white plastic chairs.

Beside Virender's father sat a stern-looking man in a crisp, blindingly white medical coat. A sleek, matte-black stethoscope was draped around his neck like a mechanical snake, and a silver biometric locking briefcase rested on his knees, catching the harsh sunlight.

"Ah, the prodigal son returns," his father said. His voice wasn't the expected roar of a patriarch; it was terrifyingly calm, carrying the flat, detached tone of a middle manager addressing a minor compliance failure. "And with a bride. How... efficient. However, in this family, we do not onboard strangers without the mandatory physiological audit."

Virender blinked, the glare of the sun suddenly feeling disorienting. His internal script evaporated. "Pitaji, what are you saying? Are you not angry? I have brought a bride from a different—"

"Quiet," the doctor snapped, standing up. The rubber soles of his shoes squeaked sharply against the ancient stone floor. "I am Dr.