

Rainbow Wings

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Introduction

In the quiet, sun-drenched suburb of Sydney, where eucalyptus trees whispered secrets to the wind, a young software engineer named Surya Sen lived a life meticulously ordered by logic and code. Having left the vibrant chaos of Kolkata for the Australian dream, he found himself caught between two worlds. His heart, unknown to him, yearned for a connection more genuine than the ones and zeros that defined his days. Meanwhile, his grandparents in India embarked on a two-year quest to find him the perfect bride, armed with matrimonial sites and a peculiar, unyielding requirement: the successful candidate must be an expert singer of "Baby Shark do do do". This bizarre audition, designed to test for patience, rhythm, and joy, became the unlikely overture to a saga that would transcend continents and dimensions. From this strange courtship, a story of love, destiny, and unimaginable sacrifice would unfold, beginning with a reluctant groom watching auditions on a video call and culminating in a battle for the very soul of the planet. This is the saga of Sristu and Dustu, the rainbow children whose miraculous birth was merely the first note in a symphony that would change the world forever. Oriya translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: The Reluctant Groom

In the sprawling, sun-drenched suburbs of Sydney, life for Surya Sen was a meticulously curated palette of muted tones. His world was the cool, blue-white glow of dual monitors in his home office,

the hushed grey of the corporate carpets at his workplace, and the deep green of the eucalyptus trees that lined his quiet street. The air in his Harris Park apartment was a sterile mix of air conditioning and the faint, bitter aroma of yesterday's coffee. Outside, the sounds were gentle and predictable: the cheerful, maniacal laughter of kookaburras at dawn, the distant hum of the M4 motorway, and the whisper of the wind weaving through the slender leaves of the gum trees. This was the Australian dream he had chased, a world of order and quiet ambition, a stark contrast to the riot of colour, sound, and scent he had left behind in Kolkata.

He had emigrated years ago, his mind filled with visions of open spaces and technological frontiers. He found success as a software engineer, writing elegant code that brought digital worlds to life, yet his own life felt increasingly like a monochrome schematic. The vibrant chaos of his homeland was a distant memory, a sensory ghost that haunted him during quiet moments. He missed the thick, sweet smell of chai brewing on a street corner, the cacophony of car horns and shouting vendors that formed Kolkata's daily symphony, and the brilliant splash of a saffron-coloured sari against the city's dusty backdrop. His life in Sydney was peaceful, but it was a two-dimensional peace, lacking the depth and texture of home.

His grandparents, however, were determined to repaint his world. From their modest home in Behala, India, they had embarked on a two-year crusade to find him a wife. Their plans arrived through the pixelated portal of a video call, their voices crackling across continents, bringing the warmth and overwhelming scent of their world into his minimalist living room. He could almost smell the jasmine incense his grandmother burned at her morning puja and taste the tangy tamarind of the fish curry she was likely preparing for lunch. For two long years, they had become matrimonial

detectives, scouring websites, activating their vast community network, and holding court for a seemingly endless parade of potential brides.

The criteria were dauntingly specific, a blend of ancient tradition and baffling modernity. She had to be flawless: beautiful, of course, with a university degree and a deep respect for her elders. She needed to be cultured, able to discuss both Tagore's poetry and the latest cricket scores. But it was the final, non-negotiable requirement that tipped the entire endeavour into the realm of the absurd: she had to be an expert singer of "Baby Shark do do do." Girl after girl auditioned in the dim, sepia-toned light of his grandparents' living room, their nervous faces projected onto Surya's 65-inch television. He watched them, perched on his sleek leather sofa, a universe away. One girl, a talented classical singer, rendered the song with such mournful gravitas it sounded like a funeral dirge. Another, a confident young dentist, sang with a bubbly enthusiasm that was painfully off-key. Most simply faltered under the pressure, their voices trailing off as they walked out in a cloud of confused frustration and the lingering scent of their floral perfume.

Surya observed these digital auditions with a cocktail of mild amusement, growing irritation, and a profound sense of dislocation. "Dadu, why this song?" he'd protest, his voice echoing slightly in his empty apartment. "It's a nursery rhyme! It's for children!" On the screen, his grandfather, a stern patriarch whose formidable presence was only softened by the mischievous twinkle in his eye, would lean closer to the camera, his face filling the screen. The air in the Kolkata room was thick with the smell of old books and home-cooked spices. "Listen, son," his grandfather's voice would boom, tinny and distorted. "Life isn't always a serious raga.

Sometimes, it is a silly children's song. This test is not about musical talent. It tests patience, rhythm, and joy—the foundations of a happy home. Can she find delight in the ridiculous? Can she repeat a chorus for a crying child a thousand times without losing her mind? This is the test!" Surya, ever the dutiful grandson, found himself cornered by this bizarre logic. He would sigh, the sound swallowed by the silence of his apartment, and agree reluctantly. He would nod at the screen, a puppet pulled by strings of tradition from halfway across the world, even as his heart yearned for a connection forged not in a bizarre audition, but in the quiet, authentic spaces between two genuine souls. He longed for the scent of real rain on soil, not the manufactured air of his apartment; the sound of spontaneous laughter, not a rehearsed nursery rhyme.

Chapter 2: The Audition of Destiny

Priya Lahari existed in the very heart of the sensory storm that Surya had left behind. Her Kolkata was a masterpiece of organized chaos, a vibrant, living entity that assaulted the senses at every turn. She woke to the sound of temple bells mingling with the aggressive honking of auto-rickshaws. Her daily commute was a journey through a thick tapestry of smells: the sweet, greasy aroma of luchis frying in hot oil, the earthy scent of marigold garlands sold on the pavement, the sharp tang of diesel fumes, and the pervasive dampness of the monsoon-soaked city. She dreamed of escaping not just the crowded streets, but the crushing weight of expectation that came with them. Australia, in her imagination, was a place of endless blue skies, clean air that smelled of salt and sunshine, and the quiet space to simply be herself.

Her path to this dream took an unexpected turn through her friend, Vibha Das. Vibha, sharp and witty, had been one of the many