

## **Ravana at Parramatta**

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Introduction: The Architecture of the Ego

Chapter 1: The Flight to Parramatta

Chapter 2: The Weight of Silence

Chapter 3: The Quiet Fracture

Chapter 4: The Great Parramatta Quarrel

Chapter 5: Authoring the Scripture of Ego Dissolution

Chapter 6: The Agents of Ayodhya

Chapter 7: The Battle of Cowper Street

Chapter 8: The Egoless Stance

Chapter 9: The New Upanishad of Schofields

Conclusion: The Gold Layer of Schofields

### **Introduction: The Architecture of the Ego**

The architecture of the human ego has fundamentally and terrifyingly evolved. It no longer requires ten crowned heads gleaming with heavy celestial gold, a towering citadel forged of blinding pearl and rubies, or the deafening, earth-shaking march of an immortal army to assert its suffocating dominance. Today, the Ahamkara builds its fortresses out of invisible, humming cloud data pipelines, prestigious corporate job titles printed on crisp cardstock, and the fragile, water-damaged plasterboard of high-density suburban apartments that smell faintly of wet chalk and creeping mildew. It thrives not on the blood-soaked, ozone-scented battlefields of antiquity, where the sky bruised violet with magic,

but in the silent, grinding, gray anxieties of the modern commute, the desperate, fluorescent-lit accumulation of wealth, and the bitter, whispered disputes over strata committee bylaws in heavily air-conditioned meeting rooms.

For Chunmun Singh, an overworked IT data architect living in the towering, sun-baked concrete labyrinth of Parramatta, the ego was a desperate survival mechanism. His days were spent bathed in the harsh, blue-white glare of dual monitors, his mechanical keyboard clacking endlessly as he engineered complex database architectures for a bank that viewed him as entirely expendable. He designed sprawling enterprise migration architectures and scaled massive cloud databases to handle the relentless, crushing volume of global finance, meticulously ordering streams of human greed and panic through Apache Kafka event pipelines. He routed this chaotic data through intricate Databricks pipelines just to optimize an imperceptible fraction of a cent. Yet, none of this vast, humming cloud infrastructure could calculate a solution to his own mounting despair. The corporate offices smelled of sterile floor wax, ozone from overheated servers, and stale, burnt coffee.

His nights were consumed by the lingering, rose-scented ghosts of past attachments and the suffocating financial weight of a high-rise flat at 69 Cowper Street, where the ambient noise of roaring traffic and wailing sirens bled through the thin glass. He spent his weekends numbly evaluating local sales data and dense strata documentation for alternative properties across Harris Park, Granville, and Blacktown, hopelessly searching for a geographic escape from his own mind.

Chunmun had draped his suburban misery in the soothing, cloying language of spiritual detachment, burning cheap sandalwood incense to convince himself that his passive endurance was the path

of the ancient rishis. He had built a pristine, false schema of the self—a protective, insulating layer of spiritual and professional jargon designed to hide a profound, echoing inner emptiness. It was a highly fragile microservices framework of the personality, where his 'spiritual' node constantly failed to communicate with his 'professional' node, resulting in a systemic, paralyzing internal latency.

But illusions, no matter how carefully engineered or brightly painted, cannot withstand the sheer, crushing gravity of absolute truth. And truth, in its most disruptive, blinding, and ancient form, was about to arrive at his doorstep.

When the disgraced Emperor of Lanka—a fugitive from divine justice carrying the crushing weight of millennia, smelling of old battlefields and celestial fire, and possessing an ego vast enough to challenge the cosmos—crosses the threshold of flat 1401, two vastly different expressions of human pride are forced into a brutal, claustrophobic collision. What follows is not merely a clash of golden myth and gray modernity, but a desperate quest for ultimate knowledge, the limitless, brilliant knowledge required to completely deconstruct the self. It is a journey that will strip away the raw, chaotic, noisy illusions of the modern world and forge a brand-new sacred text—a modern Upanishad written not in the freezing, serene silence of a Himalayan cave, but in the relentless, flashing, noisy heart of Western Sydney.

## **Chapter 1: The Flight to Parramatta**

The sky above the blood-soaked battlefield of Lanka crackled with raw, apocalyptic tension, painting the heavens in bruised shades of violet and aggressive, bleeding crimson. The air was suffocatingly thick, heavy with the sharp, metallic scent of ozone that stung the nostrils, mingling sickeningly with the hot, copper tang of spilled immortal blood. Across the charred and smoking plains, where the dark earth glowed with the orange embers of dying fires, Lord Rama stood with absolute, majestic calm. His golden bow was raised, its polished surface catching the fiery destruction around him, while the divine Brahmastra nocked against the string pulsed with a terrifying, blinding cosmic heat. This was no ordinary weapon; its celestial tip vibrated with the deafening, furious howling of wild cyclones, a sound that tore at the very fabric of the atmosphere. Its shaft contained the blinding, incinerating white-hot core of the midday sun, casting razor-sharp, obsidian shadows across the wasteland, and its base carried the crushing, inescapable gravitational force of the earth itself, making the bedrock groan.

Ravana, the ten-headed Emperor of Lanka, breathed in the ash and soot. Beneath his golden armor, he felt the soothing, icy coolness of the nectar of immortality stored deep within his navel. It was his ultimate insurance policy. But as he looked across the hazy, smoke-filled field and saw his traitorous brother Vibhishana whispering urgently into Rama's ear, a cold spike of unprecedented dread pierced Ravana's ancient heart. Vibhishana had surrendered the deepest secret of his biology. The Brahmastra, glowing with lethal, pinpoint accuracy, was now locked directly onto his navel.

In the microsecond before the glowing bowstring snapped forward with a sound like shattering thunder, Ravana's legendarily vast ego was suddenly eclipsed by a primal, immortal survival instinct.