

The Spite Architect

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The Spite Architect

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Introduction: The Architecture of Spite

In the rapidly rising skyline of Parramatta, where steel and glass represent the pinnacle of corporate achievement, a different kind of revolution was brewing in the damp, unventilated basement of a luxury high-rise. Chunmun Singh, a senior Cloud Architect by day and a disillusioned geneticist by night, had reached his breaking point.

The catalyst wasn't a grand scientific ambition, but the relentless, petty friction of high-density living. Every snide remark in the elevator, every passive-aggressive note about shared laundry, and

every condescending comment on his "obsessive" and "anti-social" work habits had been logged, processed, and converted into biological code. Chunmun didn't want money, and he didn't want fame; he wanted to prove that his family's sacrifice for his research was not in vain. He decided that if the residents of the building thought they knew everything about life, he would give them twice as much as they could handle.

Chapter 1: The Strata Spite (Ms. Aussie & Mr. Bhola)

The fluorescent lights of the makeshift laboratory hummed with a low, relentless vibration, casting long shadows across the sterile steel benches. Tucked away in the deep basement levels of a sleek Parramatta high-rise, just a stone's throw from the winding banks of the Parramatta River, Chunmun Singh stood motionless before the artificial gestation pod. He watched the rhythmic rise and fall of the tiny chest within. The fluid, a synthetic amniotic suspension he had perfected over a decade of unacknowledged research, drained away with a soft hiss, leaving the infant resting on the heated polymer mat.

It was flawless. A perfect biometric mirror.

Chunmun pressed his palm against the reinforced glass. He was a man accustomed to the cold, empirical truths of genetic sequencing, yet at this moment, the line between science and the divine felt dangerously thin. **The collective voices of the strata committee**—shrill, mocking, and echoing across the communal hall—still rang in his ears. Priya had been the loudest, sneering, "A

scientist? You couldn't even clone a rat if your life depended on it, Chunmun.”

She hadn't known what she was triggering. Spite had been the catalyst, perhaps, but the foundation was ambition. When he had swabbed the dropped pacifier of Priya and Bhola's newborn near the building's lobby, he hadn't just stolen DNA; he had harvested an opportunity.

He wrapped the sleeping infant in a soft, woolen blanket, taking care to support the fragile neck. The child was impossibly quiet, a byproduct of the accelerated cellular mitosis. As he held the bundle to his chest, his mind drifted briefly to his own family. Vibha was asleep in their apartment three floors up, blissfully unaware of the Promethean fire her husband was playing with in the basement. Beside her room, the door to the girls' bedroom would be slightly ajar, Abha and Divya tangled in their blankets, breathing in unison. He had his own life, his own blood, yet the intoxicating lure of creation—of becoming a modern architect of life—had pulled him down into the dark.

The digital clock on the wall glowed red: 2:14 AM. The Parramatta building was a towering tomb of sleeping souls.

Chunmun adjusted his grip on the child and stepped out of the lab, locking the heavy iron door behind him. The corridor of the apartment complex was bathed in the sickly yellow glow of emergency lights. His footsteps were silent, muffled by the rubber soles of his shoes, as he ascended the fire stairs to the fourth floor.

He paused before Apartment 401. The sleek brass nameplate read: *Bhola & Priya Sharma.*

Gently, almost reverently, Chunmun lowered the bundle onto the woven welcome mat. The infant stirred slightly, a tiny fist escaping the wool to grasp at the cool night air, but it did not wake. He looked at the child one last time, marveling at the sheer audacity of his own success. He hadn't just replicated a human being; he had forged a living phantom. Let them explain this to their gods, he thought. Let them weave their myths of wind and grass.

Stepping back, Chunmun retreated to the stairwell. His hand reached out, not for the primary pull-station, but for his tablet. With a few keystrokes, he bypassed the building-wide system and triggered the localized smoke sensor for Apartment 401's landing. He took a deep breath, the sterile scent of the laboratory still clinging to his clothes, and executed the command.

The silence of the night shattered instantly. The piercing, rhythmic scream of the siren tore through the concrete walls, a mechanical howl demanding to be heard.

Chunmun didn't wait to see the door open. He turned and descended the stairs, slipping into the shadows, leaving behind a miracle on a welcome mat and stepping quietly back into the obscurity of his own narrative.

Inside Apartment 401, the blaring siren ripped through the quiet domesticity like a chainsaw.

Bhola Sharma bolted upright, the blankets tangling around his legs as his heart hammered a frantic rhythm against his ribs. He scrambled out of bed, wildly looking around for smoke, the flashing emergency strobes illuminating the Sydney night sky through their bedroom window.

"Priya! Fire!" Bhola yelled, tripping over a discarded slipper as he rushed toward the bedroom door. "Grab the baby! I'll get the emergency bag!"

Priya, however, was already in the hallway. She hadn't smelled any smoke, nor did she feel any heat emanating from the floorboards. Cautiously, she unlocked the front door and pulled it open, expecting to see neighbors fleeing down the corridor. Instead, the hallway was empty, bathed in the flashing strobe of the emergency lights.

And there, resting innocently on their 'Welcome to our Home' mat, was a tightly wrapped woolen bundle.

"Bhola," she called out, her voice barely audible over the screeching alarm. "Come here. There's no fire."

Bhola stumbled into the hallway, clutching a flashlight and a half-empty bottle of water as makeshift survival gear. He stopped dead in his tracks, staring at the floor. "Is that... did someone leave their laundry in the middle of an evacuation?"

Priya knelt, her breath catching in her throat as the bundle shifted. A tiny, perfectly formed face peered out from the wool. She carefully scooped the infant into her arms and carried it inside, kicking the front door shut behind her.

As she stepped into the living room light, Bhola froze. He looked at the baby in Priya's arms, then slowly turned his head toward the crib in the corner of the room, where their own newborn was blissfully sleeping through the mechanical wailing of the fire alarm. He looked back at Priya. Then back to the crib.

"Priya," Bholā whispered, his voice trembling with a mixture of terror and profound confusion. "What kind of circus is this? I paid the Westmead Hospital bill for *one* baby. Why are there two? And why do they look exactly the same?"

Priya stared at the infant in her arms. The resemblance wasn't just close; it was a perfect, uncanny mirror image. Her mind raced, desperately searching for a lifeline. She remembered the strata committee meeting. She remembered the cold, furious look in Chunmun Singh's eyes when she had mocked his basement laboratory.

"Bholā ji," Priya began, pitching her voice into a register of sweet, dramatic innocence. "Please, calm down. Sit. Let me explain. This... this is exactly like the story of Valmiki ji and Kusha."

Bholā's jaw dropped. "Valmiki ji?! Has our Parramatta apartment suddenly become an ashram from the Ramayana? I went to sleep as a father of one. I wake up, the fire alarm is ringing, and now there are two! Where did this second child come from?"

"Listen to me," Priya pleaded, her eyes wide. "Remember that arrogant genetic scientist downstairs? Chunmun Singh? The night security guard told me yesterday he saw Chunmun lurking near our door. Do you know what he did?"

Bholā narrowed his eyes, clutching his flashlight like a weapon. "What did he do? And if you tell me a gust of wind blew a second baby into our hallway, I am calling the NSW Police."

"Not a gust of wind, Bholā ji! DNA!" Priya declared, stepping closer, holding the baby up as if presenting a divine artifact. "It is the Kali Yuga! That vengeful scientist must have stolen a strand of our baby's hair, or a drop of saliva. He grew this baby in his lab! He

wanted to prove me wrong because I insulted him. He is a modern-day Valmiki!"

Bhola rubbed his temples, feeling a massive headache blooming behind his eyes. The siren outside had finally stopped, leaving a ringing silence in its wake.

"So," Bhola said slowly, trying to process the absolute absurdity of his wife's logic. "You are telling me that Chunmun Singh stole our baby's DNA, made a 'Xerox copy' in his basement, dropped it on our doormat, and pulled the fire alarm just to prove a point?"

Priya nodded enthusiastically, a picture of absolute conviction. "Exactly! He acted as the biological postman. Look at the nose, Bhola ji! It is your exact round, **button-like nose**. This baby has your essence. One came from the hospital bill, the other came from the magic of science. Both are yours!"

Bhola walked over to the crib, then looked back at the baby in Priya's arms. The tiny, identical faces stared back at him. He was a practical man, a man who believed in ledgers and logic, yet he found himself utterly defeated by his wife's theatrical confidence.

"Fine," Bhola sighed deeply, his shoulders slumping in surrender as he reached out to gently touch the cloned infant's cheek. "We will name one Lava and this cloned one Kusha. But listen to me very carefully, Priya."

"Yes, my lord?" she asked, hiding a triumphant smile.

Bhola pointed a stern finger at her. "If that madman downstairs takes a swab from my Honda Civic and leaves a cloned car on our driveway tomorrow morning... I am absolutely not paying for **two sets of comprehensive insurance premiums**."

