

The Vimana Over Parramatta

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Introduction

There are cities that remember absolutely nothing, constantly washing their faces in the waters of commerce and concrete, and there are cities that remember far too much. Parramatta, on an ordinary Tuesday evening, strictly belongs to the first kind. It is a place constructed on the religion of the present tense. To stand on the balcony of 69 Cowper Street is to be immersed in the sensory bath of modern amnesia. The air here tastes heavily of hot asphalt baking under the merciless Australian sun, laced with the sharp, chemical tang of chlorine from a hundred identical apartment block

pools, and the greasy, sugary exhaust venting from the deep-fryers of the Eastfield food court.

The auditory landscape of the suburb is a relentless, mechanical lullaby designed to drown out older ghosts. There is the high, metallic shriek of the T1 Western Line trains braking violently against the rusted steel of the station platforms. There is the low, thrumming vibration of thousands of split-system air conditioners fighting the humid summer night, a collective drone that settles into the jawbone. And there is the sharp, plastic *clack-beep* of electronic access cards striking security readers—the sound of temporary ownership, of doors that open with a green flash until, suddenly, they decide not to. The light here is entirely artificial: the harsh, stuttering orange glare of sodium streetlamps, the blinding blue-white LED floodlights of construction cranes cutting through the smog, and the frantic, strobing neon from the 24-hour convenience stores. It is a landscape that fiercely denies the existence of myth.

Yet, beneath the poured concrete and the fiber-optic cables, beneath the glass facades and the manicured, thirsty lawns, lie older, dormant maps. The earth remembers what the city tries to forget. And it was along one of those invisible, ancient ley lines that the ten-headed king traveled when the fabric of the sky above western Sydney finally tore open.

The curse he carried had already been meticulously rewritten by the passage of time. Nalakuvara's ancient, devastating sentence—originally a violent, physical shattering of skulls, a loud, bone-crunching death knell for any forced conquest—had been refined by the gods into a torment far more intimate, silent, and precise. The modern iteration of the curse was a masterpiece of psychological cruelty. Ravana could still feel the agonizing burn of desire. The heavy, musky scent of his own arousal could still fill a

room. He could still rise in solitary, magnificent pride, casting long, dominant shadows against the silk walls of his chambers. The anticipation was permitted to build, loud and intoxicating, drumming in his ears like a war march.

But at the absolute zenith of his power—only at the precise, undeniable moment of entry, only when the sweating, heavy flesh sought to complete what his terrifying will had already claimed—did the biology fail him. The collapse was not violent; it was a quiet, suffocating implosion. A sudden, terrifying drop in body temperature. The muscular tension snapping like a cut violin string. The heavy scent of his arrogance souring instantly into the acrid, metallic stench of cold panic. It was a limitation he had dragged across centuries, a deeply private, humiliating knowledge he had never advertised, cloaked beneath the blinding gold of his jewelry and the deafening roar of his armies.

On the evening the Pushpaka vimana lowered itself above the brick and glass of Cowper Street, this silent limitation traveled with him, hidden within the belly of the impossible craft. The arrival was not heralded by thunder or the tearing of clouds, but by a catastrophic sensory inversion. The ambient drone of Parramatta was violently sucked into a vacuum. The orange streetlamps flickered and died, replaced by an aggressive, pulsating, violet-crimson luminescence that bled from the underside of the ship, painting the sterile apartment balconies in the colors of an ancient, bruised sky. The smell of hot asphalt and fast food was instantly annihilated by an overwhelming, intoxicating wave of burning ozone, crushed lotus blossoms, and the coppery scent of raw, crackling magic.

The extraction was brutally, silently efficient. The husbands of 69 Cowper Street were removed with the casual, sweeping force of a waiter clearing a table of dirty glasses. They were bathed in the

eerie golden light of the craft's underbelly, their mouths open in silent shouts, their bodies dropping access cards and television remotes that clattered pointlessly against the concrete driveways. They scattered toward the blinding, safe white lights of the train station, leaving trails of stale beer and cheap cologne behind them.

Above them, the nine women were lifted through the ionized air, their living rooms disappearing into the freezing, thin atmosphere of the stratosphere. What followed was neither purely a mythic epic nor purely a suburban crime report; it was the temporary, violent occupation of one reality by another. They were dragged into the Ashoka Vatika, an environment that assaulted the senses with permanent, gray twilight, the maddening, high-pitched whine of democratized mosquitoes, and the smell of deep, wet rot. They would face dry, tasteless rotis and the murky, rust-colored dal that arrived like daily, flavorless arguments against their pride. And the curse, patient, quiet, and smelling of cold sweat, waited for them at the threshold of every bedchamber.

This is the meticulous record of those thirty agonizing days, of the sensory deprivation and the terrifying heat of the king's chambers. But more importantly, it is the record of a return. It is the story of nine women descending back into a street that had not noticed their absence in any official, bureaucratic way, returning to a building that smelled of temporary, cheap perfumes and husbands who had desperately tried to fill the terrifying silence with neon-lit distractions. The curse of Nalakuvara, in the end, did not belong solely to the demon king. It was a living, breathing entity. And it moved, as ancient curses sometimes do, seeping into the carpet and the drywall of the rooms that received the queens of Cowper Street back.