

Parramatta Ferryman

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Introduction

The streets of Western Sydney are paved with the unspoken histories of those who crossed oceans to build a life on foreign soil. But the definitive record of their journey is not kept in the sterile,

climate-controlled glass towers of Redfern, nor is it written in the perfectly balanced corporate ledgers of the city's financial elite. It is buried deep within the dark, heavy silt of the Parramatta River.

This is the chronicle of Chunmun Singh, a man who once measured the world in risk assessments, flawless spreadsheets, and pristine profit margins, until he stepped off the manicured concrete path and into the ancient mud. Whether you choose to call it *The Parramatta Ferryman*, this story explores the terrifying, beautiful intersection between the modern immigrant experience and the profound, unforgiving memory of the earth.

To cross the ocean is a massive sacrifice, but the ancient river demands a toll of its own. Its dark waters hold the weeping memories of 19th-century prospectors smelling of coal, the terror of post-war refugees shivering in the rain, and the silent, crushing exhaustion of modern commuters. Through his descent into the water, Chunmun learns that the river does not merely haunt; it audits the soul. This is a testament to the heavy price of migration, the unseen currents that connect us all, and the lone guardian who surrendered his own foundational trauma to ensure the forgotten ghosts of the city finally found their sanctuary.

1. The Copper Call

*The Redfern glass reflects a blinding, piercing white,
But Parramatta waters swallow up the fading light.
He walks where eucalyptus meets the smell of bitter rust,
And crunches heavy leather shoes upon the darkened dust.
A sudden flash of copper sparks beneath the bruised sky,
He hears the ancient, muddy currents softly start to cry.*