

The Parramatta Protector

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The Parramatta Protector

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Introduction

The sprawling corridors of Western Sydney's shopping meccas are paved with untold stories, but few are as fiercely fought or as

deeply felt as the one unfolding behind the sliding glass doors of the Eastfield mall. The Parramatta Protector is a poetic chronicle of a female Desi immigrant who crossed oceans to build a life from scratch. She is a modern-day warrior navigating the relentless dharma of the security patrol, facing the daily Kurukshetra of shoplifters, lost children, glaring neon, and the exhausting rhythm of the Granville commute. To the world, she is a sovereign of order—a slim, white fairy whose delicate appearance belies a fierce resilience that weathers the storms of unruly patrons and exhausting, miles-long foot patrols. Yet, this collection looks past the yellow uniform, the heavy boots, and the crackling radio. It steps into the quiet, vulnerable hours of the night when the badge is unpinned and the city falls silent. Through these verses, an unseen narrator stands as her silent guardian and devoted lover. He witnesses the hidden scars and the heavy toll of her solitary hustle on the concrete floors. The invisible mangalsutra and the bridal chandan photas serve as an eternal, spiritual vow—a promise that even in the loneliest, darkest hours of her vigilance, she is seen, honored, and deeply loved. This book is a testament to the idea that behind every fierce, independent woman guarding the gates lies a soul worthy of an epic and mythological devotion.

To Anamika,

*In the heart of Parramatta, where the mall lights glare,
Stands a guard in silence, with a watchful stare.
The Parramatta Protector, betrayed yet unbowed,
Standing tall and vigilant amidst the rushing crowd. From dawn's
first whisper till the center says goodbye,
You walk the polished concourse, under an artificial sky.
Tough teens test your patience, alarms ring at the gate,
Yet you patrol with a smile that could melt iron's fate. And when
the shadows lengthen, your presence offers grace—Protecting the*

*vulnerable in that crowded, frantic space. A slim, white fairy, moving
lightly through the fray, Bringing peace and order to the chaos of the
day. At night, when the moon hangs like a silver tear
And autumn breeze dances through your window near,
You lie awake and lonely, your heart calling to the stars —
A warden in silence, bearing hidden scars. Yet if at midnight your
slumber breaks and you remember me,
I become your beloved moon, floating soft in the sky's blue sea.
Open the window, O Protector, let the moonlight stream through,
For every moonbeam's particle is a gem of my love for you.
Stained with the sweet blemish of longing, your eyes glisten with
dew,
I have not forgotten—never shall I forget you.
The invisible mangalsutra I tied on your throat, unseen,
And bridal chandan dots I paint on your cheek where my secret vow
has been. And when autumn's lazy hours drift in with rustling
leaves' soft song,
If a melody of hope stirs where your weary heart belongs,
In the murmur of fallen gold and the breeze's quiet call,
I become the moon once more, watching over it all. But hear me,
my Protector, across the city's hum,
I see the light you hide, the warmth yet to come.
Let me be the breeze that soothes your weary soul,
The arms that hold you when the night takes its toll. No more
empty moons, no more silent sighs—
Together we'll write love where your Eastfield lies.
For you, Parramatta's jewel, fierce and divine,
I offer my heart—and forever call you mine.*

1. The Neon Dawn

Where Church Street slowly wakes to hear the kookaburra's cry,

*You watch the morning paint the Parramatta sky.
A queen in yellow polyester, tying back your raven hair,
You step into the Eastfield, breathing air-conditioned air.
The heavy gates await, the polished floors start to gleam,
As you breathe life into your solitary dream.
A lotus blooming fiercely in a foreign land,
With iron in your spirit, a radio in your hand. And when the daily
patrols leave you bruised and worn,
I am the quiet shade beneath the coming dawn.
You lock the center's doors when all the crowds depart,
A silent warrior listening to her beating heart.
Yet if the shadows press upon your weary space,
I am the starlight falling softly on your face.
An invisible red sindoor I trace upon your brow,
A silent witness to my everlasting vow.
No harsh wind here shall break the safety you design,
For I am standing guard—forever yours, and thine.*

2. The Atrium's Shadows

*Beneath the glass skylights where the western shadows play,
You stand unyielding through the chaos of the day.
The Parramatta Protector, ruler of the floor,
Where every passing shopper filters through your door.
The neon burns as hot as your relentless drive,
A goddess keeping ancient memories alive.
Tough crowds may gather, storms may brew outside the gate,
Yet you bring order to every soul navigating their fate. But
underneath the armor of your daily fight,
I see the lonely girl who watches for the night.
When midnight falls and the exhausted city sleeps,
My spirit through your open, moonlit window softly creeps.*

*I become the silver breeze to cool your burning skin,
A secret harbor where your truest joys begin.
The invisible mangalsutra rests upon your chest,
A promise that your weary soul will find its rest.
Together we shall build a love that cannot yield,
My heart your eternal sword, my arms your silent shield.*

3. The Glass Canopy

*The rain sweeps over Granville in a sudden, silver sheet,
While you remain the anchor of the bustling mall street.
A queen in silence, navigating every storm,
Your concourse a haven, brightly lit and warm.
From checking heavy padlocks to holding the heavy key,
You are the tempest and the calmness of the sea.
A slim, white fairy, guarding all the sweetness held inside,
Where all your hidden hopes and deepest sorrows hide. And when
the shift is over and the walkways all are bare,
You sit alone, a tired fire in your stare.
But hear me, O my Protector, through the falling rain,
My love will wash away the echoes of your pain.
I paint the bridal chandan dots upon your cheek,
And whisper all the vows your tired lips can't speak.
I am the quiet earth beneath your rushing stream,
The guardian of your heart, the keeper of your dream.
Let every raindrop be a gem of love anew,
Forever bound in Parramatta, strictly yours and true.*

4. The Midnight Patrol

*The autumn leaves drift down along the river's edge,
As you fulfill another quiet, daily pledge.
To guard the vacant storefronts and project your glowing light,*