

FEELINGS

By Padma Singh

ANTHOLOGY OF
SHORT STORIES
&
POEMS

Fiction

Roots of Dissatisfied Feelings



FEELINGS

Anthology of Short Stories And Poems

**By
Padma Singh**



Other publication of Padma Singh is Feelings 1 that
was published in 1994.

This is a work of fiction. All characters in this
publication are fictitious and bear no resemblance to
any person living or dead. Any similarity to people,
places and procedures is purely coincidental and
unintended.



Copyright: Padma Singh
2016
14 Bundeena Avenue
Kealba Victoria 3021

03-93645528
email: singhpadmam@gmail.com

Printers

Clark & Mckay
Brisbane

Contents

1. Preliminaries- Prologue, Foreword,
Acknowledgement and Preface
2. Short Stories – Freedom
 - Goodbye
 - Shattered Home
 - Surprise
 - The Power of Love
 - Reunion
3. Poems
 - A Rare Gem
 - Human Carnage
 - Refugees Plight
 - Happiness
 - Waves
 - Sky-Piety
 - Jennifer
 - Life is a Gift
 - Realisation
 - I Dreamt of You, Mum
 - Reflection
 - Love Divine
 - A Setting Star
 - Natures Magic
 - Memories
 - Virtues to Behold
 - A Prayer Rain
 - Nature’s Mysteries
 - Glorious Dawn
 - Friends
 - A Smile
 - End of Insanity
 - Life Is A Scream
 - Australians Unite
 - Parliament
 - Sense of Belonging
 - Stop Think Act
 - Who Is Perfect?
 - Dr Alexander Adel
4. Personalities
 - Tributes
 - Mr Anil Maharaj
 - Dr Arumaiturai Sivapalan

PROLOGUE

We humans are rather complicated creatures but are capable of feeling and expressing a huge array of emotions. Although we all differ in the way we look and the things we believe in, there are many things we all share and they are our human feelings and emotions that are innate in all of us.

I have known Padma Singh for a long time and know that she has the capability of expressing her feelings well. In these pages of her publication she has poured her feelings in multiple ways in two different genres of literature- prose and poetry. Padma has positively expressed her emotions for people, places, procedures principles, practices and positions. This is her special talent for the readers to acknowledge and admire.

We all have our type of happiness, sadness, love, hatred, worries and indifferences and these constantly occur in our lives. I admire the way Padma Singh has commanded a variety of her feelings and spread them in her presentations. We would all be a lot richer after reading and appreciating all her feelings.

I heartily congratulate her for making her feelings known to the readers and giving me the opportunity to review her work of art and write a few words. Let us read and rejoice her “Feelings”.

Great work Padma!

Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad
Educationalist and Human Resource Consultant
Brisbane April, 2016.

PREFACE

“FEELINGS” (2) is my second publication. My first Anthology, “FEELINGS” was published in 1994.

I do not claim to be a poet of Wordsworth, Keats or Milton’s calibre. I have given the title “FEELINGS” because it is certainly an overwhelming expression of how I feel about some of the social issues that are reflected in our community. My views are conveyed as “Verse form” and yet they are not “Poetic,” by any means. They are merely a form of “spontaneous flow of human expressions.” If my readers accept this definition, then I will certainly feel a sense of contentment in writing my Anthology: “FEELINGS” (2)

I have always believed in following my conscience. So I have forged ahead to get “FEELINGS” (2) published. The Short Stories included in this Anthology reflect my observations on life as it is portrayed in our community. It is sincerely hoped that my readers will connect with me and appreciate the Anthology. This publication is not meant for “Literary Criticism,” it is a personal reflection about life and living.

Please be informed that I have included couple of poems from my first publication. I felt the poems echo some pertinent issues relevant to our present social climate. Once again, I fervently hope my readers will enjoy the Anthology. Please be assured it reflects my genuine concerns about our rapidly changing social and moral values.

Happy Reading!
Padma Singh

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to acknowledge a few people who have been instrumental in inspiring and encouraging me to write this Anthology. I am very grateful to them.

First of all, I wish to acknowledge my husband, Jagdish Singh for motivating me to write this Anthology. His patience, understanding and moral support during the course of getting my writing completed was much appreciated I sincerely thank him for being my pillar of strength.

I wish to offer my sincere thanks to my mentor and good friend, Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad, for writing the prologue and reviewing the work to develop an epilogue. His assistance in arranging the services of an editing team and assembling the items in the order they appear in this Anthology is very much appreciated.

I, gratefully acknowledge my various colleagues for their helpful suggestions and for critiquing my work. All their contribution was indeed most helpful. I offer my sincere thanks to Dr Donna McGrath to head the editing team.

In particular, I wish to acknowledge the contribution made by Sarah Gonsalves, for initially typing my poems and short stories. Thank you, Sarah.

I wish to thank my sister Rani and my brother in Derryl Chan for urging me to complete my Anthology.

I wish to acknowledge my dearest friends, Sarwan and Asha Dey for their support and encouragement to go ahead with my effort to publish my Anthology. This is a dream come true. Thank you everyone.

Padma Singh.

Short Stories

A short story is a different thing
all together - a short story is like a
kiss in the dark from a stranger.

~Stephen King



1

Freedom

The sea breeze was gentle and soothing. The tears had dried, and the pain in her heart had lifted. The scenic view of the crystal clear blue sky, the emerald green sea, and the high waves blasting its powerful froth on the golden sands, comforted her. She stared aimlessly at her surroundings and felt a strong sense of calm engulf her entire being. She looked up at the twilight sky and suddenly realised that she had been sitting at the beach for hours! She wondered if her absence from home had caused any alarm and bewilderment to the man she had been sharing her life with for five long years.

She rose slowly from the bench and stood up. She made up her mind that she must leave Adam and return to New Zealand. She must save her sanity before things turned chaotic! It was strange that the anger and frustration she felt earlier had dissipated. She knew that she had to be strong and not let her affection for Adam enslave her to a situation of abuse and indignities. She was determined to quietly disappear from his horizon, his captivity and his emotional blackmail. With this aim, she strolled towards her car. She turned the ignition key, the engine started smoothly and she drove her car towards her beachfront townhouse in Williamston.

She took the lift to the fifth floor. As she walked towards her apartment, she felt her heartbeat rise; with anxiety she turned the key to the front door. She uttered a silent prayer that Adam would've gone out to meet his workmates who had planned to go to the footy that afternoon. As she stepped inside she felt safe and secure. She glanced around the living room and there was no sign of Adam anywhere... what a relief!

She walked towards the bedroom and heard the water running in the shower. She panicked, images of their early morning row echoed in her ears and she feared that if she raised the subject of separation it would only make matters worse. She quietly left the bedroom and walked towards the kitchen. She decided to make a toasted tuna sandwich; she wasn't hungry but she decided to stay away from Adam's presence. She took the loaf of wholemeal bread and began to prepare the tuna sandwich.

Just as she bent down to get the sandwich maker, she became aware of the strong fragrance of 'Joop', his favourite cologne. She steeled herself and very casually lifted herself with the sandwich maker; their eyes met. Adam looked a lot calmer and casually asked, "where have you been?" She remained silent. Adam put his arms around her and kissed her as if nothing had happened between them.

She wanted to avoid confrontation, so she kissed him back. "Ashley, I'm so sorry for the way I treated you earlier, my precious girl, please forgive me...I am so, so sorry for hurting you. I promise it will never happen again". Adam's embrace almost choked her. She wondered if he felt her heart thumping with apprehension and fear. She mustered enough courage to ask, "I'm making a tuna sandwich, would you like some Adam?"

“No darling, I’m going to the footy with my mates. You take care love, I’ll see you later in the evening and I’ll have dinner at the club”. He kissed her forehead and grabbed his house and car keys and left.

Oh! What a relief! She had to sit down on the dining chair to steady her. She had to map her strategic escape and get as far away as she could from Adam’s clutches and senseless control. With this resolve and clarity of mind, she quickly ate her sandwich, drank her coffee, cleaned the dishes and walked to her room to pack a few things, get her passport and other essential documents to start life afresh.

She rang her sister and her confidant, Lizzy, to come and pick her up from her apartment at 5:30pm. She rushed to the shower and got ready for her escape. Everything went according to plan, no hurdles no hitches.... And yet Ashley’s heart rate rose and fell with anxiety. She must get out before Adam returned from the game. She looked up at the wall clock; it was 4:50pm, which meant there was a forty-minute wait. Forty minutes; this appeared to be both excruciating and torturous. “Please God, help me”, she whispered with agitation. “Please God, help me”, she uttered again and again. She quickly tidied up and was careful not to leave any tell-tale signs to alert Adam about her escape.

She hurried towards the front door after collecting her suitcase, handbag and jacket. At that very instant she heard the front door open. Ashley stood paralysed, stunned and utterly dismayed. There before her stood Adam equally shocked to see her trying to make a dash towards the front door. “Where do you think you’re going?” he asked with suspicion and fury. She moved away from direct contact with him. “I’m leaving you Adam, our journey ends as of this

moment.” She said with courage and certainty. What happened next was beyond comprehension.

Adam grabbed her throat and pushed her towards the wall. “You bitch! Do you think you can fool me?” A flurry of punches landed on her head and face. He grabbed her throat once again and squeezed it tightly! She could feel warm blood rush from her head and nose. She could hardly withstand the suffocation and was gasping for breath. A voiceless voice screamed from within her, “Adam please don’t kill me, let me go!”

Within seconds her limp body collapsed and she was shrouded in a pool of blood and a sinister darkness enveloped her. Adam kicked her shouting, “get up you bitch! Get up before I kill you!” He was not aware that the front door was open and the terrified neighbours could hear his raging, bellowing voice. They were too scared to stop him from his rage and violence. His kicking, raving and ranting suddenly stopped when he realised what he had done to Ashley. She lay unconscious in a pool of blood, her eyes shut. Adam was suddenly on his knees crying like a madman. “Please Ashley, I’m sorry, open your eyes, speak to me,” he cried.

Just as he was crying like a wounded animal, two police officers and two paramedics arrived with a stretcher. The action of a civic-minded neighbour brought help for the severely injured woman. The police officers subdued Adam, who was sobbing uncontrollably, while the paramedics tried to resuscitate the unconscious woman. She was not responding, so she was given oxygen to help her breathe while they placed her on the stretcher and took her to the ambulance below. The police officers were with Adam, trying to piece together information leading to Ashley’s injury.

Lizzy arrived as arranged to take her sister home. She met a neighbour in the lift on her way up to the fifth floor. She was dismayed to hear that Ashley has been taken to the Williamston Hospital in an ambulance. Rage and anger soared. Lizzy got out of the lift and rushed towards Adam's apartment. "You demon," she cried, "What have you done to my sister? She wanted to leave you...why didn't you let her go?" Lizzy ran towards Adam to punch him. The police officer restrained her and told her to calm down. Adam stared at Lizzy like a zombie. She saw the suitcase and Ashley's handbag on the floor.

"Those are my sister's belongings, can I collect them please?" The officer said that it was a crime scene and things had to be left as they were. The officer told Lizzy they wanted her to answer some questions, and needed her to go with them to the police station. Lizzy said that she would, but needed to be by Ashley's bedside at the hospital and promised to report to the police station.

The officers handcuffed Adam and took him to the police station. When Lizzy reached the Emergency ward to enquire about her sister, she was informed that Ashley was taken into the ICU and was in a serious condition. Lizzy's heart raced with anxiety for her younger sister's safety and wellbeing. When she reached the ICU, Lizzy was told that Ashley was not allowed any visitors as the doctors were attending to her. Lizzy begged the nurse for information about Ashley's condition; however, she was told the doctors would speak to her once they had stabilized Ashley's breathing.

Lizzy collapsed on the chair, which was in front of the ICU. Tears flowed uncontrollably; she wept openly and unashamedly for the plight that Ashley was caught up in. If only Ashley had the strength to leave Adam earlier, but she

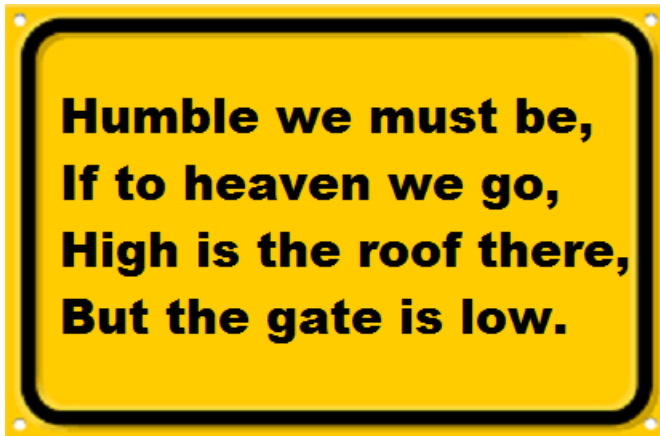
returned to Adam again and again, believing that his abusive behaviour would change, but this was not to be. Today, she lay unconscious and fighting for her life!

Alone in the waiting room in front of the ICU, Lizzy took out her rosary and began to pray for her sister's recovery. An hour passed and there was still no news. Lizzy continued praying, hoping to hear something about Ashley's recovery. A nurse from the ICU approached her. Lizzy's face turned ashen. "Lizzy, come with me," said the nurse. Lizzy followed the nurse, who led her to Ashley's bed. "The doctor would like a word with you," said the nurse gently. Ashley lay with an oxygen mask, intravenous tubes and a bandage on her head. Suddenly it dawned on Lizzy that Adam has fulfilled his promise: "If I can't have you, no one else can!"

Dr Fong Lee placed his hands gently on Lizzy's shoulder and said, "Sorry madam, your sister has lost her battle to live. She passed away a few minutes ago!" Lizzy screamed, "Oh! No! No! No!" and rushed to Ashley's side, held onto her and cried! "You wanted to escape, you craved freedom.... Oh God! You have been freed from your hellish life!" She cried hysterically as she held the lifeless body of her sister in her arms. Ashley lay peacefully, freed from the "torture cage" called home. She was free at last, her last courageous attempt to free herself from the miserable life she shared with her abusive lover and partner of five years!

Lizzy knelt down by Ashley's bedside and prayed, "eternal rest, grant unto her Oh Lord, let the perpetual life shine upon her!" The nurse gently helped her on her feet and walked her towards a chair nearby and another held a cup of coffee for Lizzy and gently said, "In death Ashley has finally found peace, she has found her freedom and eternal peace from an abusive relationship." "How many women have to die, before

the government can establish systems in place to stop abuse and brutality aimed at helpless individuals?” Lizzy said with pain and disappointment.



2

Goodbye, My Shining Star

Joseph sat by his wife's hospital bedside. Belinda lay in a coma, struggling to stay alive. Joseph was distressed to watch his beloved wife of fifty years go through such anguish and pain. Her veins were pierced, tubes running through several parts of her body to assist her normal bodily functions. The machines fixed to her to monitor her progress were time and again beep, beeping away to signal that things were critical.

The duty nurse was constantly by the bedside to ensure that Belinda was given the best of care. Belinda was well known to the Sacred Heart Private Hospital staff, as she has in recent years been a frequent 'in-patient' with many medical complications. Joseph was grateful to the hospital staff for their dedicated services to their patients. "Mr Dale, why don't you take a break? Go for a coffee break, please. Belinda is resting and I assure you, she knows you are there right beside her."

Joseph looked at the nurse and said, "thank you, Nurse Lee, I think I shall, please be assured that I will be close at hand for Belinda's call. I'll bring my coffee to the room so that I can be

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

