

WITNESSES

Subject to the exercise of the prosecutor's discretion at the trial, the Director of Public Prosecutions proposes to call all witnesses except those whose names are marked with an asterisk (*).

Layton Keith BARNARD
Elizabeth Jane FELD
Terrence BARNES
Susan Frances ROWE
Ajay MEHTA
Cleo Jane BEASLEY*
Grahame John BEASLEY
DSC Maurice BELL
ADS Wayne NEWBURY
ADS Peter DAVIS
DS Ben NEWMAN
Bridget WANG*
SC Eva LUERS

MISSING



HALLIE GABRIELLE KNIGHT

Age at disappearance: 15

Height: 160cm

Weight: 49kg

Gender: Female

Hair: Light brown

**Distinguishing marks: Jellybean-shaped
mole on her right calf**

Missing since: April 18th

Last seen: Malvern, Victoria

Description:

PLEASE INVITE ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS TO
JOIN THIS GROUP TO SPREAD THE WORD
ABOUT HALLIE. YOUR SUPPORT IS GREATLY
APPRECIATED.

Privacy Type:

Open: All content is public.

Admins: Claire Knight (creator)

Recent News:

Our dear Hallie is missing. We are naturally very concerned and hope that she will be found safe as soon as possible. In the meantime, this is a difficult period for our family and Hallie's friends. We will not be saying anything further publicly for the time being and ask that the media respect our privacy.

Kelly Hibbard I had tears in my eyes when I saw her parents talking about Hallie on TV. I don't know how they do it, it is so sad to think of how helpless they seem in finding Hallie.

19th April at 6.01pm

Melissa Patterson I PASS ON MY SYMPATHY AS NO FAMILY IS MEANT TO GO THRU THIS SORT OF THING.....2 CLOSE 2 HOME. LUV THE PATTERSON FAMILY.....THINKING OF U ALWAYS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

19th April at 7.35pm

Celia Beasley This is horrible! Much love to the Knight family. I only saw Hallie at gym but I am still so sorry. It's terrible to recognise someone missing.

20th April at 12.11am

Tamsin Forrester Dear Claire, We are thinking of you and the family at this dreadful time. Much love to you all, Tamsin, Michael and the boys. x
20th April at 2.34pm

Claire Knight

**CANDLELIGHT VIGIL IN HOPE FOR THE
SAFE RETURN OF MY SISTER HALLIE.**

Barrington Hall, Boatshed 16
Sunday 24th April, 6-9pm

Light a candle and cast a 'hope-boat' down the river for Hallie. This is an event her family and friends would like to hold, for everyone who knows Hallie or wishes to offer support. Everyone is welcome to bring their own candle, although some will be available.

20th April at 11.40pm

Janette Wilson God Bless Hallie and her family. I would love to come to the hope-vigil. See you there. xx
21st April at 7.34am

Alice King Hallie – hearing about this has shocked me so much. Thinking of your family through these hard times – hope you're ok. Hope justice is served.
21st April at 8.45am

Amanda Jane Brooks Hallie.....never forget you in a million years.....you touched so many peoples hearts. Barrington rowing girls all the way.....come home soon
xxxxx

21st April at 10.22am

Celia Beasley Can I do anything for the hope-vigil? Need help making boats? x

21st April at 4.10pm

Alice King I wish I could help with setting up the vigil too.

21st April at 6.17pm

Rachael McFadden I could definitely be there too if you need a hand, Claire. No one deserves this x

21st April at 10.12pm

Claire Knight Thanks so much for all your offers of help. The hope-boats will all be made beforehand but if anyone has any spare *Frankie* mags?? They're Hallie's fav so we want to make the boats out of them. Maybe if you do, you could drop them down to the Barrington office by tomorrow before close of school??

21st April at 10.22pm

Celia Beasley I have loads, Claire. I'll drop them off ASAP. Let me know if there is anything else I can do. Anything at all. x

21st April at 11.14pm

Alice King I have a pile too – all the early ones – but I'm trapped up here in Mildura and the *Frankies* are in Melbs. Someone could pick them up from home though?? Just near Barrington??

21st April at 11.27pm

Celia Beasley Hi Alice, I can easily pick them up today. Message me with your email for pick-up deets.

22nd April at 5.43am

Claire Knight Thanks again to all for help and support. Please make sure all Hallie's friends know about Sunday. See you there.

Prayers for Hallie xx

22nd April at 8.13am

THE HERALD

Police fear for Malvern schoolgirl

Jane Johnston

April 22

Police have not ruled out foul play in the recent disappearance of 15-year-old Malvern schoolgirl Hallie Knight. Hallie was last seen at 5.30am on April 18 after leaving her home to attend rowing training. Hallie did not report in at the school's boatsheds that morning and has not been heard from since.

A spokesperson on behalf of the Knight family said, 'Hallie's disappearance is completely out of character as she always attends to calls and messages left on her mobile phone. The family is gravely concerned.'

While police have few leads at this stage, they fear Hallie may have been abducted and are currently undertaking doorknock investigations in the Malvern area. Police IT experts are currently investigating Hallie's social media networks. Anyone with information is urged to contact the police.

From: Alice King Alicekingofthejungle@gmail.com
Friday 22 April 6:56 AM

Hi there, Celia

Just a quick note to thank you in advance for picking up the *Frankie* mags. We're at 24 Thames Road, East Malvern (the train-track end). I left a message for my sister to leave the mags on the porch. I hope she actually does.

Thanks, Celia
Alice

From: Celia Beasley CeeceeB@gmail.com
Friday 22 April 4:15 PM

Hi Alice

I went to 24 Thames Road after school today but there wasn't anything on the veranda apart from lots of persimmons. Is your home the big Edwardian one with the long veranda? If I've got the wrong house, I can easily go back.

I just feel so dreadful for Hallie and her family. At least we're *doing* something by helping them out with the hope-boats.

CCB

From: Alice King Alicekingofthejungle@gmail.com
Friday 22 April 4:47 PM

Hey Celia

I can't tell you how TYPICAL that is of my sister. Sorry you had to make a trip for nothing but I don't have much control up here – in prison. Anyway, Tess said she'd fix it and drop them down to Barrington herself. So soz! You had the right house, though.

Wish I could come on Sunday but I'll be stuck up here on the wrong river. Guess I could launch a hope-boat down the Murray instead. I feel kind of guilty for not being there. Just so awful.

A

From: Celia Beasley CeeceeB@gmail.com
Friday 22 April 6:15 PM

Hi Alice

That's fine. We drive straight past there anyway.

How well do you know Hallie? I've never actually met Hallie but we do gym comps against those Barrington girls and I'm pretty sure Hallie did gym. I lit a candle for her this morning and couldn't help but feel hopeful. Also, sorry for asking, but I am curious. Are you really a prisoner? Like a

no-right-to-vote-bread-and-water-orange-overalls
prisoner?

CCB

PS Cute signature. Is that your dog?

From: Alice King Alicekingofthejungle@gmail.com
Friday 22 April 10:14 PM

Hi Celia

I'm not exactly an orange-overall-type prisoner but boarding at Ladywell Convent sure does feel like I'm here against my will. You don't really want to know why. It's a long story without a happy ending. Pretty IRONIC though – that they sent me to a Catholic boarding school when it looks like I'm turning out to be an atheist. I tell you, Mildura has absolutely nothing going on other than dried fruit and NUNS. Still, I did pray for Hallie this morning. I guess it can't hurt – especially as God doesn't listen anyway. I actually do know Hallie and the Knights. Well, mostly just from the tram and Facebook, like I know all those Barrington girls. Now I feel really bad that maybe I wasn't ever really that nice to her, but those Barrington girls aren't always that nice either.

Hope the vigil isn't too bleak. I don't feel so hopeful. Let me know how it goes. Sorry again for the mix-up with the mags. If only Tess used her brains half as much as she used . . . some of her, um . . . other skills.

Ciao x

PS That is my dog! Gertie. She's a miniature schnauzer and I really do miss her more than anyone in my family, which I know is very wrong to say. I especially miss her more than Mum's cooking, which I know is also very wrong to say but, seriously, even Gertie won't eat Mum's Irish stew. Do you like dogs??

From: Celia Beasley CeeceeB@gmail.com
Sunday 24 April 8:54 PM

Hey Alice

I went to the vigil tonight and you were right, it was pretty bleak.

I had to go with my mum because since Hallie disappeared, she's totally flipped her lid. Hallie went to Barrington, which Mum calls *on the right side of the tracks* and so she's got all strict about us going out alone. From now on it's either with friends (tricky – I'm a new girl so don't really have many) or my sisters (tricky – not new but don't really like them. Especially my big sister Jaime). I mean it's silly because Hallie may have been taken from *the right side of the tracks* but she was taken from the street at 5am when I, for one, was happily tucked up in bed with fleece socks and a hottie. Anyway, Mum took me with my sisters Jaime (mentioned above, 16, musical theatre) and Cleo (8, mute). Even though it was the weekend, there

were thousands of Barrington girls there in rowing gear, which must have been chilly as it's getting cold and dark so early now.

At first a puffed-up police officer stood and told everybody who they're looking for (Hallie) and what they know (not much). Hallie's dad tried to speak but he was too upset and kept coughing into his cufflinks and then went really silent until it became too awkward to breathe. So then a guy – some cousin or something – stepped in and spoke on behalf of the family and said how anxious the Knights are and how desperate they are to have Hallie home safely. Mrs Knight stood there clinging to the back of Mr Knight's arm like she was giving him a Chinese burn and Hallie's sister was staring at the chipped floor of the podium, probably so she didn't cry. Afterwards, we all sat on picnic rugs and drank chai in camping mugs, which made my breath warm and cinnamony, and sang songs to wish Hallie home while a few Barrington girls played guitar and even Jaime, who is always 'drawn to song' when she's emotional, managed NOT to steal the show and make it all about her instead of Hallie, which it obviously was.

The Knights are a really organised family. Claire had folded hundreds of perfect little boats and we placed a tea light in each one and floated them in all their gelato-coloured glory down the Yarra. The sun had set and our breath was smoke and the boats were pulled along by the current and some even caught on fire and we stood and watched, silent, warm, golden and hopeful, until the last boat disappeared under the bridge. And Hallie's

hope, Alice, smelt of candle wax and mud and stars and cinnamon.

As we left we saw the Knights standing in a little huddle under a white portable tent. There was a mannequin of Hallie in rowing gear with a grey hoodie and navy Crocs, which is what she was wearing when she vanished. Up close, Mrs Knight had big black pits under her eyes and tissues balled up her sleeves. Mum said, 'C'mon Celia, don't dawdle and don't stare', and then she stared at that model of Hallie Knight the longest of all.

The thing about that model, Alice, is that Hallie Knight looks just like someone I would be friends with. Like someone who plays Scrabble and eats cream-cheese-icing and wishes her life looked a little more *Frankie*.

I hope they find Hallie, Alice, I really do.

CC

From: Alice King Alicekingofthejungle@gmail.com
Sunday 24 April 11:56 PM

Hi Celia

Hallie's vigil sure sounded like a grim ol' scene. Kinda glad I couldn't come actually, I'm hopeless with that sort of thing. I didn't end up casting a hope-boat for Hallie either. Just said another prayer at morning mass even if I am an almost-atheist. Hallie wasn't THAT unfriendly even if

she did once knock me out of the way with her cello. Oh God, now I'm talking in the past tense like Hallie Knight WAS rather than IS, but when I think about where she might be or who might have taken her I just see black and want to vomit. So I only try and imagine good things, like Hallie Knight turning up on the 72 tram on Monday with a Queensland suntan and a phone full of photos of the Big Pineapple or the Giant Prawn or Sea World or something. I really don't want to believe she's been abducted. Hallie Knight from Barrington! I seriously can't stop thinking about her, every time I'm doing anything, even normal things like brushing my teeth, I'm thinking, 'What is Hallie Knight doing at this very dull moment?'

Aghh!! I simply have to stop thinking about Hallie Knight, but I've hardly got any friends either and you can't get out on weekends unless you make friends with a day bug and so far that hasn't happened.

Oh, and if you ever hear talk of nuns being a dying breed, it's absolute rubbish. There are hundreds of them at Ladywell Convent, I tell you – old ones, young ones, mean ones, completely out-of-date ones like Sister Ruth, who thinks that wearing make-up is for girls who are Bargain Basement. Doesn't bother me so much but Gloria Shelmadrine (she's from Minnesota) is completely obsessed with make-up. I'm pretty sure she even sleeps in it and is always sneaking out of class to do a full touch up and straighten her fringe.

Anyhoo – nuns! What good are they? As far as I can see, they're just weird and low-tech. And how can you

take anything they've got to say very seriously when they're not actually IN real life? I mean, they're living in this in-between world where they don't have to worry about the stuff that everyone else has to think about like earning money and getting a house and getting married and getting divorced and having pets that could die on the road. And God might feel real and all, but so did my feelings for Edward Cullen.

So, mostly I hang out with Leilah Rowe who's my dorm buddy, and also thinks nuns are redundant. I guess you could say Leilah is my best (Ladywell) friend. She's a classic actually, and is always trying to think up ways to blackmail chocolate companies, like telling them she found a dead fly in her Fruit & Nut. Then they're meant to send her a lifetime supply, just to make sure they don't get on *Today Tonight*. Mostly they don't write back, though, and Leilah has to rack her brains for another scam. Have I been ranting? I have to fly now. Sister Catherine shuts down the modem at 9.30pm but I'll try and answer your other questions really quickly. My sister Tess's in Year 11 and I hate to say this but, apart from being grumpy and unreliable, she's also fairly . . . slutty. I like my dog more than my sister and that's the truth. I also have one younger brother called Johnny who is actually . . . dead . . . and kinda why I'm being held captive up here. There! I said it – explain later.

bye xx

PS What year are you in, by the way?

From: Celia Beasley CeeceeB@gmail.com

Monday 25 April 5:07 PM

Hey Alice

It's none of my business and you don't have to tell if you don't want to, but how did your brother die?

I'm in Year 9 – I just moved to Ashbourne from Evelyn College. I don't like showbiz, split infinitives or change, which is why the move has been tricky. I do love Dijonnaise, op-shopping and walking until my arms swing loose and shake all my ideas free, but we don't do much of that at school. I imagine I have rich dark glossy hair that hangs in a glimmering curtain, but when I see pictures it is actually a bit thin and a non-descript colour which I call Gruffalo and Mum calls donkey, and she's always threatening to have dyed when Dad's business is back on track. I have grey-green eyes and skin that tans quite nicely in summer but is very pale in winter, and, apart from that, I'm pretty medium. Medium height, medium weight. Average average average. Sometimes I think I might get a tattoo just so I have at least one distinguishing feature. What year are you in?

Today we were supposed to catch the tram to Youth Strings, but Mum insisted on driving us. I think she just wanted to have a *D&M* with the other mothers at the gates. There's almost a competition between the mothers as to who knows the most details and they all talk about Hallie like she's theirs. On the way, we could see that posters have been stuck up on every power pole

and tram stop in our area. There are also police cars everywhere – there are seriously more police cars than pigeons. I know, because Cleo's been taking photos of them all.

Anyway, Hallie's parents were on the news again tonight, crying and hugging at Malvern Central while that brother or cousin or boyfriend, whoever he is, the one who spoke at the hope-vigil, kept asking information. Do you get to watch the news in Mildura? Don't, is my tip. Mum turned it off because the sight of the Knights waving a crumpled poster of Hallie in Barrington-blue was too much. Somehow knowing she also bought her soap at Malvern Central makes it even worse.

Got to go. Mum's calling me to set the table. How come it's always my turn?

CC x

From: Alice King Alicekingofthejungle@gmail.com
Monday 25 April 11:24 PM

Hi Celia

Seriously, you are far from average average average, my friend, and you sure do write a funny email, which is really appreciated up here, especially when there's not much fun going down. Just a lot of hypocrisy. I mean, if there is a God, why the hell isn't he helping the police find Hallie?

Actually – I tell a lie. I am having SOME fun up here, but it's completely exhausting. It's Leilah. She seriously makes me laugh my head off. Like last night – we cracked up till two in the morning about a range of underpants Leilah invented for nuns called *Nundies*!!!

Other big news is I finally made friends with a day bug and it wasn't even that hard. Her name is Anika. We were in the same science prac and she has a Princess Leia hairstyle so I could tell she was definitely a good person. She is also double-jointed in her elbows and hips, which is completely cool, and is doing an on-line course in contortionism – beats ballet hands down! She lives out of town on some sort of fruit farm and she's invited me for a sleepover this weekend. I think you'd really like her. She also has a big imagination and gets As in English and is obviously a big brainiac, even if she'd never heard of Hallie Knight.

Gotta go.

x

From: Celia Beasley CeeceeB@gmail.com

Tuesday 26 April 5:24 PM

Hi Alice

Our whole family's quite funny, actually. Dad says funny is the only way the inhabitants of 18 Belmore Road get by. Well, he used to. Now all he says is 'Really?',

‘Interesting!’ or ‘You don’t say!’ to anything Mum says while he’s reading the paper or checking stocks on the internet, and then he goes back into the study to polish his antique gun collection (he got into war history in England). He hardly seems to go into the office at all at the moment, which is weird for a man who’s never had a pyjama-day in his life. At least his gun collection might scare off any abductor because he’d see the guns and assume they actually worked.

My mother’s more freak-funny than amusing-funny. She never stops talking and she only eats foods that are raw, crunchy or make you fart. She was a model on *Game n’ Fortune* on Channel 9 but that show got axed after the first season because it was ‘before its time’. She’s got these huge photographs of herself wallpapering the rooms in our house. Seriously enormous. Almost-the-height-of-a-one-storey-building enormous and they beam down on us like those pictures of Chairman Mao beamed down on the peasants in China. In them, Mum’s holding out her hands over chunky TVs and milkshake-makers and she really believes she was beautiful and that we’re a colossal disappointment because we look more like Beasleys than Pritchards, even though Pritchards have pointy little teeth and pointy little faces if you ask me (and not Channel 9). Despite this, she’s shopping photos of me around to talent agents who are not interested because it turns out they are after girls who are more Pritchard than Beasley too – at least for catalogue work. And that, Alice, is all my mother cares about.

So, I can't imagine anything better than boarding school even if it is full of nuns. *Harry Potter* was my favourite book when I was younger, because Harry was an orphan as well as a boarder. If Harry had had my mother, he would've spent the whole series consulting plastic surgeons about *that* scar and wouldn't have had any time to conquer evil.

This afternoon my little sister, Cleo, and I went down to the park. Cleo's turned this whole Hallie thing into a *Harriet the Spy*-type adventure which makes me think she doesn't actually get it.

Anyway, I know it sounds silly, but, as we were walking, I found myself keeping an eye out for signs of Hallie too. Cleo took a million pics and started collecting evidence in little plastic sandwich bags – things like pebbles and crushed twigs. But as we walked, I realised the truly horrible thing was I didn't really know what I was looking for. I mean anything could be meaningful. *Anything*. A navy button could be from Hallie Knight's uniform. The lid of a Gatorade bottle could be from the last drink Hallie drank. Even Cleo's pebbles. But unless a clue's got ticker tape, a knife and a big gory bloodstain, I'd probably just keep walking and that makes me feel so helpless.

Better go. I'm sleeping at the twins' – Avril and Mia (from my old school) – and their dad's collecting me in a minute. They're pretty fun, actually. They're always doing things like squirting tomato sauce on seats so that when girls stand up it looks like they have their periods.

x CC

(Call me 'CeeCee'. Celia means 'blind' and I'd rather be a corn chip – get it?!)

PS Just so you don't think I'm anything like my mum, I really only like to eat foods that are beige. Always have. Like honeycomb choc tops, Dijonnaise and chips. But not bananas. I hate the stringy bits.

PPS I think my grandma wears Nundies. Her knickers are so big I can fit two legs in one leg hole.

PPPS I'm glad you made friends with a day bug. I hope I make a friend too soon. Is Anika's dad a real farmer with a tractor and a pitchfork?

From: Alice King Alicekingofthejungle@gmail.com
Tuesday 26 April 10:13 PM

Seriously, I think your eight-year-old sister's got more chance of finding Hallie than the police. If you ask me, this whole thing just STINKS of those girls that went missing from Eltham a few years back. Remember? Found all wrapped up in those creepy cocoon thingies? I bet you it's the same cocoon guy. I'll never forget those girls because one of them was called Esther and we had a babysitter at the time called Adeline too and she had the same dark hair and everything. Why aren't the police working it out? No imagination!! You girls have definitely got what it takes for detective work though. And, if I had a tenth of your imagination maybe I'd stop

getting Ds in English. I bet you get As. I bet you do. I've never cracked an A – not even when I was at my old school where there were only about six kids in the class. I did come first in cross-country though. They just never called it an A.

It's so weird you're at Ashbourne now. I bet you've seen my sister, Tess, on the tram, although I think she walks to school 'cause she's obsessed with being skinny as well as slutty. Unfortunately it's only the slutty part that comes naturally but don't tell ol' Muffin Tops I said that. Tess has seriously had about ten boyfriends as well as having a million love bites. Completely Bargain Basement if you ask me. Dad even discovered Tess had taken her flyscreen off its hinges so she could sneak disgusting boys through her bedroom window at night.

Sister Mary Bernadette would honestly have a cardiac if she knew I had a sister like Tess, who clearly has a dominant gene for slutty behaviour. And why why why do girls with the dominant slut gene always over pluck their eyebrows into a thin line? Seriously, Tess will be DRAWING hers on by the time she's 20!

Sister Mary Bernadette insists on us calling her by her full name – Sister Mary Bernadette. She's the only nun who you have any hope for actually – apart from the fact that she's a type of trainee so could definitely still quit the convent, get a bit of a makeover and lead a normal life. But she's not making any noises about quitting at all. She wants to become a fully fledged nun and marry Jesus.

Sister Mary Bernadette takes us for this class called Grooming, Deportment and Moral Hygiene. It's a wonder we're not also learning shorthand and cross-stitch. So prehistoric! Anyway, the point is, having a slutty sister has absolutely NO advantages. For instance, we had to do this writing piece about our family but I had to completely lie about Tess and make her into the sort of person who volunteers to be a library monitor instead of being the slut of East Malvern. She would DIE if she knew I said that. And then I had to make up a whole lot more stuff to cover for my nine-year-old brother Johnny, who actually DID die, but I'm just about NEVER in the mood for talking about it. All I'm saying is that if we had more than five minutes to write, and if I had your kind of imagination, I could have made up a whole lot of interesting things to cover for Tess and Johnny, but instead . . . my piece was very boring and I got a D. I'd give my family a D too. D for depressing. Wanna swap?

Anyway, CC, you sure do make me laugh and I bet those ad agencies will pick you for a catalogue really soon, even if you are a little more Beasley-looking than Pritchard and only eat beige food. If they ever let me out of here I'll bring you a box of fortune cookies, okay? Got to rush, the dinner bell just rang and I don't want to miss out 'cause Sister Catherine said we were having minute steaks, which might just mean they won't last longer than 60 seconds. Ha Ha.

C U CC (extra cheesy), Alice (prisoner number 89573495) x