

A Day at the Beach  
By Matthew Lloyd

## **Introduction**

What you have before you are the collected transcripts from court documents concerning the individual hereafter referred to as 'Witness Q' in the case of [redacted] versus [redacted].

Comments by special investigator 'A9' are highlighted with italics. Unformatted font are the surviving extracts from Witness Q's diaries as found after the house fire. The whereabouts of Witness Q is currently unknown, no body was found at the house fire - though it is believed to be suspicious.

*Witness Q was released from the North Melbourne Psychiatric Unit on 15-May-2013 - they were believed to be no danger to the public nor themselves at this time. Interviews with staff and other patients indicate no malevolence in the subject but that anomalous occurrences took place throughout the hospital during her entire stay. It was therefore decided to place a watch on her after her release to observe, document and catalogue these occurrences. Noted that she also kept copious diaries and notes before her disappearance, however only some of these have survived intact after the fire. What remains gives a small insight into the events that neither herself nor we at the centre quite understand.*

Monday 20th May, 2013

Returned to work today after yet another stint in the hospital. It was not as terrifying this time. I've gotten used to the place - although I really shouldn't be so comfortable there.

I'm as well as can be expected and am thankful for the treatment they provide, though it doesn't truly ever fix the problem.

At work today I managed to process a few invoices, I had a bit of a headache so went home early. They must think I'm really flaky, I don't know why they keep me on - given the number of days I take off and the many hospital and respite stays I've had over the years.

Sugar was happy to see me when I got home. She curled up and watched telly with me. I liked that.

This week I hope to visit Mum and Dad.

*The next entry isn't for a few weeks, and catalogues one of the anomalous incidents similar to those that occurred at the hospital during her stay.*

Sunday Morning, 2nd of June 2013.

Oh my head. What a headache. And it's not from the late night at the club last night. Dad doesn't like me going there straight after I've been in hospital. He worries about me. But it was fun, mostly.

There was another of those things again though. Someone looked at me funny. I know, the doctors always argue that it's just my perception, but really, truly someone did. And then, for the briefest of moments I thought I heard something. As if they spoke - or at least someone did, they called out a name, but not my name - and yet I looked up.

And then, a moment later - the music stopped and something went wrong with the band's amplifiers. It only lasted a few minutes, then the music came on as normal. That peculiar heat I feel inside my skull at times came again. It hurt a little.

I got home late, went to bed and slept.

*The next entry is a day later - but is not entirely readable. There were some drawings as well, of some kind of prison cell, or map.*

Monday 3rd June 2013,

Dammit! I'm sick of that dream. Every few months I have it. The wooden cells, the people screaming as they're lead down the corridor. The guards. They don't look like us. I've always felt they look more like something from a bad world war two movie. But maybe the Korean or Vietnam War or something.

I always wake at the same time.

Work called as well. They don't need me to come in today. Good. I could use a proper rest.

*On investigating, the medical staff at the hospital comment that Witness Q had had a lot of bad dreams, often relating to some kind of prison cell. It was put down to the fact that she had spent a lot of time involuntarily admitted into hospital. However the descriptions of the 'guards' - well, her uncle was a POW so perhaps it was some kind of story from his time?*

*There are several days of nondescript diary entries - buying milk, eggs, cheese, going to her parents' place, attending movies and the like. The next point of significance is not until end of financial year - a stressful time for her it seemed and a trigger point for the next anomalous event.*

Saturday 29th June, 2013

Fuck. I hate this shit. Why does it always do this at the end of financial year. The system always has to go down at the worst time. IT never helps. Anyway...I had a ton of work to do, and nothing worked. The email was down, the server was down. Everything fucked up. Right when I needed to prepare for month and year end.

I had to stay late in the end. Wasn't until after 8pm I left.

I noticed something when I drove home. There was a person standing by the side of the road, at the entrance to the freeway. I heard a name again, called out. As if they were calling to me, but not my name, some other name. Weird shit I know. But that's pretty normal.

Traffic was heavy for 8pm on a Friday. I had the radio on. Listening to Mix 102 as I like to.

Sugar was happy to see me again when I got home. I was glad to see her too. I'll go and visit Mum on the weekend. I need some of her soup - I think I'm coming down with a cold.

*Note - combining the time of Witness Q's experience of hearing the 'name' at say around 8pm on that date and time with the others on our watch list shows that this was not isolated. At least five of our other 'witnesses' observed or experienced a similar thing at that very instant or thereabouts.*

*Three of the five also saw a person, while two only heard the voice. In each case it was a singular name. The voice inspired neither fear nor anxiety in the witnesses.*

*Through the month of July things began to take a turn for the worse for Witness Q's personal life. Her employment was terminated - restructure - downturn in the economy. Her pet cat became unwell and had to receive veterinary treatment, and her mental health began to suffer.*

*A number of unusual diary entries are made, however there are two in particular that stand out - I'll let them speak for themselves.*

Wednesday 10-July-2013

Still out of work. Nowhere really wants me. That's okay. Mum and Dad have offered to help out when I need them. I could use the break too. Quite stressed.

I saw them again today. The man on the freeway from a few weeks ago. This time he was jogging. He looked at me. And then the name came again. Followed by a word. I thought I heard it wrong - but it seemed to be simply: 'Halt'.

And then...he was gone again.

Saturday 13-July-2013

My uncle took me to the beach today at Portsea. Yes - middle of Winter. We didn't swim. It was too cold for that. He wanted me to see something he said. He didn't say what. We sat and had fish and chips on the sand, a bit cold, but sunny. He didn't say much. We sat there. He looked at his watch, it was 1pm. He pointed out at the water.

For a moment I thought I did see something. Or did I imagine it? There was a boat, and a bigger boat further out, or what looked like a boat.

It was gone - I was not afraid - though I knew it wasn't really there. It was just my active imagination, or my mind, or whatever this is.

And then I heard that word again, I thought it was my uncle, but it wasn't. 'Halt'.

Around that time my uncle said we would head back home. The fish and chips were tasty. I still haven't found work. My uncle said not to worry about work, work would find me when the time came.

*Witness Q is the only member of the five who has been to that location. However, as per last time - all five heard a voice around that date and time saying a single word.*

*The other four witnesses are all in different states across the country. There is one more entry before the diary entries become unintelligible. However we believe that we have a much better picture of what happened on 17-December-1967.*

Saturday, August 3rd 2013.

Dad's birthday today. We went out for dinner. Mum and Dad have been looking at me funny all week. My Uncle has gone on holiday. They weren't happy about it. Wouldn't say where he was going.

Anyway....I had that dream again last night, I don't want to discuss it again though. My uncle had a gift for me though before he left. He has a funny sense of gifts sometimes. This time it was a book. A book on the sinking of the Russian Kursk 13 years earlier. I've never liked military history. But he likes giving me these weird gifts...I've never understood why.

We had Chinese for dinner. I've always found it funny how the Chinese pick Western names for themselves like Harry, or Harold, or Henry instead of Wu Shu, or Jiang.

When we paid the bill I heard that voice again, it simply said 'Halt'. At the same time my mother asked the waiter why they change their names to Western names - which is what I had wanted to know.

His explanation was that it was simply a sign of respect.