



JANIE HARPER

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *THE SURVIVORS*

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A NOVEL

EXILES

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JANE HARPER



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For the readers, who make these books what they are

PROLOGUE

Think back. The signs were there. What were they?

They all asked themselves the same questions afterward.

How did it come to this? Could we have stopped it?

That was the key one, Aaron Falk knew. And the answer was probably yes. Even with no warning—and there were warnings—the answer was almost always yes. A million decisions paved the road to a single act, and a single act could be derailed in any one of a million ways. But choices had been made—some conscious and considered, some less so—and of all the million paths that had lain ahead, this was the one they found themselves on.

The baby was asleep when she was discovered. She was just short of six weeks old, a good weight for her age, healthy and well, other than being completely alone. She would have been warm enough deep inside her bassinet stroller. She was swaddled carefully in a clean wrap purchased from the state's leading baby-wares retailer, and tucked in with an artisan wool blanket, thick enough to have the effect of flattening out the bundle of her shape if placed in the right way. It had been placed in exactly that way. A casual glance toward the stroller would inevitably first see the blanket rather than the baby.

It was a spring night and the South Australian sky was clear and starry with no rain forecast, but the weatherproof hood had been pulled over to full stretch. A linen square normally used as a sunshield was draped over the opening between the hood and the stroller. A casual glance would now not see the sleeping girl at all.

The stroller was parked alongside a few dozen others in the Marralee Valley Annual Food and Wine Festival's designated stroller bay, fighting for space in the shadow of the ferris wheel with a tangle of bikes and

scooters and a lone tricycle. It had been left in the far corner, the foot brake firmly on.

The contents of the bay were collected one by one over the next couple of hours, as families who'd been mixing wine, cheese, and carnival rides decided they'd celebrated local produce enough for one night. By a little after 10:30 p.m., only the stroller and the assistant electrical technician's bike were left.

The technician paused as he undid his combination lock. He looked around. The festival had officially closed half an hour earlier and the site was mostly clear now, with only staff still around. The technician put his lock in his backpack, swept his eyes once more over the rapidly darkening grounds, then walked over to the stroller. He bent and peered under the hood, then straightened and pushed it all the way down. The swaddled bundle stirred at the rush of cool air as the technician pulled out his phone and made a call.

The baby's name was written on the label of her onesie. *Zoe Gillespie*. Her family wasn't local—not anymore, at least—but the festival director and the responding on-duty officer knew both her parents by name.

Zoe's mother's phone rang from the diaper bag stowed in the shopping holder underneath the stroller. The tone trilled loudly in the night air. The zipped bag also held a set of car keys and a purse complete with ID, cards, and cash. The technician ran out to the visitors' parking lot. A family sedan matching the make on the key ring was one of the few remaining vehicles.

Zoe's father's phone rang a couple of kilometers away, in the foyer of the Marralee Valley's better Italian restaurant. He'd waved off his own parents in a taxi and was now paying the meal bill while chatting to the owner and her husband, who both remembered him from school. He was showing them pictures of Zoe—his firstborn, and already six weeks old on Sunday; he could hardly believe it—and the owner was insisting he accept a celebratory bottle of sparkling wine on the house, when his screen lit up with the call.

The restaurant was a fifteen-minute walk from the festival grounds. The restaurant owner broke the speed limit that she herself had campaigned for to drive him there in just over three, slamming on the brakes right outside the main gate. He ran from there past the closed and darkened stalls, all the way to his daughter's side.

The site was searched. Zoe's mother, thirty-nine-year-old Kim Gillespie, was not found.

Volunteers were assembled and the area was combed again. Then the parking lot, then the vineyards on either side. The stroller had been parked facing east, toward the back of the festival site and the overflow exit. Beyond the exit lay bushland and a small track that led only one way. The search moved along that track, following it all the way down to the reservoir. Then along the broad leisure trail that circled the water—empty at that time of night of walkers and service vehicles—to the highest point along the rugged embankment: a steep rocky ledge known locally as the Drop. Far below, the reservoir stretched deep and wide.

Two days later, they found a shoe. Kim Gillespie's white sneaker, waterlogged and streaked with sediment, was recovered more than a kilometer to the east, jammed in the dam's filters.

Specialist divers were called to broach the crack in the base at the center of the natural reservoir. They went as deep into the cavernous void as they could, while searchers swept the perimeter on foot and in ranger vehicles, and volunteers combed the shallows in their weekend boats. The search continued for another week, then two, then slowed and finally stopped altogether, with promises to return when the water level dropped. Spring turned into summer and autumn. Zoe grew out of her stroller, took her first steps, needed shoes of her own. Her first birthday came and went.

What did I see? Those who knew and loved the family were left with their questions. They asked themselves and each other, *What did I miss?*

But Zoe's mother did not come back for her.

1

ONE YEAR LATER

Someone else was already there.

Aaron Falk felt faintly, if unreasonably, annoyed as he pulled up next to the other car. The turnoff had been as hard to spot as he'd remembered, almost swallowed by the bushland towering over both sides of the road. It was so well concealed, in fact, that Falk had blithely assumed that what was waiting at the other end of the track would be his alone. Not so, he could see now as he touched the brake and suppressed a sigh.

Falk hadn't been alone there last year, either. Greg Raco had been in the passenger seat then, Falk following his friend's directions as they neared the end of their eight-hour drive. Raco had ignored the sat nav, especially after they'd crossed the Victorian border into South Australia. His high spirits had been infectious and they'd chewed through the kilometers, taking turns trading news and picking the music. Raco's newborn son was being christened that weekend, in the same church where Raco and his brothers had been themselves several decades earlier. His wife and two kids had already made the trip and were waiting at the other end, but Raco's sergeant duties had held him back. He was clearly keen to be reunited with them, so Falk had been surprised when he'd suddenly leaned forward in the passenger seat, peering at the empty road and pointing to a patch of trees. "You see that break ahead? Turn there."

They had still been a good thirty minutes out of town and Falk could see nothing. The stretch of bushland had looked identical to the rest lining the route. "Where?"

"There, mate."

Falk had still missed it, and had had to illegally reverse several meters

before he saw the single-lane track. He'd eyed his car's suspension.

"What's at the other end?"

"Quick detour." Raco had grinned. "Trust me. It's worth it."

He'd been right. It had been worth the stop, both then and now.

With no Raco beside him this year, Falk had slowed to an almost crawl and still managed to slide past the turnoff. He'd caught it in his rearview mirror and, again reversing farther than ideal even on a clear road, had bumped up the track that looked like it led exactly nowhere. At the end was a small clearing and one other car.

Falk came to a stop and switched off the engine. He sat for a moment, staring ahead to where the heavy bushland parted. The sky was a bright dome, glowing with the vibrant blue of spring. Nestled below was an intricate patchwork of greens that made up the Marralee Valley. Falk had felt last year that the view had been all the more beautiful for being so unexpected. But now, lit up by the late-afternoon sun, it was even better than he'd remembered, if anything.

He climbed out of his car and stretched, the movement stirring the owner of the other vehicle. The man was standing a sensible distance from the lookout's wooden safety rail. He was also staring out at the view, but his arms were crossed in a way that suggested he was taking in none of it. A child's sippy cup dangled from one hand and, behind him, a sturdy toddler sat straight-legged on the wooden picnic table, scattering a box of sultanas across the battered surface. At the sound of Falk's car door slamming, the man unfolded his arms and rubbed a hand over his eyes. He turned and handed the cup to the toddler.

It was the husband.

The recognition came to Falk all at once, followed by a jolt as he realized the little girl now smashing a fistful of dried fruit toward her mouth must be Zoe Gillespie, who up until this moment had remained frozen in his mind at six weeks old.

The man nodded at Falk and as his daughter swallowed her last mouthful, he hoisted her up and carried her to their car. He seemed to sense he'd been recognized, and his body language didn't invite questions or conversation. Fair enough, really, Falk thought. The bloke would have had plenty of questions thrown his way at the time. The husbands always did.

"You're here for the christening." The man spoke suddenly, catching

Falk by surprise. He'd stopped between the two cars and looked a little relieved, like he'd worked something out. "Is that right? For the Racos' son?"

"Yeah."

Kim Gillespie had been part of the extended Raco family for close to twenty-five years, Falk knew. Since that long-ago autumn afternoon when she'd first ridden her bike past the Racos' house, teenage ponytail swinging, until the night last year when she'd disappeared under the bright festival lights. The christening had been immediately canceled after Kim went missing. It had taken the Raco family a full twelve months to reschedule.

Falk took a step toward Kim's husband and child and held out his hand. "Aaron Falk."

"Rohan Gillespie. Did we meet?"

"Only briefly."

Rohan was nearly as tall as Falk, and while he would only be forty-two now, he looked to have aged a fair bit over the past year.

"You here for the christening, too?" Falk asked.

"Yeah. Well, no, the appeal, actually." Rohan looked tired as he fastened his daughter into her car seat. "But we'll go to the christening as well."

"When's the appeal happening?"

"This evening. Festival grounds."

"Festival opens tonight?"

"Yeah."

"Good time to do it."

"I hope so." Rohan clicked the seat buckles and patted his daughter's leg. He turned back to Falk. "I thought you looked familiar when you pulled up. Greg Raco's mate? You were on the witness list?"

"Yeah."

Rohan tilted his head, trying to remember. "Remind me. Near the entrance?"

"The ferris wheel."

Rohan nodded as he thought back. "Yeah. That's right."

Falk was surprised the man remembered him after a year, but only a little. Falk had been a visitor in town, one of hundreds, but still worth following up. Rohan had probably flagged Falk's presence to officers

himself—*There was another bloke there, tall, fortysomething, short hair, gray-blond maybe. Friend of the Racos but on his own, kind of hanging around*—dredging up whatever information he could hours after the fact.

“You’re police, too, aren’t you?” Rohan tucked the sippy cup in next to Zoe before shutting the car door. “That how you know Greg?”

“Yeah, but we don’t work together. I’m AFP, financial division. He’s with the state police, back in Victoria.”

“Right.” There was a muffled wail of complaint from inside the car, and Rohan sighed. “Anyway. Better keep this one moving. Good to see you. You’re staying at the Racos’ place?”

“Yeah.”

“Then I’ll probably see you at the appeal. They’ll all be there.”

“Probably. I hope it goes well.”

“Thank you.” The reply was reflexive, and Falk recognized the apprehension. It was exhausting to keep hope alive. How well could a missing person’s appeal really go after twelve whole months? There were no good answers left out there.

Falk watched Rohan reverse and disappear down the track, then walked over to the barrier. He leaned both hands on the railing and let himself relax for a minute, soaking up the sight in front of him. Light wisps of cloud moved across the sky, throwing delicate patterns of shadow below. From that height, the town looked small, its surroundings vivid and lush. Long rows of grapevines stretched out, their man-made perfection drawing the eye. Far in the distance, he could make out the aggressively imperfect crack where part of the giant Murray River carved its way through the land.

Rohan had the look of a man who did not sleep well, Falk thought as he let his gaze settle. That wasn’t surprising, given the circumstances, plus the demands of parenting a one-year-old. But still, Falk wondered what specifically was keeping the guy awake at night, in those hours when he could be snatching some precious rest.

A few things, probably. The statement from that young bloke who’d been manning the first-aid station, for one. What the kid reckoned he had or, more crucially, hadn’t seen. A couple of the alleged sightings, almost certainly. The drunk woman at the bar, maybe. The crying heard from the toilets. Confirmed or not, those were the kinds of things that played on your mind.

Falk took one last look at the view, then dragged his eyes away and walked back across the clearing. He climbed into his car and checked the directions for the last leg of the journey.

Most likely, Falk guessed as he started the engine and reversed carefully, Rohan Gillespie spent those dark early hours trawling through the choices he himself had made that night. That short stretch of time in which his movements remained uncorroborated, definitely. How long had the gap been? Falk tried to remember. Not huge. Eight minutes? Seven? Either way, long enough to cause headaches for the spouse of a missing woman.

The decision Rohan had taken to leave the festival. That moment when he'd waved goodbye to his wife and child and turned alone in the direction of town, heading into the night. The hours leading up to that moment. The days and months leading up to that night. Those things that you didn't even notice at the time. Little decisions that ultimately added up to something so much bigger.

Falk edged his car along the narrow trail, emerging from the trees and back onto the road. He turned the wheels west and pressed down on the accelerator.

Those were the decisions that lingered, he thought, glancing over as he flashed past a temporary billboard, its colors bright against the green bushland. The Marralee Valley Annual Food and Wine Festival, it told him, just thirty minutes ahead.

The little things you could have done differently, that was the stuff that haunted you.

2

The déjà vu that had been hovering all journey really kicked into full gear as Falk pulled up the long dirt driveway and came to a stop outside the bluestone cottage.

The town of Marralee had looked much as he'd remembered, and he'd kept an eye out for the local landmarks Raco had pointed out a year earlier. That pub the Raco brothers and their various mates had drunk in when they were old enough; the park bench they'd drunk on when they weren't. A row of shops, much more gentrified these days, apparently, with painted heritage awnings and handmade soaps and organic vegetables on display. The tree-lined road that led to the school. The cricket pitch. The turnoff to the festival grounds.

Even driving at a tour-guide pace via the scenic route, it had only taken Falk and Raco a handful of minutes last year to travel right through the town and out the other side. The main street had not long disappeared behind them, and the land opened up again when Raco had pointed to the dirt driveway with a painted sign on the fence.

Penvale Vineyard. Tastings by appointment.

At the other end of the driveway, they'd ignored the arrow directing visitors to the office and instead pulled around to the front of the cottage and parked outside Raco's brother's front door.

A year on, Falk stood on the step of that same front door and knocked. It always felt to him like trauma should mark surroundings in the same way it could mark people, but that didn't often happen. Depended what the trauma was, he supposed. Here, anyway, all appeared well. Better than well. The vineyard glowed in the late-afternoon sun with the same fresh vibrancy as it had twelve months earlier. The welcome sign had been recently repainted, and carefully cultivated rows of vines stretched out in

pleasing symmetry. Their leaves shimmered bold and green, and from that distance had the illusion of almost breathing, alive in the light of the warm spring day.

From inside the house, Falk heard a clatter of fast footsteps down the hall, followed by the tread of heavier ones. The door opened, and there stood Raco, a little girl at his feet and a one-year-old in his arms.

“You made it. Welcome.” Raco grinned. He didn’t have a free hand so settled for gesturing with a jerk of his head. “Come in, mate. Rita’s out the back. Mind your step, here,” he added as his five-year-old daughter, Eva, clung to his jeans, entangling herself in his legs. Raco’s toddler son rested against his shoulder and fixed Falk with a glassy, accusing gaze.

The kids looked older than Falk had expected, but they always did. Rita texted him photos, but Falk had last seen them in person a good six months ago, when they’d brought Eva to Melbourne to see a musical.

Raco was also looking older these days, Falk couldn’t help but notice. His dark curly hair had definite flecks of gray now, and his boyish face had lines that had never been there before. He was younger than Falk, not even forty yet. But after the past year, for the first time ever, Falk thought he was starting to look his age.

“Beer? Water?” Raco called over his son’s head as Falk followed them down the hall. “Or there’s heaps of wine, obviously.”

“A beer would be great, thanks.”

“No worries.” Raco gently kicked a stray toy out of the way. It may have been his brother’s place, but Raco was as at home there as Falk had ever seen him.

In some ways, Raco had barely changed over the six years Falk had known him. He was still quick with a smile and had an invaluable ability to make people feel that he understood exactly where they were coming from, and actually cared about it as well. But he’d shed the green rawness he’d had when Falk had first met him, out in a barn that had once belonged to a friend of Falk’s. The heat had been blazing then, the property still bearing the bloodied telltale signs of death.

Raco now wore the quiet, solid confidence of a man who had come face-to-face with the worst and had proven himself. He had leaned into his role as sergeant of a small country town and was liked and respected by the locals back in Kiewarra. As a former Kiewarra local himself, Falk thought it was impossible to overstate what an achievement that was.

“He’s here,” Raco called as they came into a large bright kitchen, which in turn opened onto a raised veranda with a spectacular view of the vineyard below. A small woman in a patterned dress was leaning with one hip against the wooden post, her cloud of dark hair shining in the sun. She was ignoring the scenery, instead frowning at a printed flyer in her hand. As Falk stepped out, she put the flyer down on the outdoor table, trapping the corner under her water glass.

“Aaron.” Her face broke into a smile as she came to him and rested her hands on his forearms. Rita Raco looked up at him for a moment before enveloping him in a hug. “Hello. So good to see you.”

She meant it, Falk could tell, and he felt a rush of pure warmth toward them both. That was the thing about Rita and Raco. Their friendship was as close to unconditional as Falk had ever found.

“How long have they let us have you for, in the end?” Rita said as she took Henry and settled him into his high chair with a banana in his hand.

“A week.” Falk had tried for two and got a flat no, which he’d pretty much expected given the current workload. “If that’s okay?”

“Of course.” Rita smiled and didn’t add anything—*You really can’t stay longer?*—and Falk loved her a little bit more. That was the other thing about the Racos. They never made him feel like what he was offering fell short.

“Thanks for driving all the way out,” Raco called as he disappeared back into the kitchen and reappeared a moment later with three beers. “For a second time.” His smile dipped a little as he passed one each to Falk and Rita.

“Of course. Couldn’t miss this.”

Falk had been surprised and touched on that evening a few months before their son’s birth, when Raco and Rita had come down to Melbourne to take him out for dinner. Falk had suggested a restaurant he knew they’d like, and after they’d ordered, the couple had asked Falk if he’d consider being their baby’s godfather. Also, if it was all right by him, they’d like to name their son Henry Aaron Raco.

“Really? You don’t want to ask someone in the family or—”

“No, mate. We want to ask you,” Raco had said, as matter-of-fact as he ever was. “So what do you reckon?”

“Well, yeah. Thank you.” Falk’s answer came automatically. “What do I have to do?”

“Not too much. Be a good influence.”

“We wanted someone we trusted.” Rita had smiled at him. “So who better?”

Later, when Raco had gone to the bathroom, Rita had scraped her dessert bowl empty, then pushed it aside.

“So, the thing is”—she’d leaned in a little—“his parents and grandparents were quite religious. He might be lapsed, but you can never totally get rid of it. Runs quite deep, you know? He’ll play down this godparent thing, but it actually means something to him.”

“I know. I’m honored. Genuinely. I didn’t expect this.”

Rita had looked at Falk across the empty plates, her face a little sad. “You really didn’t, did you? Even after everything.”

“Well, it’s just that you have so many people—”

“That’s true. But we wanted you.” She’d taken his hand, placing it on her stomach. “It’s not like the movies, I’m afraid. And fair warning, it’s more church than I find ideal, personally.”

“Noted. But still up for it.” Under his palm, Falk could sense the future Henry Aaron Raco stirring, and felt a protective surge. “Thanks, Rita. I’ll do my best for you all.”

“We know you will.”

Had he really done his best? Falk wondered now, as thirteen-month-old Henry regarded him with nothing warmer than suspicion. He’d had good intentions. He’d driven out to the Marralee Valley last year for the christening, fully ready to play his part, but then everything had been derailed. When he’d gotten back home to Melbourne, work had been manic, and sometimes he’d blink and find whole months had gone by and he hadn’t once spoken to the Racos.

Okay, he thought, smiling at Henry. Starting now.

Henry slid his dark little eyes away, as though embarrassed on Falk’s behalf.

“Ignore him.” Raco laughed and plonked a sun hat on his child’s head. “Grab a seat.”

Falk pulled up the chair next to Rita, while Eva lolled against the table beside him, fiddling with a glittery hair clip. Eva was big for five, with her mum’s curly hair but her dad’s eyes. She kept stealing glances at Falk, a little overwhelmed by his presence. Her parents had once mentioned that it had been Falk who’d given her the doll that had been her constant

companion for the past few years. That, coupled with the fact that she only saw Falk in person on rare occasions, had given him something of a Santa Claus allure.

“Watch the table, sweetheart,” Rita said as Eva leaned in to slip Falk the glittered hair clip and nearly knocked over Rita’s water glass.

“Thanks very much, Eva.” Falk took the clip and moved the glass. Beneath it was the printed flyer Rita had been looking at. Kim Gillespie’s face smiled up from the paper.

The photo had been taken in sunlight, and the woman’s dark brown hair had a sheen to it. She had slightly rounded features that made her appear a little younger than her thirty-nine years, and she looked happy in the photo. Falk wondered when it had been taken.

“He’s been out there for a while,” Rita murmured suddenly, and Falk glanced up in time to see Raco nod.

The pair both had their eyes trained on the vines stretching out below. At first the space appeared empty but, following their gaze, Falk could now see the shape of a man moving along the rows. He was alone and walking at a slow pace. He stopped at a fence post, something unseen catching his attention, then after a long moment continued on.

“How is your brother?” Falk said, and Raco and Rita exchanged a glance.

“Charlie?” Raco rubbed his chin. “Yeah. He’s not bad. Considering.”

Falk nodded. If there was one person likely to attract even more questions than the spouse of a missing person, it had to be the ex-partner. However amicable the parting of ways was said to have been.

Charlie Raco and Kim Gillespie had shared a seventeen-year-old daughter and an on-again, off-again relationship, which had sparked to life with a teenage infatuation, bumped along for two decades, and finally fizzled out for good five years ago. A co-parenting arrangement and division of assets had been mutually agreed without the need for either party to engage a lawyer. Falk knew this, because everyone knew it now. The details of the relationship had been rehashed and picked over at length after last year.

Falk turned back to the vines, but the rows once again appeared empty. He couldn’t see where Charlie Raco had gone. He reached out instead and picked up the flyer from beside Rita’s glass.

“Zara got them made up,” Rita said.

Falk nodded. The seventeen-year-old. He cast his eye over the information. All the important stuff was there. She'd done a good job. "And what's the plan tonight?"

"The festival's agreed to do a minute's silence for the anniversary," Raco said. "Plus an appeal on the main stage."

"Appealing for what exactly?" The question came out more bluntly than Falk had intended, and he rephrased. "I mean, are there doubts? I thought after they found her shoe it was pretty much—"

"Not doubts," Rita said quickly. "But questions, I suppose. About Kim's state of mind on the night." She glanced toward the house, and Falk guessed that Kim's older daughter was inside somewhere. "But we're trying to manage Zara's expectations."

"She's struggling?" Falk said.

Rita flashed a reassuring smile as her own daughter looked up, and waited until Eva wandered off in search of more gifts for Falk before she spoke again.

"To be fair, it's not only Zara pushing for this; we'd all like to know. I mean, I still think about it a lot," she said, and Raco nodded in agreement. "What Kim must have been thinking to leave her baby like that."

Falk looked down at the caption below the woman's photo. *Kim Gillespie, age thirty-nine. Last seen at the opening night of the Marralee Valley Annual Food and Wine Festival. Brown hair, brown eyes, medium build, 168 cm. Wearing a dark gray jacket, white or cream T-shirt, black jeans or leggings, white sneakers.* Falk had never met Kim and as far as he knew had seen her alive only twice—once on a phone screen and once from a distance.

"I reckon the locals have probably said all they can say by now, but the opening night's always mostly tourists." Raco took a long pull on his beer. "They'll probably get maybe a thousand of them tonight. Lot of the same families come every year. So it'll jog a few memories, at least." His frown returned. "Like it or not."

Falk nodded. He'd been involved in all kinds of witness statements over the years, and among the least helpful—worse than those who refused to speak, worse than those who straight-up lied—were the well-meaning bystanders who reckoned they'd seen plenty. It was rarely deliberate, most people simply wanted to help. Falk didn't blame them; there was something in human nature that compelled people to fill in the gaps. But

what they'd seen and what they thought they'd seen were not necessarily one and the same.

Falk looked out to the empty vines again and thought back to his own statement last year. The local cop had been young and his questions a little leading at times. He should have known better, and if they'd been in the same chain of command, Falk would have pulled him up on it.

How did Kim seem?

Falk couldn't say. He couldn't even begin to say.

He suspected he probably wouldn't have remembered anything much about those minutes at all if Kim hadn't gone missing, but that was life. Insignificant things became significant unexpectedly. He'd tried to pick out only what he could recall for certain.

The time. It had been 8:00 p.m., and he knew that because the children's fireworks had started. Night had crept in, and he remembered the lights and music had suddenly felt brighter and louder, the way they always did in the dark.

It had been busy. There were lots of people around, but Falk had been alone. He had been making his way back across the grounds from the east end of the site toward the main entrance on the western edge. He'd been returning from the festival's head office to the Penvale Vineyard stall, where Raco and Rita were waiting for him. He had weaved through families who were parking or collecting strollers and bikes from the bay near the ferris wheel, and was just past the ride itself when he'd suddenly slowed on the path, and then stopped.

The young cop should have asked the reason why, but he hadn't, and so Falk hadn't offered. It had had nothing to do with anything that night, anyway.

And that's when you saw Kim Gillespie?

No. Here's what had happened: a burst of static screeching from the speakers by the ferris wheel had snatched Falk's attention away from the path and, still distracted, he'd glanced toward the ride. A man nearby had also flinched at the noise, and their eyes had briefly caught in mutual irritation. Falk hadn't really known the man at the time, but was later able to confirm that it was Rohan Gillespie. Rohan had been chatting to a couple with a tired-looking toddler, who were eventually tracked down and positively identified as tourists from Queensland.

Above them all, the ferris wheel had been continuing its slow rotation.