



Witness Card for Investigator #1 – Harish, age 50

Thank you for meeting me here at the Hindu Temple. I'm not very religious, but after what happened to John, I just needed the support of my own (Indian) community – and to be around people that I can trust. I don't know who killed John or why. I don't really feel safe myself, which is strange because I've always enjoyed the safety and security of living in Oman.

I can't believe this has happened! Although we argued sometimes – as friends do, John was my best friend as well as my business partner for the past two years. Yes, there was an age difference, but it didn't matter. Finding his body is, by far, the worst thing that's ever happened to me. I don't know why anyone would want to kill him. I mean, he is – was – an important person: a businessman, a writer, a world traveler. He knows a lot of people, some of them powerful people, but I don't know why anyone would want to kill him. He was a good man, not one who would have been involved in anything scandalous or criminal.

I last saw him at the office on the day he was killed. He seemed preoccupied about something. I asked him if he wanted to talk, but we were very busy that day, so he said, "tomorrow." And now there is no tomorrow for him.

After work, I went home to change because I was invited to a restaurant by some friends who were celebrating the birthday of one of them. I arrived about 7:45 – since it was a surprise, and my friend got there at 8:00. (Because it is Ramadan, and Muslims don't eat or drink during the daylight hours, gatherings start late here, even among those of us who are not Muslims.) I was there until about midnight that evening. The waiter and restaurant manager – and several of my friends – can verify that. Afterwards, I went home.

The next morning I arrived at work at 9:00, as usual. When John hadn't arrived by 10:00, I thought it was really strange and started trying to phone him. By 11:00, I was getting worried. If he is – was – sick or delayed, he always called in. So I walked the few blocks to his apartment. When he didn't answer my knock, I let myself in with the spare key he had given me as an emergency backup. I went inside, and that's when I saw----- Who could have done this, and why?

Anyway, I don't know how we'll keep the business running. I mean, we make a good living, but our prosperity has always depended on our hard work. Without John, I don't know how I'll manage – or even if I want to anymore.