



Witness Card for Investigator #2 –Diane, age 32

Come inside quickly, so no one sees you. It makes me nervous that you are here. What if John's killer knows I talked to you? What if he thinks I know something? Come in quickly.

I live here with my husband in this apartment next door to John's. The building is where a lot of Westerners in Muscat live. We didn't know him very well – we'd only lived there a few months, and John seemed very busy with his business and his writing. And he was traveling a lot – around Oman and even, sometimes, to a different country. He seemed to be a man who preferred a few close friends, rather than a lot of acquaintances – so there weren't a lot of people coming and going. And I don't think he had a girlfriend. It's not that easy here because premarital relations are discouraged. You have to be so discreet when you date that neighbors usually wouldn't know about other residents' – um – dating life.

The night John died, my husband and I had been out shopping and running errands in the evening. You know how it is around here during Ramadan, don't you? It's so hard, not eating or drinking during the day. It's especially hard not to be able to take even a sip of water when the temperature soars to 111 degrees. For us foreigners, it's hard enough, but at least we can drink in private; most Omanis, however, do not drink anything at all. The thirst is much worse than the hunger. So nighttime, after the sun goes down, the streets are quiet for an hour or so while everyone eats and drinks. Then, businesses open up, so that people can shop, take their laundry to the dry cleaners, and do all the other necessary things that are too hard to get done during the heat of the day when you know you can't drink anything. In other words, at a time when people in the U.S. are settling in at home for the night, people in Oman – during Ramadan – are going out to get their chores done.

So my husband and I were out and arrived home at maybe 10:00 pm. We didn't see anyone going in or out of John's apartment, but I think he had a guest. There's one place where the walls of our apartments touch in such a way – without furniture or anything in between to muffle the sound – that we can hear what goes on in the living room of the apartment next to us, at least, if we don't have the television on. We can't hear conversations or make out the words (thank God for that privacy!), but we *can* hear voices. That night, I thought I heard a raised voice, a man's voice speaking English with an accent that I didn't recognize. I don't think he was an Arabic speaker, and not a native speaker of English either. Or maybe I was wrong. It was just a small snatch of conversation, heard through a wall. Maybe it was just the TV? And soon afterwards, my husband turned on our TV, so I didn't hear anything else, not even a gunshot.

I hope that helps. And I hope you catch the killer quickly. None of us feel safe anymore.