



Witness Card for Investigator #5 – Cara, Age 24

Welcome to the Mutrah Souq! I'm glad you're meeting me here since, you know, women need to be careful not to meet alone with men. And I didn't know if you would be a man or a woman.....Already people think of me as possibly wild because I don't cover my hair. I mean, they don't expect me – a foreigner and a non-Muslim – to cover my hair, and I'm dressed modestly in every other way – note the loose blouse with the high neckline and sleeves below my elbow and the loose skirt that goes below my knees. But still, Omanis don't exactly know what to expect from us foreign women. Amira and I always joke about that. You met Amira, right? Or someone on your team did.

Sorry that I'm rambling. It's been such a difficult time. My brother.....Do you have any idea who could have.....? I mean, John didn't have enemies. Everyone *liked* him. At least, I thought so....He was a good, kind person, one of those people who can feel at home anywhere with all kinds of people. And he loved Oman, never expected to die here. This is such a safe country – for Americans, not just for Omanis.

You wonder why he came here? Well, John always loved to travel, see new things, meet new people, learn new languages. Did you see the giant map on the wall of his apartment? The one with all the pins in it? Each pin was for a country that he'd visited. There were 40 or 50 of them – and he's a young man. Or *was* before....Excuse me. Give me a minute to....

Anyway, he loved seeing the world, and he especially loved Oman. He spoke Arabic, you know – learned it in college. He ran the language school to finance his stay here – and his travels, but his real passion was working on the book he was writing. It was about the history of Oman and the development of the western Indian Ocean trade – between southern Arabia and the Swahili coast of East Africa. He traveled widely, researching that book – and he spoke to many people. Do you think one of them could have.....? But why? What reason could there be?

Where was *I* that night that he died? Seriously?! I loved him – he is/was all I had after my parents died. I never felt like an orphan until now....I wish I had been with him on that night – maybe I could have prevented....But it's foolish to try to rewrite the past. I wasn't there; I was out of the country, in Dubai with some friends from the U.S. They wanted to party, and Dubai's more of a place for that than Muscat. So I wasn't here – though I'll forever wonder if things might have been different if I had been here that day.