



Witness Card for Investigator #5 – Abdullah, Age 45

I'm glad we can meet up in Nizwa. During much of the year, I am a musician, performing for tourists at the Wahiba Sands camp. However, we are temporarily closed until the summer heat lets up. It's beautiful in Wahiba Sands, especially in the winter. Visitors can stay in comfortable "cabins," eat well-cooked meals, take jeep rides up into the sand dunes, attend evening musical performances, and ride camels. John stayed at the camp for two days and told me that he just loved the severe beauty of it all. He said the sunset up on the sand dunes was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

It is really too bad about John. He was a nice, interesting young man. Muhammad, a friend from Nizwa, introduced us. John wanted to go out to the Wahiba Sands camp anyway, and Muhammad told him to be sure to introduce himself to me and get my advice about his planned visit to Zanzibar.

I'm from Zanzibar originally. You can probably tell by my skin color that I have African as well as Arab blood. My family came to Oman years ago – when I was a young child – and we were granted Omani citizenship. (You may know that Oman and Zanzibar were, at one time, part of the same empire.) I mostly grew up here in Oman and am much more comfortable speaking Arabic than Swahili. But my family sometimes visits Zanzibar, and I have aunts, uncles, and cousins there. I shared their names with John as he was anxious to talk to people, particularly the older people, about their memories and experiences. He was very excited about the introductions and did, in fact, meet up with my relatives when he went to Zanzibar. John sent me a nice letter and a package when he returned.

I wish that I could tell you more, but that's all I know. Although we communicated sometimes by email and letter, I never saw him other than the one time.