

[REDACTED] on Thursday, December 17, 2009 with additions on phone call times and conversations on the phone and a few other things on January 31, 2010.

On the morning of December 7, 2009, Josh and Susan's daycare lady, whom Susan considered to be a second grandmother to her children, called us. They hadn't shown up with the kids and hadn't called to say they wouldn't be in. She had gone over and pounded on their door herself with no response. It had snowed Sunday evening and no tracks led out of the garage. She was sick with worry because they'd never done that before (in about 1 ½ years).

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
We finally called the police. It was so unheard of for them to blow off the daycare lady like that that we were panicked. All we had were their cell phone numbers and they were going straight to voice mail when we called. The police tracked down Susan's work # and called. She should have been there but didn't show. No calls from her.

I started knocking on doors in their circle. One clear advantage of living in Utah- you knock on enough doors, you'll eventually find someone in their ward, and I did. I got a list of phone #s. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] We tried to call them.

[REDACTED] She didn't answer and I dialed again at 9:53am. She answered and I asked if anyone had talked to Josh lately. She asked the question of everyone with her. She said that [REDACTED] said the last time he'd talked to Josh was Sunday, Dec. 6, 2009 at about 12:30pm. She said that he said Josh had called about a pancake recipe and they'd only spoken a few minutes. I asked if any of them knew where he worked and they started trying to recall it. I hang up with her after 8 minutes on this call.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] talked for 8 minutes. She said they'd remembered where Josh [REDACTED] finally tracked down Josh's work number and called them. He hadn't been in either and hadn't called in sick.

I got the phone numbers for Susan's Dad, Chuck Cox, from [REDACTED] I called Chuck at work, not wanting to alarm her mother yet. Chuck had talked to her a couple of days ago- no indication of anything amiss.

By then there were 4 cops at the house (2 sergeant's or higher up guys) including an Officer Brady. They had been debating amongst themselves about whether or not to force entry. They finally said they would if we'd take responsibility for the broken window. We said go for it, so they broke one of the small living room windows on the bay window and an officer shimmied in the hole. I believe this was at

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# 2 - 4 0 6

BATCH NUMBER

2 of 11  
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about 11:08-11:10am as [REDACTED] called again at 11:05am). I was on the phone with her for 49 minutes on that call. She was on the line when we went in and heard me call to one of the officers, "Is the bird ok?"

We were frantic- thinking they must have all died in their beds from Carbon Monoxide or something.

Nothing. No one home. The bird was alive and well in the cage in the living room, so fumes were not the problem.

Our thoughts turned to other scenarios. Their van was not in the garage (they only have one vehicle). The garage floor looked clean and dry. Did they go for a drive yesterday afternoon and go off the road? They had gone to Josh's company party and he'd won a new camcorder we heard from someone in their ward. Did they go up to the canyons to take pictures of the beautiful scenery and end up in a ditch, unable to get to anyone for help? Were they slowly freezing to death? These thoughts and others ran through our minds as we walked the house looking for any clues.

I walked into their bedroom. Susan's purse was on the table by their bed. I went over and briefly sifted through it to make sure it was really her purse. Her wallet with credit cards, Sam's club card, and her temple recommend was there. Her keys to the van were there [REDACTED] took the keys with her in case Josh and Susan were found and we needed to bring the keys right over to get into the vehicle). The whole situation didn't feel right to me at all. When we first came in, fans we going full blast in the living room which alarmed me. It's the middle of winter for crying out loud! One was near the east wall pointed toward the loveseat. The other fan was leaning against the north end of the loveseat, tipped against it, pointing at the floor. It suddenly occurred to us (one of the cops called from the living room while I was in the bedroom looking at the purse) that the carpet looked like it had just been cleaned in front of the couch. Why all the fans?! I don't do that when I spot clean my carpet. The thought did go through my mind at that time that maybe there was foul play, that Josh had done something to Susan, considering the history of their relationship, but I pushed it from my mind and said nothing. After all, there hadn't seemed to have been a struggle. Of course, that can also be cleaned up. There were also toys scattered on the floor right next to the area where it had been cleaned. It looked like only a small area, not the whole living room had been cleaned.

At that point we were at an impasse. We had no idea what to do. The police were non-committal about the idea of reporting them as missing persons. They hadn't been gone long enough. And besides, adults have a right to disappear and not be found if they don't want to be, Officer Brady said. And yet we knew there was something wrong! Deep down in my gut, I knew something was terribly wrong!

During one of the calls with [REDACTED] after we'd gotten into the house (either the call at 11:05am or the one at 12:57pm), [REDACTED] was on speaker phone [REDACTED] and said something like "I bet it was the weird guy

# 2 - 4 0 6

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Susan's been seeing in her ward a lot. Josh said she's been spending a lot of time with him lately. I bet he went nuts and killed them all." That sounded like the stupidest statement I'd ever heard (though I didn't say so to him), so I ignored him and told [REDACTED] after that I had to go. They knew Susan's purse was sitting there by the bed and they knew the carpet had been cleaned and there were fans on it. And he says maybe it was a wacko in their ward? Stupidity!

The police tracked down Josh and Susan's license plate number and decided to put out a report statewide to agencies (police?), to look for the van. Then we were informed that a detective was going to search the house and we had to leave. We went home and sat around numbly, waiting. Hours passed. We spoke to one of our friends in the neighborhood. [REDACTED] / was missing, she kindly offered to bring us dinner. [REDACTED]

~~At about 6 or 6:30~~, According to my cell phone records, at 4:48pm, Monday night, my cell phone rang. I looked incredulously at the caller ID. Josh and Susan Powell, it said. Was I seeing that right or just wishing? I answered and it was Josh! I screamed into the phone, "Where have you been? We've been worried sick about you? Is Susan with you?" He said no. I yelled again, "Where is she?!!!" He yelled right back that he didn't know. I believe it was at this point that he yelled, "What do you know?" That question felt out of place for someone who hadn't done anything wrong. But I felt it better to back off. If he was guilty of something, he might disappear with the boys if I pushed him too hard. So I said, "Nothing!" I recapped for him how we found out he didn't go to work, show up at the babysitters, and Susan didn't go to work. I told him we'd been worried sick all day. I told him we'd given the police the go ahead to break the window and that they'd posted a cop outside to protect the house since the window was broken. Josh said he and the boys had come to pick Susan up from work and she wasn't there. He said he didn't know where she was. We arranged to meet at his house.

On the way to Josh's house, [REDACTED] tried to call Detective Maxwell but no answer. Then he suddenly called my cell phone, asking for a description of the boys. I passed the phone to [REDACTED] so she could tell him, as I was driving. She told him about Josh and Detective Maxwell asked to speak to me, as I was the one who had spoken to Josh on the phone. I told him some of our conversation. He said he was already at Josh's house and to stay in the car when we got there. The police wanted to talk to him first.

We got to Josh's circle and there were several police cars, some were undercover (regular cars), parked in the circle in front of Josh's house, including Detective Maxwell's. We parked the car and turned off the lights, facing the entrance to the circle so we could see when Josh drove in. We sat there for quite a while, maybe half an hour, and I was starting to get worried that he wouldn't show. Just as I was starting to wonder if I should call again, Detective Maxwell came over to my van. I rolled down my window. I expressed my concern that he may not show. I felt that maybe I had given him too much information. I told Detective Maxwell that I had told Josh about the broken window and about the cop outside his house babysitting the broken window to make sure the house was okay. I asked Detective Maxwell if I should try and call him again. He said he'd called him a few times without response. He asked for my phone and called Josh using my phone at 5:26pm. Josh answered. They had a brief conversation. Josh told him he was getting food for his boys because they were hungry and that he'd be

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over soon. He soon showed up. The cops talked to him at his car window. He didn't get out of the car at all. Shortly they all drove off, Josh leading and the cops following, except for Detective Maxwell. He came over and told us they'd be going to the station and it might be a while. He said we could wait or not, it was our choice. [REDACTED] to inform them that he'd gone in for questioning.

We decided to go home. We sat around for a long time waiting. Josh never called. We finally went to bed. It took me a long time to go to sleep. Then I woke up about 1:30 a.m. I had dreamed that Susan was calling on the phone and I could see her face in my mind. I woke up groping for the phone, panicked, and wanting to talk to Susan. I lay in bed, awake, for about two hours, finally going to sleep sometime after 3:30 a.m.

On the morning of December 8, a neighbor to whom we had given our phone numbers, called [REDACTED]. She said she had seen Josh loading (or maybe he was unloading and she couldn't distinguish that) something in the vehicle at about 11 p.m. last night. She said he was out there loading something again that morning. That was at about 8:30 a.m. (checking cell phone records) just before 8am. We decided to head right over.

The traffic was terrible. It was worse than I'd ever seen it in the Salt Lake Valley. We'd been creeping along for about 20 minutes when [REDACTED] called and told me Josh had called the house, and wanted us to come right over. [REDACTED] to call Josh back. It went straight to voicemail and she left a message telling him we'd be there as soon as we could. Josh called my cell phone at 8:15am to see where we were. Ultimately that 20 minute drive took over an hour because traffic was so bad. We arrived at about 9:50am according to Josh's clock.

The boys hadn't eaten breakfast yet. Josh was going back-and-forth doing stuff. I don't even know what. He kept going out to the garage. I opened the door to the garage (from the laundry room) and tried to see what he was doing. There is a lot of water on the floor and it looked like there was some sawdust mixed in with the water. The back door was open to the garage and he walked in it. I told him I'd help him clean up or whatever since he was supposed to have been meeting with the detective at 9:00 a.m. He made non-committal noises and I shut the door.

Josh got the shop vac out of the basement for me and I vacuumed up glass from the broken window. Then I continued to vacuum with a regular vacuum to make sure all shards of glass were gone [REDACTED] made breakfast for Josh and the little boys.

Josh continued to dawdle around for quite a while. At one point he carried in a pile of wet rags and towels. I don't know if those went in the wash immediately or later. He was throwing laundry into the washer sometime (maybe sooner or later) after we got there and he started the dryer with a load of wet items. He finally stopped doing stuff and went to take a shower. I went out to the garage and looked about a little. On a sled near the front of the garage there were misc items. I don't remember much of what was on the sled. There was a whole pile of stuff, including cheap work gloves (like you might buy at [REDACTED]). Nothing that really stuck out to me. At a later time, though, it did go through my mind, "Did he pull her body somewhere on the sled to get rid of her?"

4 of 11  
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Before Josh left he asked us to do the dishes, explaining that the silver handled knives and non-stick pans should be hand washed. I rinsed and loaded what I could after he left and hand washed the rest, setting them to dry on a towel already sitting there.

He also asked us to do laundry and change his sheets and the sheets on the boys' beds. [REDACTED] put one load into the wash before the cops showed up. We never got to the sheets.

I told [REDACTED] I didn't feel really comfortable doing all this cleaning he'd asked for. That was before we'd really done much. Detective Maxwell called shortly after Josh left, though, and [REDACTED] told him we were cleaning up and doing laundry and he said that was fine. So we went about doing it (not getting too much of it done). I also vacuumed down the hall and into the 2 bedrooms because I'd seen glass tracked down the hall.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Detective Peterson and a woman (I'm sorry I can't remember her name- she was very nice though) showed up at about 2:00 p.m. and told us that they had a warrant and we needed to leave with the [REDACTED]. Not realizing that they were coming, we had done a fair amount of cleaning, though not everything Josh had asked. I was upset, knowing that my gut feeling had been right. We shouldn't have been cleaning!

They were both very nice. They asked us to gather what we needed for the boys. Detective Petersen then walked the house with my Mom and made sure no one else was there. I pointed out a few things that didn't sit right with me to the woman and told her what [REDACTED] had said. We left with the boys to go to my house. Someone called [REDACTED] cell (maybe the woman) and told her to meet the woman at [REDACTED].

We kept the boys for 2 nights. Josh said both days that he'd be there to get them and never showed up.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

On Wednesday, December 9, 2009, we were originally supposed to go with Susan to Michael McLean's Forgotten Carols, a play. I encouraged my cousin, [REDACTED] to go and take a break and also tried to encourage [REDACTED] to go too. [REDACTED] was reluctant to go in case Josh showed up. I said I'd be there with the boys. When I got home, [REDACTED] Josh had called and [REDACTED] wasn't going to the play. He was going to come over for the boys. He never showed.

The next day (Thurs) Josh came over while I was gone in the afternoon. He told [REDACTED] he'd taken a cab to get a rental car from the airport on Tuesday night because the police had his van in custody and were looking at it. He said he'd just driven and driven on Tuesday night because they weren't done with his house either. He said he'd come by our house but it was dark by then. It had to have been after 1:00 a.m. because I was up with my bedroom light on till then. The round window (no blind) above the main window in my room would have let off light on the front yard- very hard to miss. He also could have knocked on [REDACTED] bedroom window. It was easily accessible from the front of the house. But he didn't knock. He said he'd bought 2 phones with prepaid minutes and could get neither to work until later on Wednesday. [REDACTED] went with him Thursday afternoon to get his van and drop off the rental. They came back late and he took the boys that night (Thurs). [REDACTED] tried to get him to leave them for the sake of stability for them, but he wouldn't. He asked for candles and matches to go to the candle light vigil that was being held for Susan. At the time I expressed my wonderment to [REDACTED] that maybe he'd gone off to move the body. He said Josh would be totally stupid to do that after the police were involved. He isn't a very considerate person normally, so why didn't he just knock? At least on [REDACTED] window. Why didn't he just come and use my phone? What was he doing all Wednesday? Someone was certainly around all day on Wednesday. He could have come at any time.

On Friday, December 11, 2009, we had a [REDACTED] to discuss a statement for the media. They'd been knocking at the door at all hours of the day- even as early as 7:30 a.m. We felt like we were under siege. We couldn't come and go or even open the door without fear. [REDACTED] I gotten home very late Wednesday night and we decided he would be the contact point for the media. I didn't feel emotionally capable. I'd been too upset. [REDACTED] would read a statement and answer questions on Saturday afternoon, at 1:00 p.m., at the same park that the candle light vigil was held for Susan on Thursday night.

Josh came over with the boys on Friday evening and decided to stay the night. [REDACTED] took me to a seminar that we had paid for previously, hoping to have a little reprieve from the stress and Josh showed up after we'd left. For a little while I was able to forget about the horror of the last few days. We got home about 10:00 p.m. [REDACTED] I cried for a while before finally going to sleep. [REDACTED] up half the night with Josh. Josh tried to come into our room and give him to us at one point and he started to scream and thrash so much that he took him back. That was around midnight.

On Saturday, December 12, 2009 at noon, we went to Josh and Susan's stake center (same as their regular building), to begin a fast that their Stake was doing on behalf of Susan. Right after that, we went to the park and [REDACTED] did the press conference with the media while [REDACTED]. I still didn't feel prepared to meet the media and [REDACTED] either. We went home for a time and then went out and put up the flyers about Susan all over the businesses in our area. [REDACTED] and I went to a church activity briefly, at 7:00 p.m. to speak with our [REDACTED] and get permission to put up Susan's flyers in all the buildings in our stake.

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just before 7. We saw them when we got back from the activity. The boys were there too. Josh was gone passing out flyers and got back later. They all left to go back to Josh's place after awhile.

Thoughts on 12/17/2009:

I had last talked to Susan on Thursday night, 12/3/2009 at 4:31pm, inviting her to go to Michael McLean's Forgotten Carols for an adult girls' night out on Wednesday, December 9, 2009. She was very enthusiastic about it. She said she loved the book and CD of music she had of the Forgotten Carols and has always wanted to see the play. She asked that we pick her up to prevent a conflict with Josh about using the car. If she was secretly planning to leave, I think she wouldn't have gone on about it like she did.

I very strongly believe she would never have left her children. Because of many discussions wherein we even discussed her possibly divorcing Josh a few times, I believe if she'd wanted to leave him, she'd have taken the boys with her and left.

We have talked many times about her and Josh's relationship. She was free with details even. They had struggled for a loooong time. They lived with us when they first moved to Utah, for about 3 months. They had no kids at the time. I how they treated each other and were not impressed with either one of their interactions with the other. Susan was rather short with Josh. Very snippy and somewhat nagging. She would give Josh orders instead of asking in a loving spousal way when she wanted something. Josh was controlling. He didn't want her to go to Relief Society activities with me while they were staying at my house, even though they had no children. He wouldn't even have had to babysit.

Over the years, Josh got worse and I think Susan did too for a while. She was prone to yelling out of frustration. She said she hit him at least once and said he hit her back. That was quite a while back though. I talked it over with her during that time and encouraged her not to do that again because Josh is stronger than her and she'd lose that physical battle (not to mention it's simply not appropriate). She never mentioned anything physical that I can remember again.

There was a night (maybe 2-3 years ago) that she called [redacted] to come over right away. I don't remember a lot of details about the conversation. I know we talked about how it was very bad for the children to be witnessing the severe verbal fights they were having (I think that may have been when we found out about the hitting). I also remember telling Josh at one point during that conversation that if he thought it was so terrible living with Susan and was unwilling to go to counseling or do something else to fix it, then why not just get out? Just divorce her now to stop the fighting and scarring of the children at least. He was silent. Wouldn't respond. Susan was sitting right there in the living room with [redacted] Josh, [redacted] though. I believe Susan was trying to go to

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counseling at that time and Josh had gone once and disliked the counselor (a man). She'd stopped going to counseling after a short time because Josh was unwilling to pay for it.

Susan got a job again with [REDACTED] sometime during this time. Josh was "doing real estate." He made a deal with [REDACTED] contract (I can't remember exactly- I just remember thinking it was ridiculously outrageous and that he must be off his rocker). Susan wasn't happy about it, of course, but felt she had little control. A few months later he tried to back out of it, claiming they'd printed the ad wrong. He said the coloring was all off or something stupid like that. I remember looking at it and refraining from accusing him of trying to cheat them. That's what I thought he was doing because it looked fine to me. He ultimately filed bankruptcy over it. They had to use Susan's credit for his spending sprees after that.

The real estate market tanked and Josh ended up getting a real job about 2 years ago. I watched their boys for the first 4 months or so. Susan switched during that time to a four day work week with Wednesday and Thursday off. She started to read all kinds of relationship and self-help books. She borrowed some from me and from others and the library. Maybe a year or more ago we started talking money. It bothered me a great deal how controlling [REDACTED] was with her. He wouldn't let her buy groceries or clothing needs for the boys, etc. He made her feel guilty about even wanting to buy some eggs or cheese or meat, or shoes for the boys, etc. I encouraged her to just do it. They had plenty of income with both of them working. They didn't need to suffer with a really poor diet, etc. She made part of the money (all for awhile) and ought to be able to spend some. Especially on normal necessities. I helped her set a reasonable budget for groceries and even encouraged her to spend a little sometimes, just because she wanted to, on clothes for herself, or make-up, or whatever. It wasn't something to feel guilty over.

Meanwhile Josh continued to spend money on whatever he felt like. Home improvement, RC cars, Christmas decorations, and whatever. She recently (several months ago I believe) talked over more financial decisions [REDACTED] She had a separate savings account that Josh didn't know about. I encouraged her to continue to put a little aside just in case. Josh was acting so irresponsibly with money that I thought it was a safe move. I also knew that she was contemplating divorce and frankly wondered why she'd hung in this long. She'd need something to live off of in transition if necessary. Josh was completely unwilling to accept responsibility for the problems in their relationship. She was starting to feel like there was no hope for them.

She also had a certain amount of her money automatically being deposited into a separate account where she'd bill pay her parents around \$100-\$200/ month to pay off a loan that they'd made years ago and Josh kept refusing to pay. She's recently increased the amount automatically deposited, again with [REDACTED] to put money into their IRAs each month so they wouldn't have to pull a loan in April to max those again.

She frequently told me she was trying to shake up his world. [REDACTED] his white knuckled grip on her and realize she could make some choices too. She'd started also going to activities in the last year or two, including church activities and girls' nights out with another group of

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friends (even spending a little money sometimes too). She was very frugal too though. It seemed to me she wouldn't spend much. I thought at times she wasn't doing enough, especially in groceries.

She started to insist on dropping Josh off to work on Wednesdays and sometimes Thursdays to keep the car and do things she wanted to. She'd recently started going to the chiropractor regularly. She'd worked out a family plan deal to go twice a month with all of them. Josh refused to go. He even saw another chiropractor after being in a car accident recently instead of taking advantage of the one they were already paying a flat monthly fee for. Susan started to get adjusted weekly since Josh wasn't going at all, to use up their credit. For the last few months she's been coming over almost weekly after chiropractic on Wednesdays.

I've seen Susan really trying hard over the last couple of years to try and improve herself and her relationship with Josh. [REDACTED] she tried the route of doing everything she could to make herself a better person and rid herself of character flaws that were not good for her marriage. [REDACTED]. I think all the books she's read and the counseling she's gotten helped. I thought she was doing pretty well considering he didn't seem to be trying at all. I observed their interaction and noticed a definite improvement in her attitude toward him. She was really trying! But he still refused to try.

Lately, a few months ago, she had finally talked Josh into going with her to a new counselor (a woman). He seemed to like her better and had continued to stick with going. Susan had told me that the counselor was a little dismayed because there hadn't been any progress at one point a couple of months ago. Apparently she normally had a very good success rate with her 10 or 11 week plan (whatever she called it). Susan told me that by the time they'd gotten to 4-5 weeks most couples were well on their way to saving and improving their relationship, according to her counselor. Their counselor was frustrated with the lack of progress though and recommended they move from once a week to once a month. She was giving them assignments to work on that were supposed to help in between.

Susan told me that one thing that had come to light was the fact that she (Susan) wasn't willing to settle for less than Josh's full activity in the LDS church. She hadn't realized that about herself before. They had married in the temple and she had had full faith that they were on the path she felt was right for her eternal soul and their eternal family. He had moved away from this idea, shunning the church and religious things. She was very frustrated. The counselor had gotten them to a point of him being willing to go once a month (I believe) to church (this was a month or month and a half ago that she told me this).

Another thing that was a source of constant irritation was the fact that Josh was always on the phone [REDACTED] and frequently with [REDACTED]. He'd started doing this a few years ago and she'd noticed a considerable decline in their marriage since then. That was when he started to go less and less to church as well. She said she felt [REDACTED] was intentionally trying to stir contention between them and was trying to get him to divorce her (that's completely unsubstantiated- it was simply her impression). Josh would be so angry after the calls. She said he would be on the phone for hours (2-4 or sometimes more) multiple times per week. Susan told me that [REDACTED] seemed to turn against her after he made a

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Did Susan feed the kids from her plate? Or try to and get shut down or diverted by Josh? Did Josh in fact make the food? What was it? Did he serve it to everyone? Did he prepare Susan's plate?

1. **Identify the main components of the system.**  
 2. **Define the scope and objectives of the project.**  
 3. **Conduct a thorough literature review.**  
 4. **Develop a detailed project plan.**  
 5. **Implement the system and monitor progress.**  
 6. **Evaluate the results and provide feedback.**

Country	Share of GDP
United States	1.1%
Germany	0.9%
France	0.8%
Japan	0.7%

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More thoughts 1/31/2009:

Since finding out about the fact that Josh drove 800 miles on his rental car, I've thought the idea that my dad was involved even more plausible. It gave me pause to remember the conversation on Mon. Dec 7 when he was speaking into [REDACTED] on speaker phone about the wacko from their ward. I wonder if he knew then and was trying to mislead me- away from Josh. And why the heck was he at home on a Monday? I did ask [REDACTED] later (when she was here in town) and she said he works from home sometimes, but I'd like to confirm that with his boss- how often and is it typical on a Monday. I also wonder if Josh did get the prepaid phones he bought on Wednesday to work earlier than he said and called my dad on them to plan a meeting between here and Seattle and that's why it was so urgent to get a phone. Why didn't he just go get a new phone at T-Mobile with a new SIM card like he did a couple of days later? He could have paid for a new phone with what he spent on the prepaid ones. But if he wasn't going to be in town when they opened on Wed it would be a problem to get to the store! He could've come and used my phone.

Another thing that occurred to me- I was speaking to [REDACTED] and told her about my theory that Josh may have poisoned her because he doesn't cook and it was odd to me that he cooked on Dec. 6 when Susan was there. [REDACTED] Josh actually cooked for them [REDACTED] and Susan was at home that day) when she went over early summer to help them plant their garden. He cooked PANCAKES. Why did he call my dad for a pancake recipe on Dec. 6? He'd made pancakes before and was clearly aware of the process. Susan said in 'Camping trip in the Desert.doc' that she sent to me on 6/13/09 in an email that Josh made pancakes and eggs and sausage for breakfast. Did he know how to make pancakes? I think he did and maybe my dad just said that because that was their cover story.

Also it occurs to me that if my dad is involved and they met somewhere so Josh could hand over Susan's body, that my dad may have defiled her- dead or alive. Please do an autopsy and look for his bodily fluids.

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