

## Danger in Dhaka-Part One

Sanjoy shifted the sack of blankets on his back and pedaled his bicycle through the alley. He knew he shouldn't be out after dark, but he couldn't wait to tell his friend Faruk the news. Even though they were so far away, a church in America had sent a crate of blankets all the way to his church in Bangladesh. Now Faruk and his sister could stay warm tonight. Ever since they became Christians, their family would not let them come home. They lived on the streets and slept at the bus station in Dhaka.

All of sudden, his bicycle slammed against something. He lurched forward. The handlebars dug into his ribs. The sack of blankets yanked him to the ground. The bicycle crashed onto his leg.

He tried to sit up. Pain shot through his ribs.

"Have an accident?"

Sanjoy looked up and saw what had caused his crash—a rope pulled tight across the alley. And he saw Kamrul with a broken board in his hand. He prayed quietly, "God, please help me."

"I told you this would happen if you kept riding that bicycle and telling people about Jesus."

Sanjoy closed his eyes and waited.

Kamrul brought the board down on the back wheel. The thud sent a shiver down Sanjoy's back. Another thud, another shiver. Another thud—

"Stop!"

"Will you stop telling people about Jesus?"

Sanjoy shook his head.

Kamrul brought the board down again. The bicycle jammed his leg into the ground. Sanjoy felt something in his leg snap. His stomach rolled and threatened to come up to his throat.

"That should keep you home for a while!" He tossed the board to the side and ran out of the alley.

Sanjoy shivered. He needed a blanket from his bag, but he could not move. He leaned his face into the dirt and fixed his eyes on the end of the alley. He needed help. He needed someone to find him, someone who would help.