

## Danger in Dhaka-Part Two

An hour passed. Then another. The winter fog settled in for the night, cloaking the end of the alley in mist. He could not see a single soul. And they could not see him.

He closed his eyes and prayed. Had he done the right thing, telling Kamrul he would not stop telling people about Jesus? He closed his eyes.

The next thing he heard was a panicked shout.

“Sanjoy! Sanjoy! Are you all right?”

“Mukta! Get your brother. Get Faruk.”

Minutes later, Faruk ran down the alley and dropped to one knee beside him.

“What happened?”

“Kamrul found me. My leg is broken. My ribs hurt.”

Faruk gently pulled the bicycle away from Sanjoy. He and Mukta each wrapped one of his arms around them and pulled him up.

Sanjoy winced as his broken leg fought being moved.

“Mukta, don’t forget the sack of blankets.”

“Blankets?”

“My surprise. There’s enough for both of you, plus a few more.”

Faruk led them through the alleys and streets. The never-ending sea of people slowed their progress. Most didn’t seem to notice Sanjoy or his pain.

Finally, they reached his father’s clothing stand at the busy market.

As Faruk and Mukta explained what had happened, they laid Sanjoy on a mat in the back of the shop. Then, they left with their blankets, promising to check on him soon.

“Father, what I have done?” Sanjoy asked. I needed my bicycle to tell people about Jesus, and it’s ruined. Maybe I shouldn’t even bother telling anyone about Jesus. No one seems to care.”

“God told us some people wouldn’t care when we tell them. But since we can’t know who will listen and who won’t, we have to tell everyone. God is the only One who knows what choice they will make.”

The next two weeks passed slowly. Only Faruk and Mukta's visits broke up his boredom. And his leg still hurt. It hurt worse when he remembered how Kamrul had acted. Sanjoy knew he was supposed to forgive him, but he didn't want to.

The next day, Sanjoy's father carried him to the market. He watched the shop while his father went to a meeting of the church leaders. Sanjoy enjoyed talking to the customers, especially when they asked questions about Jesus. And in between customers, he read his Bible.

He looked up when he heard another customer enter. But it wasn't a customer. It was Kamrul.