

My name is Suman Nasir, and I was born in Peshawar, Pakistan. I was born a Christian, and I am the second oldest of four siblings.

Listed here are the details of my family members.

- 1- Nasir John – July 7, 1971 (Husband)
- 2- Suman Nasir – June 13, 1986 (Self)
- 3- Eliazar – November 6, 2007 (Son)
- 4- Alithia Kerien – June 18, 2012 (Daughter)
- 5- Ezebela Olivia John – May 27, 2016 (Daughter)

August 14, 2005: I married my cousin Nasir John and later settled in Karachi with my spouse. In Karachi, I shared a house with my husband's family. Our house was two floors. My husband and I resided in the upper section, while his brother, his wife, and their three sons lived in the lower portion. When my daughter was eight months old, our family enlarged, and I chose to take a beautician school to contribute to my husband's wage. The course continued for a year.

June 2008 to June 2009: I completed a year-long certification course for beautician training at Aiman Beauty Parlor. It was near our home in Baldia Town, Karachi.

July 2009: I began working as an intern at Karachi's famous ladies' saloon, Rose Beauty Parlor, which was located in Nazimabad, Karachi, a 30-minute drive away. During my year-long internship, I was offered a monthly stipend.

July 2010: The management engaged me as a permanent employee. I was the only Christian employee hired to our saloon crew.

December 2010: Our supervisor was reassigned to the saloon's new branch. The manager appointed another senior employee, Ayza Khan, as our new supervisor to replace the previous one. However, I was promoted to senior staff due to my performance in the profession and the strong connections I was able to develop with clients.

Previously, there were two senior employees: Ayza Khan and Sabah Ahmed. Aside from the supervisor, our branch's personnel comprised of twelve female employees, six of whom were interns, and the rest were normal employees, four juniors and two seniors.

August 6, 2012: Ayza, our supervisor, has relocated to another branch of our saloon. And the branch manager designated me as Ayza's interim supervisor. Since my first promotion, Sabah has never missed an opportunity to discriminate against me because I am Christian. When I moved up above the border, she began to dislike me and addressed me with a violent contempt. That is because she may have expected the post that had been given to me. Sabah rejected all of my commands, despite the fact that I was in authority. She eventually began talking themes relating to Christianity, employing bigotry and rumors to foment enmity.

August 10, 2012: Sabah asked me why Christians refer to Hazrat Eesa as the last prophet. Is he greater than our prophet, Hazrat Muhammad? I stopped for a few seconds before answering to her: I respect all religions and their prophets, hence I don't believe I have an answer to your question.

August 29, 2012: Sabah asked me again. How can God have a Son? Can he also get married? I explained to her that the title "Son of God" does not imply that Jesus was literally born from God. But the angel assured Mary that her Son would be equal to the Most High God. Because a son inherits his father's characteristics, calling someone else's 'son' was a technique of demonstrating equality. Although I knew my response to her doubts was not clear enough, I did my best to make things suitable and understandable.

September 13, 2012: When I entered the saloon, I discovered Sabah was preparing my client, Natasha, for treatment. When Natasha spotted me, she promptly sought my services. I had no other alternative but to accept Natasha's appeal. Unfortunately, I've had to apologize to Sabah for servicing my customer. I told her to deal with the next client. Suddenly, Sabah's facial expressions shifted and imply that she was upset and felt insulted that I asked her this question.

During the lunch break, she questioned me, "Does any person could also be a son of God?". I doubt any religion would teach such dumb facts. Do you not believe that all of these things lack actual facts based on truth? In my opinion, Islam is the only religion that delivers lessons based on truth. It is now up to you to determine whether you will follow the truth or the deceit.

I had the answers to her concerns, but I wasn't convinced that she wouldn't get more furious. I told her that my teachings were different and that I could respond, but that I would have to avoid anything that could cause a mistake.

September 22, 2012: On Saturday, Sabah asked me again if Hazrat Esa had been crucified. I replied that Christ died on the cross and rose again on the third day. Sabah said, "Astaghfirullah!" How illiterate! This is so blasphemous. How can a human be alive after death? She stated that now is the moment to properly comprehend things and convert to Islam. And you would be respected not only in this world but also in paradise.

Despite the fact that I knew she was trying to give me troubles, I became tired of her repeated solicitations to convert to Islam. I informed her that everyone who came after Jesus Christ was a liar. She began yelling at me, chanting, "You are a blasphemer!" You bitch. She pummeled me and yelled, "You're a blasphemer, how dare you disrespect the glory of our prophet." You know what your punishment is: death! I'll do whatever to make your life miserable. My brother is a member of Lashkar-e-Jhangvi (Army of Jhangvi), an Islamic religious extremist group that would not stop until the blasphemer is blew up. Remember that you are now on the assassination list of Lashkar-e-Jhangvi, Sabah said.

Fortunately, our manager was present at the salon while Sabah was doing all of those. The branch manager took me out of the salon, stopped a rickshaw for me, and transported me safely.

September 25, 2012: After this unpleasant experience, I discontinued going to the parlor. That Tuesday, it was 9 p.m., and there was no light in the area where we lived. I've been witnessing load shedding in Karachi since the day I married. When the power goes off in our area, people leave their homes. When the lights went off in the evening, we opened the door for air and sat outside the house with my sister-in-law.

Suddenly, two people wearing helmets on motorcycles approached us and began gun firing. My sister-in-law was shot three times by bullets: once in the leg, twice in the hip, and once in the shoulder. While two shots affected the chair and sofa in the room.

I was aware that these bullets were being shot at me, but they hit my sister-in-law, who was sat with me. We took her to the hospital in an ambulance, and Nasir did not bring us home; instead, he drove me and our children to his sister's house, which is located in a separate region of Karachi, about a 30-minute drive away. When our sister-in-law was released from the hospital, Nasir's brother brought his children and wife to his sister's home as well.

September 26, 2012: At 7 p.m., we escaped Karachi. Nasir, my children, and I rode a train to my mother's house in Peshawar.

September 30, 2012: At 2 p.m., an unknown caller called on my phone. It was a man's voice, and he stated, "Those bullets were aimed at you; you're lucky you're still living." We know you're not at home anymore, but don't think you'll be able to escape us; we'll track you anywhere in Pakistan. Our presence spreads across the country, hence finding you is not an issue for us. Remember that beheading is the punishment for any offensive behavior perpetrated in the name of our prophet. Following this talk, Nasir and I decided to change our phone numbers.

September 13, 2013: We had mostly forgotten about the incident that had transpired and were seeking to continue our normal lives. At 1 p.m., I received a call from an unknown number using my most recent number. It was the same man's voice that had called and threatened me on my prior number. The caller warned that even if you change your phone number or location, we will find you and punish you for what evil you have done. We know you live somewhere in Peshawar; how long will you remain in hiding? After his call, I shut off my phone and never turned it on again. The same day we decided that we would no longer live in Pakistan.

October 30, 2013: Nasir accompanied me and the children to my aunt's residence in Pindi. When I got at my aunt's house in Pindi, I told her about everything that happened. She encouraged us to leave Pakistan as early as possible. The next day, we applied for a tourist visa to Thailand.

November 26, 2013: We obtained our tourist visas. And for the following two months, until we could arrange for tickets, we lived at my aunt's house in Pindi.

January 25, 2014: My family and I flew from Karachi International Airport to Thailand.