

# HIDDEN AGREEMENT

Yemi Adetola



# **THE HIDDEN AGREEMENT**

## **DISCLAIMER**

THANK YOU FOR PURCHASING THIS E-COPY.

HOWEVER, THIS IS MY INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY AND  
UNAUTHORISED SHARING OF THIS BOOK IS PROHIBITED.

IF YOU HAVE PURCHASED THIS BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR,  
KINDLY REFER ANYONE WHO WANTS A COPY OF THIS E-  
COPY TO THE AUTHOR OR THE SOURCE YOU BOUGHT IT  
FROM.

THANK YOU SO MUCH

**YEMI ADETOLA**

**DANIEL'S LIBRARY BOOKS**

THE HIDDEN AGREEMENT  
c Adetola A. Adeyemi 2002  
First published in igeria in 2002  
ISBN: 978-36011-0-5

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the Author.

Yemi Adetola  
P. O Box 9446,  
U.I Post Office,  
Ibadan, Nigeria.

**E-mail:** [yemiadetola@yahoo.com](mailto:yemiadetola@yahoo.com)

**Tel:** +234-8037260498,

**Whatsapp:** +234-8037260498

**Facebook:** ADETOLA ADEYEMI

**Instagrm:** yemiadetola16

## **Chapter One**

It was a sunny December afternoon. The road was dry and dusty. Vehicles sped by with clouds of dust trailing behind – synonymous with every December and of course, it was not new to Mr. Adekanmi, a Cambridge Civil Engineering graduate. Mr. Adekanmi's clothes got dusted through dust raised by passing vehicles. His German-made pair shoe has *cumba* cut due to long trekking.

*High Life Joint*, a beer parlor beside a bank, by the roadside, was full of life despite the sunny weather.

The place was parked full with opposite genders drinking and sipping pepper soup. On the exterior right side of the beer parlor were five “*high life people*”; two playing draught while the other three watched. One of the five is a 19 years old lady who is also a waitress at the beer parlor.

Uncle Ben, as he is popularly called, was in his usual manner making the place lively with his funny jokes. Mr. Adekanmi had just walked past the beer parlor when Frank, Uncle Ben's opponent at the draught stopped playing and gazed at the sweating Mr. Adekanmi. All the others turned their heads in

the direction of Mr. Adekanmi and he shook his head in pity, to their amazement.

‘Any problem, Mr. Frank?’ asked Uncle Ben looking directly into his opponent’s face.

‘Not at all; it is just this thing about the way of life’ replied Mr. Frank, pretending as if he did not really mean it.

‘If you are thinking about that man, I know him very well. I was told he was insane some eight years back when he firstly came back from England but he is now very all-right, though they don’t get well perfectly you know. Maybe that is why he has been trekking all over like this’, replied the nineteen year old waiter, Bimpe, who spoke to no one in particular.

‘Chei, woman! *Who tell you the story you dey...*’

‘I think it is true. In fact, you won’t believe it if I tell you he is one of the many sons of Chief S.O Adekanmi’, replied an on looker.

‘Haba, Brother Dekola, I can never believe that, this man has no sign of opulence on him at all’, says Uncle Ben.

‘This is not a cooked up story. I know the family very well and in fact, he is not the only wretched

child of his wealthy father even though the man was a multimillionaire' Dekola replied.

'That is part of the reasons I was sad on seeing him', replied Frank.

'I don't think these stories are true' growled Uncle Ben, who picked his words while glaring back at Mr. Adekanmi who already disappeared into the streets.

'Uncle Ben! It is your turn to play', replied his opponent. 'Forget about that man and just pray to God to give us children that will take care of our legacies long after we might have departed'.

Uncle Ben looked up and shook his head in response as if he is not fully persuaded of the statement. The atmosphere soon changed as Uncle Ben resumed his rib-cracking jokes. The place was soon filled with laughter of people around, listening and laughing hilariously to Uncle Ben's jokes.

Mr. Adekanmi was full of thoughts as he walked past a lady who greeted him, but he did not respond.

'But why, why are all these happening to me?' he muttered. 'Who would believe that I studied in Britain, as tattered and rough-looking as I am, without adding the fact that my father was Chief S.O

Adekanmi, a multimillionaire? I never for once imagined this was going to happen to me not even if an angel had told it some years back'. He sighed and relapsed back into a deep thought. All of a sudden, he said 'Multimillionaire' subconsciously.

'This is not natural' he thought. 'I never presumed this kind of rough life for myself while I was managing the shoe factory in Hackney, London. That was my source of finance all through my academic stay in England, which lasted six years,' he soliloquized. 'I only returned home some eight years back after obtaining a masters degree in Civil Engineering at the Birmingham University. I got married in a grand style that attracted people from all walks of life.

It was a wonderful marriage no doubt, especially with a woman like Riike as wife. All this got shattered when my father suddenly died at an early age of sixty-three years only two years after my wedding. Why, but why? Death, why did you take my father like that only to leave me in the shadows of poverty?

He continued. As expected my father's death led to a drastic change in fortune as things grew from bad to worse. All his wealth went away to fraudsters,

fire outbreak, liquidation... I know this not natural. This is a spiritual battle, which is above our effort. I who used to be the envy of my colleagues, with two posh cars, have now turned into a man that goes about on foot. My friends have all deserted me so they won't get infected by my misfortune, Jide being the latest. Well, it is neither his fault nor that of Alhaji Kabir, my father's best friend who wouldn't employ me as one of his Engineers even with my...

'Daddy! Daddy! Welcome. You are late'. Mr. Adekanmi's thought was interrupted by his children's voice, Bisola and Kunle.

His two bedroom rented apartment which looked posh has created a kind of façade for his state of life. He was standing beside his Peugeot 505, which was resting 'elegantly' on four wheels of stones with two door less entries.

'Hmm..Bisol', as he fondly calls his daughter. 'How was school today?'

'It was fine daddy. My teacher gave me a letter for you..., ' she said as her father tried to carry both of them together.

'Daddy, two visitors have been waiting for you', Kunle added looking into his father's eyes.



‘Visitor, who are they?’

‘I don’t know’, Kunle replied. He dropped his daughter and walked into the visitors’ room to meet his visitors...

‘It is you... Mr. Sangodoyin. Hope you’ve not been waiting too long?’

‘Oh, I’ve been waiting for quite some time now and not only that, I have come with this boy of mine to execute my judgment’, replied Mr. Sangodoyin, furiously. ‘I have given you enough time and patience over my money. You promised to pay me two weeks after collecting the money; you know how to spend but cannot return it back. You will...’

‘I am sorry, Mr. Sangodoyin...’ he was sternly interrupted by Mr. Sangodoyin who shouted him down.

‘Please hold your excuse; you are fond of giving flimsy excuses. Pay me now or face the consequence of an instant judgment.’ By now the children were already seeking the solace of their large settee as they watch the drama unfold before them. It wasn’t long before they both started crying.

‘Look here, mister, it is either you pay me now or face my judgment. Go inside now and get me my

₦32,000.00 or I carry your things away', he said pointing toward the T.V. and stereo set.

'Hmnn, Mr. Sogundoyin, please I will surely pay you. I am not trying to withhold your money but it's just that things are not going well as I expected when I told you to come back. Please...'

'Mr. Adekanmi, save this story for future generation. Go inside now and get me my money because I need it urgently. I have been patient for three months. Adisa!' He called the stern looking young man beside him.

'Yes sir', he answered moving briskly forward to the electronic set.

'Carry the set and come back for the T.V. Put everything inside...'

'Ah Uncle, please consider the situation of the family and be patient with us. We will surely pay you back'. Mrs. Adekanmi cuts in as she could not stand it anymore. She went on her knees pleading.

'Madam, I cannot continue to bear with you'. I have tried.'

Just about the same time, Mr Sangodoyin sharply ordered the young man, Johnson to continue swiftly with the packing.

There was silence everywhere as members of the Adekanmi's family watched their property being carried away, helplessly. Mr. Sangodoyin called on Mr. Adekanmi to come for his things when he is ready to pay.

Kunle ran to his mother for cover while the baby of the house, Fesobi; six months old, was busy chuckling away, not minding what was going on around.

'Daddy, why did they carry the *Telly* away. When will they return it?' Kunle asked, breaking the almost palpable silence. It wasn't long before Fesobi joined with the intense heat going on around and started crying.

Mrs. Adekanmi collapsed suddenly on the floor, with her hand supporting her cheeks. Just as her husband turned to look at her, she broke down; weeping profusely like a baby and as expected the children soon joined her.

Mr. Adekanmi could only stare at the ceiling, he was completely helplessly.

## **Chapter Two**

‘Hey Mercy, the ‘international cook’, you’ve started again. I hope you won’t blow off my nose today’, exclaimed Mercy’s roommate Juliana as she entered the living room of their rented duplex, from her shopping trip. She dropped her goods on the floor and slumped into the big sofa. She was just saying her prayers when Mercy’s voice came in from the kitchen.

‘Julie welcome. How was the market?’ She paused awhile on realizing that Juliana was praying, and continued with her cooking. The house had become lovely ever since Sister Julie moved in some four months back in the wake of Kemi, Mercy’s friend’s marriage. Sister Juliana, a fervent Christian, had asked a favor of mercy to stay with her. She granted it under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, though she had turned down other Sisters’ requests without regret.

‘Oh, it has been a hot and busy day for me Mercy. I was able to buy the cloth you asked for. You’re very lucky I must tell you ‘cause it was the only piece left.’ Julianah’s voice cuts through the air as she unloaded the goods she had just bought.

‘Julie, please leave that for now and join me here. I will like to finish up with the cooking while I get dressed upstairs. Brother Bankole will be here by 4:30pm and it is just...’

‘Hee! The new bride, expectant as ever.’

‘It’s just a little while and I will be delivered from your nagging’ replied Mercy.

‘By Bro. Bankole, you mean?’

‘Of course, by my one and only Doctor Bankole’, replied Mercy, with her arm akimbo while stirring the soup on the gas cooker with a grin on her face, ostensibly at Juliana who had just entered the kitchen and looking into a pot containing fried rice on the electric cooker,

‘Mercy, has Mr. Adejumo’s friend who promised to buy the wedding rings returned from England?’

‘Hmn... Yes, Bro. Bankole told me she arrived on Tuesday. Maybe we will check on her after he leaves. But for now, get on with the cooking while I go upstairs to get dressed!’

‘What things do we have here?’

‘There is fried rice, there’s stew made with different parts of cow meat, though not seasoned

and of course, there is white rice', Mercy relied, indicating each pot.

Juliana followed suit by opening each pot while at the same time, giving her nod of approval.

'Mercy, help me carry those baggage upstairs and return quickly'. Mercy carried the bags upstairs, her wedding was just three weeks away and she has been preparing powerfully for it. She became lost in thought as she was undressing. She had initially felt reluctant when Doctor Bankole, the intercessory leader, just posted to her church from the headquarters, proposed to her. She was just getting over the shock of jilt that came her way from her former fiancé, Bro. Gboyega, two weeks after their introduction. She had broken down completely after Bro. Gboyega told her that he felt she belonged to another man and not him. But for Sister Kemi, who stayed around to counsel and encourage her, the situation would have gone out of control. She made up her mind to steer clear of any love affair for some time. Her pastor called her and counseled her to open her hert to love again, but all was to no avail. That was why Dr. Bankole's proposal was initially rejected, after he told her to see him after a service. She initially felt it must be concerning issues

relating to the intercessory unit, since she was also one of the leaders. She never prepared her mind for what she heard. She was taken aback that she didn't give the man any reply, a strange scene it was that made the man counsel her that she should go back and prayerfully consider it and give him an answer later.

From her experience, she decided to push the issue out of her mind but the Holy Spirit, through a heavy burden wouldn't allow her rest. She eventually agreed to the proposal, two months after it was made. Initially, she found it quite difficult to release herself totally to the courtship, fearing a reoccurrence of the past. It wasn't until the wedding date was announced some months back that she believed and surrendered herself to the relationship.

Dr. Bankole's family was very lovely. Being a well-educated family with an educational background in Britain, the family members regarded Mercy, an accountant with the United States Information Services, a good match for their son.

Mercy's thought was interrupted by the sound of the bell ring. She glanced immediately at the wall clock and lo, it was already 4:35pm. She could bet it was Dr. Bankole at the door.

‘But, why didn’t I hear the sound of his car when he entered? I must have been lost thought’, she concluded.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Juliana was so busy welcoming Dr. Bankole.

‘Welcome Doctor, we’ve been expecting you. You have made Mercy restless since morning, hope all is well Doctor?’ Juliana asked Dr. Bankole who was standing with his hands in his pocket, looking serious.

Dr. Bankole did not answer but just shrugged past Juliana who stood looking at him, almost forgetting that she ought to have moved out of the way for him to pass. Juliana turned back into the kitchen as Dr. Bankole sat on one of the small sofas and buried his head in his hands. Juliana made espionage on him through the kitchen door before answering Mercy who was asking to confirm the presence of Doctor Bankole.

‘Just tell him I’ll be right there now’ replied Mercy, Juliana did exactly as she was told, looking at the worried man counting his toes like a child, in curious manner. She turned back into the kitchen with the belief that whatever was going on must be personal matter between the man and his fiancée.



But whatever be the case, she was sure to get the gist later.

‘Bankie, I am sorry for keeping you waiting. I was searching for this scarf,’ Mercy’s voice cut through Bankole’s thoughts. Mercy has around her neck, a milky colored scarf, which matched her beautiful brown spotted milk colored dress with a black skirt and big black belt to match. She has black beret on with a black slip-on shoe.

‘How has been the day, dear? Hope nothing is wrong?’ She said, kneeling down before her man and putting his hands in hers. ‘You look tired dear’

Dr. Bankole managed to give her a cold smile just as Mercy stood up to go into the kitchen. On getting to the kitchen, she was kindly advised by Juliana to go back and meet Dr. Bankole.

‘Don’t worry. Just go and join him, he looks somewhat worried. I will help you set the table’ said Juliana.

‘Oh, thank you very much’ replied an over excited Mercy who disappeared almost immediately.

‘Where is the white bowl?’

‘It’s on the shelf’ replied Mercy as she stopped to take a final look at herself in a mirror before finally dashing off into the living room.

‘I’ve been restless since morning’

‘Sis Juliana told me’, replied Dr. Bankole, speaking for the first time since he came in.

‘I must tell you that I did not know the time you came in until I heard the bell ring. I have been deep in my thought. By the way, when did the mistress say our wedding outfit will be ready?’ She continued while trying to relax on the sofa next to the Doctor’s. Just about the same time, she noticed Doctor’s cold attitude, which was very unusual. ‘Dear you look rather dull today. What’s the problem?’ She queried.

‘Nothing much, it is just a minor issue I will like us to discuss’ replied Doctor Bankole, his Adam’s apple darting up and down.

‘I see, I hope it is not serious?’ asked a serious Mercy.

‘Hmmm... not at all. It is a very simple issue that will surely benefit you and I’, replied, Doctor Bankole. He continued, ‘I will want us to move over to the dining room’.

They both moved over to the dining table with Mercy leading the way and drawing back the bead curtains separating the living room from the dining room. The Doctor sat on one chair at the side of the table while mercy sat at another side of the table, facing each other.

There was silence, which led to Mercy's thoughts, what could be the matter? Has the father postponed the wedding date as he suggested the other time? Different thoughts raced through her mind, causing the cold silence. 'Dear, say whatever is on your mind', said Mercy impatiently. Bankole heaved a sigh of relief as he looked up at the lady before him, carefully choosing his words.

'Mercy, you know I love you and heaven knows I really do. I can never forget the first day I set my eyes on you, likewise the night the Lord confirmed to me that you'd be my life partner, which by God's grace will soon be established. I know you have truly and fully released your whole heart to me ever since you said yes to my proposal, and you have always been expressing it in all your attitudes and behavior to me. I can never forget those wonderful times we've had together in the place of prayer, but my dear...' he paused and scratched his fingers for a while. All

this while, Mercy was in a thick dilemma. 'I must confess to you...', he continued, '...that I need your help and assistance.'

At this point, Mercy shifted in her chair. 'What is all these?, what does he want to say?, what could have happened? What is going on? ...'

All these and more filled Mercy's mind as Doctor Bankole continued his gently speech lowering his voice the more. 'For the past two weeks now ...' he continued starring down, 'I have been having this problem which I must confess to you. I don't know how to put it because I love you. I have been having dreams, and a troubled heart that I am not your husband; that you somehow belong to another man. I will like you to pray along with me till the end of this week before deciding on the next step to take as I will not want ...'

The bombshell was dropped. The last sentence did not enter her ears. She sat there looking at the man as though into an empty space beyond him. The phrase '...you somehow belong to another man' kept ringing in her ears. Doctor Bankole would be the third man to say this to her. As the phrase continued to ring in her head, she suddenly felt her body going cold from her feet up to her head and her

head becoming lighter and lighter. Suddenly everything went blank. She fell down heavily crashing against the bead curtain with a great thug.

‘Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! Please don’t do this, Mercy ...! He tried to pull her up from the ground. He shouted so much that Juliana who was putting the bowl of stew into the tray dropped the bowl splashing everything on the floor and kitchen cupboards. She rushed out of the kitchen into the dining room. She was the more shocked when she saw her friend on the floor and the Doctor trying to revive her.

‘What happened to her? What did you tell her? Mercy! Mercy! Oh my God! What happened to her...? She bent over her, fanning her with the apron she had on.

‘Get me some clean water, quickly,’ cried the panicking Doctor. It wasn’t until four minutes that they were able to get her back to consciousness much to the relief and joy of the two. On opening her eyes, Mercy started weeping loudly.

‘What happened to you? Doctor, what happened to her?’ Juliana asked looking from one to the other.

‘Doctor, please get out!’ Mercy said with rather absurd voice much to the surprise of Juliana on whose lap she was leaning over. The doctor did not hesitate to leave. He took his car key on the dining table and strolled into the living room. He took his glass case and left as the wall clock clicked 5 0’ clock. Juliana looked after him with confusion written all over her face.

‘Why me...’ cried Mercy. She broke into fresh wailing and rolled on the floor. Juliana too confused to talk as she looked at the door and then at the wailing ‘Mrs-to-be’. She really felt cut out of the whole situation.

# DISCLAIMER

THANK YOU FOR PURCHASING THIS E-COPY.

HOWEVER, THIS IS MY INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY AND  
UNAUTHORISED SHARING OF THIS BOOK IS PROHIBITED.

IF YOU HAVE PURCHASED THIS BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR,  
KINDLY REFER ANYONE WHO WANTS A COPY OF THIS E-  
COPY TO THE AUTHOR OR THE SOURCE YOU BOUGHT IT  
FROM.

THANK YOU SO MUCH

## **Chapter Three**

‘Oh, it is a much tiring day for a man that needs a good rest’, said Johnson. ‘I don’t think I can take any shower again, I have to land on the bed fast’.

‘Hey, mind you, you don’t expect me to lock all the doors and windows here before going upstairs, do you?’ asked Chidema, a Lagos State University 400 level Economics student who has been Johnson’s girlfriend for six months.

They had just returned from a party well attended by friends. Johnson, in his early thirties and heir of a multi-millionaire had invariably also become a millionaire through his Father’s wealth. He studied International Relations at Colorado State University, USA but later became a dealer in the supply of Medical equipment. His encounter with Chidema who hailed from the eastern part of Nigeria had been smooth until recently when Chidema started accusing him of flirting around with younger girls.

‘Okay, I’ll do that. I’ve been too tired to remember to do so’.

‘This shoe is too tight, I must do something about it’ said Chidema as she was trying hard to



take off her left leg shoe in the living room downstairs of Johnson's duplex.

'Hope I can still get something for the hungry worms'. She eventually removed the shoe and walked barefooted into the kitchen. She came out with a big meat pie and bottle of Hi-malt. Johnson came back from the garage as she was setting down on a sofa.

'Hungry bear, always devouring, you are yet to be satisfied with all we had at the party after...'

'I can't allow my worms to die of starvation even if I can endure it, sir, Mr. Flirto!' Chidema replied with an annoying face and turned the other side to him as if to concentrate more on her food.

'Miss Loose tongue, when did I become a *flirto*?'

'Now, on a more serious note' Chidema turned round and looked very serious, 'do you want tell me you were not eyeing the girl in the blue top and black jeans at the party? You know this is not your first time. You are fond of it and you always make me believe I am your only 'love' with those, sweet words of yours. I don't even think you are serious with me at all, you better tell me your mind and let me know where to pour my water...'

‘Stop pointing at me like that, I wasn’t eyeing anyone. She was the one making advances at me, you should know that someone in my position can’t but meet people like that. I’ve told you’, Johnson moved closer and put his hand round her waist as she childishly looked aside with folded arms.

‘You are my only love, I mean it dear, don’t be angry like a frightened kitten’.

‘Okay, you win again’ Chidema said and sat down again to finish her food, Johnson looked at her for some time before ascending the staircase.

‘I’ve closed all the doors and please switch of the light in the living room before coming upstairs. The last word went off with the bang of a door upstairs. Chidema soon finished her food, switched off the light and went rather dizzily drawing her bag after her upstairs. Johnson did not move a bit even with the loud bang of the door as Chidema entered. She soon changed into a double -layered blue nightgown and slipped into the blanket beside Johnson who did not even seem to notice her presence.

As the electronic clock clicked 3a.m, Chidema woke and sat up leaning her back against the wall. She switched on the table lamp beside her and for some minute only looked at her reflection in the

mirror on the wardrobe door just five feet away from the feet of the bed. 'Could this man be deceiving me?' Chidema was full of thoughts. She folded her arms around her chest and looked from the mirror to the snoring man beside her. 'Can he be sincerely in love with me? But if I'm not a fool, how can a man as rich as this truly love me if not to use and drop me as he wills as the indications are showing already. I have to do something about this; a marriage with this man will take me to the moon. Mere friendship with him has changed my life like this. Who among my mates in school will believe that I came from a family that find it hard to afford a three square meal a day?

Thank God for my uncle who agreed to sponsor me through the University or it would have been a mirage in my life. I know my mother will look so beautiful in a good 'George' and driven in a white Mercedes Benz, living in a big well-furnished four bedroom flat and... I just must marry this man. But how can I do this, what can I use to lure this man into marrying me though he has promised to do so, but I doubt if his family will ever allow him to marry someone of my status, I must act fast'.

She thought for some minutes and reaching a conclusion in her mind, she went into the bedroom to ease herself and wash the greasy face with water and soap. She came out, raising her gown to prevent stepping on it, she went to Johnson's side of the bed, and pausing for a while, tapped him. He did not wake up until after the fourth tap and switched on the table lamp. He looked up at her with drowsy and enquiring eyes as she knelt beside him.

‘What is the matter? It's just past 3, why are you waking me up at this time of the night?’

‘Johnson, I'm sorry, I just want to discuss a very important issue with you, please, sit up and listen to me’.

‘But, can't it wait till daybreak instead of disturbing my sleep like this?’

‘Please, I am sorry’

Johnson paused a while before saying ‘Okay, be brief’. He said huskily and sat up leaning against the wall.

‘Thanks’, Chidema replied and sat at the edge of the bed. ‘I want to verify something and be very sure of it’, she paused for a while. ‘You told me two weeks

ago that you'll one day propose to me and marry me but...

'But I told you I've not been flirting around..., ' he started angrily.

'No, no, not that, this is different. You know I love you and I know you also love me as I am. You've shown your love to me in different ways and at different times and as I told you; I am deeply in love with you and will do anything to become one with you as promised, Johnson. I do not doubt your word but I think there should be a better and stronger mark of assurance than mere words.

'So what do you want me to do now?'

'No, not you alone, but both of us'.

'Okay, what do you think we should do now?'

'I want us to enter into a covenant together'

'Covenant?' He asked, bewildered!

'You said you'll do anything to show your love'. There was silence for some seconds as both of them just gazed rather uncomfortably at each other. After what seemed like ages, Johnson broke the silence.

‘Okay, if that’s what will assure you, how do we do it? But I don’t really think this is necessary at all, I love you and...’ he said out a worried mind.

‘It’s not a problem at all, it will only take few drops of blood and...’

‘Blood? Isn’t it occultic, I, I mean spiritually occultic?.

‘No, don’t be afraid you’re a man, a few drops of blood won’t kill you’.

‘Now, how do we do it?’

‘Wait, I’ll be back in a minute’. She stood up, took a white ceramic cup and went into the bathroom. She came out with the cup half filled with water and took out a new blade, which she unwrapped from her bag. She returned to where she had knelt before, placed the cup on the bed at Johnson’s feet who had been looking all the while as a little child would look at the syringe in a nurse’s hand. ‘Johnson, bring your hand...’ She stretched her left hand to hold his right hand and held the blade in her right.

‘You, you don’t mean to cut my hand, do you?’ Without answering him, Chidema drew the cup nearer and put a cut on her middle finger and

allowed a few drops to drop into the water while Johnson stared in amazement at the strange scene, Johnson saw this feminine boldness as a big challenge.

He gave his hand to her and betrayed his bold face as he covered his mouth with the other hand; the drops fell into the water.

‘Take and drink it’, she held the cup to him with both hands.

‘I should dri, drink blood?’ he asked hoarsely.

‘Okay, I will drink it first and then you’ll do as I do and say whatever I say, o.k?’ Johnson answered with a nod, his mind full of thoughts as she lifted the cup.

Chidema said, ‘This is the blood of our covenant, if I ever jilt Johnson my beloved, may I not have a settled home, may my days be full of sorrow’.

With this, she took the cup to her mouth and drank some of the water. The room seemed to become very silent and only then could they notice the ticking seconds hand of the wall clock. Chidema gave the cup to him and watched him receive it with trembling hands even though he so much wanted to

conceal his fright. He also said the words Chidema said but now like a man, to sincerely prove his love.

As he drank and put the cup down on the bed, Chidema flung her hands around his neck with an ecstatic laughter and shouted, 'Oh! Johnson, I now know you do love me, we are now tied together by a covenant, nothing can separate us'.

'Are you convinced now?' he said trying to hide his concern.

'Oh! Yes, I really do'.

'Now, will you allow a sleepy Johnson to sleep a little? Fifteen minutes after this brief and strange conversation, Chidema was already fast asleep beside Johnson with her right arm on his chest but Johnson just lay still on the bed full of thoughts.

'What kind of a girl is this?'



## **Chapter Four**

The atmosphere was tense, hearts were cold and the eyes were wet. Mercy had cried herself out since Dr. Bankole broke the news to her about the cancellation of the wedding. Although he did not emphatically cancel it, nevertheless, neither Mercy nor her two friends and her mother who had been consoling her could be deceived about what his: *'I will like you to pray along with me till the end of this week'* means. Everybody knows that it literally means, *"To your tents, Oh! Israel"*. Her mother had also cried herself out wailing and cursing, causing more tears for Mercy rather than consolation to her. Her two friends; Juliana and Bukky who had been with her since the incidence tried their best to console her.

'I'm fed up with this life of mine', Mercy repeatedly cried through sobs. She laid on the bed with her head placed on Bukky's laps. Her mother sat at her feet while Juliana sat in an armless chair, a tray containing some food Mercy refused to eat was on a table before her.

'How I wish I had known the kind of man this one would turn out to be too? Men are very unfaithful and unreliable, may God judge him. He

will also be disgraced much more than what he has done', Mercy's mother never stopped raining curses on the absent doctor.

'Stop cursing, Mama", God will take control, after all...', Bukky tried to plead with the old woman. She was rather uncomfortable with the noise much more than the curses *perse*.

'I should stop cursing; you mean I should stop curing? Do you want a curse? Whatever a man sows he will reap, it's a fact'.

'But why me, why me, the third man, this is not a coincidence anymore. I am sure a curse has been placed on me. This was the same way Gbenga broke my heart five years ago, before Okon broke our courtship and it was you', pointing at her friends, 'who consoled and made me come off it. But they keep saying the same thing that it seems I belong to someone else. Gbenga even said I often look like a married woman to him and I've prayed and prayed. What else can I do, ehn, Sister Bukky, Sister Julie, what else should I do?'

'I have always told you' began her mother, 'to follow me to the village but you would always say it is not right for a Christian to do so. Is this one palatable for a Christian? Tell me, has your

Christianity been able to do something about it? How I wish you'll listen and be obedient, *Psheeee!*' She hissed and adjusted herself at the feet of the bed she sat on.

Mamaaa!' Juliana and Bukky chorused cries and that made Mercy break into a fresh paroxysm of tears.

...

Mr. Adekanmi was praying hard as he got down from the taxi that conveyed him to the elegant skyscraper. He did not want to be seen by any of the staff of Double Kay Nigeria Limited occupying the seventh floor on the eighteen storey skyscraper. He had been very careful to keep to time. He already got dressed since 9 O' clock though the appointment was scheduled for 11 O'clock. He had been looking so radiant ever since he was assured of the eight million naira contract on a road project offered him by a friend of his father, Chief Salako, the Executive Chairman of the company.

He gave the taxi ₦200 and quickly walked off into the fleet of flashy cars of varying makes packed

all around the building. He was wearing a black well-ironed suit. He had kept it for occasions like this. As he climbed the stairs leading into the ground floor to take the lift up to the 7<sup>th</sup> floor, the radiant face of his wife that early morning flashed back into his mind. He felt assured poverty would soon become a stranger in their family.

There were only two men waiting at the entrance to the elevator. He joined them and waited a minute before the door opened and they stepped in. He pressed the button number 7 and noticed the other two men were probably going together because they were discussing. They pressed button number 5. Somehow, the elevator did not stop along the way and the two men stepped out as soon as the door opened to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor leaving Mr. Adekanmi alone in the elevator.

He quickly re-adjusted his tie as the elevator ascends the floor. He heaved a sigh of relief when he finally got to the 7<sup>th</sup> floor and said a two seconds prayer. A man in his mid-thirties sporting a mirror-Jackad Agbada was waiting at the entrance for the door to open. He stepped into the elevator as Mr. Adekanmi got out. The man grumbled a good morning in response to Mr. Adekanmi's greeting.

‘That man looks very proud’, he thought. ‘Never mind him man, you’re just hitting your millions and no man will ever look down on you again. Relax, all is well. In few minutes time, you’ll become a member of the millionaires club again.’

‘Good morning sir,’ his thoughts were interrupted by the guard, an old man probably in his 50’s dressed in blue shirt and trousers with a black tie to match the uniform. His lips were very dark and he perceived the old man must be a chain smoker.

‘Good morning’ he replied, trying to sound big and wealthy. ‘After all’, he thought, ‘I will be very rich in a few minutes time. Is your chairman around?’

*‘Yes sir, he just enter for office now now but he be like say a man dey for him office. Oh, oh sorry the man don comot now now’*, he picked his words gently in pidgin English as he pointed across the clean corridor to the sliding door of the reception. Joke, the Company’s Receptionist behind the desk looked very pretty and radiant.

‘Joke! Joke! you look good meeen, come on, this is good’ he started joking with the 25 years old girl.

‘You’ve started again, you better go and sit down. Please get your hands off me, Hey stop it, I’ll report you to the chairman ooo’.

‘To which chairman? I will take care of you...’

‘You, hmmn, you better don’t try what you can’t handle’.

‘Me? Do you know you are talking to one of the newest millionaires in town?’

‘Who? You?’ she laughed. ‘You also think you will hit millions this year?’

Adekanmi put his left hand into his trouser pocket and leaned on the desk with the other. ‘Okay for your information, lady, I am just hitting my millions in few minutes time. That’s why I’m here. The Chairman gave me the appointment to come for the final documents and the cheque this morning and so I’m here. Do you catch that now?’

‘Hah, are you referring to the 8 million naira road construction project?’ She smiled mockingly and tapped the table with the golden pen in her hand.

‘Yees, you get it babe’ Adekanmi was joyfully playing with the Receptionist.

Oh! What a pity' she seemed to say absentmindedly and started flipping through a pile of sheets of paper beside the computer in front of her. She tried to ignore him but her facial expression gave him some fright.

'What is the matter? Hope nothing is wrong?' Mr. Adekanmi's heart started beating faster. This feeling is not strange to him; he is used to it, though not friendly.

'No, nothing is wrong, it is just that...', she stopped halfway.

'Please, tell me now, what happened?' He was now very serious.

'Okay, did you meet a man wearing a big agbada on the way?'

'Yes, Yes, I met him, what about him?' he said anxiously.

'Emn, you see, he just came out of the Chairman's Office now', she lowered her voice and Adekanmi had to lean forward a bit to hear her better.

'And so?' he asked.

‘You seem not to understand the latest operation 10%, so, the chief, I mean the man who know the ‘cash and carry order’ of the day came and gave the chairman ₦800,000 and of course, carried the contract. I thought you knew the “C&C” order and...’

Joke stopped sharply when suddenly noticed Adekanmi’s changed face. His body went cold and beads of sweat issued out his face. He struggled hard to find his voice and hoarsely spoke when he eventually could.

‘You, you mean this one has gone too? You mean that it is taken away too?’ His voice was really shaking as he stared into the empty space behind the lady.

‘Mr. Adekanmi, you have to take it easy. I am very sorry but I’m sure something will be done about it. After all, all your papers are complete and the Board agreed on you being the contractor’. None of her words entered Adekanmi’s ears. He was already lost in thought over the whole issue. He knew better than to be consoled by vain words. That wasn’t the first and neither the second time. The last time he was over ridden like that and he protested, the Director of the company removed his name from the company’s Enlistment. He was as confused and sad



as to what to do even though the Receptionist continued to console him. None of her words fell into his ears. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear the blitzing intercom on the Receptionist's desk though it concerned him. The lady picked it up to answer the Chairman.

'Yes sir' she waited and replied to a question over the phone. 'It's Mr. Adekanmi, he just came in and requested to see you. Can I lead him in?' She waited again before saying 'yes sir' and dropped the receiver.

It was his name he heard that jolted him back to consciousness. The lady motioned him to go in. 'You can go in, he has called for you'

He felt reluctant for some seconds before summoning some courage. He picked up his briefcase and without minding his rough appearance, he opened the door forgetting to knock. The Chairman sat on a rocking armchair backing the entrance, without looking back he told him to enter and take his seat.

Mr. Adekanmi walked slowly and sat down without greetings, this made the Chairman look back. He looked straight into his eyes and said,

‘Good morning’. Mr. Adekanmi swallowed a drop of saliva before answering sluggishly.

‘Well, well, I told you to come today for the project’ he started. ‘But, it’s a pity the Executive Board has decided to change the Contractor due to reasons beyond my ability. I’m sorry; but nevertheless, there is still another project we are expecting and I promise that nothing will affect that one’. The Chairman said all these without any sign of remorse. He looked up once in a while at Mr. Adekanmi expecting him to respond in some ways. After an uncomfortable silence, the Chairman looked up and said, ‘Ehmmm, I’m sorry but there wasn’t anything I could do, the next one will surely click. Can I...?’

Mr. Adekanmi, with tears filled eyes stood up suddenly but slowly, he picked up the suitcase and started for the door. The Chairman himself would not say anything. Adekanmi paused a while at the door before turning the door knob. The Chairman gave a smile as he gazed at the black suitcase placed beside a medium sized thermocool fridge towards his right.

The situation was too heart breaking for Mr. Adekanmi as he walked out of the Chairman’s office

like a zombie and did not hear the voice of Joke who leaned over the desk and asked what the Chairman said. His reaction already said it all as he walked off to the corridor that led to the escalator. By the time he got to the excavator, two streams of tears had already started flowing down his cheeks.

‘*Oga, watin happen, ehn?, Oga!*’ the old guard was so surprised to see the man he was waiting for, for some tip crying. Coincidentally, the elevator opened, he stepped inside as a lady wearing a heavy perfume stepped out. He faced those already inside backing the door and stood still. This frightened the people who assumed him to be a psychiatric patient and they all backed away. He got out as soon as the elevator got to the ground floor and walked slowly into the row of packed cars and kept mournfully repeating to himself.

‘Why me? Why me? God, why me?’

## **Chapter Five**

The cool breeze from the air conditioner was blowing soothingly on Mr. Johnson as he sat in a sofa in the sitting room studying a Bible placed on his lap. He jotted things down in a blue-cover writing pad on the sofa's edge. It had looked like a dream to many especially his friends who initially wouldn't believe that Johnson a.k.a *Handsome Loin* could turn a born again overnight.

Many took him unserious and gave him a month to return to his senses. It was just a week after he got born again; the pressure was heavy on him. He was jeered at his friend and enemies alike, Chidema, his girlfriend had been away to her hometown for a festival for two weeks. She promised to return the day before but had not.

Breaking the news to Chidema was another mountain Johnson had been ruminating upon since. His pastor had told him to break away all friendship with the world for his feet to be firmly established in faith. He had already made up his mind but it was very obvious it would not be easy. At exactly 9p.m, the wooden grandfather clock had just rung for the fifth time when the door suddenly flung open and Chidema dressed in a blue mini-skirt and a white

body hug dragged herself in with two big bags on her shoulders.

She immediately threw the bags on the sofa and ran with outstretched arms towards Johnson to hug him. His cold reaction gave her an impression she had offended him. She would need to explain how her granny delayed her returning the previous day. All the while Johnson was just looking with a faint smile. She got up and went for a cup of milk in the freezer.

‘Johnson, you’ve exhausted all the beer and wine. I can’t find any in the freezer. You better refill it as soon as possible’. She called from the kitchen, as she strolled out into the living room with a cup of milk in her hand. ‘Oh! I am very tired, I need a good rest. My bones are aching and can break anytime if I don’t give them a good rest’. She paused when she noticed Johnson was giving her a rather cold expressionless response.

‘John, what’s up? Why are you strangely quiet like this? I said I am sorry. What else do you want me to do, I said, I am sorry.’ Suddenly, she noticed the big black covered book on his lap. Carrying the cup in one hand and a spoon in the other, she went over to him. Realizing that it was a bible, she

laughed and said, 'Johnson, what is this? A Bible? What on earth are you doing with it? When did you start this?'

'Chidema, have your seat, I need to tell you something.'

'No. I'm asking you what you're doing with it', her voice already raised.

'But will you have your seat first and then listen to me, O.K.? Now, Chidema, you know I really love you. I promised to take you to the altar and I mean it. While you were away, something happened'.

Chidema was looking so cross and straight as she sat at the edge of the table as though ready to leap on him anytime. Johnson continued. 'Handsome lion died last week and Johnson came alive'. At this, Chidema placed the half-empty cup on the table, looked more intently into Johnson's eyes.

'Are you crazy?' she asked.

'No, I'm not, I am very serious, Chidema, I am now born again.' This word dropped like a mighty rock into an ocean on Chidema but somehow she herself felt surprised that she did not give any violent reaction.

‘It is presently the most important thing to me now’, continued Johnson. ‘I will be very glad if you also think it over and give your life to Jesus.’

‘You can’t be serious’, laughed out Chidema hysterically ‘You just can’t be serious. How? How can you? How can someone like you become a born again, it’s impossible? I don’t think you’re serious at all?’

‘Chidema. I’m serious. I’m born again, I got born again last week Saturday at Tunde Lakunle’s wedding. The man of God preached about ‘the Glorious Last Day Wedding...’

‘What are you telling me’ snapped back Chidema. ‘You are what? Let me tell you, I can’t be born again. No. if I wanted to I would have since my secondary school days. I have suffered enough, now that I’m settling down to enjoy, you are now telling me...?’

‘No, no’, he interrupted. It doesn’t and won’t bring suffering. It’s just that you’ve to surrender your life to Jesus and start living a sinless life.’ Standing from the sofa, he placed the Bible on the pad and walked over to her.

‘I really wish that we both get born again and have a glorious church wedding like Tunde’s.

‘Don’t tell me that’, she started in midst of sobs. ‘You said you love me but you have disappointed me.’

No, I don’t mean that’, he put his hand on her shoulder.

‘Okay, let’s just get married, you will go to church or wherever you like.

‘But I can’t marry an unbeliever., the Pastor said it’s not proper for...’

‘Ehen’ snapped Chidema, ‘What did you say? Who said what? That you shouldn’t marry me? After all we’ve had, after all you’ve done to me?’

‘No, he didn’t say that, but I can’t marry someone who is not born again’.

‘I knew, I knew this is what you would come up with. You now want to use this as an excuse to jilt me, abi?’

‘Chidema, try to understand.’

‘Then go and get your quack looking born-wuruwuru’ sisters and marry if your pastor said you



shouldn't marry me!' She stood up furiously and headed for the door.

'But Chidema, it's not like that, try to listen to me. I...' she took up her bags and made for the door.

At the door, she looked back and pointing the middle finger of her left hand at him and said, 'Look here, Johnson I know you have made up your mind but let me tell you, as long as your blood flow in me and mine in you, the curse of the covenant will never give you peace.'

With this, she stormed out of the house leaving the door opened and ignoring the pleas of Johnson calling after her.

Johnson closed the door, went back to his seat and heaved a sigh of relief. 'Well, I tried my best. It's left to her. What I know is that I'm born again and nothing else'. He puts his Bible on his lap and continued studying.

Seven months passed before it became obvious that Johnson wouldn't come back into the unbelievers' company. It was becoming evident he might soon be made a leader at his local church; all the jesters deserted and let him be. Johnson had

such a fast growth to the amazement of the believers around him.

Sometime later, he met a lady at a concert in another charismatic church. They soon got acquainted and soon everybody knew them as couples-to-be. Three months after they met, they got engaged.

Johnson's Pastor, a 52-years old man prayed for them and agreed with their union. His friends were really happy when they learnt about his engagement.

Mr. Johnson's life was a challenge to everybody around him, a gentle, humble, spirit-filled and learned man. He soon became well known at the Animasauns; his Fiancée's Family. Her mother was most joyful about her daughter's wedding plans scheduled for a few months afterward.

All preparations were already at top gear as regards the wedding. The wedding suit: a black one, shoes and other wedding attires had been bought save that Johnson determined that the Bride's gown and pair of rings be bought in London. A month to the wedding, Elizabeth traveled to England to purchase the necessities. She spent a week before returning to Nigeria. That was her first time traveling

out of the country though Johnson had already planned they would spend their three weeks honeymoon in Switzerland.

Two weeks to the wedding, all the preparation towards the wedding was almost done. Johnson was in his office on a Friday afternoon at about 2.30p.m when the telephone on this executive table of the 14<sup>th</sup> floor of the Pan and Tico building, a 20 floors building, rang and he halfheartedly picked it up. It was Mrs. Animasaun, Elizabeth mother's voice that he heard. She sounded hysterical as she told him that Elizabeth was terribly sick. He tried to calm the old woman down and assured her there wouldn't be any problem. He promised to be there before evening, as he had to be at an important meeting in few minutes' time.

It was in the evening when he eventually got there. The clock in his Mercedes Benz 230 indicated that it was 7:32pm when he turned into their street. He was surprised to see many cars in his in-law's compound. He slowed down a bit to dodge some erosion - caused ditches and potholes along the untarred road. About fifty meters to the gate of their compound, wailings and crying could be heard. He gently drove inside with trembling hands on the

steering wheel. Beads of sweat could be seen on his eyebrows as he packed behind a white Volkswagen which he could recognize as Elizabeth's Uncle's.

He did not close the door when he stepped out of the car as crying, wailings, curses and sound of grief were more clearly coming out the sitting room. As he climbed the front staircase of the front door, the name "Elizabeth" could be clearly heard above all cries and wailings. He was terribly shaking and totally confused as to what could be going on as he stood at the door, hesitant to enter.

Somebody suddenly opened the door and Mrs. Animasaun was seen seated on the floor with two women holding her. Mr. Animasaun was on an armless chair, a friend and younger brother were consoling him. As soon Mrs. Animasaun saw him she screamed, 'Betty is dead.'

The effect on Johnson was more than an explosion. He felt everything go dak and to the ground he slumped. People rushed to revive him but when they couldn't get through, he was rushed to the hospital. Double casualty

It was two days after before he regained consciousness in the hospital. The name 'Elizabeth' was on his lips. It was a great disaster. Elizabeth

had died of headache. Their marriage had turned out to be a mirage, two weeks to the wedding. All their preparations became futile. Everybody who heard shook his or her head. It was a great disaster.

# DISCLAIMER

THANK YOU FOR PURCHASING THIS E-COPY.

HOWEVER, THIS IS MY INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY AND  
UNAUTHORISED SHARING OF THIS BOOK IS PROHIBITED.

IF YOU HAVE PURCHASED THIS BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR,  
KINDLY REFER ANYONE WHO WANTS A COPY OF THIS E-  
COPY TO THE AUTHOR OR THE SOURCE YOU BOUGHT IT  
FROM.

THANK YOU SO MUCH

## **Chapter Six**

‘Pastor Adeoye, oh! Come in, come right in Sir.’ Juliana opened the entrance door downstairs after the doorbell rang thrice.

Pastor Adeoye, a man in his early forties and who was their local Church’s Pastor entered the house. It was his first time entering the house though he and his wife had once dropped the sisters after a service.

The living room was beautiful to behold but Pastor Adeoye was never in the mood of expressing his surprise of seeing the room so elegant. The situation did not warrant it.

‘Juliana, where is she?’ He asked ignoring the greetings of Juliana who was on her knees beside the door.

‘She is upstairs in her room and Mama is also with her, you can come along.’ Her voice was weak revealing her worry and anxiety. The Pastor was full of thoughts and inwardly prayed the Holy Spirit to give him the wisdom to calm the situation. They climbed the terrazzo stairs and Juliana opened a white door for Pastor to enter. All eyes met them as she opened the door except Mary who seemed to be

sleeping, it was obvious she was not sleeping but would not want to be bothered.

‘Welcome sir’ greeted Bukky who was putting a wet white towel on Mercy’s head.

‘Good day Mama, how is she doing?’ asked the Pastor, putting down his briefcase and sitting on a chair at Mercy’s left side with Mama sitting at her feet. Bukky was at her right and Juliana stood beside the Pastor.

‘Ha! Thank God, she nearly killed herself’, started Mama as she broke the silence in the room as though everybody was waiting for the other to open the discussion.

‘We’ve been persuading her to eat since yesterday’, continued Mama, ‘but she wouldn’t... May God deal with the Doc... Doctor or whatever he calls himself’.

Mama started cursing again and then there was silence for about 30 seconds, then as Mercy opened her eyes. On sighting the Pastor, she was about to break into a fresh outbreak of tears when the pastor quickly held her left hand on her stomach.

‘It’s alright Mercy, all is well. I know how you must be feeling. Everything will be okay, just take it



easy. Are you with me? It's okay.' For a moment, Bukky and Juliana were surprised to hear their Pastor who preaches like a bulldozer speaking gently and lovingly.

'I was surprised when I learnt about this. Actually, he told me after service on Sunday that he would like to see me. I thought it was about the wedding preparations but we couldn't see to talk somehow cause of an emergency call I had. I believe this is not ordinary, no, it can't be...'

'It is not, it is not', snapped Mama, 'that bastard must be mad. He has put me to shame. What will I tell all my friends? What will all my family members say after all the preparations I've been making...?'

'Pastor,' Mercy's voice interrupted Mama. Everybody was quiet and listened attentively to Mercy's remorseful voice. 'Pastor' she repeated, 'What... What can I do now? Where did I miss it? This is my fifth relationship and the second time a wedding engagement would be cancelled with me? Where did I miss it? Pastor! Where did I miss it? Where? Pastor where? What else should I do?' She burst into tears again.

Nobody stopped her though they continued patting her shoulder and hands. Bukky was stroking

her hair. The Pastor suddenly heaved and everybody became quiet. He bent his head for about two minutes.

He raised his head, and with a straight face gazed at the old woman. Bukky and Juliana followed his gaze to Mama. She was unaware of the 'all eyes on me' as she was absentmindedly working on her wrapper. The ladies know their Pastor well.

'Mama', the Pastor began. The woman looked up gently and pityingly thinking the Pastor wants to console her too.

'The Holy Spirit just told me you know the cause of this lady's problem.' The ladies were startled. Even Mercy shifted her head to have a better look at her mother. She looked confused and surprised, but who would doubt Pastor Adeoye, a man popular with revelation gifts.

'Me?!' she screamed. 'Know what?' She hit her chest in an obvious anger, as she stood up against the Pastor in a rage.

'Pastor, what are you saying? Me! A witch? Do you mean I am the cause of her problems? Heeee, my God, what kind of nonsense is this!?' Mama turned to Mercy who was looking as confused, 'did

you hear your Pastor or did you send him to harass me?’

‘No, Mama sit down, I didn’t mean that, the Holy Spirit did not say you are a witch...’ the Pastor resounded.

‘Haaa! Do you think I’m a kid? He didn’t say so, and then what is the meaning of that? What do you mean by that I know the cause of the problem?’ She was spitting fire vehemently.

‘No! Mama calm down, that’s not what I mean, if you would listen carefully, you’ll see that you know the cause and hence the solution to this problem because this is not an ordinary case. I am very convinced that the cause of this problem is a strange and hidden agreement, a hidden covenant.’

‘Covenant!’ chorused everybody including Mercy. She sat up and leaned on the bed stead.

‘Yes, a strange covenant is at work in this case’, continued Pastor. ‘To buttress my point the more, Mama, the Holy Spirit again says it is in connection with her birth and childhood. Can you try and connect this somehow?’

‘Covenant?’ asked Mercy looking at the faces in the room as though expecting an answer.

‘Covenant?’ said the old woman too but much to herself. Her gaze was on the polished floor. She had her right hand on her chin and her left on her hip. The atmosphere was tense.

\*\*\*

It was thundering and lightning across the cool atmosphere by 15 minutes to 9p.m, Johnson had just settled down on his bed upstairs after seeing some friends off. Two months had passed since Elizabeth’s death and the effect of it had not totally left him. He was so off-balanced emotionally that he took some weeks off office and committed the work into the hands of his deputy.

As he sat on the bed thinking about his ill-luck, and especially, the attitude of some old friends; who were mocking his ordeal in connection with his new faith. He was about dozing off fully when there came a knock on the main door downstairs. He had his back against the wall; a pillow was on his lap. Initially, he ignored the knock but later responded after harder knocks.

He sluggishly got out of bed and put his feet into the black slippers at the side of the bed. Footsteps could be gently heard on the terrazzo-coated floor of the corridor. There was a clear reflection of the state of his heart on his face as he gently descended the wooden staircase leading into the living room. Two steps downstairs, he flicked on the light just as the visitor was about to give up and turn back.

The visitor turned back when he saw light come on and heard Johnson's footstep across the living room. He opened the door and without minding to greet the visitor, he returned and sat on a sofa facing the kitchen.

Tunde Lakunle, a friend of his and at whose wedding he got born again followed him in and sat at the edge of the sofa with his right hand around Johnson and a Bible in the other.

‘Johnson, will you for God’s sake cheer up and forget this? What has happened has happened and next thing now should be the next step to take’.

He got up from the edge and sat on another sofa opposite Johnson. All the while, Johnson was just staring at the brown wooden ceiling.

‘Look here’, continued Tunde, ‘he that falls in the day of adversity is a poor specimen. The Bible says that in everything we should give thanks because all things work together for the good of those that love the Lord, those called after his will. You will just have to cheer up and get something else done...’ He stopped abruptly when he noticed drops of tears roll down Johnson’s cheeks on his brown spotted white pyjamas.

‘Ehee, Johnson, you are not a kid, braze up, will you? If you are going at this rate, young man, you’re putting your life at risk. Your being downcast and remorseful cannot solve anything, but rather worsen it the more...’

‘Tunde, what do I do?’ Johnson began mournfully, ‘Is it the mockery I should consider or the actual pain of the loss? Two weeks to our wedding, two weeks, two weeks, two...’ and suddenly broke into tears again.

‘Ehe, that is enough, *oya’ ore*, get up and dress up, let’s go’.

‘To where?’ He enquired.

‘To the vigil of course.’

‘Which one?’

‘The Night of Breakthrough Vigil at Ife Road. The one organize by Rev. Baoku.

‘Okay. But sorry Tunde, I have to rest tonight...’

‘No, you’ve been resting for past weeks without any improvement. Common get up and get dressed. We are going to the vigil together. Get upstairs’.

Johnson reluctantly got up and went upstairs. It took him about a quarter of an hour before he returned downstairs. Tunde waited patiently for him, he understood. Johnson returned with a cream colored turtle neck conductor with a well-polished black shoe.

‘O.k, I am ready. Are you with your car or should I take...?’

‘No, don’t worry, my car is outside. Won’t you switch off the stair case light?’

‘Oh thanks. I nearly forgot it’ Johnson switched the light off and joined Tunde in the cool night. He locked the door and soon joined Tunde who had already ignited the car engine. He did not even apply the safety belt as Tunde had done. They zoomed off out of the compound into the busy night; it was 9:30pm.

## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

‘Covenant?’ Mama repeated again. ‘But, but... covenant? What kinds of covenant are you talking about?’

‘Alright Mama, let me help you a bit. Can you remember her birth and childhood occurrences? I perceive it has to do with many of those times; what occurrence can you link with that time?’

‘So many things happened then, at least everybody has a story or the other...’ She was lost in thought apparently trying to retrieve the past from her psycho-domain. The room was silent as everybody looked up expectantly at her; expecting her to say something. Juliana and Bukky exchanged glances as the old woman fixed her gaze on the floor, her right hand under her chin and the left on her waist. The pastor and Mercy did not shift their focuses from her.

Out of anxiety, Mercy suddenly spoke up, ‘Mama, say something now...’

‘But Pastor...’ she cut in. ‘It can’t have anything to do with this, it was a small issue and...’

‘Don’t worry about that, let’s just hear it’ said Pastor.



‘Hmmm, it was about thirty years ago. I got married to her father about thirty-five years ago but I fought barrenness for five years. Her father loved me so much and wouldn’t mind much of my barrenness. He believed God would do something at the right time since I did not live an immoral life before marrying him. After some time, I became afraid when I noticed some members of his family were pestering him to either get another wife or send me away that I was only in their family to eat and ruin it.

It wasn’t as if I was not doing anything,’ she was gesticulating with her hands. ‘But luck was just against me. I visited many herbalists, pastors, imams, and prophets; all to no avail. At a point in time, the family had a meeting and was considering sending me away claiming I was the witch hindering my own pregnancy, so I intensified my effort the more. When my husband’s reactions to me changed and I started suspecting a second wife may be on the way, I increased my efforts but all was to no avail, until I met a friend; Mama Titi...’

‘So what happened after that’ the Pastor asked.

‘Ehn, it was Mama Titi who later introduced me to a Prophet of God to help me, but I still don’t know what this has to do with her case’

‘Mama, Mama, please for God’s sake continue, what did he do? What happened after that?’ Mercy was nearly shouting at her mother through sobs.

‘That Mama Titi took me to her church. There were so many other women looking for children too. The Prophet and Prophetess were so strong that many people were coming there. This man was rich and had six wives. As soon as we got there, they prayed for me and saw that it was Mama Sadia, my sister-in-law that was responsible for my bareness. Later, the Prophet and one of his Prophetesses attended to me and told me what to do which led to the conception, and safe delivery of my first child, Mercy. In fact, it was the Prophet’s fifth wife that gave her the name, Mercy’

‘A Prophet with many wives?’ Juliana soloquised. Pastor Adeoye kept mute but rather continued looking steadfastly at the old woman.

‘Ha! Mummy, but you never told me this before eh! That church. Why? Why? Mummy, why on earth did you do that? So they prayed for you there?’

Turning to Pastor, she asked, 'Pastor, did you hear this?'

'Allow Mama continue', the Pastor said.

'But, Pastor, Mercy' she looked from one to the other 'What has this got to do with Bankole or the others. Can't you hear that if not for them you would not have been born and you should be grateful, ehn, you should be grateful for that...'

'Mama, don't mind her' interrupted the Pastor 'I am all ears.'

'They prayed for me', putting a finger to her mouth, I remember they even sprinkled water on me. Afterwards I was told I would be in the church for seven days. Apart from that, I was bathed daily for seven days at the stream behind the church.

'How was it done' asked the Pastor leaning on his palm with his elbows on his thigh.

'One of the younger Prophets was the one bathing me. He would take an eggs and rub them all over my body...'

'A man?' Mercy asked, bewilderment written all over her face.

‘And so what? What if it’s a man *nko*? As I was saying oh jare; he would be speaking a language I didn’t understand and then throw the eggs away. At other times, he would take black prayer soap as they called it and use it to bathe me using a local sponge, one for each day. After that, Pastor, I had two great revelations which some other pregnant women also had’, she was gesticulating as she spoke.

‘Tell us the visions’, requested the Pastor.

‘I can’t remember them very well ...’

‘Try Mama. Maybe if you think deep, you may remember some, if not all’

She paused for a moment looking up into the ceiling as though reading the story on the white painted ceiling of the room. The room was dead silent except for the humming sound of the fluorescent bulb and rotating sound of the standing fan. There was a short and sharp sigh of relief from Mercy when her mother eventually spoke up.

‘I can narrate a few but not everything,’ she began. ‘The first one I saw was on the seventh day of the prayer. We were just about to finish prayers that day when my eyes suddenly became dull and I became unconscious, although I was later told I

went into the spirit realm. After a few seconds, I found myself in front of a big glass door, as I was wondering where I was. The door suddenly opened and out of curiosity and fear, I stepped inside. What I saw inside was really out of this world.'

'Ehnn!' Juliana and Bukky chorused quite absentmindedly.

'Yes, it is true', she continued. 'God really did it. I saw a throne at the end of the room. It was beautiful and elegant but there was no body on the throne. There were some other beautiful things I can't describe all around the throne in that room. As I was moving closer, I started hearing some beautiful songs. As I was looking here and there to discover where it was coming from, I suddenly heard a big but female voice from the throne. I turned round and there on the throne was a beautiful lady. How and when she got there, I still don't, know and there were people around her. I can't remember... There were two girls, about 5 years old each, standing beside her. Her feet were in a golden bowl of water. I was afraid when I saw her but she called me and I trembled before her. She said that Jah had heard my prayer...'

'Who is Jah?' Mercy cut in interrupting Mama.

‘Aha, *sebi* Jah is one of God’s names? *Sebi* Pastor? ’

‘Continue Mama, don’t mind her. I am listening.’

‘Thank you, *jare*. She said Jah heard my prayers and have sent her to answer my prayers. The Prophet later told me that she is one of God’s arch female angels and that her name is Angel Shinah. She called one of those standing around and told her to bring my answer. She went out through the wall to my amazement and came back carrying a baby. She placed the baby before the lady. I mean Angel Shinah and the lady made a red mark on the baby’s forehead with the tip of her royal scepter and ordered me to take it away. I picked it up shivering and went for the door. When I got to the door, I turned back to say thank you but surprisingly, the throne was empty again and I quickly opened the door and suddenly woke up. I told one of the Prophetesses and she said my case was settled, and that I could go. I became pregnant that month.’

‘You said you had two revelations, what about the other?’ Requested the Pastor

‘That one was when I was about to give birth to her. I only saw I was preparing for her wedding and

a tall and handsome man was taking her as a wife. I don't remember much of that.'

Pastor Adeoye sighed and Mercy busted into tears, the truth of the matter has become obvious. She was never told this before, even though she was aware her parents were attending that church before she went to the boarding school and was never constant at home since then again. She got born again while in Junior Secondary Class 2 but never thought her life had such a history.

'Pastor, I don't understand? What is the problem in this now, why the tears?'

'Mama, there is much to it but it's not yet time for explanation. We are going to pray and all evil and strange covenants will be broken in Jesus name.'

'Amen! Chorused Juliana and Bukky'

'Mercy, come and kneel down over here.' She gently rose from the bed, knelt before the Pastor who was already on his feet backing the exit door.

'Mama, come and stand behind her and place your hands on her head', the old woman did this with a confused expression. 'Juliana, Bukky, please join me and let's all take this song together –

There is power mighty in the blood

There is power mighty in the blood

There is power mighty in the blood of Jesus  
Christ

There is power mighty in the blood

The song was sung five times and Pastor Adeoye told the old woman to repeat some words after him. 'I am...' she was asked to put her name which she did. '... Mercy's mother, and today, I stand before God and man to confess my sins that I have gone against God's law by seeking after strange gods. But today, after realizing my mistakes, I ask for God's forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. Having received forgiveness from God, I renounce and destroy all the covenants I have made with Shinah and Jah and all other demons in Jesus name. I cover Mercy with the blood of Jesus, and I declare that she is totally given over to Jesus, Amen'

After this, Pastor Adeoye told her to move away and asked Juliana and Bukky to start pleading the blood of Jesus.

'In Jesus name', he started with a loud voice. 'It is written that at the name of Jesus, every knee shall



bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Lord. It is also written that we overcame the dragon, even Shinah and Jah by the blood of Jesus and the word of our testimony. Therefore, I command, let the blood of Jesus break and lose every demonic chain on Mercy...' Mercy suddenly screamed and fell down to the fright of everybody in the room.

'I declare', the Pastor continued, 'Let the fire of the Holy Spirit consume you in Jesus name.' The screams became louder and Juliana and Bukky increased their prayers. Juliana switched into praying in tongues, all out of fright, the Mama was also scared. She stood at the window much confused at the whole situation. The Pastor continued the binding and losing as Mercy screamed and rolled on the floor. Suddenly, she started speaking with a masculine voice, a voice not hers. It was indeed strange.

...

Alhaji Adigun had been Chief Adekanmi's closest friend before the latter's death. They were best of friends since their secondary school days ever before Chief Adekanmi became very rich. Chief Adekanmi sponsored his first Hajj before he became rich enough to go twice after that. Since Chief

Adekanmi's elegant burial everybody noticed or so it seemed that he withdraw from the family. The cause, nobody knew though the family had at sometimes sought his help. He had one wife, though a Muslim and Alhaji for that matter, probably because he was elite, but no one was sure.

It was 4pm on a Saturday afternoon, he had just arrived from a ceremony when Mr. Adekanmi knocked on his door. Rashidat; Alhaji's last child opened the door.

'Welcome sir, good afternoon' she stressed. '

How is everything?' he stepped inside as Rashidat stepped aside for him to enter and closed the door after him.

'Is Alhaji at home?' he asked.

'Yes, he just arrived. I delivered your message to him, he asked after you immediately he came back. I told him you had not arrived. Sit down sir; I'll call him for you.' She went into a room across the sitting room.

'Good girl, hurry up' he sat on one of the brown sofas in the sitting room. A big framed photograph caught his attention. It was a photograph taken by Alhaji and his father. It was his sister's wedding

ceremony. He came home from England for the wedding. The wedding was the talk of the town as all others had been. He was so lost in thought of those good old days when suddenly he heard, 'Ha! *Booda* Gbadebo; Good afternoon!'

'Good afternoon Ma', he replied as he turned round to greet the woman who greeted him with half a prostrate. Alhaja was placing some food on the dining table. Mr. Adekanmi wondered what the woman was feeding on that make her look so young despite the fact that she has had three married children. The family was not that rich yet one would assume them richer than they are. This thought saddened his heart the more, more so as his mother's skeletal frame came to his mind. His mother was 63 years old yet looked 75 due to under nourishment. He felt a gulp in his throat but managed to hide his sadness as he replied the woman.

'Alhaji is coming; Rashidat delivered your message yesterday. He had to hurry back home from a house naming ceremony because of you...'

'Hun, hun', she was interrupted by Alhaji's cough as he came out of his bedroom. 'Gbadebo, how was your day?'

‘Good afternoon sir, everything is fine, sir’, he prostrated and then remained on his feet for some time until Alhaji told him to take his seat.

‘I rushed back home because of you. I was told you’d be coming here by 4pm today. Hope all is well?’ He was drawing a dining seat back as he settled to eat.

‘Not really much sir, I only came for a little help...’

‘Well, join me at the table first and the discussion can follow. I am very hungry; I don’t take food anyhow outside again. I almost died of typhoid last month’

‘Thank you sir, I am alright. I’m grateful.’ Though he was hungry, it would be foolish to eat anything with the kind of issue he came for. It would portray slack of seriousness on his part.

‘Rashidat’, Alhaji called, ‘Come and switch on the television.’ Rashidat entered with a hand towel denoting she was washing dishes before she was called. She switched on the television and tuned it to NTA. News was on and for some time, Mr. Gbadebo became engrossed in it that he nearly forgot his issue. As usual, he may *jam luck*, Alhaji finished his

food, washed his hands in a plastic hand washing bowl and called his wife to clear the table. Alhaja in turn sent Rashidat to get it cleared up. He rose from the dining seat and Gbadebo re-adjusted himself as Alhaji approached the sitting room.

‘Hmm’, he cleared his throat before talking, ‘Hope I’ve not kept you waiting for too long?’

‘No sir’, he replied.

‘Yes, to what you came for’, he sat on another brown sofa opposite Gbadebo, put off his black leather slippers and placing both feet on the stool, he drew it nearer. All the while, Gbadebo was silent as he played with his fingers like a kid. He was nervous but one thing was obvious, he didn’t know where and how to start. All of a sudden, he realized Alhaji was gazing intently at him after Rashidat had left.

He struggled to utter words but could not find his voice. Sensing his anxiety, Alhaji asked him to relax. He covered his face with both hands to stop the tears trying to flow down his cheeks.

‘Now tell me what the matter is, no tears can solve any problem and more so, you are a man. You

should be able to compose yourself, right?’ With this, Gbadebo looked up and tried to narrate his ordeal.

‘Sir, I am fed up with everything. You and my father were close friends since your youth days until his death and you’ve been good to us even afterwards. You must have also noticed as everybody did that all his possession in our care got swindled away shortly after his burial. Many think we are prodigal children but this is not so. We are all struggling to rise from this dungeon of poverty. It is strange that this is happening to every one of us. All my older and younger ones are buried in this same predicament’.

As he continued his speech with pathos, Alhaji maintained his position, looking at him sympathetically, his left fist on his cheeks and the elbow on the arm of the sofa. ‘I am really fed up’ Gbadebo continued, ‘I’ve tried all my possible best without yielding any result. To wonder how many millions of naira just vanished away in few years. We were duped, many goods got burnt, some sank in sea and different kinds of disasters came from all around. Who did we offend...?’

At this, Alhaji had to notion him to stop. After the interruption, he did not say anything for some few minutes but gazed on the roof.

‘Gbadebo! Gbadebo! Gbadebo! How many times did I call you?’

‘Three times Sir’ he replied amidst sobs.

‘You are not a kid, but in this case you are. This is not what you can handle and it better be closed than opened to you least it worsens the situation. This is beyond you’

‘Ha! Alhaji, tell me, please Sir’, he said pleadingly. Alhaji insisted he would not but consented after much pleading. He called his wife and told her he would be going out with Gbadebo. They got out and drove off in black Alhaji’s Mercedes Benz 300. They drove silently for thirty minutes discussing other general issues. It was apparent they were heading for the outskirts of the city. The place was a government reserved park used by the public for private or public activities. At a corner of the park are slabs as seats to relax on. There were kiosks around for sales of snacks and cold drinks.

Other people were discussing around, seated on the slabs. At a distance, a family was having a picnic

under a big tree. Alhaji chose a slab and they sat down. A hawking girl offered cold drinks but they declined. They had hardly sat down when Alhaji started to talk.

‘Gbadebo’, he started, ‘I know you are a very simple and sensible young man, and that is why I decided to tell you this story. Your father and I were bosom friends since our teen age. We met at the secondary school in form 2 and soon became best friends. After our GCE, I got admission into the Polytechnic of Ibadan while he went into Business. We were both living carefree lives,’ he chuckled. Years later, we were both invited to a night party organized by a friend.’

At this, he paused, looked sternly into Gbadebo’s eyes and said, ‘Before I continue, I want you to promise me you will never let any living being know this.’

‘No, sir, I won’t’, he replied but inwardly, he wondered what Alhaji had to say. He was becoming scared and anxious. Alhaji continued.

‘At the party, we came across two ladies from the College of Education, Saint Andrews, Oyo. These girls were so beautiful that all eyes were on them. We decided to get close to them, at least to be the



center of attraction for the night. I approached the girls and they agreed to join us at our table. The attraction shifted to us and we tried our best to impress the girls. Barely an hour later, a white Peugeot 504 arrived and two men in gorgeous *agbada* alighted. For a while, people shifted their attention on them.

When the music started, we did our best to oppress with the girls but unfortunately those rich men spotted the girls and sent for them. Initially, they rejected and we were quite happy, but when the men started spraying money on the musician, we knew we would lose. They sent for the girls again and this time they agreed, much to our shame.

It was like a dream, everybody was looking at us. To worsen the matter, the musician changed his song to:

It is the rich the girls know  
It is the rich the girls follow  
Nobody wants life with the poor  
It is the rich I am going to follow

Gbadebo was growing impatient at this. 'What has this got to do with this situation,' he wondered, but managed to hide the feeling?

As if he knew this, Alhaji said, ‘This actually wasn’t the problem, but the root of it. The incidence was so shameful that people grinned and laughed us to scorn. We felt so humiliated that we quietly left the scene. We couldn’t fight as that would add to the shame. On our way home later in the morning, we discussed the matter and in our fury, we decided we must get rich by all means. We vowed to get popular at all cost and by any means and this was the source of the problem.’

Alhaji paused and with a finger pointed at Gbadebo, warned sternly again. ‘Gbadebo, you promised not to let the cat out of the bag.’

‘Yes’, he replied but with more visible anxiety. He wanted to know the *what, where* and *how* of the conclusion so he pleadingly said, ‘Alhaji, but I still don’t understand.’

Alhaji could not say a word, ‘How do I explain to this young man’, he thought. This is too heavy a matter,’ instead he sighed, ‘Hnn’

‘What can it be?’, Gbadebo thought.

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Pastor Adeoye continued the binding and loosing for a while. Suddenly, Mercy stood up like a warrior and pointed at the Pastor. It was clear it wasn't Mercy doing this again. To Mama, her daughter had become mad, but she was too frightened to say anything. The battle lasted for one and a half hours. One after the other, the demons gave their specific manifestations and left with great rage.

For a while, those leaving departed with the same rage until the last who identified herself as Mercy's mother. Mama was shocked, she nearly slumped. This last demon revealed herself as the arch-demon who marked the baby. She identified herself as Shinah much to Mama's horror.

She was one of the queens of the coast, she was very adamant and she refused to go for a long time. Her hold, she said, was the covenant, the agreement made with her.

After a while, the Pastor asked Mama to repeat some words after him. They broke the covenant, the hidden agreement between them with the blood of Jesus. The Pastor sealed it off with scriptures. It was with great violence and rage that she eventually left.

She cursed and threatened before finally losing her grip on Mercy.

Mercy became calm afterwards, much to the relief of everybody. It took about five minutes before she regained consciousness with a freedom song on her lips. Juliana and Bukky lifted her into the bed. She looked so radiant. At first, Mama could not go near her for fear, but when she saw others did, she summoned courage and sat at her feet.

Mercy continued the song for some time before she started crying but obviously, it was of joy. She narrated a story, her experience during the ministration. Everybody except Pastor Adeoye was shocked. Her story went like this:

‘When Pastor started the prayer, I suddenly saw myself in a beautiful garden with a big mansion. The environment was so beautiful and I saw I was also well dressed in a white wedding gown. Though strange, yet I felt at ease and the environment looked familiar to me. Later I went inside through the kitchen, there were many cooks and stewards in the big kitchen and I was strangely addressed as “Madam”, and even there, I felt as ease.

After sometime, I saw that I walked into a big living room with a big chair; a royal seat was at the

extreme end of it. Four children were sitting at the sides of the throne on which I latter found myself sit. To my surprise, they were addressing me as *mummy* and I strangely responded by cuddling them. Suddenly, a man dressed like a European king stormed in with five guards and the children rushed to him calling him Daddy.

There were shouts and wails outside the mansion and he had a fierce anger. He was tall and handsome but fierce looking. He came over to me and dragged me roughly from the throne and led me towards the kitchen to the back door. The children neither wailed nor cried but gently followed. We got out through the back door into the garden and suddenly, we were in another big throne room. A woman dressed like a queen was ragging up and down the room with some horrible looking people dressed like servants who knelt with fear before her. As soon as we appeared, she stormed at me and dragged me roughly to one side of the room. Her servants tied me with ropes and made me sit in a chair. That queen was so furious in her discussion with the man. It was during their discussion that I noted that the man was a prince and some '*shining ones*' were around fighting them to release me, I was scared.

The prince stressed further that many of the higher demons had been sent to ‘*Tartarus*’ and that the ‘*shining ones*’ were drawing nearer the palace. She commanded the bodyguards; seven in all, two of hers and the five that came with us to guard the door while she returned to her throne. Everywhere became quiet as the children sat on the floor beside her while the prince stood beside her.

Suddenly, we heard loud bangs on the door. To my great horror, the queen suddenly became transformed to a beast; from her waist down was fish. Then I realized she was a mermaid and more so, a queen of a coast. The prince stood akimbo, ready for battle; the Queen did same on those black tails. After about eight bangs, the door was thrown open and the guards resisting them fell flat. Truly, the men who entered were shining ones, three in all. They engaged the Queen, Prince and the fierce looking children in battle, not physical battle but exchange of words; all because of me.

The Queen was claiming a kind of covenant and the angels were replying with the Words of God. Shortly after, they commanded the children to get out and go to the ‘*dry place*’, which they did with a loud scream as if they were being pursued. The

Queen and Prince became more angry and violent when this happened. All these were strange to me and I became very afraid. Suddenly, to my surprise, the Prince fell flat and only the Queen was standing. She started screaming that she wouldn't release me on the basis of the covenant. The struggle persisted for quite a while until we suddenly heard a voice from nowhere saying *I break the covenant I made with you today...*, and it was over. All her screams became useless and I was loosed. Those shining ones took my hand, tore all clothes on me, gave me a new cloth, and I was led out, and as we opened the door, I woke up'.

Everybody rejoiced and busted into praise. Their joy knew no bound as they raised their hands and praised the Lord.

Halleluyah! Responded everybody

\*\*\*

'Okay', Alhaji started as Gbadebo adjusted himself on his seat. Our decision was that we would visit an herbalist and ask him to do money rituals for us...'

“Money rituals?!” exclaimed Gbadebo.

‘Yes, money rituals’, replied Alhaji.’ It was not long before we got one, an old man in his early 70’s. We narrated our ordeal to him and he promised to help. He gave us many options which I can’t clearly remember. The last was the safest and seemingly the best...’ he paused when he noticed that Gbadebo was breathing heavily, nevertheless, he continued, he had gone too far to stop.

‘The last option was the safest and it was that the riches would come at the expense of our children, all those alive, including those yet to be born. In fact, the more we have, the greater would be our riches.’

‘Haa! screamed Gbadebo. People seated nearby turned round and soon continued their discussions when they couldn’t figure out the cause of the scream.

‘Will you allow me to finish?’ asked Alhaji, more of an order than a question. ‘At that time, I was just planning to get married but your father already had two children, your elder brother and sister. I refused when I heard that but your father agreed’. Alhaji paused to make sure the conversations sank well into Gbadebo before commencing, by this time; tears



were running down Gbadebo's cheek, he couldn't talk or cry aloud.

'The ritual was done the next day but I was made to promise that I won't say anything or tell anybody about it. He was taken to a big cemetery where rituals were performed and he sold his generations to the dead. In other words, all the blessings meant to be yours; the children, have automatically been given to him and would be spent by him.'

At this, Gbadebo broke down and wept profusely like a child. People seated around were stunned but cared less. He wept and wept but what could he do, his glory has been used by his father whom he thought loved and cared for him.

After some minutes, Gbadebo asked 'Alhaji, what can be done now? Alhaji, what should we do?'

'I don't know, the herbalist died two years later. I don't know what can be done to reverse it because this is a spiritual case. The dead appeared to him physically and he sold your glory to them. So, son, it is very complicated'.

They got into the car and drove back to town. They drove back silently except for Gbadebo's

occasional sobs. It was already getting dark when Alhaji dropped Gbadebo at his home. He did not bid Alhaji good night but the old man understood. Who would hear such a thing and not go dumb even deaf? He walked in quietly, opened the door and went straight to bed. All attempts by his wife petting him to open up was futile.

He had a sleepless night. Later he remembered a Deacon in his former place of work. This man never stopped pleading with him to give his life to Jesus, which he had always resisted. Things were already descending the hill for him then but because he still had the hope of a future, he thought it stupid to do such a thing. Now, he was down the hill, he remembered God. The thought of consulting this man gave him some relief.

‘He might help, who knows?’ he thought.

Early on Monday morning, he got ready and headed for his former place of work. He was then the Personal Assistant to the General Manager for two years before he was sacked on the basis of a fraud. Actually, he knew nothing about it.

His wife and children knew something must be wrong, he was moody. He got to the place just when the Deacon arrived and was praying. The Deacon

was happy to see him and some other workers welcomed him cheerfully; he did not waste time explaining his ordeal to the man, again with tears. To his surprise, the Deacon did not show any hint of surprise as he told him Jesus can handle that which was assumed impossible.

‘It is a simple case’, he started, ‘And the solution is also simple. Do you remember all my persuasions those years? We will do just two things and everything will be quite okay. The first is the most important, Mr. Adekanmi you’ve to give your life to Jesus. This is very important because only this will remove you from the tormentor’s camp into the camp of Jesus. The devil will henceforth have no more authority over you and Jesus will legally be able to fight for you. Are you ready?’

A hungry man does not reject cold pap. Without hesitation, Gbadebo got on his knees and surrendered his life to Jesus. This took about ten minutes. He rose up a new man, redeemed and cleansed in the Lamb’s blood. The joy of salvation every redeemed feels filled his heart. He felt like dancing around for joy, he was indeed saved.

‘With that done’, the Deacon continued, ‘We’ll move’ to the next issue. Mr. Gbadebo, sincerely, your

case is not a small and minor one, but one thing is very sure, the violent always takes it by force. It will take a serious warfare and all your captivity will be restored. I will join you in this, and this is how it will be done, we will together undergo three days fasting...’

‘Three days!’ Gbadebo exclaimed.

‘Yes, three days without food or water’.

‘Sir, I, I have never undergone any fasting in my life talk less of three days dry fasting. Will I survive it?’

‘Mr. Adekanmi, you won’t die. You have to do it. God will grant you the strength and victory.’

‘Hmm, okay. When do we start?’

‘We don’t need to waste time. Although it depends on you but if you won’t mind we may start tomorrow.’

‘Sir, I won’t mind even if we are to start today but what form will it take, I mean, how do we go about it?’

‘It will be like this, I will give you a prayer book to guide you on how to pray those warfare prayers and I’ll be coming to your house every evening to

take some time to pray together. I will be praying for you in my closet too’.

‘Please sir, can my wife join us in this?’

‘Sure, it will be better if she does. Have you told her the story?’

‘No sir, I couldn’t, I was so depressed and sad but I will do so as soon as I get home. I will explain everything to her though it won’t be easy, I know, but God helping me. All will be okay.’

The Deacon opened his drawer and brought out a small yellow book, a prayer book, titled, ‘*Demolishing your strongholds*’. He gave it to Gbadebo and wrote some more Bible verses for him. Armed with these, Gbadebo left the office a happy and radiant man. His only regret as he would say afterwards was that he did not give his life of Jesus earlier.

...

Tunde and Johnson got into the church by 25 minutes past 10p.m. The services slated for 11p.m had not started so they had the chance of securing

seats at the sixth row. The big auditorium looked scanty, many were yet to arrive. The voices of the intercessors praying in the children's auditorium could be clearly heard; the ushers were having a session of prayer too as well as the choir. Some were seated in twos or threes discussing, and in this the friends also engaged themselves.

The Breakthrough vigil eventually commenced with high praises and worship. People danced and sang in high ecstasy and for a while, Johnson forgot his chaos. Intercession followed immediately after which the choir gave two wonderful special numbers. All was well, everybody looked radiant. The atmosphere was joy charged.

At half past 1a.m., there was applause as Reverend Baoku mounted the altar. As his custom, he led the congregation into a new session of worship before delivering the message. His message was on *Breaking Strange Altars*.

He used Abraham and David's life as case studies of preferences. As the message raved on, Johnson started shaking quite violently, pictures of the past were flowing into his mind, He recollected the past and the reality of his foolish and grievous mistake dawned on him. He remembered how he

foolishly entered into a covenant with Chidema. He had all the while been discarding it as a mere child's play.

‘Could this be the source of my problem? He thought, ‘Could this be the reason for Elizabeth's sudden death? Could it mean that those words spoken over the blood we drank were so powerful and real...?’

These thoughts and more were still filling his heart when Reverend Baoku suddenly gave a word of knowledge.

‘There is a man here’, he said ‘You ignorantly entered into a covenant with a woman some years ago and this has been affecting your life. You are so weighed down by this burden of covenant. Come out here’, he said with a tone of audacity.

Johnson leapt out like a hare much to Tunde's surprise and ran straight to the altar. His thought was to get there before others start joining for he thought they might be many as it usually turns out to be. To his surprise, he was the only one outside. He stood there expecting any other person to join him but when it was apparent no one else was joining him, the man-of-God laid his hands on him and that was all he knew.

He felt a gentle electric like wave flow through his body and *whoop*. He went flat but an usher gently laid him down. He was on the floor for more than a minute while he saw a revelation; a frightening one. He saw a lady whom he later figured out to be Chidema, his former girlfriend pulling him towards a big river. The lady was violently drawing him on his back towards the river. Johnson begged, screamed and wailed but nobody came to his rescue. He was already some feet to the river when a man; a giant rushed out from the nearby bush and flung the lady's hands from his feet, thereby delivering him. The lady could not fight him but took to cursing. The giant lifted Johnson up and led him back the path to a hill and the lady's cursing could be heard all the way until it finally faded off and he regained consciousness.

An usher lifted him up and he walked staggeringly back to his seat. A happy Johnson had the rest of the night. He narrated his vision and the old story to Tunde on their way back home and in unison they worshipped and thanked God. They soon got to Johnson's apartment. It was really a gallant breakthrough, other things followed rapidly.



Three weeks later, Johnson met a lady at a meeting he attended at Port Harcourt. Soon, they were getting on well and seven months afterwards, they wedded at Ijebu Ode. It was the talk of the town.

Many dignitaries were present. Gospel ministers came to bless the home. The Bride's family, a well to do family also was highly overjoyed at the Holy Matrimony of their daughter.

This was seven year ago now; that was in 1998. The family, now residing in Netherland is blessed with three wonderful children, a boy and two girls. The God of the new covenant broke the old and hidden. God established the eternal and glorious, to Him be all the glory.

# DISCLAIMER

THANK YOU FOR PURCHASING THIS E-COPY.

HOWEVER, THIS IS MY INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY AND  
UNAUTHORISED SHARING OF THIS BOOK IS PROHIBITED.

IF YOU HAVE PURCHASED THIS BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR,  
KINDLY REFER ANYONE WHO WANTS A COPY OF THIS E-  
COPY TO THE AUTHOR OR THE SOURCE YOU BOUGHT IT  
FROM.

THANK YOU SO MUCH

## **Chapter Nine**

The three days fasting and prayer was very strenuous for Gbadebo being his first time ever to undergo such an exercise. The zeal to be made free nevertheless propelled him the more to scale through. The children couldn't understand the reason for their parents' abstinence from food. The Deacon was so faithful to attend to him the three days. They spent a minimum of three hours praying together each day apart from their personal prayers and the couple's vigils, after all, this seem to be the only hope.

With tears and groaning, they poured out their hearts to the Lord. Deacon encouraged them to hold steadfastly to God unswervingly. He connected them to the church and got them rooted in the assembly. Contrary to the assumption and the probability laid down by the Deacon, neither Gbadebo nor his wife saw any revelation or vision in line with the situation yet they were encouraged to hold on in faith.

For some days afterwards, everything looked stagnant. No news was coming, no hope surfaced, no new door seemed to open, everything was at a standstill until the fifteenth day.

Gbadebo was in the living room at 5:35pm on a sunny Friday taking his lunch, the wife was busy washing some clothing at the backyard while the children had been permitted to watch a special TV program at a neighbor's place. There was a knock on the door but he could not answer until the third knock as he was gulping water over the meal; *eba* with *ewedu* soup. Thanks to Deacon who made a change in their meal patterns.

The person at the door was asked in, and in entered a man dressed in white shirt and black trousers, a Yamaha motorcycle was outside. He had a big parcel under his arms. It was obvious the man was a delivery man.

'Good afternoon sir', greeted the man, sweating profusely.

'Yes, good afternoon, can I help you', replied Gbadebo.

'Yes sir. I am asking for one Mr. Gbadebo Adekanmi'

'Hmm! I am the one, what can I do for you?'

'I have a delivery for you.'

‘Yes, please, have your seat, take your seat.’ He was very anxious.

‘It is from Reynolds Construction Company’.

At this, Gbadebo sat straight, washed his hands in the basin and listened attentively.

‘I’ve had a tough time locating this place’ continued the delivery man, ‘I didn’t know it would be in...’

‘Okay, what is the message?’ interrupted an anxious Gbadebo. The man brought out a big brown envelope and handed it over to Mr. Adekanmi who grabbed it like a hungry dog would grab a fresh bone, appended his signature in a hurry. He tore open the envelope and brought out the content; four pieces of white sheets with two forms attached, he was about reading through them when the man cut in again.

‘Oh! Sorry sir, there is another one for you here...’ he brought out a white envelope.

Mr. Adekanmi read through the letter and looked into the sheets before him. He became dumbfounded as though hypnotized. After what seemed like ages, the delivery man got up and took his leave. He glanced back at the dazed man on the seat,

shook his head and left. He did not have an idea of the content of the letter but left wondering what could be wrong.

Two streams of tears ran down Gbadebo's cheeks, it was as though the speeding sound of the departing motorcycle broke the spell on him. He gave a mighty shout and a big jump. A loud and heart breaking halleluiah rang through the whole house and the neighboring house.

In ran his wife out of fear.

'Dear, what is wrong? What happened?' queried his wife. Her husband continued dancing and jumping round the sitting room. Their children also rushed into the room when they heard the mystic cry of their father.

'Honey! Look, look, Halleluyah! Ha! Thank God! This is a miracle.' giving the letters to his wife to read. She went through it calmly and went on her knees, tears rolling down her cheeks, she started singing for joy.

Mr. Adekanmi had earlier applied for the post of a Branch Manager at Reynolds Construction Company, an International Civil Engineering Company ten months earlier. With all his efforts and

qualifications, another man was considered and made the Port Harcourt Branch Manager. He was so discouraged and depressed as he had put much of his effort and mind in it in hope.

The company tendered an apology for replying late and said though the Port Harcourt post had been occupied, with pleasure, they would like to offer him a post at the Regional Branch in Canada. He could come over with his family if he desires. To this effect, he should sign up the documents and reply as soon as possible. The letter also slated a monthly allowance of \$3,000 including some other benefits.

The children did not understand the show although they enjoyed their parents' jubilation. Their joy knew no bound. It was indeed a great day of joy. He carefully filled in all the papers to detail, carefully packed them in with the requested documents and took it to the Deacon early the next morning. It was a morning of celebration when the Deacon learnt about the miracle.

Three days later, a proud and elegantly dressed Gbadebo drove into Reynolds Construction Company in a Peugeot 505 car belonging to the Deacon. He alighted and strolled majestically into the Managing

Director's office dressed in Deacon's black suit with a friends Italian made black leather shoes and a beautiful black suitcase. He was received in a most cheerful manner after introducing himself to the Managing Director.

Four and a half hours later, he came out loaded with all the documents needed to process his travelling and other processes. It was heaven on earth in his home on that faithful night. The neighbors could hardly guess what called for the atmosphere of joy and praise at the Adekanmi's house. All traveling processes was soon through as he was a frequent traveler before his desert experience. Some members of his family got to know about his breakthrough. Two younger sisters and his elder brother were led to Christ through his testimony and soon joined the fold.

On the 28<sup>th</sup> of March that year, a most happy family was escorted to the International Airport. They boarded the KLM airline for Canada by 3pm amid cheers and waves from relatives and loved ones. The Adekanmi's family left the Nigerian shores heading for Canada.



The two grown up children sat behind their parents while the younger child sat next to the Mum.

Two men sitting next row looked with curiosity and jest as the couple held hands and prayed, recommitting the future into God's hands. After the stability of the plane, they loosened the belts and got relaxed.

'Honey,' Gbadebo said turning to his wife seated at his left.

'Yes, darling', she replied requesting.

'You know what?'

'What's that?'

'I need to apologize, you deserve an apology'

'For what?' inquired the wife, sitting up and looking into his husband's face.

'...for not giving my life to Jesus earlier. I would have saved the lot of trauma and pains I took you through. I'm sorry.' he threw a smile over it.

'Ha ha ha', laughed everybody. The message was clear. Jesus broke the chain of bondage and set them free. The hidden agreement was broken in the public.

\*\*\*

Five days after her deliverance. Mercy just returned from a friend's house to notify her of the postponement of the wedding ceremony as she put it. She tried all she could to beat the beaming rain, as the cloud looked so thick and dark. The down pour hit as she opened the gate to her apartment. She was lucky to get the door opened on time. Flinging off her pair of white shoes, she walked straight to the kitchen and was glad to find some porridge in a pot.

'God bless Juliana. She must have made this before going for the rehearsals at church' she said rather to herself. There was a note on the glass center table addressed to her by Juliana. It noted that Mama sent a message from her place that she forgot some wrappers in her room. She should send them to her as early as possible.

'Mama and all her...' she began as there came some gentle but clear knocks on the door. Hoping it was Juliana that just returned from the rehearsals as it was already 8:26pm. She went straight for the

knob, turned it and opened the door. What met her eyes hypnotized her to a fix. Standing at the door in the rain was Doctor Bankole, her supposed run-away husband to be. They stood gazing into each other for what seemed like ages. Both parties wanted to utter a word but none came from the sealed lips.

‘Ho... Honey! I am so...’ he couldn’t finish his words when Mercy suddenly burst into a loud cry and tears. Dr. Bankole quickly embraced and held her in his arms. Mercy’s crying was mixed with his own continual pleas of, ‘I am sorry. Please. I am very sorry.’

At last, he led her to the three seater sofa and for three minutes continued consoling her amidst the tears until it eventually subsided, then she eventually became calm. Dr. Bankole brought out their planning sheet. A smiling man and sobbing woman resumed their planning. Mercy had her right hand on Bankole’s shoulder and her head leaning on it likewise.

About five minutes into their discussion, Juliana stormed into the room. It was only then the couple realized they had left the door ajar. Ignorant of their presence in the living room, Juliana yelled at the top

of her voice while trying to close the door against the opposing force of the wind.

‘Mercy, you are going to mop the floor today, you left the door opened, the rain water has filled...’

She turned and was so surprised at her seemingly deceived eyes. There seated in the living room and looking cheerfully at her was a radiant couple. She was too dazed to speak but when she eventually could guess what came out of her mouth. You are right.

‘Halleluyah!’

‘Yes, halleluyah, Jesus broke the chain. Praise the Lord’. And that soon became the song on everybody’s lips on their glorious wedding day