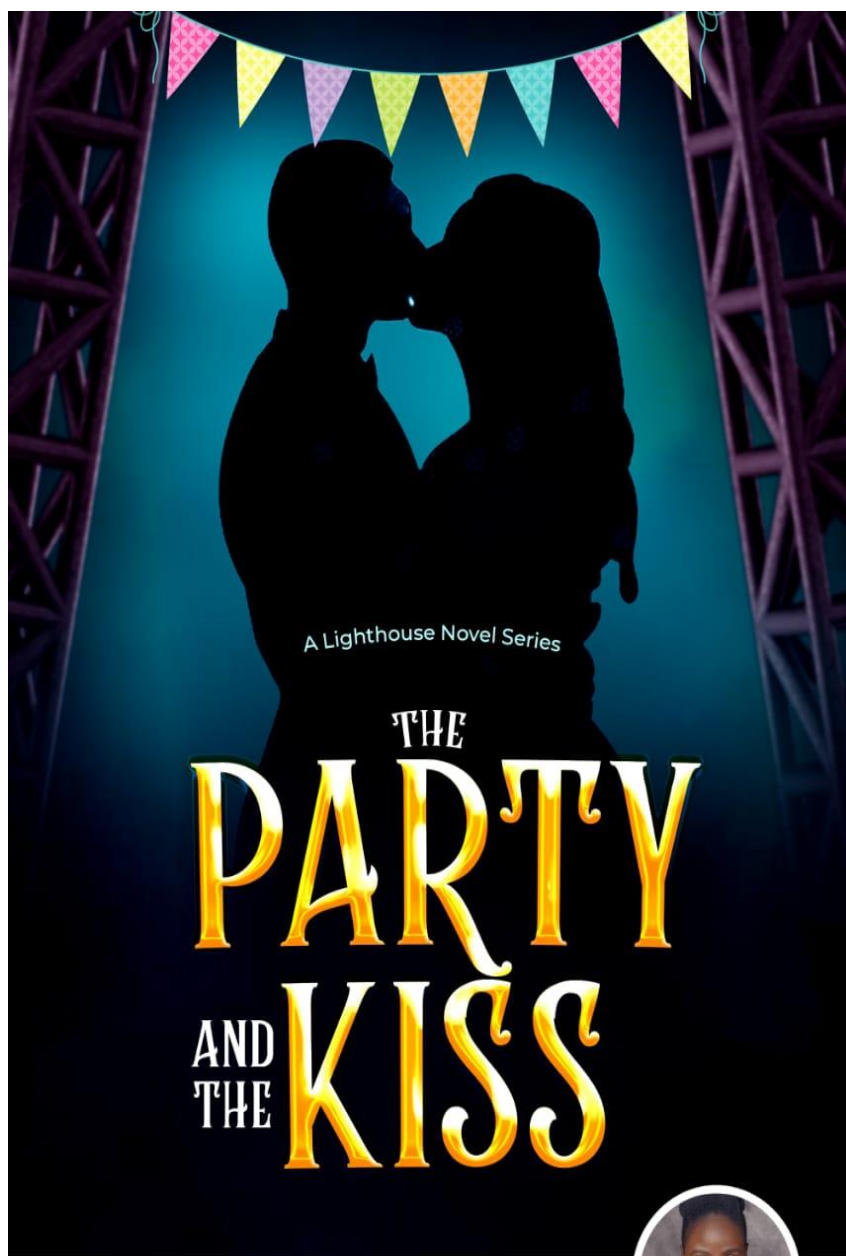




A Lighthouse Novel Series

THE PARTY AND THE KISS

OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
AS INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD





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(AS INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD)

THE PARTY & THE KISS

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

THOTS MEANS (THE HOLY ONE TELLS STORIES)

APPRECIATION

I APPRECIATE THE ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE PRIVILEGE GIVEN TO WRITE THIS MASTERPIECE... ALL GLORY TO GOD...

I APPRECIATE MY WONDERFUL HUSBAND, AKINWALE AKINTUNDE, YOU MAKE MARRIAGE LOOK AND FEEL SO SIMPLE, YOUR UNFLINCHING SUPPORT TOWARDS MY MINISTRY EVEN BAFFLES ME... IT MAKES ME KNOW THAT GOD'S EYES ARE ALL OVER ME... THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND, MY TEACHER, MY MOTIVATOR, MY LOVER...AND EVERYTHING YOU HAVE IN YOUR CAPACITY TO BE TO ME...

I APPRECIATE MY PARENTS, DEACON & EVANG. OJERINDE FOR BELIEVING IN ME RIGHT FROM MY YOUNG AGE TILL DATE... You are the best parents any child could ask for...

I APPRECIATE MY SWEET IN-LAWS, PASTOR & MRS ABRAHAM AKINTUNDE. YOU GIVE ME PEACE OF MIND, THANK YOU, DADDY AND MUMMY.

I APPRECIATE MY SPIRITUAL PARENTS, DR D.K & DR. SADE OLUKOYA. “Daddy And Mummy, thanks for your Fatherly and Motherly love and interest in me”.

I APPRECIATE BISHOP DAVID OYEDEPO, FOR SOWING THE SEED OF SALVATION IN ME, WHILE ATTENDING COVENANT UNIVERSITY.

I APPRECIATE GOD FOR THE GIFT OF STARTING MY DRAMA JOURNEY IN WORLD EVANGELISM BIBLE CHURCH AS A LITTLE CHILD.

I APPRECIATE PASTOR GBESAN ADEBAMBO, PASTOR FEMI ADEMUAGUN, EVANG MIKE & GLORIA BAMILOYE, EVANG KOLAWOLA DAVID OKEOWO, PASTOR JOSEPH, PASTOR DELE., PASTOR AUSTIN...GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

TO THE WONDERFUL GIFTS GOD HAS GIVEN ME... MY CHILDREN, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING THAT MUM HAS TO BE ON HER SYSTEM FOR LONG HOURS WRITING STORIES. GOD BLESS YOU AND MAKE YOU GREATER THAN I CAN EVER BECOME.

TO PROFESSOR LANRE AMODU, THANK YOU FOR CREATING THE OPPORTUNITY TO FIND MY PURPOSE.

I APPRECIATE MY FAMILY MEMBERS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT, APOSTLE & DR FOLASADE POPOOLA, OPEYEMI & TITILOLA ADEJOJU , TO MY LOVELY BROTHER, ADEFIMIHAN OJERINDE, THANKS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT ALWAYS.

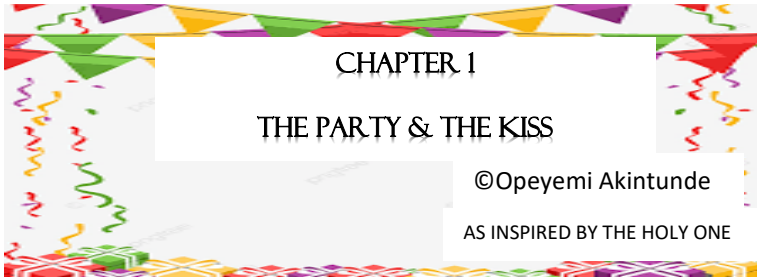
I APPRECIATE NEWMAN OLUWATOSIN LILY FOR TRANSCRIBING THIS NOVEL.

TO YOU, MY READERS & SOCIAL MEDIA FOLLOWERS. IF I HAD NO ONE TO READ, THERE WON'T HAVE BEEN THE NEED TO WRITE... THANKS FOR ALWAYS READING. GOD BLESS YOU...MY PRAYER FOR YOU IS THAT AS YOU GO THROUGH THIS BOOK, YOU WILL FIND GOD ON THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK IN JESUS NAME

DEDICATION

I DEDICATE THIS NOVEL TO MY SOURCE, MY
INSPIRATION BANK, MY FOUNDATION, THE
GIVER OF THE OIL UPON MY HEAD... TO GOD THE
FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I AM NOTHING WITHOUT THE TRINITY



“Tick Tock! Tick Tock!”

Wura could hear the sound of her wall clock ticking, reminding her of the need to hurry up with her assignments. She looked up at the wall Clock, the time was 7:20am. This only reminded her that she was doing the Wrong thing at the moment. She had tried to stick to a routine but it wasn't working, well you could blame it on the extra responsibility she had to keep up with. Wura knew she was not this disorganized student who did her assignments in the morning, but her life was being controlled by a little being. As she looked at the little being who had caused big changes in her life, Wura silently hoped that one day things would get better.

This Little being's name was Joy; her baby.

Her baby's suckling sound was also a reminder that she was not the average secondary school student. The sound reminded her, she was a fourteen-year-old mother who still wanted to be great no matter the sizes of onions life was peeling at her.

Wura hurriedly continued with her assignment, her angel in human form was going to get to her house any moment. Tife; her best friend in the World, her Pillar, her Money Bank made it mandatory for her Parents' driver to always drive thirty minutes off the school route to pick her up every Morning. Tife told her she could not bear the thought of Wura jumping buses to get to school every morning with Joy: her Goddaughter.

Wura's hand moved hurriedly on her note as she moved from question five to six. Six was a good way to ten. In a moment, she would finish.

A car honk outside made her lift her head from her work.

She knew without any shadow of doubt that was Tife.

She closed the textbook, her pen in between the notebook, where she had stopped.

“Joy” She looked to her baby. “We will have to continue this in the car.” She lifted Joy from her Chest, and gently placed her on the bed. “Tife is here, we have to go now.”

Wura picked her other notebooks from the table and stacked it in her bag alongside her other notes.

She felt a gentle throb in her head.

She held her bag open in one hand and held her head with the other hand.

“It must be a need to rest” she thought.

She must have closed her eyes because in a flash, she saw a plastic disposable cup of wine fall to the ground.

She heard her name as if from a distance.

“Wura!”

Slowly, it became louder.

“Wura!”

She opened her eyes and saw she was on the bed with Tife hovering over her.

“Wura!” Tife shook her.

She sat up and straightened her uniform.

“Wura, are you alright?” Tife was bent beside her, a line of worry creasing her brows.

Wura looked around the room. Nothing happened, did it? But she could not explain how she fell to the bed. She stretched her neck to check on Joy, and realized she was fine. Tife in response to the look of concern on Wura’s face about Joy, picked up Baby Joy.

“Wura! Tife! The driver is waiting, I don’t want to get late to school. You know you both are seniors and may not get punished, but I am still a junior and do not want to get Spanked.”

Layomi walked in saying with her foreign accent.

Layomi was Tife's cousin who was originally living in the UK, but when her Parents went through a divorce, her mother decided to send her back to Nigeria to live with her sister, Tife's Mum.

"Layomi, can you help with Joy, we will meet you in the Car" Tife said handing over Joy to Layomi.

"Alright" Layomi left the Living room in a hurry.

"I am fine. I just feel a bit lightheaded, that's all." Wura said as she held Tife and stood up from the bed.

"Have you had breakfast?" Tife asked knowing Wura went hungry on most days.

“I haven’t” Wura zipped her bag and strapped it to her back.

“Why?” Tife turned her face to her sharply. “I gave you some money yesterday.”

“Yeah, you did.” Wura scratched the back of her neck. “I gave it to my mom. She promised to return it after she sells today.”

“That’s alright, I have some sandwiches, let’s go to the car. Layomi and the driver are waiting.”

Wura’s eye widened.

“Sandwiches?” a knowing smile played on her lips.

“Sandwich with cheese?” Tife returned the smile.

“Yes. let’s get going”.

“Sure!”

Tife rushed to pick up Joy’s bottles, Baby wipes and few essential things she knew her friend would need in School for her baby.

Wura couldn’t help but thank God silently in her heart for the gift of Tife. Tife was one of the human gifts God has given her, in another half an hour, she would be seeing another human angel God has blessed her with ...

Her Name was AUNTY FAVOUR, the Director of her School; the LIGHTHOUSE ACADEMY FOR THE CREATIVES, the school that God created Specially for her, a place of Fun, Spiritual Fire, Acceptance, and Creativity...

Wura would fondly call it her place of Refuge, God's Own House after all God is Light, therefore, the Lighthouse is God's House...

Wura smiled at her reasoning, she suddenly was filled with Joy ; which was usually the case every morning whenever she stepped out of her "Not so sweet" life to the Lighthouse, no wonder the Scriptures stated Clearly "I was Glad when they said to me. Let us go to the house of the Lord." Wura smiled Knowing that Scripture was Her!

"Lighthouse, Here I come" she said within herself with so much Joy.

To be continued...

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Favour arranged her books on the desk while speaking in tongues and commanding the day. This had been her usual early morning routine ever since God helped them achieve the dream of having the Lighthouse Academy for the Creatives. They had established four branches of the Academy. She was Director of one of the branches and Mercy and her husband oversaw the second branch, Chuks was in charge of the third branch which was a Boy's only Academy and Tina was in charge of the fourth one; a girls' only Academy.

After arranging her books on mornings like this one, at the end of each day, the books get scattered again and she would repeat the process again the next morning.

She loved doing them herself. She had instructed the cleaner to leave her desk untouched anytime she cleaned the room.

She picked up one of the books. Teacher Chuks– the part two of the book.

She remembered when the Academy started newly, there was a student that year who was deep in masturbation.

She had recommended the book to the boy back then.

She turned a page in the book and read a few lines.

She remembered how the boy had read it overnight and came crying to her office the next morning, accompanied by his mother.

He was broken. He recounted how Jesus had visited him in his room that night as he cried to God repenting of his sins and asking for a restoration of all the virtues he had lost to masturbation.

She closed the book and arranged it with the others on the table.

Some instruments are quite small but they are evidences of what God can do through things surrendered to Him.

Teacher chuks was one of such instruments.

She heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

Directing the Affairs of the Lighthouse Academy has given her a different view of what a mission field is. Every moment spent there gave her a kind of joy she knew money could not buy. It was one thing to house the lighters at the Lighthouse but reaching out to them in the school setting was a different ballgame as there were students who were not living in the Lighthouse but were attending the school. These set of students usually came with lots of drama.

She placed the last book on the other well-arranged ones and sat down.

As if being monitored, she heard a knock on the door.

“Yes, please come in.” she looked straight to the door, adjusting her glasses.

Wura's head popped in before she revealed her full body with baby Joy.

"Good morning, Aunty Favour." she said.

"You are welcome to school today, Wura. Bring my baby." She stretched her hands towards her.

Wura took a few steps towards Favour and handed the baby to her.

Favour took the baby and held her like she was hers. She had held her like that for five months since Wura resumed back to school after giving birth.

The baby chuckled as Favour looked into her eyes. She smiled in return and rubbed her pouted lips on her cheeks giving her a soft smack kiss. Baby Joy responded with louder spasms of laughter, delighted by the act.

Favour's eyes caught Wura smiling at them.

"You can go to your class, Wura." she said.

"Yes Ma," Wura turned to go but hesitated and turned back.

“Aunty Favour,” she started, too shy to look up. “I am just grateful for the love and the care that you show me and my baby ma. Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome Wura.” Favour let out a smile “You don’t need to thank me. I’m happy to help. Remember, you are My testimony.” She raised Joy to her shoulders. “Hurry up and join your colleagues in class. Everything she needs for today are in the bag, right?”

“Yes ma, but I am out of diapers ma.”

“Alright. Don’t worry, Joy and I will have a good time together as always.”

“Thank you, ma.” With that, Wura turned towards the door.

Mornings before the first lecture witnessed excited voices, hugs exchange, conclusion of unfinished chats, all creating a rumpled mixture of noises that could be considered too much for the mornings and too much for a class of ten in Class Three of Lighthouse Academy.

As the students waited for their first teacher, Inioluwa and Rejoice sat on their desks, having what seemed like a serious discussion together.

Frederick as always sat at his desk, reading...

Tife's sonorous voice echoed through the four walls of the classroom. She was singing again.

Michael turned in her direction.

To him, her singing was more than a classmate's song.

Tife's voice is a sound of a conglomerate of angels singing melodies sweet to his eardrums alone.

He smiled sheepishly as Tife switched to the second stanza.

Tife caught his smile and smiled back.

Lovette turned from her seat to look at the duo.
She then tried to sing better...

“Can we stop singing like Toads? “ she asked
sarcastically.

She noticed no one paid attention to her, not
even Michael whose intensified look was still
on Tife.

She eyed him and hissed silently.

She kept trying to gain Michael’s attention, but
Michael had his eyes only for Tife.

“Fool!” she muttered under her breath as she
applied her famous Lip-gloss on her lips.

Lovette and Her lip gloss were an inseparable pair, you could never find Lovette's lips dry; it was an abomination.

Wura's voice brought a new atmosphere into the room.

"Hey Tife!" Wura walked in excitedly. She looked bubbly with the energy of a six-year-old as she walked in through the door.

She took a seat beside Tife. "I was hearing your voice from the corridor." She added as she dropped her bag beside her. "I love this song."

First period went by so quickly.

Wura whose attention was on the new student the whole lecture time leaned towards Tife and gently whispered to her.

“What’s up with this new girl?”

“I have no idea. She’s always keeping to herself, and I’ve tried speaking with her but still nothing.” Tife whispered back. “Let’s ask her.” she suggested.

They walked to the girl’s desk.

“What’s up Caroline?” Tife said, resting one of her hands on the girl’s desk.

“What’s wrong? You have been in our school for two weeks and you still haven’t made a friend.” She looked at Wura briefly before continuing. “You can be our friend. My name is Tife, and this is Wura.” she said, pointing to Wura.

Caroline’s sad face seemed to brighten up. “Thank you, I’m fine. I’m just missing my old

friends and my birthday is Saturday and it sucks that I won't have anyone to celebrate my day with me." She replied sadly.

Peter, sitting behind Caroline, jerked his head forward.

"Is like pe I heard somebody say Bi-day?" he stood up, projecting his whole body forward. "Who is doing biday? Me I love to party o, Where is it going to be happening?" he rattled out the questions without stopping to catch his breath.

Many heads turned in the direction of Peter. A classmate had once joked that Peter must have a megaphone in his lungs because when he spoke even the deaf hears.

Wura, amused at Peter's outburst, laughs. "Peter! Your ears are always opened to anything party related." she joked.

"EEEZ, Auntu, First and foremost, it is Peteru," Peter raised one of his hands, like a traffic warden to signal Wura to stop calling him peter. "I love my Yoruba nationality."

“Ethnicity, you mean?” Frederick, who had started paying attention to them, corrected him.

“Leave shit for the person wey suppose carry am,” Peter retorted. “Leave English for English teacher.” He then faced Caroline. “Aunty new student, My name is Peteru, and I love to flex, what were you saying about having a party and you don’t have people to attend.” By this time, Peter was already standing in front of Caroline’s desk.

“She said she does not have anyone to come for her birthday party.” Wura said, folding her arms in front of her chest, laughing at Peter.

“Well she doesn’t have to be sad anymore because we are definitely going to be attending her birthday party” Peter said, assuring Caroline.

“Outside Party?” Rejoice who had been quiet all along asked. “Have you forgotten we attend THE LIGHTHOUSE ACADEMY FOR THE CREATIVES where parties are a No No during School session? We are only allowed to attend

parties during the Holidays which must be approved from the top.” she added.

“Calm down Jare.” Peter’s voice rang through the classroom. “We will find a way. Even the bible says God will make a way where there is no way.”

Everyone burst into laughter.

Rejoice cleared her throat. She knew there was a single problem they still needed to address.

The others started keeping quiet one after the other, sensing Rejoice had something to say.

“How do you intend to convince Aunt Favour to agree, because you know some of us like myself are not day students and there’s no way I see Aunt Favour allowing us to leave the Lighthouse.” she asked, concern showing on her face.

“Ezzz,” Peter said, like a commander of a battalion. “We will use this format. First, Wura will be our bait.” He moved his hands like an orchestra coordinator. “Everyone knows Aunt Favour loves Wura scatter, so anything Wura ask Aunt Favour, she will give her. Caroline

will ‘join body’ with this her innocent baby face to inform Aunt Favour. She should agree since two of them are not boarders like some of us. So once she agrees for the Day Students, we boarders will sort ourselves out. This Format will work pa..." he concluded, rubbing his chin like someone impressed at his luck in winning a jackpot.

“Ok then. We can give it a try.” Wura agreed.

To be continued...

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As her classmates deliberated on Caroline's birthday, Lovette looked around to see if Michael was in class.

She saw he wasn't there.

She quickly slipped out to look for him.

She stepped out onto the long corridor and looked to the left and right. Right, because it led to the restroom and left because it led to the stairway.

Every student was in their classes. The corridor was as empty as a robbed room.

Lovette made her way towards her left– in the direction of the staircase. Probably Michael

went downstairs as she had seen him pack out their teacher's lesson note when she finished her lectures.

She rounded the corner that led to the stairs and descended the stairs one after the other.

She was about to walk to the second layer of the stairs when she saw him.

He was climbing up the stairs.

At last, the very one she was looking for was here!

She heaved a sigh of relief, adjusted her skirt and waited.

Michael ascended the stairs towards her. Just as he wanted to walk past her, she blocked him with her chest.

She saw the look of surprise on his face but ignored it. She knew what she was looking for and would get it anyhow.

She quickly opened her purse and brought out her lip gloss and applied it generously on her lips.

With her hands planted on her hips, she put her lips together in a pout. She was sure without having to check the mirror that she looked mesmerizing.

“What are you doing?” Michael asked with eyebrows raised.

Did it look like she was picking beans? Lovette thought.

“We learnt today at the assembly ground, that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and only the violent taketh it by force” she replied, moving close to Michael by a step. “Michael, whenever I look at you, I see heaven and I feel like you can take me to the kingdom of heaven with your lips, I have tried to make you notice me and read my lips but no you don’t even behave like I exist, please, take me to heaven with your lips.” she looked at him with pleading eyes.

“Yuck! Lovette,” Michael spat. “Do you know how you sound? You sound like a scratched disk. Aww! Do you think you sound romantic, no you don’t, you sound disgusting.” Michael gestured towards her with his hands. “You had

better Move out of my way before I show you the real meaning of violence!” he gave her a thorough look from head to toe as if she had a splash of mud on her body.

Lovette’s head spin for a second as Michael pushed her aside and walked away. Her cheeks suddenly grew hot from resentment.

“I will kiss you whether you like it or not... I promise you...” she muttered.

To be continued...

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The students sat around in twos and threes as if expecting the result of a national election.

Caroline and Wura walked briskly into the class. All eyes turned in their direction.

Peter jumped down from his desk and walked towards them, his face asked a million questions.

Frederick was the first to speak. “How did it go?” he was on his feet already, with open hands. “Did she give us a yes?”

The look on Caroline and Wura’s faces gave them the answers they needed but they still waited to hear from them as if their words had a chance to be different.

“She said no,” Wura replied. “And she also advised that we non-boarders should not go.

She suggested that Caroline could rather tell her mum about celebrating her birthday with her friends here inside the Lighthouse.” she concluded her report.

Michael shook his head.

“Well, I sort of predicted this when you guys told me...” he said.

Peter would not let him land. “Ezz... Pastor...Prophet,” he cut him short. “I didn’t want them to tell you as per, we know that your ‘talk and happen’ tongue will spoil everything, we know that normally when you say something will happen it will happen, now you have use your prediction to spoil cruise for us.” He looked back at Caroline. “Ezz, Aunty Carol, if they are not coming, me I will come.” he reassured her.

“You will be expelled or suspended.” Rejoice reminded him.

“Who that one pain?” Peter replied sarcastically. “You know my staying here is because na Scholarship send me here, and I don’t want to disappoint my oloore (Helper) . So if they send me away, it’s the school that will

lose, no more money for them.” he said as he walked back to his seat.

“Please I would really love if you guys can all show up...” Caroline’s voice broke through the discussion. “I am the only child of my Mum, and I don’t have a lot of happy days.” she sniffled some tears. “My Birthday with you all celebrating it with me will be a great day for me...” her voice broke off as tears trickled down her eyes.

The room went suddenly quiet. Everyone seemed sobered up.

Tife’s gentle voice sliced through the silence. “I wish there was something I could do to help. I don’t like when people are sad.” she placed a hand on Caroline’s shoulder.

Michael’s words melted into Tife’s words. “There is still one more option available to us.” he said, looking into Tife’s eyes.

“Please tell us.” Everyone chorused in unison as if he was the messiah they had been waiting for.

Michael wound his arms around those closest to him and the others followed suit, forming a circle. Peter joined the circle.

Michael whispered to them his idea for their next line of action.

To be continued...

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The room felt stuffy with wind blowing at the curtains.

Outside was pitch dark and the room itself was no different but Favour could see the number of girls in the room– three of them.

Their heads were covered with black hoodies and they all sat arranged in a circle. There was smoke in the room.

Then she heard a voice.

“Agent Scorpion!” The voice rang out. It sounded to Favour like a roar of a lion or a voice of thunder.

At the voice, one of the girls immediately scurried to her knees.

She heard the same voice again.

“Why is it that you are yet to shoot down your target?” the voice asked.

She could tell the voice was the leader of the group with the way the one kneeling in front of her shook like a leaf on troubled waters.

“My target is proving stubborn.” the kneeling one replied, quivering on her knees.

She heard the thunderous angry voice again. She could tell her eyes were red with anger because she suddenly stood up with her staff in hand.

“Stubborn? I guess you are ready for the punishment that awaits you then” the voice said.

“I don’t plan to fail, I have another sting up my sleeve, I await the right time to strike.” Scorpion replied, with great fear.

Favour looked around her and realized she was at her desk.

In the office.

She must have slept off while studying her Bible. She looked around the office and it didn’t look anything close to the dark room she had just seen. She cleared her eyes with her hands.

“Oh Lord, it was a dream. Is this why you asked me to stay behind at the Academy today?” she stood up from her desk.

“Alright, I get it.”

She raised one hand up, “Agenda of dark powers against the students of the Lighthouse, fail in the name of Jesus Christ. I abort the plans of the wicked one against any student at this school in Jesus name.”

“It is written Surely they shall gather, but not by me Saith the Lord. Every gathering of darkness against the staff and students of this School and the Lighthouse in General, Scatter by Fire in Jesus name. The Agent of darkness in our midst, I set you on fire now in Jesus name.”

The girl’s hostel was pitch dark. It was lights out and everyone was in bed. Rejoice turned on her side on the bed, opened her eyes and turned on her bedside lamp.

Her heart jumped in her mouth as cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

Lovette's eyes were on her!

"Rejoice, are you okay?" she heard Lovette say.

Rejoice nodded in fear. "Why are you awake and staring at me like that?" she asked, riddled.

"I have a feeling; you were having a nightmare. Care to share your dream with me?" Lovette asked, adjusting her posture on the bed.

"I wasn't having a dream." Rejoice replied, trying to think.

"You liar!" Lovette stretched her hand towards at her. In a flash, her hands were on Rejoice's neck as if to strangle her.

"Pleaseeeeeee..." Rejoice could barely produce the words as her life seemed to flash before her eyes. Shock and fear danced in her eyes.

"I don't know what you saw in your dream, but I sensed someone spying on us," Lovette's hand still held her throat, though with a released grip. "if you were the spy and you so much as say a word, I will kill you..." Lovette threatened.

“Je...s..u...ssssss!” Rejoice gasped.

Lovette suddenly released her grip on her neck when she felt fire on her hands. Lovette perceived the spy was not Rejoice but Aunt Favour.

“Holy Ghost Fire! Holy Ghost Fire...” Aunt Favour prayed through the corridor.

Rejoice held her throat, coughing badly.

Lovette gave Rejoice a disgusting look. “So that means you are not the one Spying? Nevertheless, you must not tell anyone about this... if you do, I will kill you.” She said with a tone of finality.

To be continued...

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Peter strolled leisurely to the principal's office. The party was Saturday and they still had not found a way around it yet.

He knocked on the door.

“Yes, come in” the principal's voice echoed from the other side of the room.

Peter opened the door and stepped in. The fragrance from the office greeted his nostrils and made him smile.

This principal can enjoy sha, he thought to himself.

If not for anything, this fragrance alone was enough to make any visitor enjoy their stay at the principal's office for a whole workday.

“Good morning Sir,” he greeted.

“Peter, how are you doing?”

“Peteru sir,” he corrected. “I’m fine sir. You’re looking really good today. Your shirt is nice.”

“Thank you, Peter. So, what can I do for you?” the principal dropped his pen on the book on the table with arms akimbo on the table.

“Sir, we need a favour to ask of you.”

“We?” the principal asked.

“Yes sir. My classmates and me. Actually a day student is planning a bi-day (birthday) party and it is looking like pe we boarders will open mouth to air on that day because the party will be happening at her house. So we need your permission to attend the party sir.” Peter narrated.

“Why did you come to me instead of Aunt Favour? I’m sure you know she has the final say.” the principal replied, a look of suspicion on his face.

“Sir, you know how Aunt Favour can be sometimes. You know she is like an assistant Holy Spirit.”

“So, what do you expect me to do?” the principal asked, leaning forward.

“Even if I’m to give you permission I still have to get an official permission from Aunt Favour herself.” he concluded.

“Yes sir, I know that, but I came to you because I know you can do this for my friends and I. All you just have to do is give us about 4 hours and I promise you that we will be back before Aunt Favour knows. And even if she asks of us, you can say it is our Shopping time out... Sir, this will make you popular among the senior students.”

The principal thought for a moment.

“I can’t give you 4 hours. It is going to be just 2 hours.” he replied with an air of authority.

“How about 3 hours sir?” Peter tried to wiggle his way around the principal’s words.

“Peteru it’s 2 hours or nothing.” he replied sternly.

“Alright sir. For you to call me Peteru, then I know it is two hours.” Peter smiled broadly.

“Thank you so much. I really appreciate your help.” he said as he turned to go.

“Please ensure you guys return on time. You know Auntie Favour is not aware of this and I don’t want trouble for you guys and especially myself.” the principal cautioned.

“No problem, sir.”

To be continued...

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The class looked disorganised. Students talked in clusters of two and threes. Wura’s head rested on the desk.

Rejoice’s incessant coughs called Frederick’s attention, as the class captain he decided to check up on her.

“Rejoice, are you Okay? You developed a cough overnight? You should go to the Healing Bay...” he advised.

Rejoice’s eyes turned in the direction of Lovette, then back to Frederick. “Frederick, I am fine. Thank you.” she coughed again.

“Where’s Tife?” Wura’s voice cut them off. She looked round the class with red and puffy eyes and saw Tife talking with Michael on Michael’s

seat. She stood up slowly and walked towards them.

“Tife, can I please discuss something with you?” she asked, standing before Michael’s desk.

Michael sensing it’s a discussion that excluded him stood up, “Sit,” he motioned to Wura. He took two steps back before turning his back on them, walking towards Frederick.

“What’s up Wura?” Tife asked.

“I just had a dream, more like a revelation though and it is concerning Caroline’s party.” Wura replied tiredly.

Tife moved a bit closer, curious. “What did you see?”

“In the dream, I saw that we all that attended the party were being beheaded. I kept hearing ‘Come, let’s behead you’. This was when I woke up.”

Tife looked on speechless.

In that moment, Peter bounced into the classroom beaming with smiles like a hero who had won many battles.

“I come bearing good news o” he announced.

He didn’t need to shout to get everyone’s attention, but because He was Peter, he definitely had to shout.

“What is it?” Tife asked with mixed emotions.

Peter stood for a moment, enjoying the attention, then put his hands in his pocket and faced Caroline. “The principal has agreed to allow us attend your party, Caroline.” He faced Tife. “I told you pe I have my way, didn’t I?” he smiled triumphantly. “The principal has given us permission to go for the Party.”

Followed was a noise of celebration which was cut short by Tife.

“Peter and Everyone, please pay attention,” She stood up facing everyone. “Wura had a revelation concerning the party.” she announced.

“What did you see?” Peter’s gaze rested on Wura. “Infact don’t tell me. See, nothing can happen to us. Wura is just being over-spiritual.” he said blowing in words to inflate his deflating ego.

“Peter, I strongly believe this is a sign for us not to go.” Tife looked at Peter with pleading eyes. “I don’t think I can attend the party anymore.” With sympathy edged in her features, she faced Caroline. “I’m sorry Caroline, maybe another time.” she said.

“I don’t think I will also be going anymore. I saw that we are to be beheaded.” Wura added.

“What?” Caroline shot at Wura. “Are you calling me a witch?”

“No, far from it! It could mean a fatal accident could happen to us on our way to your party.” Wura tried to explain.

“We should pray about it,” Lovette suggested. “Aunty Favour has always taught us that Dreams should not scare us, instead it should fire us to pray. I volunteer to lead the praying team . We could have a vigil tonight.” she offered.

“The Same Auntie Favour taught us that there are different types of dreams, one of which is Warning Dreams.” Wura reminded her. “This dream I had was a warning dream not one to pray about, but to act by not going for the Party.” She said, as one who knew what she had seen.

“Don’t you think it is your trauma speaking?” Lovette pushed at her.

“Don’t you think it’s because you got pregnant from the Last party you attended that is making you have that scary dream?” she continued.

“Another thing Auntie Favour taught us about dreams is that, Some dreams may not come from Above, nor from hell, but could be from our heart. Our desire, our fears, our trauma can sponsor dreams. I put it to you Wura, that your dream is not a warning dream from above but one from fear.” Lovette concluded mockingly.

Tears formed quickly in Wura’s face. Just as a tear would drop, she bolted out of the class with sobs forcing themselves from her gut.

“That was very insensitive, Lovette” Tife pointed at Lovette in a confrontation.

“You speak like you know Wura, when did you join our School?” Tife’s voice got louder. “You just Joined Last term and you think you can speak to her the way you please.” Now, standing in front of Lovette, she brought her voice down, looking straight into her eyes.

“Don’t cross Wura, Wura is my best friend in the World, If you cross her, I will crush you, Forget the nice Tife, I can be a lion if you touch those I love.” with that she bolted after Wura.

“Sorry, Madam Lioness” Lovette replied refusing to be intimidated, however the exchange seemed to put invisible padlocks in every other person’s mouth as each student looked on.

“So, no one is coming for my Party?” Caroline’s tears uncuffed the padlock from her own lips.

“I am.” Lovette's voice rang out. She shot an intimidating look at Rejoice.

“I am.” Rejoice’s voice followed sheepishly.

“If I don’t come, Make God punish me” Peter blurted.

“I am coming.” Frederick raised his hand.

Michael hesitated a bit then added, “If Tife attends, I will.”

A knowing smile played on Lovette’s lips.

“If Wura and Tife attends, I will attend.” Inioluwa said. “Lovette, you should apologize to Wura, your words were piercing.” she advised.

Lovette looked from Peter’s face to Rejoice’s, then to Inioluwa and finally, her gaze rested on Caroline.

“I will, if that makes everyone happy, especially you Caroline.”

To be continued...

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A gospel music blared from the loudspeaker in the room, though soft. The red colored plastic cups added some more color to the ambience of the room as the students danced on.

The white and red balloons on the wall swayed as if moving to the rhythm of the song.

The mood lights hung on the wall and tables changed colours from red to blue and back to green, giving the room a feel of a ballroom.

The session of the birthday ongoing was the cup challenge.

As Michael passed the cup to Inioluwa, the door opened, and Caroline's Mum entered the Living room.

She had her handbag and looked like she hurried down from the office.

Her face radiated with joy at the sight of her daughter's friends.

"Hello guys" a soft smile played on her lips, revealing a set of dimples.

Caroline rushed over to hug her. "Mum, you made it for my birthday!" she cried.

"Yes I did! I did all I could to be here." her Mum looked into her eyes, her face doing more justice to her words.

"Thank you, Mum." Caroline disengaged from the hug and walked to the stereo, turning down the volume. "These are all my Classmates I told you about, Mum." She pointed in the direction of her friends.

"Oh wow! It is so nice that your friends could join you from school for your birthday today." Her Mum's face was the definition of utter delight. "Thank you. I know you guys don't drink alcohol, so don't worry, we've got lots of non-alcoholic drink and beverages available for you guys. So just enjoy yourself and have fun." she said as she made her way into the house.

The quietness that enveloped the entire building was expected as Aunty Favour walked into the Academy. The hallway was sparkling clean. The cleaners had done a great job for the close of the day before— Friday.

Favour doesn't work full days on Saturdays, but she still came to be sure the boarders were fine.

As she walked through the hallway, her legs were giving a rhythmic sound as her heels made contact with the floor till she got to the stairs. She smiled as she remembered how Chuks had complimented her that morning. Her heart tightened at the remembrance of his words. She had barely taken two steps up the stairs when a familiar shrill sound sang in her ears and disrupted her line of thoughts.

The sound was coming from the left side of the staircase— the principal's office was the only office at that side of the block. As she walked closer, the sound became clear. It was the sound of a baby— the sound of baby Joy. Favour was sure she could singlehandedly pick baby

joy from the midst of a hundred crying babies even if she was in blindfolds.

She knocked on the Principal's door.

"Yes, come in" the principal's voice replied from the other side of the door.

She walked into the office and saw baby Joy strapped on the principal's back.

The wrapper was tied over his suit roughly making him look like a hunter with a bag of stones strapped across his shoulder and he walked round the room, stomping his feet on the ground.

Baby Joy's voice was as loud as it could ever be. Favour had never heard her cry like that before.

"What's going on here?" She asked offhandedly. "Why is she crying that hard and where is her mother? Why did she come to school on a Saturday?" she rapped out the questions without waiting for an answer to proceed to the next.

“Her mother went out shopping with the borders.” the principal replied, still stomping his feet on the floor.

Favour walked closer to the principal and dropped her bag on the table. “Give her to me.” she said.

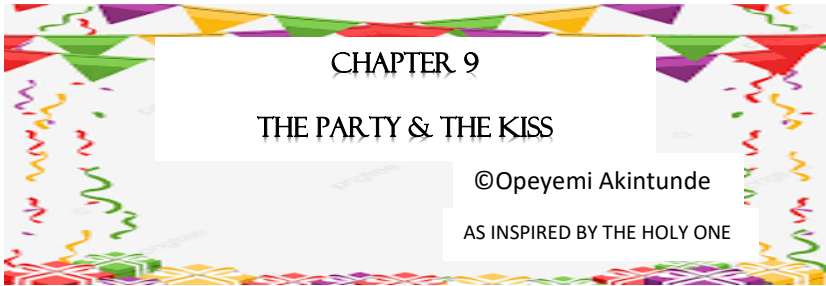
He untied the wrapper as Favour took the baby from his back.

“Oh! I forgot to tell you Principal that no Lighter who is a boarder should leave the premises. The Holy Spirit laid it in my heart.” She said in regret for not informing him before she left the previous day.

“The HOLY SPIRIT?” the principal stopped short in adjusting his shirt as if the news caught him off-guard, a blanket of guilt resting over him.

“Yes?” Favour looked back at him and paused for a moment observing his expressions. “Wait...” she hesitated, her brain making a few connections. “You let them go to the Party?”

To be continued...



The session of card games going on was strictly divided between the girls and the boys.

The boys sat at one side of the room while the girls sat at the opposite side of the room.

Peter took charge of the boys' part of the game while Lovette kept charge of the girls' game.

Frederick picked up a card. His hands suddenly vibrated and shook uncontrollably.

“Hope you are alright?” Peter asked, shaking Frederick’s cup of juice and looking into it as if to be sure it wasn’t mixed with alcohol.

Frederick leaned back and rested on Peter. “Peter, I think something is wrong. My hands are sweaty and shaky. I don’t think we should

be here.” Fear was written all over his face. “My feet are hot. My palms are hot. This place is certainly not a good place. Can we leave please?” beads of sweat were already forming on his forehead.

Peter gave him a frown. “You’re just tired Frederick.” He took the cards from Frederick. “Don’t worry, we will leave soon.” he patted him on his shoulder.

At the other corner of the room, Wura sat with the other girl as they played their own game. Lovette stood before the girls passing the cards.

Tife sat beside Wura, the way she had sat beside her through every season of her life.

Wura held Tife’s hands, a series of thoughts crossing her mind.

If not for Tife, she knew she wouldn't have made it to the party, not after Lovette’s hurtful words.

As Lovette’s voice came calling names for the card game, memories washed over her.

She remembered the way Lovette had embarrassed her in front of their other classmates, ridiculing her because of a mistake she regretted making.

She had been so pained that day that she couldn't hold back the tears.

She had rushed to the toilet, unable to withstand the shame in the classroom that day.

Wura knew that was a part of her story she hadn't completely healed from and being able to stand tall and seemingly strong through it all was because she had love in the form of Tife, Auntie favour and sometimes, her mom in her life.

Tife had rushed to meet her in the toilet that day.

“How dare she mock me for one mistake in my life?” Wura had sniffled some tears, managing to speak as Tife came to her and put her arms round her. “You know I was never a loose girl, I just went to one party in my life and out of curiosity about sex, I fell for a total stranger.

How dare she mock me?" Wura blew her nose into a tissue.

Tife drew her close and put her head on her shoulder.

"Stop crying." she patted her. "What Lovette says doesn't define you. She doesn't know the real you, She just joined us Last term, so her words should not be taken seriously." She cut some tissue paper from the toilet paper dispenser and gave Wura.

"She doesn't know your history, so she has no right to speak about your present nor your future." Tife continued. "When people like me who have known you for years speak about you, those words should be what should hit you. And do you want to know what I think about you?"

Tife raised her head and looked into Wura's eyes.

"I know that you are a good girl, a girl who chose to face the shame of birthing a baby instead of aborting the pregnancy. Wura, after you discovered you were pregnant and your mother insisted you abort, you opened up to

Aunty Favour yourself asking for her help. You are a good child of God.” Tife reminded her.

They heard a sound of footsteps, and both looked in the direction of the door to see Lovette approaching them.

She walked to the toilet door and stood fixated there like a statue. Her face was remorseful and she clasped her hands together.

“I am sorry Wura.” She said and walked into the bathroom but stood a little distance away from the two of them.

“I am also an only child, so I know how Depressing it is when you get to celebrate your birthday alone.” she said, unable to look into their eyes.

“I got this scar from trying to kill myself on my 11th birthday, because I was so lonely.” She lifted up her shirt and showed them a scar on her left side. “I didn’t want that happening to Caroline and we all having to bear the guilt of her blood on our hands.” Lovette ended.

Wura and Tife looked at each other and nodded. Lovette closed the gap between her and the two and knelt before Wura.

“Forgive my rash and insensitive words.” she begged.

Wura pulled her up and hugged her.

“Wura, it’s your turn!” Inioluwa’s voice jerked her out of her thoughts back to the games.

She looked at them, momentarily confused.

You are at the party in Caroline’s house, she reminded herself, bringing her mind back to the party.

“I told you I can’t play this game, what do I do now?’ she asked, suddenly remembering she had complained about the game earlier.

“Just pass one of the cards in your hands to Tife.” Rejoice said.

Wura passed the card to Tife.

“Tife, your lips are dry, you should use this” Lovette pointed a lip gloss to Tife as she passed her card to Rejoice with her other hand. “Michael has been staring at you all day. You can return the lip gloss later.” she winked at Tife and smiled.

Wura caught Tife’s eyes moving to Michael who was seated with the boys opposite them as she collected the lip gloss from Lovette. She saw Michael smile at her.

“Only the blind will not see that Michael loves you like Crazy.” Inioluwa enthused. “I can’t wait for you two to be together.” Inioluwa smiled at the thought.

“After Graduation.” Tife Blushed. “I have promised God I am not having a boyfriend in Secondary School. I don’t want to arouse Love when it is not yet its time.” she concluded thoughtfully.

“That’s my girl!” Wura edged Tife softly with her elbow.

Tife opened the lip-gloss and in that instant, the substance in it seemed to change into blood before Wura.

“Stop!” Wura shouted suddenly.

“Why?” Tife asked.

“Use mine” Wura dipped her hand in her bag to bring out her own lip-gloss.

“Why? Wura, are you still Angry with Lovette? Inioluwa asked. “I thought things have been settled between you both.” Inioluwa was sounding cross.

“Yes, but it’s not about...” Wura tried to explain.

“Let her use it. Let love reign.” Inioluwa finished.

Favour walked the length of breath of her office, speaking in tongues and praying in the Spirit. She must have made that to and fro journey in her office for a thousand times in the last one hour. There was a strange unsettling in her Spirit about the party the students had attended. The cry of baby Joy made her open her eyes. She picked her up from her cot. The

cot had become a part of the office's design and she didn't mind.

She had fed the baby after taking her from the principal and rocked her to sleep. She saw she still wanted to sleep. She positioned her gently on her shoulder and patted her back so she could sleep back. She still prayed but within her so Baby Joy could return to sleep without disturbance.

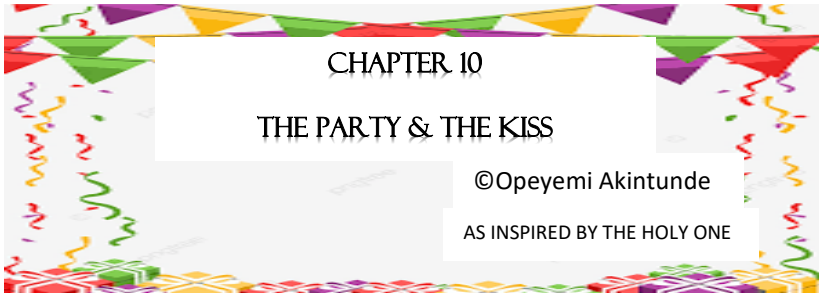
When she was sure Baby Joy had slept deeply, she bent down and gently placed her in her cot, turning her back towards her as she slept better, facing down.

She picked her Bible and kept praying again. Her uneasiness doubled the more she prayed. She knew she had to keep praying till her spirit became settled.

TO BE CONTINUED..

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The lip-gloss rolled on Tife’s lips like a skater on smooth ice. She pressed her lips together, the thoughts of Michael filling her mind.

A look at Michael and she was sure love had found a resting place. His looks held her spellbound and she wished this day was the day he would finally walk her down the aisle.

“Now, it's time for the dance challenge.” Lovette’s voice rang out, disturbing the frequencies of Tife’s thoughts.

They were through with the card game.

They all stood up, each with a partner.

The music was loud. Everyone walked to their partners.

Tife felt a hand squeeze her palms. She turned and it was Michael. Her heart melted like vapour in the presence of the sun.

She returned his squeeze. The look on Michael's face was urgent. She felt him tighten his hold on her and pulled her to follow him.

Tife didn't hesitate. She followed him like a comet's tail.

They both walk into an empty room.

Michael 's hands shook and his whole body vibrated as if the engine of a pepper grinder were kicked over his nerves.

He drew Tife close to him.

“Tife, I like you.” his hands held her by her shoulders.

Tife could feel fire course through her veins. His touch did something to her that she couldn't explain as his eyes locked with hers.

“Me too” the whole of Tife’s thoughts were on them being like that forever.

“I hope to marry you someday.” Michael’s words, though short, pierced deep into Tife’s soul.

“It would be a dream come true for me.” Tife could feel the waves of emotions washing over her. She snuggled closer to him.

“I have imagined kissing you a million times, and the imaginative picture that plays in my head constantly when I try to indulge myself in that thought is when the pastor Says “You may now kiss the Bride” Michael smiled and his face radiated a million stars that produced a chuckle from Tife.

“But I don’t think I can wait for that time anymore. Your lips feel like magnet to me” Michael brought down his face to meet with Tife’s.

“Can I kiss you?”

Tife’s nose caught his lavender smell. Nothing else mattered to her than being drawn into the

love she felt around her. “Yes.... Kiss me...” she closed her eyes.

Michael’s lips swept over hers, giving her a feeling, she had never had before.

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Somewhere in the house, Caroline stood with her mother. The music from the sitting room mixed with the excited noises of the students.

“It’s time, Mum. There’s no time to waste.” Caroline said, facing her mother.

Her Mom brought out a gourd and emptied the content on her hands. She mumbled some words, blowing the substance in the direction of the sitting room.

A mischievous smile played on her lips. “Now that we have close to ten destinies to sap right now, congratulations.” she pat her daughter on her back.

They both black wrappers draped over their shoulders.

The music playing in the sitting room was still loud. Michael's hands moved seamlessly over Tife's face as their lips exchanged pleasant sweetness. Then there seemed to be a sudden quiet. Not the quietness of the music but the quietness of the exciting and loud noises of their friends in the sitting room.

Michael's hands paused its movements on Tife's face like a weary traveller.

His tongue held up to the roof of his mouth. He withdrew from the kiss and took a step back.

"Tife! I am sorry," he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, heads bowed. "We shouldn't be doing this... I was keeping my lips for you till our wedding Day..." he said, slowly.

"Same here," Tife replied, wringing her hands. "I am sorry Michael; I don't know what came over me."

"We all need to leave here, there is something not right about Caroline's House." Michael

said. “Maybe, this is why Wura didn’t want us to come. Let me go out First, so no one knows what happened to us. I wonder why they are all so quiet.”

Michael stepped out and walked through the passage that adjoined the empty room with the sitting room. As he walked closer, he wondered at the sound of the music without any voices or movements of his friends. *Have they stopped the games?, he thought. Or had they discovered they were not part of the dance and were all looking for him and Tife?*

His thoughts quickened his steps.

He opened the door to see his friends frozen on a spot. Wura had a cup of wine in her hands and was frozen with the cup in her hands.

Frederick and Inioluwa were frozen in a dancing state. Peter looked like he was bending down to pick something but he was frozen on the spot.

Is this also part of the game? Michael wondered where he stood.

“Wura!” he called from where he stood as if a force held his legs to that spot.

Wura did not blink an eye or move her head.

“Frederick!” he called again.

Frederick gave no response.

“Peter!” he shouted, still no answer.

No one moved, no one batted even an eyelid.

Michael’s eyes moved from one of them to the other, his eyes bulged in shock.

He took some steps back without turning. Then like a mad man, he turned his back and ran back to the empty room.

“Tife, something strange is happening in the sitting room. Our friends are frozen.” he said uncoordinatedly.

“What do you mean frozen?” A scared Tife asked.

She dashed out of the room without waiting for an answer with Michael on her heels.

They both enter the sitting room at once.

Michael watched as Tife's shoulders drop with a strange fear in her eyes at the sight. Her hands slowly moved to cup her mouth.

"Michael, what is this?" she asked, confused.

"It is also strange to me; I can't explain it." Michael replied, a glint of fear in his eyes.

They heard footsteps approaching from the part of the house where Caroline's mother had entered earlier.

"Pretend!" Michael shouted in a whisper, acting frozen where he stood.

Tife, understanding the assignment, stood transfixed to the spot she was.

Caroline and her mother walked out through the door where they had heard footsteps. Caroline's mother held an empty calabash in her hands and Caroline, a bucket.

They walked first to Rejoice who was seated frozen on a chair and placed the empty calabash in front of her.

They both waited as something like smoke came out of her and turned into water in the calabash.

Caroline's Mum emptied the content into the bucket in Caroline's hands.

Next, they walked to Wura who held a plastic cup of wine, standing frozen beside Rejoice. Caroline's mum placed the empty calabash in front of her and smoke came out of her, entering into the calabash as water. Caroline's mum also emptied the content into the bucket.

Michael and Tife looked on in shock. They did same to Inioluwa, Frederick, and Lovette.

As they concluded the rites on Peter, preparing to move on to Tife, her legs wobbled but she put them under control. Her eyes met with Michael's and she read his face. "Just stay calm."

She tried to still herself.

Caroline's Mum placed the calabash in front of her.

God, this isn't a movie or a bad dream I need to wake up from? she thought to herself, regret welling up within her.

I should have listened to Wura and stayed back, she thought again.

She watched smoke come out of her and turned into water, poured into the bucket in Caroline's hand.

She felt an emptiness envelope her.

They finally moved on to Michael. Tife watched his manliness. She almost gave them both away but Michael's maturity was second to none.

He acted as if he was really frozen and didn't blink an eye for the minutes it took for them to finish the rites on him.

When they were done with Michael, Caroline and her Mum walked right out the door they came in through.

After they were gone, Tife shook herself to be sure she wasn't frozen like the rest of them yet.

"Michael, we are in trouble." Tife's hands made a quick trip to her head and rested there.

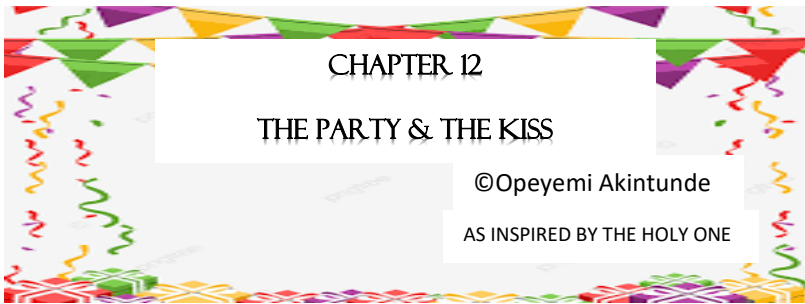
Michael rushed to Peter and shook him. He moved to Frederick and Inioluwa, shaking them vigorously.

“Guys wake up!” he cried but they all stood still like rocks.

To be continued...

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Caroline and her mom walked into the bedroom with the bucket and the calabash.

They took the bucket to the bathroom.

“Now go in there and do the usual.” Caroline's Mum gestured to her.

Caroline stepped into the bathroom with the bucket.

“As I bath with this water of virtues, all the virtues of those represented in the Bucket become mine.” she chanted with every bowl of water she poured on herself.

Michael and Tife sat on the chair looking at their friends, confused about what to do.

“Do we call Auntie Favour?” Tife asked with tears in her eyes.

“No!” Michael responded sharply. “What would we tell her?”

He held his head in his hands.

Tife stood up pacing to and fro in the room.

“Jesus!” Tife exclaimed in regret

Suddenly they heard a sound. The cup in Wura’s hands had fallen. Michael and Tife looked up.

Like a broken spell, everyone was back to normal.

Wura looked surprised at her fallen cup of wine. She had a dejavu moment there as she remembered seeing this exact thing the day Tife had picked her up days back.

Like one suddenly possessed of a spirit, Michael sprang up from his seat, “We need to leave.” his voice echoed with a note of finality.

“Angel Michael, don’t be saint Alaaye, let’s do one more hour.” Peter said as he played with the drink opener he just picked from the floor.

Everyone echoed “Yes!”

Michael and Tife exchanged looks. They knew the place wasn’t safe for them but how would they tell their friends what they had just witnessed?

A knock on the door made them all stop in their tracks. Without waiting for a response, the person knocking walked in.

It was their school driver.

“Aunty Favour Said I should bring you all back to the Lighthouse.” he announced.

“Aunty Favour?” they all chorused in shock.

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Baby Joy was sleeping.

Wura knew this was the time for her assignment. She picked up her school bag and walked to the table.

Memories of the last weekend saga played in her mind.

She had never seen Aunty Favour as angry as she was that weekend.

Her heart throbbed at the thought.

The last thing she would have wanted to do was to make Aunty Favour angry.

She sat on the chair, bringing out her notes one after the other.

Her mind slowly drifted again.

She could remember their grim faces before Aunt Favour entered the class that fateful Saturday after the driver had dropped them in school.

Everyone was looking sober, even Peter, the *Jagaban* (Toughie) of the class was fidgeting as they waited for Aunt Favour to show up.

Wura had held her baby close, breastfeeding her and wondering how foolish she was to leave her baby to attend the party after her first experience attending a party.

Aunt Favour had handed baby Joy to her without saying a word immediately they got back.

When she saw that Aunt Favour was quiet while handling the baby to her, she knew they were all in trouble.

Immediately Aunt favour came into the class, they all stood up as usual to greet her. The only unusual thing about this particular greeting was that everyone's head was bowed and the greetings came from a place of fear.

Aunty favour just stood before them without saying a word.

To Wura, that time felt like eternity.

Her heart broke into a million pieces, just at the silence.

Aunty Favour's silence made everyone look up to see what was going on.

Aunty Favour's face said many things her words had not yet said. They all read from it that she was disappointed in them.

When she opened her mouth to talk, Wura was already sniffing some tears. She could hear Rejoice and Frederick crying also.

By the time she was done talking and walked out of the room, everyone knew what to do.

Those who were boarders started out to the hostel while the day students among them packed their stuffs and headed home.

Wura's handkerchief was soaked with tears already. She stopped breastfeeding her baby, carried her bag and left the class without saying a word.

That day, she vowed never to attend any party again, be it Christian or non-Christian. She would never do it again. Her main focus now was to complete her secondary school education and get admitted into the university. She has all the support she could ask for, she had no excuse.

Wura's books were now on the table. She shuffled through them and pickled the one with the assignment.

She opened the first page of the assignment.

She knew she didn't understand the teacher in class but she had told herself she would study it at home since no one in the class could also explain it to her. Even Michael, who was the brightest in the subject, could not explain it when she asked him to.

She opened the book two pages back to see what the teacher taught them before attempting the questions again.

She read two lines but instead of reading the lines, what had happened two days earlier played on her mind.

She had gone out to sell fruits for her mother as usual but this time, she didn't sell anything. No even one fruit.

With dejection, she had brought the fruits back to her mother.

“Wura, what is happening?” her mother asked as she met her at the entrance of their shop. “You have been coming home with your fruits, Are your customers no more buying from you?”

“Mummy, I don't know, it looks to me that people are even avoiding me, Like I lost the glory of selling well.” she had replied her mother.

She had gone round the streets, even to streets she wouldn't go on a normal day but no one seemed interested in her ware.

“That is not good, maybe we should go see my herbalist.” Wura’s mother suggested.

“Mummy, I have told you, I don’t do herbalist, Jesus is enough for me... I will bounce back.” Wura replied to her.

She brought her mind back to her studies.

It might just be the season. “I will bounce back” she reassured herself.

She read the two lines again, but she could not concentrate.

She closed the book, yawning.

To be continued

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The class was silent and only the teacher's voice resounded as he explained the concepts of the topic.

Lovette looked at the students in the class.

She saw the look of confusion on their faces as the teacher taught.

“Eeeez” she heard Peter whisper to Frederick.
“You go explain this thing for me after class o.”

“I can't understand what he is teaching either.”
Frederick whispered back.

Lovette smiled.

She looked to her right; Inioluwa was sleeping.

She had laughed in her mind earlier when the teacher tried to wake him up.

The teacher even asked him to stand up for sleeping but Inioluwa still slept while standing.

She looked towards Wura. She saw her scribbling down some things on her note and counting her fingers.

She was probably thinking about how much money she can make from her fruit sales later in the day.

Lovette wondered what had happened to her classmates, her target was Michael. She had carried out her assignment on him through Tife his love interest, she was just waiting for the physical manifestation of what she had done, but recently all of them had been slacking in their academics, including herself.

The teacher rounded up his teaching and left the class and Michael packed her notes after her. The whole class was silent as everyone probably was quietly figuring out what the teacher had just said.

Michael returned to the classroom, strolling leisurely to his seat.

He had barely walked past Wura's seat when he stopped short.

He held his stomach, vibrating at the same time and vomited on Wura's table.

Everyone jumped up on their seats, except Lovette. She watched as some ran away from the vomit while some ran towards Michael.

She wished he had vomited on Tife's head.

Frederick and Peter held Michael by the arm and took him out of the class to the healing bay while the girls tried to clean up the mess.

“Mission Accomplished.” Lovette said to herself. “I await the news of your death. Now, it's time to move on to my next project.” she laughed.

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Few Weeks Later!

“Name of Names! Name Of Names that you Know!’ Wura said leading the concentration game in the class. Their Class had become a play class recently. There were no longer keen on their studies.

The science teacher had called Frederick to come for the students' scripts. As Frederick surfaced at the door, he shook his head in sadness at his classmates.

Frederick walked to the front of the class, holding the scripts.

He called the names one by one and handed their scripts to them.

Every face was dull, even Frederick’s.

“This is bad!” Inioluwa said, his eyes still glued to his script.

“Not Again!”, the ever-quiet James lamented.

Rejoice’s hands were shaky. “I am finished,” she muttered.

Peter hit his head with his hand. “Peteru! Dey play oo, they will collect this scholarship las las.”

Wura, holding her script, looked from one face to the other. “Why are our grades going down?” her calmness surprised even her. “Guys, our two Tests have been bad, and don’t call me over-spiritual but ever since we came back from Caroline’s party, a lot of weird things have been happening.” she was sure she was right this time and every other time.

“Yes!” Rejoice affirmed. “The Weirdest thing is that she stopped attending our school after the party. If that is not weird , then what is it?” she asked rhetorically.

By this time, they were all gathered around Wura’s table as if the mystery to their failures revolved around her desk.

Michael gave Tife a quick glance before talking.
“Tife and I saw something!” he announced.

“What?” they all asked.

With the help of Tife, Michael recounted all they saw at Caroline's house to them.

“Jesus!” they all chorused when he was done.

Michael expected the shock he saw on their faces.

“No wonder, I couldn’t understand why the wine cup fell from my hand.” Wura said thoughtfully.

“But where were you people, that the freezing did not catch you.” Peter asked curiously.

“We were in a room Kissing.” Tife confessed.

“What?” they exclaimed in shock.

“I don’t know what came over me,” Michael tried to explain. “I was just attracted to her lips, like a magnet was pulling me to her lips.”

Rejoice’s face lit as if she remembered something. “The Lip gloss.” she said.

“Yes.. the Lip Gloss Lovette gave her.” Wura replied. “I had a flash of it looking like blood.”

“Lovette is not ordinary, she must have put something in that lip gloss. When she was still here, she almost killed me.” Rejoice revealed.

“Oh My God!” Michael exclaimed. “I remember, the day she wanted to kiss me by the stairs, she applied her lip gloss.” then he paused then said, “Or is that why I have been falling sick after we kissed?”

“The lip-gloss must have been poisonous.” Wura said.

“Is that why I have been having this itchiness on my lips at night?” Tife touched her lips.

“Maybe! No wonder, I had that uneasy feeling of my leg and hands very hot back in Caroline’s house that day. Remember Peter?” Frederick said.

“Yes!... But wait oo, is like pe, this thing is adding up, these two girls are no more attending our school Ke?” Peter opened his hands like a plaintiff explaining his case before a jury. “They came and do nonsense to us... Abi,

is that why My head just dey blank anyhow?”
he concluded.

“Our glories have been stolen and you and Tife
have been attacked, we need help fast!” Wura
exclaimed.

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“You mean you kept all these to yourself all this while,” Aunt Favour said as her head was bowed, and her hands clasped before her. The students were in front of her and had just recounted something to her that solved the riddle she had been in the last one week.

“Don’t you know that you rob yourself of your deliverance when you let the devil keep you in silence.” she asked, lifting her head to face them.

“I knew there was an agent in the school, I didn’t know which class in particular, and I have been praying for you, but the thing is no matter how much I pray for you, you need your personal responsibility to come to play.” she stood up from her seat and walked to the side of her desk and sat on it, still looking at them.

“My Prayers over you may be able to Protect you from dying but may not fully protect you from being laundered if you make yourself available. So what do you want from me?” her eyes rested on Rejoice who had complained that Lovette tried to kill her.

“Ma, can we have a Fire session ma?” Rejoice asked, hope, filling her eyes.

Favour was almost deafened by a shout of “please ma” from the rest of them.

“Aunty Favour, you have taught us that being attacked is bad, but being defeated is what is terrible.” Wura reminded her.

“You once said, When the enemy makes it a serious business to steal from you, then you should make it a serious business to recover back what He has stolen ma.” Michael added.

Favour folded her arms around her chest.

This was getting interesting, she thought.

Frederick moved forward from the back of the crowd so he could be more visible to Aunty favour. “You once said, If the devil has a degree

in Stealing, God is the Professor of Restoration.” he said.

“And most importantly, the Word of God says, If my People who are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, I will forgive them and heal their Land.” Tife quoted from Wura’s side where she stood.

“And me, I remember the Bible passage you taught us one time, that God can restore the years the locust and cankerworm haf stolen away, so my brain that they haf stolen , I know pe we can collect it back.” Peter, who had been unusually quiet blurted out.

With arms still folded in front of her chest, Auntie Favour smiled at them.

They really knew what they wanted.

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The room was already electrified with the presence of God after few minutes of worship.

“Begin to pray for Mercy.” Favour instructed.

“Ask the Lord to Forgive you of the different Sins you have committed, the reason why the devil gained entrance into you was because, disobedience, rebellion, sin had opened the door for the devil to come in. the Bible Says the hand of the Lord is not Shortened to save, but your sins have separated you from Him... So, cry out for Mercy...” she led.

She watched them all roar like mad lions.

Peter held a chair and knelt in front of it with tears. He had lost a lot in his past, he was not about to lose this new life God had given him. His only hope in life after all that happened to him in the past, was his education.

Wura was on her knees also.

Favour too prayed as they all prayed, asking God for mercy on them. She also asked for Mercy for her absentmindedness of not informing the principal about the students not leaving the premises.

“In Jesus Name we have prayed” she rounded the session up.

“Amen” they all chorused.

“Say after me; POISON of darkness in my System, gather yourself and rush out of my system now in the name of Jesus... Pray that Loud and Clear...” she led them.

By the way they prayed, she was certain they really knew what they got themselves into and were ready by all means to be free.

As they prayed, Michael suddenly held his stomach and vomited.

Favour rushed to him and held him, praying over him.

She looked and saw that the substance he vomited was red and like clots of blood on the floor.

“Yes! The Poison goes out now!” Favour shouted, holding him by his arm.

She led him to a chair and made him sit after giving him tissue paper to clean his mouth.

“In Jesus Name we have prayed” Aunty favour said.

“Amen!” they all chorused.

Inioluwa and Rejoice were both sweating.

“Lust Projected and Planted into my life to destroy me or make me an agent of destruction, out with your roots in Jesus name...” she raised another prayer point.

As they prayed, Tife rushed out of the classroom.

Favour ran after her, still praying.

She saw her vomit in the wash hand basin in the restroom.

The substance looked exactly like Michael's vomit.

She led her back into the class. She rounded up the previous session and raised another prayer.

“Spirit of Rebellion planted in me to push me into error and destruction, Oh God, Please Eliminate it from my life in Jesus Name.” she raised her hands as she prayed and walked around the room, ensuring everyone was fine.

She saw peter still holding onto the chair, bending down. “Oh Lord, I don't like to be disobedient, please help me.” he cried, his veins sticking from his neck.

After few minutes, she rounded up the session and raised another prayer.

“Oh lord, take away the Spirit of Fear, the enemy uses to cripple and silence me from doing the right thing...” she led.

Favour still walked round.

She was around Wura when Rejoice fell, screaming and rolling on the floor.

She rushed to her, holding her and praying over her.

When she was calm, she led her to a seat.

“In Jesus Name we have prayed.” she rounded up the session.

“Amen!” they all chorused.

“Finally, you will pray this madly, like someone who wants to get back what has been stolen from him or her... RESTORATION POWER OF GOD, ARISE, GO TO THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY AND RECOVER TO ME ALL THAT HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM MY LIFE & DESTINY...” Favour led finally.

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The food on the plate reduced by every movement of Caroline's spoon.

To her, her mom was the best cook in the world.

"The food is delicious Mom," She complimented her mom who was seated opposite her, pressing her phone.

"Thank you, my daughter." her mum replied with a smile.

"By the way, Mum, I have found a New School." Caroline announced.

"Good!" Caroline's mum replied, looking up from her phone.

"I..." Caroline suddenly coughed as if she choked on the food she had just put in her mouth.

“Drink water, are you ok?” Caroline’s Mum said, not taking her eyes from Caroline.

“My ches.... My ches....” Caroline writhed in pain, holding her chest.

Her mom stood up, dropped her phone and rushed to her side.

“Take water,” she said, pushing a cup of water to her mouth.

“Drink water, please!” her mom panted in front of her.

Caroline fell to the floor, hands on her chest, gasping for breath.

“It feels..like someone is pulling somethings out of me, LIKE I AM Being drained...” she gasped.

Her Mom paused for a moment.

“Ok... I get it." Then she looked into space, one hand holding Caroline and the other stretched out as if begging. “Angel on assignment, we are not struggling, you can have what you came for. Please don’t kill us.”

She clasped her hands together then faced her daughter lying on the floor. “Caroline, don’t struggle... Some people are collecting back what is theirs... I suspect the kids from the Lighthouse... So stay still... Don’t fight it, so you don’t get killed...” she pleaded with her daughter.

“Ok mum.” Caroline laid still, writhing in pains.

To be continued...

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Aunty favour looked at the students with utter gladness.

She had removed her jacket and hung it on the chair behind her.

Her scarf had fallen off.

The students were already drenched in sweat. Frederick was at the corner of the room, crumpled to one spot praying his eyes out.

Wura was at another corner, baby Joy in hand, sweating it out in prayers.

She had wanted to round up the prayers after raising the last one but she had felt the urge to keep praying so she left the students as they kept praying.

She searched her Spirit as she prayed.

Still nothing.

She felt the students had prayed enough. Besides they were all fasting and somebody like Wura needed time with her baby.

As she was about to tell them all to stop praying, she saw it!

It came in the form of a trance.

Favour was sure she had seen the faces before.

Then, gradually, the vision became clearer.

They were the three hooded girls– the ones she had seen the day she stayed over at the lighthouse.

She heard the leader speak.

“Scorpion, your target has returned the poison” Favour saw her point to a bottle filled with the red liquid.

“What?” Scorpion replied.

Favour looked intently this time and the face looked somewhat familiar.

Lovette!

“I hope they are not having one of their Fire Sessions.” She heard Lovette say. “Let’s quickly do something.”

The three of them joined hands together.

Favour opened her eyes as the vision cleared.

She was glad she waited to hear the instruction of the Spirit.

She rounded up the current prayer.

“I want you all to pray this fast...” she instructed with a tone of urgency.

“Fire From the Most High that destroys utterly descend upon any evil gathering against our lives in Jesus name!”

The students prayed again with the energy she saw them start with.

Even Wura with her baby prayed vigorously.

There was no iota of sign that they had not eaten for hours.

As she closed her eyes, she saw fire.

She knew it was done.

“Let us begin to appreciate God for Victory and Restoration.” she announced to them.

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It was the end of the term exams. Usually, students engaged in activities organized by the Academy to help them develop their talents as they await the result of their exams.

As they played a singing game, Frederick walked into the class with their scripts.

Everyone stopped on the game and waited patiently to receive theirs as Frederick stood in front of the class, calling them one after the other.

“EHHH....It is plentyyyyy 95%” Peter said joyously. He walked back to his seat and peeped into Inioluwa’s script.

“I have 96.5%” Inioluwa said, looking back at him.

“I got 92.5 %!” Michael announced.

Seeing it was a general announcement, Tife joined in.

“I got 96.5%” she said.

“And I have 95.5%” rejoice added, with smiles on her face.

“And I got 94%.” Frederick added.

“Where is Wura?” Peter spinned round.

All eyes turned in Wura’s direction as she sat, looking at everyone with a furrowed brow.

“EZZZ... Auntie what’s up with the suspense?” Peter was obviously not having it. He walked up to Wura. “We are not doing season film here... What’s your percentage for this exam?” he asked, looking around for her script.

“ERM...ERM....” Wura started.

“What did you get?” Tife walked to her, concern showing in her voice.

“I had 100%!” Wura jumped up excitedly, glad for her successful prank on her classmates and throwing her script to them.

Everyone scrambled for the script to be sure.

“God has restored our Glory ooo, the Glory of our Class has come back...” Tife chanted, holding Wura’s script up.

“Who did this?” Michael asked with a shout.

“GOD” everyone chanted in response.

“Three Gbosa for our Baba G.” Peter infused.

“I would prefer we use Halleluya!” Frederick calmly corrected.

“Na you know ooo Scholar Frederick, Person wey wan Shout Gbosa, make them shout Gbosa, And the Person wey wan shout Halleluya , make dem shout Halleluya... Gbosa mean to Hail... So three Gbosa for God...” Peter objected.

“GBOSA! Halleluya” everyone said, laughing at their unplanned conflict resolution skills.

“You say what?” Peter asked

“GBOSA Halleluya” everyone chorused

“You say what again?” Peter asked again

“GBOSA Halleluya” everyone again chorused.

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Favour sat behind her desk.

The term had been a wonderful one. Not without its challenges but then with resounding victories.

She knew it could only be God. The Principal had been demoted to being the head of Junior Secondary School, while one of the devoted teachers Mr. George had been promoted to being the Principal. Mr George was doing well .

A knock on her door brought her back from her reverie of thoughts.

It must be one of the students, she thought.

“Come in.” she answered.

What she saw next was unexpected. Somebody came in dressed as a lady but with a partially burnt face that disfigured the whole face.

The person walked in slowly.

Favour opened her mouth, but no words came from it.

“Aunty Favour, I am here to confess, and I need Help!” the person said.

Favour gasped!

“Lovette!” She exclaimed.

The End... (FOR NOW)

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Dear Reader,

I am glad you made it to the end of the fire full and impactful story.

This short story is connected with another Series of our Titled “**Lighthouse Squad**” if

you found this interesting then you need to pick up that novel series.

I pray that the blessing and knowledge you have contacted through this novel stay with you forever... GOD BLESS YOU.

PLEASE IN ADDITION TO THE PRAYERS IN THE NOVEL, PLEASE PRAY THESE...

- 1) Arrow of backwardness fired into my life, family, career, education and business, backfire by fire in Jesus name.
- 2) Yoke of Stagnancy placed upon me to reduce my speed in my life, be broken by fire in Jesus Name.
- 3) Whether the enemy likes it or not, I will enter my promised land in Jesus name. I enter abundance in Jesus name.
- 4) Lost opportunities, return to me in Jesus name.
- 5) Areas where the enemy is expecting me to record failure, Lord give me outstanding success in Jesus name,

- 6) Strangers living in my body, out by fire in Jesus name.
- 7) Sickness and infirmity in my body projected through any food and drink I have ever taken, die in Jesus name.
- 8) I claim Wholeness in my body, soul and Spirit in Jesus name.
- 9) Oh Lord, restore unto me the years the locust and cankerworm has stolen from me, my family, my business, academics, career, marriage in Jesus name.
- 10) Unfriendly friends in the boat of my life, Holy Ghost chase them out in Jesus name.

If this story has blessed and touched your life, remember to say a Word of Prayer for the Author, **Mrs Opeyemi Akintunde** the writer of this story **as INSPIRED by the HOLY SPIRIT...** that God never departs from her Life and Home...

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- **I LOVE YOU, BUT**
- **ISHMAEL & ISAAC**
- **TIMISIRE (THE GOLDEN CHILD)**
- **NWALA: THE BITTERSWEET STORY**

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DEEP THOTS (THE HOLY ONE TELLS STORIES)

Totally Inspired by REVELATION from the MOST HIGH

Written by OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE
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PEACE!!!!

ABOUT THE BOOK

The Students of DEEP THOTS LIGHTHOUSE ACADEMY FOR THE CREATIVES went to a party as permitted by the Principal against the wishes of the Director. On reaching the venue of the party, it turns out to be a slaughterhouse.

Micheal and Tife who had escaped to have a Kiss returned to find their classmates frozen as Ice. What were they going to tell Aunt Favour; the Director of the Lighthouse Academy? How were their friends going to get back to Normal?

Read "THE PARTY & THE KISS" An intriguing story from the lighthouse series...



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE is a media enthusiast; A Writer, An Actor and A film Producer / Director. A Graduate Of Mass Communication From The Prestigious University, Covenant University, Otta, Ngeria.

She is the Founding President Of DEEP THOTS MINISTRY INTERNATIONAL.

She Has Written Several Life Changing Novels And She Is Popularly Known for Producing Short Christian-Movies Especially "MY WEAKNESS". She Is Happily Married To Pastor Akinwale Akintunde, Who IS A Regional Overseer At The Mountain Of Fire And Miracles Ministries And They Are Blessed With Wonderful Children.

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
AS INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD