

"ISHMAEL & ISAAC".

PUBLISHED BY: DEEP THOTS

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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 FATHER, DR D.K OLUKOYA. "Daddy, thanks for your fatherly 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, MUMMY VERONICA FOLORUNSO, 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. THANK YOU MR OPEYEMI & TITILOLA ADEJOJU FOR THE EDITING OF THE MANUSCRIPT. TO MY LOVELY BROTHER, ADEFIMIHAN OJERINDE, THANKS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT ALWAYS.

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, 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.

TESTIMONY FROM PAST BOOKS...

I Am grateful to the Almighty God and you ma. I was delivered from the bondage of masturbating after I read one of your books, Teacher CHUKS.

It was the book that opened my eyes to the Evil effects of masturbating, I had tried to stop it but I failed several times. But after reading the book, Holy Spirit got hold of me and I was never the same again. I was able to seek spiritual help from my Father in the Lord and I overcame it.

The good Lord will continuously bless you ma. You will forever be relevant in His Vineyard,

He will open afresh His TAP OF INISPIRATION upon you.

Your ministry will continue to blossom and His hands Will never depart from your house.

E ni fi omo se ise iranse loruko Jesu.... Amen

Damilola, Alagbado Lagos Nigeria.

PART 1 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

It all started that period; there was a strong war between the Muslims and the Christians.

Peter Andrews was a University lecturer, while Amid Roqeeb was a postgraduate student in the same university.

Peter Andrews was a devout Christian, African American and a good mathematician. He was very intelligent. He was happily married to Roseline, a Briton. She was a nurse and needed to be at work at odd hours. Peter and Roseline had a two-year-old son named Isaac. He was their happiness. He was their gift from Jehovah after the loss of their first son Abraham.

Life couldn't be more perfect than what they had at that moment and they could attribute this, to their devotion to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. That was why they named their first son Abraham. They had prayed to God to give them 3 sons who they intended to name Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They had been so happy, Jehovah had been kind to them giving them Abraham five years earlier but three years later he had been unfortunately taken from them...

How?

3 YEARS EARLIER

Abraham had fallen ill. He had this unrelenting cough. As a nurse, Roseline had bought some over-the-counter drugs for him. Instead of the cough

releasing its grip on Abraham, the cough was getting worse. Peter couldn't bear the pain of Abraham coughing so he took it upon himself to take him to the hospital while Roseline went to work. She was working in a different hospital. On getting the Hospital, Peter was told to go bring the over-the counter drugs they had been using for Abraham for his cough.

Peter was at home picking up the drugs when he heard a loud blast that shook the earth...

"What is happening?" Peter spoke silently but didn't pay much attention as he packed the drugs into a ziplock bag...

He began to hear the loud siren of the Firefighters...

"A house must have caught fire" Peter said but a phone call from Roseline told him otherwise...

"Peter... Are you okay?" Roseline screamed

"Yes, I am fine...."

"Thank you Jesus! That means you must have left the hospital before the blast! Thank you Jesus! Thank you Jesus! Ok, Love you dear!" Roseline hung up before Peter could recover from the shock he was going into...

"The blast? Hospital?" The ziplock bag fell from his hand as he ran into his car.

A terrorist group had planted a bomb in the hospital and Abraham died in the blast. To be continued.

PART 2 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

That was three years earlier. The loss had been intense, the pain was deep and hence he swore never to have anything to do with the Muslims. It was based on the knowledge that Terrorist groups were associated with the Islamic religion that made him avoid anyone from that religion like a plague. He left the government-owned University he was lecturing to avoid mixing up with any Muslim. He got an offer into a Christian University where he started lecturing five months After Abraham's death.

Jehovah eased their pain by making Roseline pregnant shortly after the loss of Abraham...

Isaac came forth and filled their lives with happiness again.

Amid on the other hand was an Arab young man who was studying as a postgraduate student at the Christian University where Peter was lecturing. Amid was a very cool-headed person. He was one of those people who didn't stand out in public. He loved being unnoticed, hence no one knew he was a Muslim except his lecturers.

He was married to Rokibah and they were blessed with a son; Ishmael. He was their gift from Allah. He made them smile always. He was two years of age but he was sharper than his age. Rokibah was a full-time housewife so it made dropping and picking up Amid every day, very easy. She had encouraged him to continue with his academics knowing how smart Amid was especially with Mathematics, while she stayed at home to take care of Ishmael.

That Life changing day started as usual, there was the rumour that a religious fight would break out that day, but the government had done a lot

of press conferences to plead with the citizens of the country against a religious war. The President specifically pleaded with the Muslims and Christians but the leadership of the two religions were not giving the government their ears. The Christians were angry the Muslims were killing Christians who tried preaching to them, while the Muslims were angry that the Christians felt their religion was more superior... Each religious sect set out to defend their religion, especially the Christians who became highly intolerant of the terrorism associated with the Muslims.

"Solve this!" Peter Andrews said to his undergraduate students as he stepped out of the class. He had one task; to speak with Roseline over the phone as he awaited the arrival of Isaac. Due to the nature of Roseline's work, Peter was responsible for dropping Isaac off at the Crèche while the Crèche was responsible for returning him at 1:30 pm. It was 1:15 pm already and Roseline was home.

"I just gave my students this tough equation and it will take them a long time to solve, so I am all yours!" Peter said to Roseline

"That's not nice... I don't envy your students!" Roseline replied laughing as she moved around in the kitchen. Peter heard the clanking of dishes

"What are you doing?" Peter asked

"Washing the plates and making Lunch!" Roseline replied

"But I told you not to do that, you have been gone since last night, you should be taking a nap right now!"

"A nap? With you speaking to me?" Roseline said laughing...

"Well, you can lie down on the bed while talking to me..."

"I will do that tomorrow..." Roseline said obviously not meaning what she said

"Roseline, Your tomorrow never ends, I hope this doesn't stand against you as lies... You know when it is tomorrow, you will repeat the same thing..." Peter said laughing... He wouldn't trade Roseline and Isaac for anything in the world. They were God's gift to him.

"I love you Roseline... I hope you know that!" Peter said

"I love you forever Peter..."

He saw the School bus driving towards the university... His heart bubbled with Joy...

"My Son is here." Peter said proudly and though he was used to that "Joyful feeling" he still couldn't control the racing of his heart as he saw Isaac jumping in excitement in the school bus at the sight of Him.

"Jehovah, thank you for giving me Isaac..."

To be continued

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PART 3 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Amid was through for the day, and Rokibah was waiting in front of the gate for him. He packed up his books and walked towards the exit. He passed by an undergraduate class and saw how the students were arguing over the maths problem they had been told to solve. It was such a simple math with a lot of steps though. Amid noticed whoever their teacher was, must have probably stepped out...

"It's such a simple math..." He said from the doorway

The entire class turned towards him with different looks, some gave the look of "Who is he?", others "Oh Really, then show us how simple."

Amid walked into the lecture room, took the white board marker, and to what looked like magic to everyone, he solved the Maths equation till the second to the last step...

"Oh!"

"Ok!"

"Right!"

"Wow!"

"Really?"

These were the words popping out of the mouths of the students as they watched Amid solving the equation effortlessly.

"You have two more steps to go...Whoever finishes it first gets 1500 dollars from me" Amid said dropping the marker

"You are serious?" Asked one of the students

"I don't tell lies!" Amid said laughing

Amid picked up his bag to leave the class but as he turned he saw the "not so impressed" staring eyes of Peter...

"Impressive!" Peter said

"I am sorry, I realized they didn't know how to move past the first step..." Amid said defending himself as he walked towards Peter at the door of the class...

As Amid walked out of the Class, he whispered to Peter in a very playful way...

"Sir, that was a tough one, even we postgraduate students would have a hard time solving that!" Amid said trying to establish a friendship with the Lecturer.

"And you are?" Peter asked. He was a bit skeptical about the man, who was trying to bribe his students with \$1,500.

"Amid Roqeeb!" Amid said

Peter felt like a hammer was used to hit the alert button in his head...

"Muslim?" Peter asked

Amid was surprised his religion was the first thing the Lecturer was asking him. He was expecting a question as to what course he was studying...

"Ermmm... Yes" Amid replied carefully

"Hmm..." Peter said raising his eyebrow...

"Any problem?" Amid asked

"No... Just surprised A Christian University would admit a Muslim... Could it be that the School is losing focus...?" Peter said in irritation

"Hmm... I really don't know what to say, but my being a Muslim shouldn't be a barrier to being taught by the best lecturers in the country. By the time I graduate I intend teaching in a government-owned school, that way I will pass my knowledge to children regardless of their religion..."

"Fine... It was nice meeting you, but please don't make it a habit of interfering in my lecture." Peter said walking off before Amid could say anything...

"But that wasn't necessary... He didn't mean any harm!" The Holy Spirit in Peter Chided Him "Every Muslim mean harm to Every Christian... They killed my Son Abraham."

"You shouldn't judge the whole people by the actions of a few bedevilled ones." The HOLY SPIRIT in Peter said, but Peter wasn't interested in that voice.

He had to clear this virus out of the School.

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
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PART 4 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Amid knew something unpleasant was cooking up. He suspected the Lecturer was probably one of those Christian Fanatics that saw all Muslims as evil people better still, terrorists.

"Allah (SWT) Vindicate me!" Amid said to Himself as He walked out of the School. As he stepped out, he saw Rokibah and Ishmael in the car waiting for him already. He needed to hide the worry, Rokibah would be able to tell from the get-go, if he didn't change his countenance...

"My love!" Rokibah said as Amid approached them. Ishmael was jumping in excitement

"Baba! Baabaaa!" He said

"May the Peace of Allah be with you, my love!" He said greeting Rokibah

"And you too!" Rokibah replied...

Instantly Rokibah knew something was wrong. Amid's smile was not reflecting in his eyes...

"What's wrong?" Rokibah asked

"School stuff, not something to worry your beautiful head and mind about... Ishmael my son, my son, my son how was your day? I hope you didn't give

Mama a hard time today?" Amid said trying to divert Rokibah's attention to Ishmael.

Rokibah engaged the reverse gear, and as she reversed, she said...

"Religious stuff?"

Sometimes Amid wished Rokibah wasn't as smart as she was...

"I had a dream you know!" Rokibah continued

Amid knew he couldn't escape that conversation. Rokibah was gifted in dreams and visions.

"Ok?" Amid replied

"I saw that you were shut out of the university, you were not granted entrance into the premises. I saw a man, he looked African American. He was the one pushing you out of the school." Rokibah said

"Well, nothing of such is happening or will happen. I just went out of line today. I helped an undergraduate class to solve their math, while their lecturer was not in class... their lecturer is actually African American and a Christian. He returned to meet me helping the student out, I guess that didn't sit well with him"

"Oh! Then we must add it to our prayers" Rokibah said

"I don't think the man means any harm. It's not a big deal..."

"You say!" Rokibah said...

Rokibah wasn't someone who played with her dreams. With the religious war on the streets, she needed to take her dream seriously...

"Why was a Muslim enrolled in a Christian University?" Peter said to the Registrar who was his very close friend...The Vice-Chancellor was on leave, so Ryan the Registrar was acting in the capacity of the Acting Vice-Chancellor. Ryan was appending his signature on some official documents.

"He is a young Chap, He scored 100% in his entrance exam, just like you did during your interview test and besides I had the faith in me that, God could meet with him here. Who knows if within the 18 months he spends here, he becomes a Christian. God works in mysterious ways you know Peter." Ryan Said

"Let me guess, the University needed money and he was willing to pay good money since he is a rich chap!"

"Peter! What are you insinuating?" The Registrar said angrily at him as he dropped his pen.

"Exactly what I just said, because I don't know what you were thinking when you admitted a potential Terrorist, Who May have been planted as a spy and agent here to burn down the best Christian University in the country..." Peter said and the Registrar suddenly went quiet as what Peter said obviously made sense...

"Ryan, these terrorists are smart people, they don't use dull agents. A Muslim mathematician who scores 100% is a likely agent for a terrorist group, because he will be highly calculative, and unpredictable. He just bribed my students with \$1,500.00, a way of winning their hearts... Ryan, I don't like that young man. He is not what he appears to be. He is a terrorist..."

"A terrorist?" Ryan repeated after Peter

"Yes... A terrorist!"

"So what can I do? He has been admitted already"

"Revoke his admission! We must send him out of here before it is too late... remember you are the Acting Vice-Chancellor. You don't want the school burnt down under your watch...!"

Ryan took a deep breath. He had a strong peace about the young man but what Peter was saying definitely made a lot of sense...

"Let me think and pray about this, I will get back to you." Ryan said as he used his hand to brush his grey hair.

"Think and pray! I hope the school doesn't get burnt down while you are thinking. I am sure even God will blame you if that happens. Whatever you decide to do is your choice... however, God bears me witness. My hands will not be stained with the blood of the innocent students. God bless you Ryan..." Peter said as he walked out of Ryan's office...

"I don't think I should send the Muslim student away because of his religion or should I be wise to send him away to avoid a terrorist attack? Do I want to sacrifice over 500 Christian students while trying to make one Muslim student happy? "Ryan asked himself as he sat back in his chair...

He really needed good advise...

To be continued

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PART 5 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"I will tender my resignation tomorrow if Ryan insists on keeping the terrorist on campus." Peter said while having dinner

"What if he is not a terrorist?" Roseline said to Peter

"All Muslims are terrorists!"

"Said and Barakat are not!" Roseline said about her sister who got married to a Muslim and had converted to Islam

"Your sister's case is different, she still has the Christian blood and heart in her and I can tell you she has a strong influence on your brother in law... This Amid guy looks like someone born and raised by staunch Muslims. He is one of those whose trousers don't get down to their ankles... "

"Peter, please I beg you, I know you are still hurting over the loss of Abraham and how it was a terrorist group that caused his demise, but unforgiveness is also as weighty as Murder. The Scripture confirms that. If you refuse to forgive these terrorist group, you are not any different from them... The sin of Unforgiveness and Murder are the same. Jesus equates the sin of anger with the sin of murder. Peter, Bible states in the book of James 1:20 that "The anger of man does not produce the righteousness of God... "Peter your being angry at these people doesn't count as righteousness" Roseline said

Peter stood up angrily from the dining table, Roseline was taking the sides of the terrorist religion because her sister was married to one of them...

She was going to be bias about her stand on the Islamic religion. It was the religion of heartless human beings. Peter walked up the stairs to his room. On getting inside, he knelt before the Lord...

"Lord Jesus, I know you as the Only Way, the truth and the Life. I know every other religion is counterfeit, therefore please eradicate anything called Islam from this world and throw all those terrorist into Hell in Jesus name. Lord, let Ryan have an encounter with you that will make him send that Amid out of the school. Lord, I trust you to do it, but if you don't I will leave that school because your word clearly states that "We should not be unequally yoked with Unbelievers"... this Amid is an unbeliever and on that premise, I cannot work in the School he is ... "Peter was vigorously praying but he heard a question he didn't find the right answer to...

"Who is an unbeliever?" A voice asked him

"Holy Spirit, An unbeliever is anyone who doesn't believe in God!" Peter answered

"Does Amid believe in God or not?"

"Well, I don't know, but they believe in Allah!"

"Who is Allah to them?"

Peter didn't have the right answer, he stood up instead and crashed on his bed covering His Head with a Pillow. He didn't like where the conversation was heading...

"Peter, I thought we were still having a conversation?" The voice said

Peter didn't answer...

"There is a lot you need to learn, Peter... Let's talk and reason together!" The voice in his heart said but Peter was not ready for any reasoning. His mind was made up; He was not serving the Same God with the Muslims and that was Final!

To be continued

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PART 6 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Rokibah sat on her praying mat, interceding for her husband... She had completed her five prayers for the day. This was a personal plea...

"Most Holy Allah (SWT)I pray to you on behalf of my husband Amid, do not let him become a victim of the ongoing religious battle. Please bring peace to this chaotic world. Let the Christians understand that we serve the same God, though we may have our different views and experiences about you. Keep me safe and Keep my son Ishmael safe." Rokibah prayed...

Roseline was putting Isaac to sleep. She kept talking to the Holy Spirit.

"God, please speak to Peter and give him the ability to forgive and tolerate the Muslim brethren. I may not be able to affirm the authenticity of the practice of their religion, but I am sure you are their father too, though My sister told me their religion doesn't permit them to see you as their father out of regard for you, nevertheless we are sure of one thing... You are our creator. Therefore, Creator of the Universe, deal with this hatred between we brothers of the same father...Though Peter says we don't serve the same God, which I don't know if that is true, but one thing is sure. The devil never created anyone, and that makes you the creator of all. Jesus our saviour also died for ALL while we were yet sinners, therefore, Give Peter the Large heart to understand that we are the children of the same father in Jesus name I pray" Roseline said as she sat on Isaac's bed...

**

The next morning, Amid alighted from the vehicle as he waved goodbye to Rokibah and Ishmael. Rokibah drove off.

As Amid got to the University gate, the security officer refused opening the campus gate for Him...

"What's happening, sir?" Amid said to the security who used to be very friendly to him.

"The school management instructed me not to let you in. I was instructed to give you this." The Security said handing over an envelope to Amid...

Amid's heart started pounding as he hurriedly opened the letter...

"REVOKING OF ADMISSION"

Amid could not believe what he was seeing...

"Why?" He said loudly

"Is it because I am a Muslim" Amid said angrily...

"Why?" He said as he started banging the school gate.

The security officer tried calming him down.

"Mr Amid, I know you are a good man but from what we heard, it was a board decision. Your being a Muslim is not acceptable here." The security man said

Amid stood dumbfounded...

"I am not going anywhere..." Amid said as he stood by the gate.

"The young man has been standing at the entrance for 4 hours..." A concerned Ryan said to Peter.

"Does that not confirm what I have been saying... That shows he has hidden motives" Peter replied

"What then should we do?" Ryan asked

"We inform the police about him stating that we discovered him as a potential threat, so we decided to revoke his admission. He will be warned never to come close to the school." Peter said

Ryan picked his phone and called on the police...

Rokibah was driving towards Amid. She was surprised to see him outside Already.

"Your Baba is on time today, what a Miracle!" Rokibah said to Smiling Ishmael.

"Baba, Babaaa" Ishmael chatted off

Rokibah knew something was wrong the instant she parked. Amid wasn't smiling.

She alighted from the Vehicle leaving Ishmael in the vehicle...

"Amid, what is wrong?"

"Rokibah, they locked me out and revoked my admission because I am a Muslim..." Amid said in tears.

"Amid, they can't do that! Just relax, we will sort this out..." Rokibah said trying to pull Amid away from the gate to the car...

Almost immediately, the siren of a police van was blasting loud in the air...

"Did they call the police on you?" Rokibah asked in a very angry voice...

A van with the inscription "ANTI TERRORISM SQUAD" parked behind them...

There was no explaining.., they rounded Amid and Rokibah... Amid was immediately handcuffed...

"What did I do?" Amid said screaming

There was a lot of explaining from Amid, as he refused to be dragged into the police van. For about Five minutes, he struggled with them

"What are you doing? My husband is not a terrorist. He is a student here, he is a good man. He is a father, my child is in the vehicle... As Rokibah turned to where Ishmael was in the Vehicle, the vehicle had disappeared. It was no longer in sight...

"My car! My babyyyyy... Ishmael where are you?" Rokibah ran towards the space where she parked the vehicle. In trying to reach Amid earlier, she had left the Key in the Ignition.

"Did someone steal my car and my baby?" Rokibah asked hysterically

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD Written by Opeyemi Akintunde.

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PART 7 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

The security Man came out of the university gate attesting to the fact that Rokibah brought her baby...

Amid was in tears, Rokibah was mute. The police took the cuffs off Amid's hands and asked to see the School Registrar. Rokibah looked like she had lost her sanity. Amid placed a call to his brother...Farouq. Farouq was the fanatic in his family, he wasn't friends with any Christian, a fault Amid had always found in him, but recently his wife Shuba was making a difference in his life. However, Amid knew he was the one who had everyone's back in Amid's family...

"Farouq, My Son has been kidnapped. The Christian university I attend revoked my admission and called the police on me because I am a Muslimso while Rokibah came around, she left the baby in the car... Farouq, my baby has been stolen..." Amid said stuttering.

Simultaneously as he spoke, it dawned on him the consequences of what he was doing. Knowing who Farouq was, Farouq was going to destroy everywhere should he get to the campus. Amid quickly hung up the phone... He could not believe Ishmael was gone...Gone to where?

Ryan, the Registrar was informed about what was happening at the gate. He became agitated as to what the outcome would be. A lot of things crossed his mind, He thought of how he was going to lose his Job if anything out of hand happened. He was standing in as the Acting Vice-Chancellor as the Vice-Chancellor had gone on a Study leave. He could see the drama happening on the screen in his office, thanks to the CCTV at the entrance.

"Peter!" He said angrily as he looked on the CCTV screen looking out for where he was. Peter was the one that ignited the Fire, and now the Fire was burning he was nowhere in sight...

He had been dialing Peter's line but it was engaged...

Meanwhile, the school bus bringing Isaac got to the university gate. The driver insisted on driving in to deliver Isaac to his father. The security man obliged him and opened the gate for him. Greg, the driver who was very familiar with Peter alighted leaving the other children with the assistant in the bus.

On the other hand, Peter was standing at his safe corner at the back of the administrative block, he loved staying under the short tree to speak with Roseline while waiting for Isaac...

He noticed his phone kept beeping. He took his phone off his ear to see who it was...

"Greg! The school bus driver" Peter's alert went crazy...

"Isaac! What could have happened to Isaac" Peter said within himself so as not to get Roseline tensed...

"Sweetheart, I need to go, I have a call!" Peter said quickly before hanging up. He didn't wait to get a response from Roseline.

"Hello Greg?"

"Mr Peter, I have been looking for you all over, Isaac is here with me... Where are you?"

Peter rushed to the reception to receive his son...

"Thank you Greg! It's unlike you to drop off Isaac to me in the premises, I hope everything is okay..?"

As he asked that question, he got the response instead from Amid on the Television Screen at the reception... News reporters were already in front of the school interviewing Amid...

"No... Everything isn't alright... I was admitted to this school a few months back, the registrar knew I was a Muslim and I signed the Students' code of conduct. Part of the code of conduct was not to preach or try to convert any of the students to any religion apart from Christianity, which I totally abide by, but suddenly I was given a letter, revoking my admission this morning...

Out of feeling terrible and not ready to give up easily, I stayed outside the gate for hours and my son who came along with his mother was kidnapped from my wife's car..." Amid was saying on the T.V at the reception.

"Jesus! Is this how you work?" Peter said smiling victoriously...."Is this how you pay the evil ones in their own Coin. Now at least one of them will know what it feels like to lose a son." Peter said inwardly as he carried Isaac safely in his hands...

To be continued...

PART 8 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Peter stood by his safe corner at the back of the administrative block eagerly narrating what was happening to Roseline...

"Roseline, this is the pure act of God, This is God paying one of the Muslims with what they have meted out to other people. In one day of destroying that hospital, our country lost 46 men, 70 Women and 126 children including our son Abraham, now today the terrorist I exposed has just lost his son... I am sure they will know what it feels like" Peter said joyously as he left Isaac to have fun around...

"Honey, we won't be coming home anytime soon. From what I saw on the screen, I can't pass through that gate unnoticed..." Peter was saying so much...but he noticed Roseline wasn't saying anything...

"Roseline... Are you there?"

"Hmm... " Roseline sounded unhappy and Peter knew that sound...

"Roseline, Are you okay?"

"Huh! Huh!!" She said again

"No you are NOT! What is wrong Baby?"

"Just lost for words!"

"Why?"

"Wondering where my husband is?"

"I am in school like I told you?"

"No, my husband is not the man in that school speaking to me right now, My Husband Peter, would never rejoice that a man lost his child, or that a man's child is being kidnapped... My believing Husband would never do that! The man speaking to me right now is a stranger, a callous man not any different from the same people he is criticizing" Roseline said

Peter felt like Roseline opened a fresh tap of cold water on him...

"Roseline, I am not anything close to them, Roseline, why are you living in self-denial, they killed Abraham." Peter said

"And God gave us Isaac to comfort us, Christ commanded us to love our enemies, not hate on them back or pay them back in their own Coin. Peter, we should pray for them instead, maybe our prayers will make them have a change of heart..."

"No, I won't pray for the enemy that knows what he is doing, rather one after the other, I pray God extinguishes them so that children like Isaac will be safe...." Peter said as he looked towards where Isaac was playing.

"Isaac! Where is Isaac?" Peter said as he looked around for his son...

"Isaac, Peter what is wrong with Isaac?" Roseline asked over the phone sounding alarmed...

"I can't find Him, he was right here with me!" Peter said running around looking for Isaac...

"Isaac! Isaac!" Peter screamed, but the reply he got was the sound of loud gunshots....

"Was that a gunshot?" Roseline asked over the phone

"Yes!"

"Peter, whereeee is my son?" Roseline screamed over the phone followed by loud sobs...

To be continued...

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde
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PART 9 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

The whole University was in a massive uproar, the students were hiding, trying to save their innocent lives as Fareed had invaded the premises with other members of the Islamic brotherhood society. Fareed was One of Farouq's contact.

35 MINUTES EARLIER....

Farouq was in the gathering of 49 men he met months back. They called themselves "The Islamic Brotherhood". They had approached him 3 months earlier at the market where he went shopping for his wife, Shuba...

"As- Salaam - Ailakum" Said one of the three men to Farouq. They looked polished and clean. Their appearance showed they were clean and responsible Muslims. Farouq after a brief moment responded...

"Wa- Ailakum -Salaam" Faroug replied...

"Brother, we come in peace, we belong to an Islamic society and looking at you, you look like someone who will fit in with us. Our vision is to take over this country for Allah and we need as many soldiers as possible. Here is our contact and our proposed plan. Please you are not to share with anyone, not even your wife. If you are interested, please reach out to us..." Said the man...

Farouq didn't get back to them as he wasn't ready to join a society that told him not to discuss their dealings with his wife Shuba but on hearing Amid's voice he knew that was the time to use that contact... He had called them before going to meet them physically....

"Hello, my name is Farouq, you met me at the market three months ago, and you..." Farouq was saying but Fareed the receiver cut in

"We know who you are, it took you a long time to make up your mind..." Fareed was saying but Farouq cut in...

"Yes, but right now I need your help, my brother is being victimized by a Christian institution and from what he told me now over the phone, they have hijacked his son..." Farouq said in a rush

"Brother Farouq, can you be calmer and explain things better, besides what do you want us to do?" Fareed said

"I thought you were a brotherhood who could help Muslims when one needed help"

"Yes, but you are not a member yet!"

"Prove to me that this membership will be worth it by helping my brother now!" Farouq said raising his voice...

"Is your brother the one being show on National T.V in front of the Christian University?"

"Yes..."

"Ok first things first, You need to come over to where we are." Fareed said

"Where?" Farouq asked

Farouq went to the Warehouse Address that was located in the quiet countryside of the city...

PRESENT TIME

About 40 masked men with arms surfaced suddenly, the anti-terrorism squad took to their heels as they had been outnumbered...

"Allahu Akbar!" (God is the greatest) was the loud phrase the 40 men were shouting. As Amid saw what was happening, he knew he had made a mistake by calling Farouq...As he suspected, he noticed one of the masked men reached out to him and his wife...

"You must be Amid and Rokibah?" He asked. Amid nodded and with a gentle push, he pushed them into a waiting black SUV...

"My baby..." Rokibah was saying "Won't I get my baby back?"

The driver of the SUV drove off.

Rokibah kept crying profusely... Amid was blaming himself. He felt he should have just taken the letter in good faith and went home. The gunshots and uproar won't be happening!

"My goodness, Allah please don't let there be bloodshed today because of me..." Amid prayed quietly

Amid watched as people were running across the street for shelter... And by a corner, as the driver took a bend, he saw a little boy about the age of Ishmael crying as he saw the uproar happening all around him.

The boy looked half black half white. He was an half caste... Amid watched as a stray bullet hit a man just about 2 meters away from the boy...

"Driver, please stop..." Amid said but the driver didn't Answer Amid.

"Brother, I am directed to take you to the camp." The driver said

"Allah forgive me for the lie I am about to tell!" Amid said under his breath

"I think I just saw my missing son... please stop the vehicle... please, I beg you in the name of Allah!" Amid said, knowing that no Muslim would turn you down when you beg for a Favour in the name of Allah.

Rokibah on hearing that Amid could have seen Ishmael joined in begging the man in the name of Allah...

"Please Sir, listen to the cry of a mother, in the name of Allah!" Rokibah said

The driver stepped on the brakes...

"Where?"

"Some minutes back!"

The driver engaged the reverse gear and drove the car backwards....

"That's him..." Amid said alighting and rushing to carry the boy...

As soon as Amid brought the boy back into the car, Rokibah cried out in disappointment...

"This is not my child!" Rokibah cried...

To be continued

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PART 10 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi .O. Akintunde

"This is not my child" Rokibah said disappointedly

"I know Rokibah, but we can't leave this poor boy out there! What if someone else sees our own son too, will you be happy if they leave him to die?" Amid said

"I suggest you drop the boy back! His disappearance could be traced back to you and that could turn everything against you!" The SUV driver said

"Sir, I will NOT drop this child and let him die... He is an innocent boy just like my missing son is, I won't let him be a victim in this religious war..." Amid said as he tried calming the little boy in his hand. Rokibah was not interested in carrying the baby, she was yearning for her own son... Her wailing continued like a woman who had lost her husband....

"My Ishmael.. Where is my Ishmael?"

The driver knew there was no convincing Amid. He shook his head and drove off...

Peter was running Helter Skelter, running around looking for his Son. Everyone was getting into each other's Way.

He began to see dead bodies dropping in the school compound...

"My God, I hope I didn't go too far in obeying you. Your word says we should not be unequally yoked with unbelievers. I was only trying to obey you... Father please forgive me and stop this bloodshed... God, where is my child. I can't lose Isaac also... Please"

"Peter! Can you see what you made us do?" Ryan said on seeing Peter

"I am sorry, I didn't know it would escalate to this. Ryan, I can't find my son!"

"Isaac? How?" Ryan replied "I saw his school bus entering the university premises earlier. Where is he?"

"He was right beside me...." Peter said stuttering

"Let's look around for him!" Ryan said

As Peter and Ryan looked around for Isaac amidst the madness, Ryan received a phone call...

"The Chancellor!" Ryan said very shocked with fear and dread written all over him...

By the time Ryan had completed the call, Peter knew the best thing for him and his family was to leave town immediately. Ryan had put all the blame on him explaining the whole situation in a way that implicated Peter. Peter knew he could not go to Prison.

But, that was after he had found Isaac...

Five hours later, the streets were empty, everyone had gone into their homes for safety as dead bodies of Christians littered the street... Peter was the only one loitering around, tears found its pathway on his face... He had walked to the south, west and North areas around the school looking for Isaac. He must have walked half a mile to the east of the school with no sign of Isaac, when he heard the sound of a crying child...

The Child had been abandoned...

The car hijacker who stole Rokibah's car had been tracing the car from a shopping plaza Rokibah stopped to get groceries earlier. He had seen her pulling out of the parking lot of the Plaza. The Car was a recent release. It was worth a lot of millions. The Car hijacker had followed her closely on his bike with the hope of hijacking the vehicle on a lonely road. As soon as he saw her pull up in front of the University and she got down without turning off the engine, he knew he could catch this big fish. He parked his bike far away and walked towards them. He saw the anti-Terrorism squad driving towards the school. He almost pulled back in fear, but he refused to be cowardly.

He noticed whatever was happening with the woman and the anti-terrorism squad was the right distraction he needed. Like a rightful owner of a vehicle, he walked to the vehicle and in the split of a second, he got in unnoticed and as he turned back to reverse the car. He saw the baby, Ishmael...

"No...Damn!" He cursed

He couldn't afford to alight from the vehicle as it would attract unnecessary attention... He decided to take the baby along. He could use the baby as a good disguise. He sped off with no one noticing his disappearance.

After driving for 10 minutes, he heard the news over the radio about the missing car... The plan, as usual, was to find a hidden place where he could change the plates... As he drove he started looking out for the right place, which he eventually found in between a broken-down building and a pharmacy that had been shut down for selling fake drugs.

He conveniently parked the vehicle where his acts would be hidden from the public eye. He changed Rokibah's plates to his registered plates.

"The baby!" He had thought silently. He quickly took the boy out of his car seat and placed him on the bare floor with some of his toys.

"Bye Baby... Your parents will definitely find you!"

PRESENT TIME

A hurting Peter moved closer to the baby and picked him up...

"If this is Isaac, I will want someone to help me keep him safe." Peter said as he picked up Ishmael while still looking for Isaac....

Meanwhile, Amid was rocking Isaac to sleep in the Unknown House the brotherhood driver had taken him and Rokibah to....

If Only the two men knew they were caring for the son of the other person...though there was a big problem, Rokibah didn't want to have anything to do with the baby. She could tell by the look of the baby, he must be a Christian baby...

To be continued.

PART 11 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

No one came out of their houses. Peter's line was switched off. It was 8 pm already. Roseline was sitting on the porch of their 3 bedroom apartment. She knew her husband would come home. The Holy Spirit in her kept assuring her that Peter would come home with her son. Everything within her wanted to go out and look for him on the streets, but it felt like an angel was standing by her and restricting her from leaving...

Peter had been walking for an hour carrying Ishmael who obviously out of exhaustion had slept off. The weight was telling on Peter and he silently wished for a vehicle...

"God, please let a vehicle pass by here... please!"

Five minutes later he saw a light from the distance. He turned to check if it was a vehicle.

"Thank God!" He exclaimed on seeing the two headlights approaching him... Peter started flagging the car down...

**

Dr. Ahmed was returning home, the religious riot had met him at the hospital. His wife Rasheedat had told him to stay at the hospital till the next day but in the last five minutes he got very uneasy and it felt like a voice kept telling him to get up and go home.

Just three minutes into his driving, he was seeing a man flagging down his car. He didn't plan to stop but he noticed the man was carrying a child, the pediatrician in him couldn't help but step on the brake.

"Good Evening Sir, please I need a lift!"

"Good Evening! Where are you headed?"

"Seventh Avenue!"

"Ok, I am going to the Ninth Avenue... Come in..."

"God bless you!" Peter said as usual

Dr. Ahmed didn't reply...

If he knew the man was a Christian, he may not have offered him the help, but the Child...

Peter noticed the man did not reply to his prayer, he looked around in the vehicle, he saw His Quran on the car seat behind and the Muslim prayer bead.

"Would you like to alight?" Dr Ahmed said "Since you can see that I am a Muslim"

"No Sir, I am fine... We are one!" Peter couldn't believe he said that...

The two sat quietly for the next 30 minutes' drive.

An Unknown Car suddenly parked in front of the house. Roseline knew instantly Peter was back. She was happy he was carrying her son.

"Thank you, Sir!" Peter said and Dr Ahmed called him back...

"Sir, this has always been my philosophy in life... In this Vehicle called Life which is called a transitioning place to our final destination heaven, if every man can stay in their space with the heart to live in peace, we all would live peacefully in the world, regardless of our different religions" Dr Ahmed said...

Peter nodded with understanding and Dr Ahmed zoomed off...

By that time, Roseline was already by Peter...

"Thank you Jesus! Thank you..." Roseline's hand dropped from carrying Ishmael from Peter when she saw the child, he was a far cry from her son. Though her son was half-caste, he wasn't as white as a full-blown Arab boy.

"Where is my son?" Roseline asked with shaky lips. Peter pulled her into the house instead and laid Ishmael on the sofa. He knelt in front of Roseline saying...

"I...I... couldn't find him amidst the chaos, but I found him instead..." Peter said breaking down in tears for the first time...

"Him... Who is he...? You stole someone's child when you couldn't find ours...?" Roseline was angry and pained. Interestingly, she wasn't feeling Sad. She had an inner peace, Isaac was not dead...

"I did not steal this child, I found him on the floor crying, while I was looking for Isaac. I couldn't leave him there. I felt what if Isaac was in that same position, wouldn't I want someone to help him..." Peter was crying profusely...

"God, I cannot lose Isaac just the way I lost Abraham." Peter said

"My Son Isaac cannot die. My son is somewhere. I am sure God will bring my son to us. He is probably with someone too like the way this boy is with us..." Roseline said confidently knowing the God she was serving...

Rokibah was not planning on touching Isaac...

"I want my own son... Amid get me out of here..." Rokibah said screaming...

She had been disturbing the peace of the small camp all evening. The moment every one of the Muslim brethren had returned from the riot with celebration shouts of "Allahu Akbar". Rokibah and Amid knew they were in the wrong place...

"Please May I ask what is the celebration shout for?" Rokibah said

"We have won another war for Allah!" Fareed said

"You call the bloodshed of other humans Victory? You call the loss of children Victory? You call the loss of people's husband's victory? You call the loss of people's wives victory?" Rokibah said and everywhere on the camp went silent...

"Rokibah" Amid tried cautioning her. He knew the fanatics were not people to discuss reason with. They had lost their good judgement and had been fed with religious hate.

"Is this the version of Islam you know, because the version of Islam I know is the version that seeks Peace. Even our greeting tells us what we are to be known for... Peace be unto you! Is that not our greeting? So why did winning a war through bloodshed become a thing to celebrate...?" Rokibah asked

"Woman! In Islam, women are not to question men!" Fareed said

"Where is that written in the Quran? Please remind me!" Rokibah replied...

Fareed had no answer for her...

"I guessed as much, no correct knowledge of the scripture yet you fight ignorantly for the same religion." Rokibah snapped

"We need to go home and report this baby to the police department. He is not our son, our son should be out there. Just as I am worried sick about my son, I am sure his parents will be worried about him." Rokibah said Amid was dialling Farouq's number, but it was switched off. He was the one who brought them into this mess, and he was the only one capable of taking them out.

Fareed moved towards Amid...and grabbed his phone hurriedly...

"Calling the police already, I guess?" Fareed said

"No... I wa...was calling my brother" Amid was saying but in a flash, Fareed had a gun pointed at Amid's Head...

"Nooooo... please! Not my husband!" Rokibah screamed.

To be continued

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PART 12 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O.Akintunde

"Listen woman! We risked our lives to come save you and your husband and you want to pay us back by turning us in ... If you go return this child, they will find out about us and besides don't you know what will happen to you, stupid woman. They will label you a female terrorist. You will become the scape goat. You have two options...

One, you stay here with us and live like us. See the new child as your child, you will be safe from the police and the stigma of being called the couple who caused the religious riot. Or the second option, I kill you and you will die...

So, anyone of the choices you pick, something is sure, you are not stepping out of this camp..." Fareed said with a look of seriousness.

Two women walked up to Rokibah and hijacked her bag from her. They ransacked it for her phone. After bringing it out, they handed it over to Fareed...

Fear had taken over Rokibah which was evident in the sudden loss of her voice.

Amid summoned up courage and said "Can I at least speak with Farouq my brother"...

Fareed didn't give him an answer, instead he spoke to his assistant, Shakib

"Get them settled in..."

Rokibah rushed towards Amid

"What has Farouq done to us? I told you several times not to ever ask Farouq for any Favour!"

"Rokibah, All will be well..." Amid said as he rocked Isaac.

A man walked towards them.

"Brother, give the child to his mother and follow me." He said

"The child is not mine..." Rokibah said

"Now, He is yours. Allah never makes mistake"

"Where are you taking my husband to?" Rokibah asked in fear with a loud trembling voice. Simultaneously, two women walked up to Rokibah and said

"Sister, please come with us!"

"To ...?"

"The sisters' quarters." One of the women said...

"I don't understand... Married couples stay differently here?" Rokibah asked and the silence in the room told her she was right...

Rokibah couldn't help but laugh hysterically...

"And you expect me to believe, what you people practice here is Islam?"

"Tell your wife to cooperate with the rules here... It would be the best for you both especially you." The man said to Amid...

Amid was blank. He was looking forward to a private time alone. He wanted to ask Allah for the forgiveness of his sin, especially the bloodshed that happened because of him. If only he had accepted the letter in good fate.

"Brother!" The man jerked Amid

"Yes!"

"Speak to your wife..."

Like a robot, Amid faced Rokibah...

"Rokibah, this will pass, just obey whatever we are instructed to do... Please, I cannot afford to lose you... Also take care of the boy... Call him Ishmael... Who knows Allah may show our son kindness wherever he is because of how we treat this boy..." Amid said with misty eyes...

Rokibah looked into her Amid's eye...

"In sha Allah, we will be out of here sooner than you expect..." Amid said to her. Rokibah watched as her husband left her. She watched as his hand left hers. The boy in her hand snuggled closer to her...

In Obedience to Amid, as Amid cast a glance at Rokibah over his shoulders, Rokibah followed the women into a different new world with a new child. A world of religiously misled bloodthirsty men...

To be continued

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PART 13 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"We can't let them go!" Fareed said to Farouq over the phone as he gulped down a glass of alcohol in his private quarters. An act that was hidden from most of the camp settlers.

"I thought your driver was supposed to drop them off at their home, Why the camp?" Farouq said

"Things are way complicated now. I am doing this to protect them." Fareed said

"How?"

"We were all masked including yourself, but your brother and sister in law were exposed. If they return to their homes, the authorities will go pick them up and label them as terrorist..."

"No, I don't think that is the problem here, I believe you are afraid that if my brother is picked up he will compromise me and I will in turn compromise you as well..."

"Smart thinking... so if you were in my shoes, wouldn't you do what I am doing at the moment?" Fareed asked

Farouq hung up angrily...

"Farouq, What is it?" Shuba asked her husband

"If only I didn't go to the market for you that day, I wouldn't have met these evil people...." Farouq said....

Farouq in regret narrated everything to Shuba...

"Auzubillah minashaitan nirajeem" (I seek refuge in Allah from the outcast Shaitan (Satan)". Shuba screamed

"Shuba, I honestly did not know these people were evil!"

"So, where are they?" Shuba asked

"At the camp."

"We need to go there now... We need to inform the Police. These are the evil people causing the religious fight... These are misguided Islamic people making people see us as the bloodthirsty religion."

"It's not their fault, you know I was almost becoming a fanatic until I met you. The Christians are the ones who make us act the way we do. They make us feel like our religion is not genuine. We tell them we serve the same God, but they tell us we serve a different evil god, that way a defence Instinct kicks up in us and in the bid of trying to defend our religion, we become aggressive. In today's case, it was the fault of the Christian university, why expel a student because he is Muslim" Farouq said in defence

"Farouq, you said it yourself..., A Christian university! Your brother should have known better than enrol there..., Listen everyone has the right to decide who they associate with. If a man builds a school to push his Christian Values so be it. What we should aim for is peace between the two religions. Not comparison... My goodness. Religion is a choice... What matters is Do you believe in the One and Only True God and if I remember Clearly, the Islamic and Christian religion believe in the Almighty God. Then let Everyman follow the religion that suits him best..," Shuba said in controlled frustration...

At Past 1 am, Roseline sat glued to the T.V as she was watching out for any news on missing children. She had the strong faith and assurance in God that Isaac was safe. She looked at the poor boy sleeping on the sofa beside her peacefully, then to Peter who was watching the T. V with her. Roseline could tell, self-guilt was eating him up as he watched all the gory sights of dead people on the streets as broadcasted on T.V.

"God, look at the sincerity of my heart... I didn't mean for this to happen... I suspected this man was actually from a terrorist Group and that's exactly what has played out. Because his admission was revoked, look at the disaster that has been caused. I wonder what their real plan was. Maybe it was to burn down the entire school... God! Was there a way I could have handled this differently..." Peter said out loud...

"Prayer, If truly he was a terrorist instead of chasing him out of school like an outcast, we could have prayed about it asking for directions on the best way to approach the issue. God would have taught us a better way of resolving the matter without bloodshed. God doesn't like bloodshed of humans, even when His own son's blood was to be shed for the remission of sin, God turned his back to Him... The blood of human beings are precious to God." Roseline said

Silence followed but the T.V broke the silence....

"Good Day, Important information to the public, His Excellence, The governor of the State has given an official order that everyone in the state should remain indoors for the next 24 hours. No one is expected to step out except on extreme medical cases. Anyone with missing persons should please report to the necessary police stations via the police Toll-free line. Thank you...." The newscaster was saying but Roseline was already dialling the number...

"Hello, Good morning... My name is Roseline and my husband...." Roseline was saying but she had a sudden change of words. She didn't want them knowing she had anything to do with the university...

"Hello, are you still there?" Said the female officer

"Yes... Ma, when the riot broke out, I Lost my two-year son and in the process of searching for my son, another boy was found instead. So I am looking for my son and another child is here ... I believe his parents will be worried sick ..."

"Ma'am, can you give me a description of your son?"

Roseline described Isaac and asked if she could scan his picture to her.

"That won't be necessary madam, if we have news on anyone with that description we will get back to you. Can you describe the boy with you, so we have that recorded as well"

"Well, he looks Arab.... but hold on... I thought you would send some officers to come over and pick up, so he can be in your custody in case his parents call or show up..."

"Madam, for now, the authorities have given the order that everyone should stay indoors. Please care for the child while the city settles down. If anyone calls with the description that matches the boy in your custody, we will send some officers to your place to extract the child, but for now, keep him safe...God bless our country!" The officer said before hanging up...

For the first time, fear crept into Roseline...

"Will I ever see my son again?"

To be continued

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PART 14 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

15 years later...

The Geography Class was ongoing, and Charity was looking out for Isaac, it was unlike him to be late for class...She raised up her right hand asking for permission to be excused.

Charity stepped out rushing off to her locker. She picked up her phone and texted Isaac...

"What's up? Where are you?" Charity texted

Meanwhile, Isaac was seated with his father in the car, a big truck was obstructing their way. He heard the beep of his phone...His heart melted when he saw who was chatting him up. It was his best friend and secret crush, Charity...

"Stuck in traffic caused by one of these Muslim losers!" Isaac replied

"Ok, but can we edit the part of you calling the Muslims LOSERS?" Charity chatted back

"Ok, ma'am... I withdraw the first part of the sentence..." Isaac replied with a smiley emoji.

"Last part you mean... Gush, the only subject you are so good at is Mathematics...Lol...anyway I hope you get here on time because Geo class is almost over..." Charity replied

"Why do I feel partially relieved that I am missing Geography class@?" Isaac texted back

"Naughty boy, get your naughty self, down here..." Charity chatted back...

"These Muslims are just fools!" Peter said as he saw the way the Muslim driver was trying so hard to maneuver the truck away from the road...

"My father just called the Muslim driver a fool because of the way he is driving, can you see that I am not the only one on this page... Even my father thinks Muslims are losers..." Isaac chatted back with a smiley

"Charity! Is there something you are looking for..?" The Principal said from across the hallway...

"Em... Nothing sir... I am on my way back to the class..." Charity put back the phone inside her locker and dashed off to class...

On the other hand, Isaac thought Charity was still with her phone and was deliberately not answering his chats again because he had said something offensive about the Muslims...

"Hello...Hey...Ignoring my chats???"

"Is Something Wrong?" Peter asked Isaac (Formerly Ishmael) who had grown in a fine young man. After the 24 hours curfew 15 years ago, the government had increased it to 48 hours and later to 72 hours.

After about a week, Roseline went to the Police Station and unfortunately they were told no one had reported seeing a child, like their son, Isaac. Roseline asked if they could drop Ishmael but the Officer told her to still hold on to the child since no one had reported looking for a child, like Ishmael. Their information had been taken down, in case anyone was looking for a child, like Ishmael.

Roseline and Peter decided to take up raising Ishmael as their son while they never lost hope of finding Isaac someday. Roseline insisted they call him Isaac. That was how, Ishmael; the son of Amid and Rokibah became Isaac. Whenever Peter and Roseline went out, they always got the looks from people because of the weird look of their family. Peter was Black, Roseline was British, while Isaac was Arab.

Isaac had asked his father once why he looked like an Arab...

Peter had to tell him the full story in a way that Favoured him...

"Is it possible my father was Muslim?" Peter had asked when he was 10 years old...

"Most likely, but that is not who you are. You have been trained in the True way of God, their religion is a questionable blood-sucking religion..." Peter had said in defense

"Really?" Isaac had said "If truly I was one of them, then thank God I am saved."

Peter had made Him understand that years back, and as the years passed by, Ishmael (Now Isaac) grew to hate the Muslims, although Roseline was not happy with it.

"Is Something Wrong?" Peter asked again in the present

"Charity seem to be angry at me, she can't stand me insulting Muslims..."

"Hmmm... maybe that's because she has never met anyone of them. You should be grateful that you both are attending the best Christian School in town... I pray you never have that experience that will scare you from them forever...." Peter said...

Despite Roseline's constant disapproval of Peter's criticism of Muslims, Peter found a way of making sure Isaac (Formerly Ishmael) hated the guts of Muslims.

Rokibah came out of her mini flat which she shared with Amid and Isaac who they had given Ishmael's name...

Rokibah had accepted Isaac as her son after a while, when it finally dawned on her, there was no escaping out of Fareed's camp. At first they had stayed differently for three months and only shared the same room twice a month. At that time, there was only five buildings in the camp. One building belonged to Fareed and his three wives while the second building was the accommodation for the brothers. The third building was the accommodation for the sisters. The fourth building was the Mosque, while the fifth building was just a small one room apartment. The One room

apartment was the place the couple were allowed to practice their conjugal duties twice a month. Fareed was the one who made the monthly roster. At the time 15 years earlier, they only had 12 families, so each family got two days on a monthly basis.

Fareed however proposed an offer to Amid, that if he could train all the children in the camp to be academically excellent students, he would build a separate apartment for him and Rokibah. Fareed's plan was simple... Raise an army of intelligence Muslim soldiers. It was a 15 years plan.

It was the 15th year already and by the calendar, Ishmael was meant to be in final year in high school.

Fareed had called Amid into his office...

"Brother, like you know, we are gradually getting close to actualizing our dream... I want Ishmael to be enrolled in a normal school so he can write the National exam for the University" Fareed said

Amid was excited, he was happy his son was going to get his freedom soon...

"Great!"

"I am sure you know why? You have trained Ishmael to be intellectually and religiously sound. Therefore he will be able to stand firm even in the midst of Christians..."

"Christians?" Amid asked

"Yes, I want him to be enrolled at Saint Matthew's College"

"Why do you want to do that?"

"We need to make him understand and see how they reason. So that when the time comes to convert people by force, we can explain the loopholes their religions have."

"That can be dangerous, you have taught him to hate the Christians, so when he gets there, this hatred will be obvious, which can bring harm to him." Amid said as he remembered this was his own downfall too

"I know what I am doing... He will lie to them that he is just a new convert, and you know how gullible Christians can be when they hear a person just converted to Christianity..." Fareed said smiling sheepishly...

Amid shook his head. He just wished Allah would fling open the gate of the place and let him out. Fareed was a devil's incarnate....

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

PART 15 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"Can you have a rethink about this whole thing, we don't have to destroy innocent people again?" Amid pleaded. He had lost the Original Ishmael, and he couldn't afford to lose this one he had trained into a fine young man he was proud of.

"No, what I have said is final but to assure you that your son will be fine, My Son Fuad, will be going with him. They will both disguise as New Christian converts who have been disowned by their parents."

"Isn't that us telling lies..." Amid said

"If for the sake of upholding Islam and fighting for Allah, we tell lies, Allah will forgive us. Remember we are the Soldiers of Allah and Jihad is what is demanded of us..." Fareed said but Amid raised his eyebrows in a disagreeing manner. "I can see you still don't buy into this vision." Fareed said

"You know, I have never been in support of your definition of Jihad.. War destroys, it doesn't bring about peace..." Amid said

"There can't be peace in this world if we have several religions. Only one World religion can create peace in this chaotic world and that is the agenda, to convert everyone to Islam and those who are not willing will be killed. It is the holy War..."Fareed said

Amid knew there was no point arguing with Fareed. He was going to have a heart to heart talk with his son. Thankfully, he had his own apartment...

Rokibah unlike Roseline was the one instigating Ishmael (Formerly Isaac) against the Christians. She still blamed the entire Christian body for the loss of her son...In Fareed's camp, women were saddled with the responsibility of indoctrinating the children.

"But Mama, Papa says Jihad is not meant to be a violent war like Sheikh Fareed is preparing us for. He said the word Jihad does not mean holy war, but it literally means to struggle or strive. He says it a broad Islamic concept that includes struggle against evil inclinations within oneself. Struggle to improve oneself or the society or struggle in the battlefield....He said my Jihad can be to work hard and raise Children that fears Allah."

"But... at least he told you Jihad is also to struggle in the battlefield..." Rokibah cut in

"For self-defense..." Amid cut in as he walked in...

Rokibah stood up in anger. Bitterness had beclouded her judgement just like Peter and she wanted nothing more than the extermination of the Christians...

"Welcome Papa." Ishmael said

"Thank you my son... The radical Jihad concept is an extremist concept. Besides, the time the Quran was written was a time plagued with wars and battles. Therefore when wars are being mentioned in the Quran, it was as a result of what was prevalent then. In our present day, War is no more prevalent, people are learning to live in peace, therefore, it makes no sense for people to still believe in Wars and battles..." Amid said

"Papa, can there ever be peace between the two religions?" Ishmael asked

"Yes, My Son that is my earnest prayer...Do you know that the Father of Islam, Ishmael was given birth to by the same Father who gave birth to Isaac of the Christians, We know him as Prophet Ibrahim (Peace be unto him) while the Christians know him as Father Abraham, that is to say our ancestors were brothers of the same father..." Amid said

"Yes Father, I remember... Prophet Abraham (Pbuh) had two sons; His sons, Prophet Ismail (Ishmael) and Prophet Ishaaq (Isaac) were ancestors to two streams of Prophets. Prophet Ishaaq (Pbuh) was the forefather of the line starting from Prophet Jacob till Prophet Jesus (Pbuh). Prophet Muhammad (Pbuh) belonged to the Quraysh tribe, which traced its origin to Prophet Ismail. "Ishmael said

"My brilliant Son... so do you think brothers of the same father should fight because of their different perspectives to life?" Amid asked and the room was silent. Neither Rokibah nor Ishmael said anything...

After a brief moment of silence, Amid broke the silence

"I have news from Sheikh Fareed..." Amid said and for the first time, Rokibah looked towards her husband...She knew any news from Fareed was going to be fearful one...

"He wants to send you to Saint Mathew's College to have your final class of high school. His aim is for you to learn a bit about Christianity, so you can have the right knowledge to find faults in their religion."

"Never! My son is not going anywhere near those infidels" Rokibah said like a fierce tigress.

"Why are you doing this to our son? Peter, our religion does not promote hate, our religion is the religion of love that encourages you to even pray for your enemies." Roseline said in tears

"Roseline, I am not promoting hate, I am only making our son aware of the blood-sucking individuals in our country, so he can avoid them like a plague..."

Roseline shook her head in pity at Peter.

"I pray you don't go to hell for the sin of hatred..." Roseline said

Peter wasn't bothered as he continued whistling.

Meanwhile, Isaac was outside the house watering the garden when a beautiful Muslim girl who had her hijab on, passed by him. She was so beautiful, Isaac became lost. Peter walked out to see the scenario. Roseline saw Peter's expression so she followed his gaze. Roseline saw the girl Isaac was looking at and with a satisfying smile, she looked him in the eye and said...

"Exactly my point, Peter, someday your child is going to meet Muslim girls and boys who he will be attracted to and your talk about him avoiding them will be put to the test, because he will meet Muslims who are not devils like you have painted them to be... There is a truth you are yet to embrace...The same way we have Christian fanatics like you and interestingly like Peter in the Scripture who felt Cornelius was unclean, is the same way we have some misguided fanatical Muslims who sees anyone who isn't fanatical like them to be evil. Thank God for Grace that found Peter in the Scripture, God told

him not to call what he has called Clean as Unclean... Honey, don't judge the Muslims by what some bedevilled misguided fanatics amongst them are doing... What you should do is to get your son informed about the truth...." Roseline said

"Roseline, what is the truth?" Peter asked

To be continued

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PART 16

"ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"Roseline, what is the truth... Roseline, there is only one truth, Jesus is the truth?" Peter said to Roseline

"Yes, but Peter, We see Truth differently. We both may be looking at the same thing but from different angles, and the result of that, is that we may have different approaches to the same cause.

Our truth is different from their truth. The Angle Of our truth is that Jesus Christ is the son of God and that he died for our sins. Our truth is that God gave to Jesus a name higher than all names, by inheritance. Jesus is the express image of God on earth. God even made Jesus higher than the Angels. The truth we know is that God is three personalities in one. He reveals Himself as God the Father, Our Creator, Secondly, He reveals Himself as Jesus our Saviour and thirdly, He reveals Himself as the Spirit of God, our friend...

However, that is not the truth the Muslims know. I don't know much about their truth but my Sister told me they don't believe in the Trinity... They believe in the God of Abraham that we serve, but they don't believe in the Trinity. They just see God as one Figure...

"But, God is three in one... That is the truth, why would they box God in one Figure?" Peter said

"Peter, that is how far they can see or how well they know God as. If they only see God Almighty as their Creator, so be it. While we Christians see God as our Father, saviour and friend, so be it as well. Peter, I choose to see you as my friend, lover, husband, even as my father, my confidant and that

way, you always show up as that for me. However, if I decide to just see you as a husband, I won't get the benefit of friendship from you. Peter, religion is a Choice... Let the Muslims be... Let them see God the best way they want to see Him and Let we see God the way we choose to see Him. Jesus is our own only way, but if the Muslims believe Jesus is not their way. The best we can do is pray for them." Roseline said

"And you think, that is right...?" Peter asked

"Peter, I don't determine what is right for another person, I determine what is right for me and my household. The best I can do for someone else is to pray for that person if I think the person is going wrong, but otherwise, I am not in the place to force my truth on another person...." Roseline said and by that time Isaac had joined them. As soon as Isaac joined them, Peter walked off...

Peter went to his open roof penthouse...He knew he was wrong and Roseline was right, but how could he forgive a religion that took two sons from him...

Peter sat on the floor weeping...

"If Only, Abraham didn't sleep with Hagar, maybe Ishmael and Isaac would have been born by Sarah and there won't be this religious rivalry...." Peter soliloquized

"SO WHAT IF ABRAHAM HAD MADE THAT ERROR CENTURIES AGO AND THE RESULT YOU ARE SEEING TODAY IS NOT PLEASING, SHOULD YOU PETER, ALSO COMMIT THE ERROR OF RELIGIOUS RIVALRY?" Peter heard in his Spirit "No!" Peter replied quietly and he heard the voice no more...

Isaac was seated by his window looking towards Charity's window, she was also seated by her window as they spoke over the phone. They have been best of friends for years and they had developed the habit of talking every night that way...

"I saw a new Muslim girl today. I think she is New in the area." Isaac said all of sudden in the middle of the conversation

"Oh Really?" Charity said carefully...

"Yes, she looks calm..."

"You mean not as evil as you have always thought them to be..." Charity teased

"Do you know her house, we should pay her a visit... To welcome her into the neighborhood..." Charity said

"Enter a Muslim home! No thanks! My Father will kill me..." Isaac said laughing.

**

Rokibah was in tears, why would Fareed want to send her son to a Christian College... Ishmael was confused as well but Amid kept reassuring him All will be well...

"You will go ... but unlike me, you will choose not to be offended by the Christians." Amid said to him

"But telling them I am a new convert is lying." Ishmael said

"We have no choice, I just really want you out of here, so you can see the real world. It is a beautiful world out there. What matters is for you to be at peace with all men. Try not to be offended by them. Even when they insult your religion or talk less of it, forgive them." Amid said...

THREE MONTHS LATER

SAINT MATHEWS SCHOOL...

Ishmael and Fuad alighted from the taxi with each person carrying a backpack... They were here on an assignment. Unknown to Ishmael, they were there to burn down the school. Fareed had prepared his son, Fuad for it. Ishmael was just a pawn. Fareed knew how intelligent Ishmael was, and how the teacher would warm up to him easily. As the school concentrated on Ishmael, Fuad was to be in the background planning the explosion!

To be continued...

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PART 17

"ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Another Taxi pulled up behind them. A beautiful woman stepped out and approached Fuad and Ishmael. Ishmael was a bit taken aback...

"Mrs Wright?" Fuad said

"Ishmael and Fuad?" Mrs Wright asked to confirm.

"Yes! But now Peter and Ezekiel" Fuad answered

I believe you are ready...

"Yes!" Fuad and Ishmael answered. However, Ishmael was a bit lost as to who the woman was. They had gone through three months of training, which included learning popular bible verses and understanding certain Christian concepts. Their names had been changed. Ishmael coincidentally was given Peter like his birth Father, while Fuad was given Ezekiel. The story they were to present was that they had been disowned by their different parents for accepting the Christian religion. They had met and stayed together on their own for the past three months and as it were, they were out of cash. They were to say they were visiting Christian institutions for acceptance and help. This was the narrative they had been told, so Ishmael was a bit surprised seeing a woman Fuad seem to know about...

"Fuad, what is happening?" Ishmael asked

"Didn't Sheikh Tell you last night about the change of plans?"

"Change Of plans?" Ishmael asked

"We don't have all the time, the security camera must have picked us, so young man act along... I told Fareed no one would buy that story. That's why I am here to fix it." Mrs Wright said

"Ok ma'am" Ishmael replied remembering his Father's Words about maintaining peace...

As they approached the gate, the security man asked what they wanted...

"I am here to see the principal, I am here to enrol these young boys into your school." Mrs Wright said

"What class?"

"Final Class"

"Final Class? Students are not admitted in the Final class in this school..." the security said

"Ok, but can I still see the Principal, these boys are unique boys, I am sure if you hear their stories, you will know they deserve to be here..." Mrs Wright said

The Security officer looked at the two boys...

"What's Unique about them?"

"They are ex Muslims, their parents threw them out because they gave their lives to Christ. I am a Believer who loves to help the new Converts, so I want to help them academically. That's why we are here..." Mrs Wright said. Ishmael couldn't help but fear the woman for her skills, she was very believable.

"My God, may the Lord bless you boys... Don't worry, God will be with you..." Without any further talk, the security officer opened the gate and the trio walked in...

"They will have to sit for a test for us to determine if they can fit well into the Final class, because based on what they said about being taught in the Islamic school, I cannot say if they were well taught. We don't know the standard...". The principal said as the trio sat in front of him.

"Anything you decide to do is fine. I just want to help so they can find love in the new religion. Also, I will want them to stay in the boarding house, so they can be in the Christian environment." Mrs Wright said

"That is not a problem." The principal said

"Wow! The young man Peter (Ishmael) scored 100% in his test, while Ezekiel (Fuad) scored 56%." The principal said excitedly.

"We will accept both of them into the Final class, I believe they will be fine. Thank you once again for being their saviour" The Principal said "Jesus is our Saviour, I am just privileged to be used by Him." Mrs Wright said

Both of the boys were enrolled into the school. Mrs Wright paid cash so her credit card would not be traced...

As she was leaving, she whispered to both...

"You only have this weekend to finish this assignment... We will see after that... Remember, 2pm on Sunday. You have 6 days"

Ishmael was confused, he didn't understand what was happening...

"Fuad, What is happening? What is she talking about?" Ishmael said

"Ezekiel! That is my new name" Fuad corrected Ishmael

"Sorry, Ezekiel... What was that woman talking about? I mean am I missing something here? Firstly, Sheikh didn't tell me about her, and what assignment are we here to do that must be completed this weekend? I thought we were supposed to be here for the whole term to learn more about Christianity." Ishmael said

"Peter, Listen... Sheikh didn't want to tell you back home, because he knew your father wouldn't let you come for this assignment, we are here to burn down this place... "Fuad Said and Ishmael's heart stopped beating...

"What?" Ishmael managed to say

"Peter and Ezekiel, come over let me introduce you to your class." The Principal called out to them. Fuad walked briskly towards him while Ishmael walked like his legs were bricks...

He looked around the magnificent school building...

"Burn down this place? WHYYYYY? "Ishmael said with wide eyes...

To be continued....

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PART 18 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Ishmael and Fuad got into the class. Ishmael couldn't raise up his head, he felt like a devil. How was he going to look into the eyes of these students knowing he was going to burn them down in few days' time...

"He is Peter and He is Ezekiel, they are new students, New converts. They were formerly Muslim" the principal was saying.

Charity found that interesting, while the red alert in Isaac start blaring loud in his head.

"We have two new students in our school, ex Muslims, after their conversion, they were disowned by their parents." Isaac said over dinner...

"Really? That is good news" Roseline said

"That religion is pathetic, how can you disown your son for turning to a new religion" Peter said

"Peter! What if your own son converts to Islam? Won't you do the same?" Roseline asked

Peter was caught off guard...

"Dad! You are not answering that!" Isaac said smiling

"Your dad can't answer, because he knows that is exactly what he will do. Never judge another person for their odd behaviours unless you have been in their shoes. Peter, with the level of hatred you have for Islam, if you suddenly find out your son converts to Islam, I know you will disown that child. Unless you are someone like me, who will pray to God instead, to win my son back if I am convinced he is on the wrong road!"

The room was silent. Whenever Roseline gave her word on a subject matter, there was usually nothing else to say on the matter again.

"Why?" Ishmael asked Fuad during the dinner time. They sat next to each other. They were the only ones on the table...

"Jihad!"

"Wait, is that what we really came here to do?"

"Huh Huh" Fuad answered

"I reject Satan and his works!" Ishmael exclaimed

"Ishm....Peter, Keep it low" Fuad said hurriedly

"Does my father also know about this?" Ishmael asked

"No...but your mother does and has our full support!"

"My mother?"

THREE MONTHS EARLIER

After Amid broke the news to Rokibah and Ishmael about Sheikh's decision, Rokibah had sneaked to see Sheikh

"Sheikh don't make me become naked, that is the only son I have... None has come after that."

"Rokibah, your son will be fine. Your son will only spend one week in that school. Do you promise to keep a secret?"

"Yes, Sheikh!" Rokibah said

"Your husband doesn't know this but Ishmael and Fuad are only going to plant a bomb in the Christian school. That is our first strike..."

Rokibah was silent... She had mixed feelings, she knew Islam was against destroying properties and innocent lives, but the Christian body had taken her son from her. It was payback time and If Ishmael was going to be the one to revenge on her behalf, so be it...

"Will my son be fine?"

"Yes, it is not a suicide bombing, they will be out of the place before the bomb explodes"

"Fine, you have my support. Let us clear the world of the Kafirs (infidels)." Rokibah said, unknowing to her that the son she wanted to avenge was a student in that same school she wanted to burn down.....

PRESENT DAY...

"My mother knows about this... but my father doesn't... then I won't be a part of this..." Ishmael said

"Peter, you are highly predictable, my father told me you would do this, so he told me to tell you that if you try to back out or report to the police, he will kill your parents." Fuad Said

"Fuad, please I beg you... Look at these other children, they look happy, they haven't done anything wrong to deserve death..."

"They have! They do not believe in Allah and that is a sin which makes them infidels"

"Who says they don't believe in God, all these teachings about the Bible for the past three months, didn't you feel a Spirit backing up the scriptures.. They definitely are serving Allah but maybe they know Him differently..., besides The Qur'an 5:32 states that "Who so ever kills a human being...it shall be as if he has killed all mankind and who so ever saves the life of one, it shall be as if he had saved the life of all mankind" Ishmael said

"Ishmael, I am acting on instructions and what we have been taught in Islam by Sheikh." Fuad said

"And what we have been taught, is it the right thing? Is Sheikh right? Is his interpretation right?" Ishmael said

Fuad went mute...

Ishmael brought out his pen and wrote the number "6" on the table...

"What Number is this?" Ishmael asked

"6" Fuad replied after looking at him ridiculously

Ishmael stood up and sat opposite Fuad on the same table...

"When I was on your side, I read that number as "6" but when I came to the other side, I can see it as "9". Fuad don't you think Sheikh May have been seeing things wrongly because he is looking at it from the wrong side?" Ishmael said

Fuad took a deep breath....

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

PART 19 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"Can the ways of Islam be a wrong way of looking at Allah? Is it possible Sheikh has taught us the wrong way of looking at Allah?" Fuad thought on his bed. In the room he was sharing with about 15 other boys, sleep was far from him. Ishmael's words had sent him into deep thought. Ishmael was right about the scripture he had quoted. Killing innocent people was against what was written in the Qu'ran. Fuad did a thorough thinking on the killings in the history of Islam. He realized most of it was in self-defence and it was during War...

"But these Christians are not waging war against us, infact they are peaceful people." He looked around the room to some of the boys sleeping. Some of them had chatted with him during the day and he found them interesting. He didn't have friends outside the camp, he could count the few times he had gone out of the camp. It was the times he went with his father to meet some Islamic businessmen, who were also strong advocates of Jihad. Fuad began to reflect back on some of the meetings; the discussions...

"Mallam Al'Qazim, we want your country to be dominated by Islam, that way the people will be of one voice and the rulership will be under our control. You know Islam is all about submission, once we get all the Christians subdued and converted, they will learn the art of submission. Islam is the religion that doesn't question authority, so we can use it to our own advantage..." Fareed had said at the meeting

"Yes Sheikh Fareed, we are doing all we can to Islamize my continent. The fund that was released to us 3 months ago, went far into mobilizing more Allah Soldiers. We assured them that if they died while fighting for Allah, their families will be well taken care of. We are starting from the Northern side of my country. Gradually, the fear of being butchered is making most of the Christians surrender to Islam." Mallam Al'Qazim had said

"Allahu Akbar..." Fareed said. "This will be good news to the ears of our sponsor. I see the future, where the whole world will be Islamized and with that, there will be submission and control." Fareed had said

**

Fuad snapped out of his reflection in fear and deep realization of the truth, this was the first time he was analyzing the motive behind his Father's craze for Jihad. It was for economic power and dominion...That meant Islam was not the problem, his father was; he was practising it in a way that benefited him and some unknown people he called his Sponsors...

"No... I cannot Kill these innocent students... they are peaceful people and they have not waged war against me" Fuad thought silently

"But you know the consequences of not doing what your father sent you to do here?" A second voice said to him

He knew what that meant! Sheikh Fareed while training Fuad on how to burn down the building had told him if Ishmael was proving uncooperative, Fuad was to kill him...

"Fuad, show no mercy to Ishmael if he is merciful to the Kafir (infidel), because in Jihad, even if your family member is the enemy, you kill them. That is to say Fuad, even if it is you that stands as the enemy, I will kill you!" Fuad remembered his Father's words...

"Hmmm..." Fuad sighed as he wasn't ready to die. He was the only son of his mother among the wives of Sheikh Fareed.

He laid back on the bed unable to sleep because he knew according to the plan; Mrs Wright was going to bring in a bag of provisions the next day.

However, the contents were not going to be totally provisions but explosives-making chemicals like pool sanitizers, fertilizers, and paint removers, carefully put in soda drink bottles.

"Allah, please if it is not your will for me to do this, come to my aid, don't let Mrs Wright come here tomorrow..." Fuad said silently

To be continued

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PART 20

"ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

"Hey brother, wake up, it's time for devotion." Fuad heard someone tapping him from sleeping...

"Allahu Akbar!" was the first word that popped out of Fuad's mouth. This was something his mother had taught him from childhood...

Everyone in the room looked strangely at him including Ishmael. Ishmael froze on one spot. He feared their cover was about to be blown...

"its Okay people, old habits don't die easily. Ezekiel, it should be "Halleluya" from now" Robert, the room prefect said...

"Ok..." Fuad Said... "Thank you!"

Everyone went about their businesses.

Ishmael walked close to Fuad and whispered

"That was close, I suggest we leave here before our cover is blown" Ishmael said

"And have me or my mother killed or have your parents killed?" Fuad Said.

Before Fuad finally gave way to sleep, he counted his cost and he wasn't sure he was ready to sacrifice the lives of his mother and himself for the students he didn't have any connection with. Although, there was a part of him that knew what he was asked to do was wrong but fear of death got him.

"You still want to go ahead with this evil plan... Did you even think about all I said..." Ishmael said

"I did and truly at first I saw your point but I thought of what my father would do if I fail him. I will die."

"We don't have to return to the camp, we can escape and start a good life." Ishmael said and Fuad laughed. By this time they were getting close to the Hall for the Morning devotion...

"Do you know my father? If we don't do it, he will find someone else to do it, and then he will track us down, kill us and anyone associated with us. He once told me, the reason he has a lot of wives and children is so that if he loses some of his children to war, he will have others as consolation, so getting rid of me won't hurt him one bit." Fuad said

"Praise God!" Said Robert the room prefect. He was the one leading the devotion for the day. The Patron, Mr Gogo was standing beside him.

"Halleluya!" All the students chorused

Followed was few minutes of Praise & Worship which Ishmael and Fuad found fascinating. They saw how the Students were all joyful and happy. The Praise session was Fun for the students. Fuad and Ishmael had never seen or felt anything close to what they were experiencing. Their Islamic

service was usually simple & sober. Besides, in their three months training back at the camp, they had been taught almost all the popular Christian praise songs; they learnt it like anthems, therefore seeing the way the students sang it with meaning, understanding and excitement gave it a different feel.

"Come on brother..." Robert said pulling Fuad away from Ishmael. The students were doing the 360 Halleluya dance, where they all danced in circles shouting Halleluya...

Fuad found himself smiling whenever Robert jabbed his side playfully.

**

"For God so loved the World that He gave His Only Son, Jesus Christ to die for our sins... As a Muslim, we were taught that though Jesus was truly a prophet, he didn't die to save the World, but one day, I had a dream where I saw Jesus. He appeared to me and told me to follow him. I told my mother about it, who begged me to keep it a secret. I couldn't and that led me into trouble... My father swore to kill me if I didn't leave his house. I left home at 2am, but as I was leaving, it dropped in my heart to check on the Internet if there were organizations that helped Muslims-turned Christians. That was how I found Mrs Wright online and the rest is history..." Fuad said during the devotion. Robert had called him to share his salvation story, but as Fuad had been trained, he recited all they had been taught to say.

"Halleluya!" Robert screamed

"Glory!" All the students chorused

"We thank God for salvation, tomorrow we will be listening to Brother Peter's salvation story too... We are so happy brothers. We assure you God has got your back! We love you brothers!" Robert said and followed was hugs, handshakes from different students. Ishmael felt loved, he couldn't help but break down in tears...Life on the camp was not this close... Everything was all about rules, rules and rules. They lived in fear more than Love. Something touched his heart...

"It's Okay brother...". Robert patted him in the back "Jesus has got your back"

Ishmael's tears was caused by two factors. One, Love among brothers melted his heart and Two, he was thinking about how he was going to feel few days from that time, when all these people he had hugged would be dead because of him and Fuad...

"Are we still going to do this?" Ishmael asked as soon as he had Fuad alone to himself at the Food Hall during breakfast

"Yes!"

"Even after that morning devotion, Fuad! Didn't you feel anything? How can we kill these people who have shown us love...?"

"Ishmael, What do you want me to do?" Fuad said raising his voice, though His eyes were misty. "Ishmael, do you think I don't have a conscience or that this is easy for me? This war is more than us, if we don't do it, they will die anyway, my father will send someone else and eventually my mother and I will be killed. You and Your parents will be killed as well. Meaning we will eventually lose on both ends. So tell me, doesn't it make sense for me to lose on the part that will have less impact on me. I don't know these students, but I know my mother." Fuad said

Ishmael gave silence its place as he thought about it as well. Who was more important to him; the Christian students who have showed him love in less than 24 hours or his Muslim parents Amid and Rokibah who picked him up as a little child who was lost during a religious war and had showed him love in the best way they could? Who was more important to save?

To be continued.....

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 21 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"What's your take on the new boys in our class?" Charity asked

"I have no take on them yet, Charity they just resumed yesterday. I am just happy they are out of the evil religion, good for them!"

"I am going to befriend them. You know right now, they need Christians to show them love so they don't return to their old ways. Will you do the same?" Charity said smiling

"Hmm... You are right". Isaac said. Anything Charity was up to, he was always game maybe because of the feelings he had for her. The feelings his mother had told him to still keep under wraps as it was wrong to awaken love when it's not the right time...

Robert changed his seat to be close to Fuad. Ishmael noticed, Robert was interested in Fuad, Why? He couldn't tell...

"Wow, Peter! That is a fantastic answer. No wonder you scored 100% in your test"... The Mathematics teacher said...

"100%"

"What?"

"Are you kidding me?"

The students chorused and that immediately attracted Isaac to Ishmael. Isaac was the best student in the school, therefore Ishmael was coming as a threat.

"We really should be his friend..." Charity said

"Hmm..." Isaac said unhappily. "Is that jealousy?" Isaac asked himself. No way!

He could literally hear his mother's voice saying loud in his ears....

"Isaac, Jealousy is a terrible Spirit, and the evil it produces is first to yourself and secondly the innocent person. Proverbs 14:30; "A heart at peace gives life to the body, but envy rots the bones and Job 5:2 states that "Surely resentment destroys the fool, and jealousy kills the simple."... This was his mother's usual anthem anytime he exhibited any form of jealousy.

"Isaac, you are different from any other person, so don't resent someone for who they are. If they are better than you, love them still. And guess what you should move closer to them and who knows you might learn wisdom from them." Isaac remembered his mother's Words.

Immediately after the class, he stood up and walked up to Ishmael, but the moment they were faced to faced with each other, something strange happened between them.

"You look like..." Isaac said. He noticed Ishmael looked very familiar. He couldn't place where, but he looked like someone he knew so well

"Have we met before?" Ishmael said. Ishmael was the quiet type but Isaac looked too familiar for him to keep his mouth shut.

"We seem to know each other from somewhere?" Isaac said...

"God's Hope Nursery and Primary school?" Isaac asked trying to see if he could trace back where they must have met...

"No, I never attended a Christian nursery or primary school. I received all my education under my father's Islamic training." Ishmael said knowing for a fact he had never met Isaac before. He had never stepped out of the camp. T.V was the only way he saw the outside world.

"That is strange, because even right now looking at you makes me feel like I have known you all my life" Isaac said laughing...

"Same here" Ishmael said laughing as well

"My name is Isaac Andrews by the way! Best student in Mathematics before you came" Isaac said laughing

"Ishmael Roqeeb... "Ishmael lost Himself for a minute there... "I mean formerly, now I am Peter Wright. Mrs Wright has adopted me" Ishmael quickly corrected...

Charity joined them clearing her throat for Isaac to do the needful.

"And this is my best friend, Charity knowles." Isaac said

Charity stretched forth her hand to Ishmael and Ishmael stood looking at Charity for a long time. Back at the camp, they were not allowed to touch the opposite Sex but he had seen it on T.V. He quickly shook her hand and oh how soft it felt in his hand. He had never felt a female soft hand before. He held the hand for too long, until Isaac cleared his throat....

"I am so sorry... it's Just strange touching a lady... We don't do that "Ishmael said

"Oh!" Isaac and Charity said. For a minute there, Isaac was scared Ishmael was in the school to take more than Mathematics from him. He was not going to take it lightly with Ishmael if he ever tried developing feelings for Charity...

"Isaac! Stop it! Live in the moment, stop thinking ahead of yourself... Be nice to the young man." Isaac Chastised Himself...

"Hey, Good Morning Class!" The Biology teacher walked into the class for the next period...

"Hey Peter, if you need a new friend in school, I will be that guy... We can have lunch together if you want!" Isaac said

"Sure... thanks. I appreciate it" Ishmael said and for the first time in years he had a genuine smile. He felt free and loved...

To be continued

PART 22 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"Where do you come from? You look Arab?" Ishmael asked Isaac over Lunch.

"Here we go again?" Charity said laughing "He gets this question like everytime. Isaac, you look too Arabian"

"Well, it's a long story. I don't know my birth parents. I was adopted by my parents when they lost their own son. And I was just two years old then, so no one can trace my birth parents. Yes, I think I was born by Arab parents but I have no traces to them."

"Wow! Guess we are alike in so many ways. I also got lost at the age of 2 and was helped by an Arab couple. You have the Arab look just like them..." Ishmael said

"Really? That must have been at the same time. It was during the religious war that took place 15 years ago?"

"Yes that's what's my father told me. He told me a lot of kids got missing that year, of which I am one of them. He said he saw me on the street, while looking for his own son" Ishmael said

"Or could it be that we both were friends as babies... Maybe that is why we think we know ourselves?" Isaac said laughing...

"Yes, probably neighbors or maybe you attended the same Crèche..." Charity said finding the discussion amusing...

"This looks like something from a movie..." Isaac said with excitement. "Peter, I can't wait to unravel why it feels like we know ourselves so well!"

"Ezekiel Wright, you are needed at the Principal's Office" The whole student body heard the announcement and turned to Ezekiel who sat with Robert.

Ishmael's smile disappeared from his face. He could tell Mrs Wright was around with the explosives. He stood up hoping to go with Fuad, but Fuad stopped him...

"Don't worry Peter, I will go get it... It's just provisions from Aunty." Fuad Said

"I am coming with you!" Robert said

Ishmael sat down very unhappy. The explosives were around and Fuad seem like he was still going on with the plan. They had 3 or 4 more days. It wasn't right they were going to destroy his new friends Isaac and Charity.

"Are you Okay?" Charity asked

"Yes I am, kind of jealous Ezekiel has a new friend... "Ishmael said to cover up...

"One of the great virtues you learn as a Christian is to learn how to deal with jealousy. Bible states that jealousy kills. So shake it off brother, if you

think you lost one friend, God has given you two" Isaac said referring to himself and Charity...

**

Rokibah was becoming fearful after 24 hours. The "What If" that plagued her mind was second to none...

"What If Sheikh Fareed was not totally honest with me?"

"What if Ishmael gets caught by the government?"

"What if Ishmael dies in the explosion?"

"What if?"

"Rokibah, What is wrong with? I have been calling you for some seconds and you didn't hear me?" Amid said

"Huh, I am sorry... I was lost in thought!"

"Is this about Ishmael? He will be fine. By the end of the month, he will be back for their mid-term break..." Amid said ignorantly...

"No, he won't... he and Fuad should be back this weekend if all goes as planned... but I have a fear my Ishmael won't be coming back. I have a feeling he will be the sacrifice..."

"What are you talking about?" Amid asked

"I am sorry Amid, I should have told you...."

Rokibah explained the real ploy and how she had given her consent...

"They are just to set the explosive in place and leave the premises, two hours after they are gone, the school will be destroyed!" Rokibah said

"Rokibah!!!!" Amid screamed...

A million thoughts rushed at his mind... One of which was "Will I lose Ishmael also?"

"Rokibah, did you think of the consequences of what you agreed to, Rokibah, the Christian school will find him out and hand him over to the authority. Eventually, when they carry out the thorough investigation, they will link Ishmael to me; Amid, the University post graduate student who caused the numerous loss of lives 15 years ago and the claim of that Lecturer, Peter Andrews, that I am a terrorist will be proven as correct... They will find out he is my son, and to them, it will be a simple case of a terrorist child used as a scapegoat. They will think I am a of terrorist who had trained his son to start from where he stopped... I was hoping to someday clear our names, but Rokibah what have you done?" Amid said screaming at Rokibah...

Rokibah had never seen Amid that angry before...

"I am going to get my son!" Amid said and Rokibah knew that couldn't happen. First, Sheikh Fareed would not let Him out and should he even get out by other means, Amid was already on the list of suspected terrorist, the

police officers will gun him down should they see him on the streets, especially beside a school...

"Amid... please don't... Please...."

To be continued

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PART 23 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Fuad had mixed feelings about the way Robert was in his Business. Robert was not ready to let go of him. From following him to go collect the provisions to carrying it to the hostel while other students were in school...

"I have our room key with me, let's go drop it off at once" Robert volunteered

"Oh! Thank you" Fuad had replied. Fuad was happy he didn't have to carry the provisions with him all day.

"Can I have the key? You don't have to go through the stress of going with me." Fuad Said as he didn't want Robert knowing where he intended to hide the liquid Explosives.

"I cannot give you the keys, I will have to go with you." Robert said and as soon as he ended the statement he picked up one of the Provision bags...

"Let's be on our way, before Lunch break is over." Robert said

Fuad followed Robert behind. He wished he could just exterminate the guy. He checked his wristwatch and he realized he only had few days.

"We should keep your provision safe in your locker. You don't want the raiders taking your stuffs" Robert said

"Raiders?" Fuad asked confused

"There are some boys in the hostel who we are still hoping God will touch their lives!" Robert said laughing

"I don't understand!" Fuad was lost

"I mean, there are some boys who steal other people's provision" Robert said

"La Samah Allah!". Fuad exclaimed unknowingly but suddenly said "I am sorry, sometimes my tongue slip... What I just said means..."

"I know what it means, it means God forbid!"

"You know Arabic?"

"Oh! I know a few things about Islam!"

"But... hold on, Christian students steal from other people and they go scotfree?" Fuad asked as he knew it was literally a death penalty at the camp or the person's hand will be maimed...

"In Christianity, God does not desire the destruction of the sinners, He gives them enough time to repent" Robert said

"But I thought Christians only had good and perfect people who do not commit sins!"

"Yes, we have good people who try to please God in all they do, however, we have a few bad eggs, you know the few bad people like Judas. You know Like we have in Islam, you know those type of people who feel they can fight on behalf of God Like Saul of Tarsus. Those who kill in the name of the Lord." Robert said and there was a shared moment of understanding between them both...

"Judas!" Fuad Said as a way of distracting him... "If Judas had repented, do you think God could have forgiven him?" Fuad asked...

"I believe yes. I can imagine how Jesus must have felt when Judas betrayed him, I can't imagine a friend of mine betraying me!" Robert said and with piercing eyes he looked deep into Fuad's eye...

"Ezekiel, will it be right to betray a friend?" Robert asked him directly and in that second, Fuad felt a cold chill run down his spine...

"Let's get to it" Robert said ending the silence between them. His statement indicated that he was asking Fuad to open his locker. Robert began to unpack the provisions...

Fuad's heart was racing...

"I really should do this on my own! I don't like bothering people" Fuad insisted

Robert picked one of the Can drinks. He froze for few minutes staring at the drink. Fuad wondered what was wrong. The Can was the usual can for the drinks ... Suddenly, Robert turned towards Fuad and remained silent but his eyes said it all...

"What?" Fuad asked

"Do you really want to do this?" Robert asked

To be continued...

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PART 24 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"You want to sabotage my plans?" Fareed said

"It's an evil plan, Sheikh where is your heart?" Amid asked

"Where it should be?" Fareed replied nonchalantly

"No, it is in the hands of Satan. And he is turning it in the direction of evil, bloodshed and war and Allah forbid, my son will be an instrument in the hands of the devil." Amid said

"Are you calling me a messenger of Satan?"

"Anyone who desires to see the blood of another person created by Allah splattered on the floor is someone possessed by Shaitan (Satan) Himself" Amid said and in response, Fareed gave him a hot slap...

"How dare you?" Fareed said and with uncontrolled Anger, he brought out his sharpened knife and stabbed Amid in the stomach...

Rokibah knew instantly something had happened. Her heart felt sad all of a sudden, where she sat in the house waiting for Amid...

"Allah, please forgive me for conniving with Sheikh to do evil, forgive me for living with hate and unforgiveness..." Rokibah kept saying over and over as she watched endlessly waiting for Amid to step out of Fareed's building.

Few minutes later, she saw four of the men on the camp walk into the house. Moments later, they walked out carrying a body that was dripping blood. Rokibah felt her tongue was in her throat. She rushed out of her house towards the body...

"Amid!" Rokibah screamed when she saw the hand of Amid that had dropped by his side. The women of the camp rushed at her and stopped her from getting close to Amid...

"Shiekh!!!! Fareed what have you done to my husband? Fareed!!" Rokibah screamed in tears... Rokibah disengaged from the women as she overpowered them. She ran after the mini truck they had put Amid. Rokibah saw the shovel beside Amid's body. Amid had been killed and was about to be buried. The driver of the mini truck stepped on the accelerator as soon as Rokibah came charging towards the truck...

Rokibah fell to the ground crying and pouring the dust on herself.

"Fareed! What have you done?"

"What we were commanded to do to those who are not ready to go in the way of Allah!" Fareed said loudly from his balcony...

Rokibah wished she had not connived with the son of the devil. She was sure she was going to lose Ishmael as well in the bomb blast.

She had been emptied!

"O Allah (God)! Forgive Amid, have mercy on him, and cause him to enter Your Paradise." Rokibah said with hot tears flowing down her face...

Just like that! Amid was gone!

She needed to get out of the camp and save the Only thing she had left in this life.

Ishmael!

To be continued

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PART 25 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Ishmael felt something hit him on his chest. A sudden heartbreak and it felt like something was slipping away from him. The desire to cry filled him up.

"Is something wrong with Mama?" Ishmael asked himself as he imagined the sad look on Rokibah's face

"Or is Papa in another fight with Sheikh Fareed?" Ishmael knew his father was always in a constant fight with the Sheikh over ideologies that his father felt was not scriptural...

He needed to speak with his father, but there was a problem; Only Sheikh had a phone on the camp. They had been given the emergency phone number to call if they had something important to discuss with Sheikh.

Ishmael wondered where Fuad was. He and Robert were not back to class after going to get the provision.

"Or has Fuad been caught?" Ishmael wondered quietly.

"You don't have to do this!" Robert said one more time as he held on to one of the soda cans containing one of the liquid explosives.

"Do What?" Fuad asked again

"Burn down the school!" Robert said frankly

Fuad moved back in fear

"How did you know?" Fuad asked

"One of the advantages of Christianity is the gift of the HolySpirit. He reveals all things to us. Now I know why God told me to befriend you closely the first time I set my eyes on you!"

"You have been lied to, there is nothing like a Jesus Rising from the dead or the HolySpirit... We have One God." Fuad said

"If I have been lied to, how come I know your secret?" Robert asked and Fuad had no answer

"Ezekiel...!" Robert said

"Fuad!" Fuad corrected. He was tired of hearing the "Ezekiel" name

"Ok... Fuad... Listen, brother. I was born and raised a Muslim, till date, some of my family members are still practicing Muslims, so if there is anyone who knows a few things about Islam and Christianity, I am that guy."

"What made you convert?"

"Christianity had what I was looking for!"

"What?"

"Friendship with God!"

"Can mortal man be Friends with God?" Ezekiel asked

"Yes, through the Holy Spirit"

"The Holy Spirit doctrine again! Who is this Holy Spirit you Christians lie about?"

Robert laughed...

"Lie! No it's even in the Quran, it's just that some of us do not understand it clearly"

"Explain!"

"The Quran attest to the fact that Jesus, Prophet Isa was born of God through Virgin Mary..." Robert was saying before Fuad cut in

"Yes...The Quran mentions Jesus, or Isa (Pbuh) 25 times, but differently each time. The Quran explains that Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary in 19:20–21 and is high honored in this and the next world in 3:45–47. That is why we call him Isa ibn Maryam, or Jesus son of Mary.

"When the Angel said "O mary, indeed Allah gives you good tidings of a word from Him whose name will be Messiah, Jesus, the son of Mary distinguished in this world and the Hereafter and among those brought near to Allah" Quran 3:5-7. The Quran also refers to him as mushia bi'l baraka the Messiah; someone blessed by God. He is also called kalimah min Allah; Word from/of God, and Rasul (Prophet-Messenger) of God." Fuad Said proving to Robert he had been well schooled by Amid and his mother

"Wow! You know your Quran well, but you have missed one!" Robert said

"Which is?"

"Ruh min Allah; which means Spirit from God"

"Yes. That is true!" Fuad confirmed

"So if Jesus was referred to as the Spirit of God, why then do you find it difficult to believe in the Holy Spirit?"

"I still don't understand the correlation!" Fuad Said

"In Islam, it is believed that Jesus will return. Islamic texts say that Jesus will come back on the Day of Judgment, when he will destroy the addajjal—anti-Christ or imposter. Right?"

"Yes, My teacher taught me that!" Fuad admitted

"That is to say Jesus came into the world to preach the gospel which the Muslims call Injil and before he went back to heaven after his resurrection, he assured his disciples he will send them a comforter. A comforter here is like a Nanny who stays with a Child while the mother goes to work..." Robert was saying before Fuad cut in again

"The Quran states that Jesus was assumed into heaven (3:169) before his actual death. Islamic tradition explains that Jesus was spared death because he was God's holy one. "Fuad said

"I am not arguing what you know, Fuad I am not negating what you believe, I am trying to pick out the similarities of our knowledge of Jesus to buttress the concept of the Holy Spirit, so why don't you stay with me..." Robert pleaded

"Fine!"

"We have agreed Jesus is ruh min Allah; Spirit from God and that he went into Heaven... but what is missing in your knowledge of Him is that when He was about to leave, He left the Spirit Of God in him as a Nanny with us till the time he will come back!" Robert said

"So it is the Spirit or Nanny as you call it that you refer to as the Holy Spirit?" Fuad asked

"What does this Holy Spirit do for you Christians?"

"More than you can ever imagine... First He is Jesus with us... Since it is the Spirit of God that was at work in Jesus while He was here on Earth, we can call Him Jesus with us. Before Jesus went to Heaven, He told us through His disciples that "I am with you always, even to the end of the age." Matthew 28:20. He being with us always is the Holy Spirit who tells us all things that we may not know!

"Just like He made you know about the Liquid... "Fuad said pointing to the soda Can with Robert

"Yes!"

"Hmm... but How come Islam doesn't know the Holy Spirit as the Spirit Prophet Isa made Available to us in this time?"

"It is not their fault, sometimes most humans don't know Jesus in the full capacity of who He is, even amongst his disciples, while he was still with them, only Peter knew who He really was!"

"I don't understand..." Fuad Said

Robert took his Bible from his Bed and flipped to Matthew 16:14

"When Jesus came to the region of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, "Who do people say the Son of Man is?"

They replied, "Some say John the Baptist; others say Elijah; and still others, Jeremiah or one of the prophets."

"But what about you?" he asked. "Who do you say I am?"

Simon Peter answered, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Jesus replied, "Blessed are you, Simon son of Jonah, for this was not revealed to you by man, but by my Father in heaven.

And I tell you that you are Peter and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hades will not overcome it." Robert read...

"So even among his disciples, Only Peter knew who He really was!" Fuad Said as he tried internalizing the scripture

"And He Therefore Made Peter the foundation of Christianity because He was the one who knew Him in the full capacity of Who He is... but like Islam the other disciples knew him as a Prophet"

"Hmmm... So Christianity is a wider and deeper knowledge of God through Jesus? Meaning Islam may not be evil, but Islam doesn't have the full knowledge of Prophet Isa and who He is?" Fuad asked as he begins to question himself

"While I was a Muslim I realized I didn't Know Jesus in His full capacity and that was why I decided to join the generation of Peter so that I can know him more and enjoy the benefits of knowing Him..."

"How can I know him better than I have been taught?, How can I know him more than a Prophet I was told he is?

To be continued

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PART 26 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Amid wanted out of the ground they had buried him. He had lost all the strength in him...Fareed was definitely overtaken by the devil. Amid blamed himself for not revolting against him ever since and dying as a martyr...

He could hear approaching footsteps...

"Are they here to kill me?" Amid asked within himself. It was possible the men had told Fareed they had buried him alive, and Fareed instructed them to come back and finish him up...

"I am right!" Amid thought softly as he felt movement over him...

"Here!" Amid heard an unfamiliar voice...

15 MINUTES EARLIER...

Pa Henry was at the top of the church tower to repair the church clock. He was the clock repairer for over 50 years; his little way of serving the Lord. After changing the old batteries, he felt the need to stay around and pray over the city like he used to do most times. As he closed his eyes to declare peace over the city, he saw a trance of him looking through a binoculars and seeing a man buried alive. He snapped out of the trance and right there before him was a binoculars he didn't know who put it there. He moved his old frame gently towards the binoculars and looked around the nearby bushes. Far away on a large private camp he knew was owned by Muslims, he saw a mini truck with a body in the open trunk. He watched the body move. That movement told him the body wasn't dead. Patiently he watched

the truck stopped. The driver and the passenger got down and dug the ground burying the man.

Pa Henry's first instinct was to call the police but He heard...

"If I wanted the police to handle it, I wouldn't have shown it to you. Go with your sons and get him. Take care of Him, He is one of my Own..."

PRESENT TIME

Amid had been brought out of the ground, though he had passed out...

"He is still breathing. We should get him to the nearest hospital" Julius the first son of Pa Henry said

"No, the Lord said we should care for him!"

Julius and Paul exchanged looks because they knew whatever God told their father was final.

The women sat around Rokibah... Her world had ended... If only she could send a Message to Ishmael to Run as far as his legs could carry him...

"Now who is worse? Rokibah... Who is worse? The Christians who took your son or your people the Muslims who slaughtered your husband for not following their inhumane behavior?" Rokibah questioned herself as she sat in her widow's garment surrounded by the women of the camp...

"They are the same... This fight between the two religions is actually not about the religion but the people behind the religion. It is a superiority contest. It is the people interpreting the religion... Christianity or Islam is not the problem but the people...I will no longer fight the religion but I will fight the ones who are using religion to promote hate and murder, so help me Allah!" Rokibah resolved quietly...

"I need you all out of my house!" Rokibah said all of a sudden

"Sister Rokibah, you cannot be left alone at this point...!"

"I want to be left alone to mourn my husband."

"Rokibah, we understand...." Another woman was saying when Rokibah shut her up

"No, you don't know how I feel, I lost my original son in a religious riot, I lost my husband over another religious war, and my son of consolation is about to be blown apart on a suicide mission in the name of Jihad..."

"Be consoled that your son will die as a Shahid (martyr)" Fuad's mother said to Rokibah

"So that is the lie you are willing to swallow, your only son is about to burn down over 500 children with himself and you think Allah is happy... Who is Allah? A bloodthirsty creator? Isn't He the One that created everyone? If He is, then you think He designs his creations for them to Slaughter one another... No! I don't think He is like that! Please let me be." Rokibah said pointing the door to them...

"No mother wants her child to die, but if that is what our religion demands of us, there is nothing I can do!" Fuad's mother said

Rokibah didn't want to hear anymore... she pointed towards the door...

"To have a friendship with the Holy Spirit, you need to be a friend of Jesus. You need to believe what you have been told not to believe in Islam. That he died and rose again!" Robert said

"Must I believe in Jesus before I can have the Holy Spirit?" Fuad asked. He liked the idea of God as His friend who could tell Him secret things.

"Yes, if you don't believe, you can't receive the gift of the Holy Spirit!"

Fuad took a deep breath and like someone taking cautionary steps on glass, he said...

"I believe that Prophet Isa (Pbuh) died and rose again!" Fuad said and an instant surge of energy rushed into him and without him asking for it, he began to speak in tongues... He became hysterical, laughing and crying at the same time. He felt free and happy like he was been discharged of all guilt....

He kept on speaking in tongues, Robert joined him and just like timid Simon Peter in the Scripture became bold after the encounter in the Upper room, Fuad got the Spirit of Conviction that Jesus was indeed the Son of God. An understanding Only God could have given Him... Indeed Only God could reveal Jesus to any One Just like Jesus Himself said to Peter ""Blessed are you, Simon son of Jonah, for this was not revealed to you by

man, but by my Father in heaven." No man can convict anyone to believe in Jesus, Only God!

"Thank You Holy Spirit! "Fuad kept saying repeatedly in between burst of unknown tongues...

Ishmael was no longer comfortable.

"Something is definitely up with Fuad?" He reasoned

He raised up his hand and asked for permission to be excused...

With his heart literally in his mouth, he walked towards the hostel. From the entrance of the hostel, Ishmael heard the burst of tongues from a voice that sounded like Fuad's. Ishmael cautiously tiptoed towards the room.

The picture that met his eyes was unbelievable...

Fuad was lying faced down on the floor in tears as he spoke an unknown language. Ishmael could feel a thick current in the room. It was so heavy. A heavy but serene Presence was in that room...

"Join us brother!" Robert said to Ishmael

"No... I ... I don't know how to do that!" Ishmael said referring to the speaking in tongues...

"What?" Robert asked

"The Language! Can you teach me?" Ishmael said

"The Tongues? It is not to be taught, it is a gift you receive when you believe in Jesus and accept Him as who He truly is. When you accept Jesus in the full capacity of who he is, not only as a Prophet Isa, but as Jesus the Son Of God who died and rose on the third day. When you acknowledge Him as your Lord and Saviour, you open yourself for the entrance of the Holy Spirit into your life...!" Robert explained

"He accepted Jesus!" Ishmael asked with deep meaning

"Peter, The Holy Spirit, the Spirit Of truth revealed what you both came here to do. He revealed it to me and Fuad confessed to it..." Robert said and Ishmael knew he must be telling the truth for mentioning Fuad's real name.

"Will you be reporting us to the government?" Ishmael asked

"Not if we dispose all the explosives! But if you are ready to come clean, we could go to the government ourselves. That way you will be protected and have immunity"

"No! Our entire family back at the camp will be killed. The head of our camp, Fuad's father is a tough man. Since our plans have been discovered, please let Fuad and I return to the camp in peace. Take the Holy Spirit thing away from Fuad, because His Father will kill him should he find out he has become a Kafir." Ishmael said in fear for Fuad

"Peter!" Robert said

"Ishmael! My name is Ishmael!"

"Brother Ishmael, Fuad believing in Jesus and the Holy Spirit doesn't make Him a Kafir; an unbeliever, rather he is a more enlightened believer."

"Fuad, Wake up! Snap out of it, don't be subject to hypnosis. Let's get out of here. I didn't say believe in their Holy Spirit, I only wanted no shedding of innocent blood..." Ishmael said Pulling Fuad on his feet

"Ishmael, this is real!" Fuad managed to say in between the burst of tongues...

To be continued.....

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde
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SHORT BREAK: ABOUT US

DEEP THOTS MINISTRY INTERNATIONAL IS A MEDIA EVANGELISM MINISTRY, THAT PREACHES THE GOSPEL THROUGH

- FILM MAKING (SOME OF OUR FREE SHORT FILMS CAN BE ACCESSED ON YOUTUBE @ DEEP THOTS FILMS)
- CONTENT PROVIDING
- SCRIPT WRITING
- NOVELS
- PUBLIC SPEAKING
- FILM & MEDIA TRAINING
- TEENAGE & SINGLES OUTREACHES E.T.C...

By The Grace Of God, The Ministry Is Headed By Mrs Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde, A Gospel Media Enthusiast. A Graduate Of Mass Communication From Covenant University Ota, Nigeria. A Writer, Actress, Presenter, Song Writer, Script Writer, Film Director & Editor.

She Is Happily Married To Pastor Akinwale Akintunde...

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PART 27 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Mr Gogo eventually walked into the room when Fuad's encounter with the Holy Spirit was taking a long time.

"Just lay him on his bed!" Mr Gogo said "God is dealing with him. I am happy for him. God is probably working on his heart!" Mr Gogo said not knowing the full story. Robert had just told him a part of the story.

"We came in to drop his provisions, and in between he asked me about the Holy Spirit. It was during this discussion, the Holy Spirit encountered Him." Robert had been selfish with the whole truth.

Fuad, on the other hand, felt like someone been ripped apart, especially his heart. It felt like a tall man was removing clogs around his heart. As he closed his eyes in tears. He saw Sheikh Fareed, his father speaking to him. But the words were turning to webs around his heart. It was this strong web strands like yarn that the warrior man was yanking off his heart...

Words like "The Number of Kafirs you can kill will show to Allah that you are dedicated, commitment to Him" were ripped out of his heart.

It was late at night...

Roseline couldn't sleep. She didn't know why. She went to her son's room, watched him sleep...

"You might lose your son soon! Pray!" She heard a voice say from behind. She turned and saw no one.

She returned to her room praying all night for Isaac, but if only she knew the voice was referring to Ishmael, her lost son.

Amid woke up in pains. His entire body ached him badly. He looked around the room and realized the place was unfamiliar.

Someone had unearthed him...

"Thank you Allah!" He managed to say under his breath.

"Yes, He alone deserves the Praise. God, the Almighty, the Owner of the World; everything and everyone in it. Yes He alone deserves our praise!" Pa Henry said from where he had been sitting for four hours after his son Paul had stitched Amid up...

"How did you know I was there?" Amid managed to voice out

"God showed me!" Pa Henry replied

"God of the Christians?" Amid Asked

"God of the whole World. Psalm 24:1 states that 'The earth is the LORD's, and everything in it'.

The world and all its people belong to Him. So God is not just the God of the Christians, He is the God of everyone regardless of what name you call yourself." Pa Henry said with a fatherly smile.

Amid relaxed as he felt calmer knowing the old man was not a Christian fanatic. He liked the way he described God...THE GOD OF THE WHOLE WORLD.

"Thank you Sir!" Amid said

"All thanks to God, our creator. Who knows us right from our Mother's womb and who knows the path we all would tread. If I didn't do what He wanted, He would have sent someone else..." Papa Henry said

"How soon can I leave here? I need to get to my son!" Amid said as the thought of Ishmael dying from the bomb blast resurfaced in his mind.

"As soon as you feel Okay to leave, you are not a hostage." Pa Henry said with a reassuring voice

"Then, I have to leave now, my son's life is in danger!" Amid made a move to stand sharply but he regretted it.

"Arrhgggg!" He screamed and fell back to the bed.

"We had to stitch you up and that should take you roughly a week to be back in shape!"

"A week... arrhggg. I don't have a week... By that time my son will be dead alongside hundreds of innocent children..." Amid said trying not to divulge too much information...

"You could send me to your son! I will be willing to deliver your message to him."

Amid paused...and looked at the old man...

Yes! That was perfect! The elderly man was a Christian and British. He could penetrate St. Mathews College and deliver a message to Ishmael, that way he would be saved from the Interpol that was looking for him as a suspected terrorist.

"I wouldn't want to bother you, but if you could help me reach my son, you would be saving a lot of lives, Sir!"

"It's not a bother! Give me the message and I will deliver it first thing in the morning!" Pa Henry said

"Can you read Arabic?" Amid asked

"No!"

"Perfect!" Amid said as he intended writing the message in Arabic to Ishmael

"You want to send a message I cannot read!" Pa Henry said smiling

"It would be better if you didn't know the content because that might discourage you from saving my son!" Amid said

"God knows all things and if He doesn't approve of what you have written in there, the message won't get to your son. I try to do my part and Let God play His part." Pa Henry said

"So you would still help me despite not knowing what the content of the message is?"

"As long as the motive is to save lives..." Pa Henry said...

Amid sighed and quietly said "Can I have a Pen and Paper?"

Fuad tapped Ishmael from sleep...

"Get up... It's time!" Fuad Said

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde +234-8151103646

PART 28 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Ishmael had barely slept throughout the night. It was 2am.

After Fuad recovered from the encounter of the HolySpirit, the previous night, He had told Ishmael they had to leave...

"Obviously!" Ishmael had replied sarcastically "You have been brainwashed, but at least it brought out a good, we don't have to kill anyone!"

"So what is the plan, and where do we go?" Ishmael said on

"We must leave this night and return back to the camp. I need people to know the truth!" Fuad said

"The truth?" Ishmael asked

"The truth about Prophet Isa (Pbuh) and the Holy Spirit!" Fuad Said

"That is going against Islam!" Ishmael had said

"No, I am not going against Islam, I will tell them more truths than what they know! Sometimes we may know the truth but not in its totality. I need them to know the total truth about Prophet Isa (Pbuh)" "You want to condemn Islam and tell them it is not the right way to God!" Ishmael asked with unbelief in his voice and eyes

" No, I am not condemning Islam because the Holy Spirit that I encountered didn't condemn me during the period He was with me, Rather He was focusing on explaining the truths my father had not provided me with. It was like an upgraded class..."

"I don't understand what you are saying though I support our leaving this place, but I don't think we should return to the camp!

"Where do we go?" Fuad asked

"I don't know, but not the camp." Ishmael said as Fuad kept quiet.

"Have you told Robert we will be leaving?" Ishmael asked

"No, we will follow the escape map Sheikh gave to us" Fuad replied

"Ok... May Allah be with us" Ishmael said

"Amin!" Fuad Said as he hugged his friend tightly.

Unknowing to Ishmael, Fuad's mind was made up. He was leading them back to the camp. The zeal of the Lord had taken over him. He was going to share the truth with His father. He was no longer afraid of his father. It was going to be easy leading Ishmael back to camp as Ishmael didn't know his way around. Fuad had been out of the camp a few times.

PRESENT TIME...

It was 2:10 am. Fuad and Ishmael tiptoed towards the refuse hill in the school compound. Fareed had given them the escape map which they were to use after setting the explosives in motion. It was towards the back of the school with little or no traffic there... Fuad had picked the cans of explosives with the hope to dispose the contents at different spots...

"Who is there?" A voice challenged

Fuad and Ishmael froze on the spot. None Spoke...

"Must be one of those rats." Said the voice as the person moved farther away.

Ishmael and Fuad had been given a demobilizer that will demobilize all security systems for 45 seconds. As soon as they got to the fence. They pointed the demobilizer to the electric fence. The system powered down and the two boys hurriedly crossed the fence.

"Which direction do we go?" Ishmael asked

"Just follow my lead!" Fuad Said...

They walked towards their south for about 15 minutes disposing the liquid in the cans at different spots in muds before eventually seeing a cab. Fuad was familiar with the city a bit...

The cab man stopped...

"Where to?"

"Norkfield!"

"300!"

"Fine!" Fuad Said as he nudged Ishmael to get into the car...

"Norkfield? Where is that?" Ishmael asked in a whisper

"When we get there you will know!" Fuad said indicating he didn't want them talking because of the cabman.

Fuad used his father's trick. Whenever he went out with his father using the public transport system, his father would alight at Norkfield and take a discreet path towards the camp. This was to make him untraceable.

By 2:45 am, Ishmael was surprised to find themselves in the camp... They had passed under an underground tunnel only to burst out in the camp.

"We are in the camp! Fuad! You brought us back to the camp! Have you gone crazy?" Ishmael said in anger

"No evil will befall us! Remember Yesterday's late-night devotion at the school. Mr Gogo taught us about Noah, he said Noah couldn't save the world but he saved his family. He told us to be the one to save our families and save them from hell... I need to tell my father the truth about Jesus!" Fuad Said passionately

"Fuad, you are going to get us killed. Wisdom is very important in this matter!" Ishmael said

"Ishmael! Fuad! Is that you?" A voice said from the dark

It was too late!" Shakib, Fareed's right-hand man had discovered them.

Shakib was the bloodthirsty fanatic that saw Fareed as his mini-god and was ready to give his life for the extremist Jihadist cause Fareed believed in.

"Allahu Akbar!" Shakib said in excitement

"You did the job quite fast! I told your father you would not disappoint him!" He said excitedly kissing the boys on their forehead.

"We should be hearing the good news soon..." Shakib said expecting the news of the explosion...

From where he stood, before Ishmael could explain issues to him... He screamed "Allahu Akbar" so loudly everyone on the camp woke up from the sound!

Rokibah who had been unable to sleep because of Amid's death heard the loud shout of "Allahu Akbar!" and she knew something was up.

She rushed out of the house but her heart stopped when she saw Ishmael in the flesh...

"He came back alive!" Rokibah said as she rushed towards him. She hugged her son kissing Him all over the face...

"You came back in one piece!" Rokibah was saying over and again...

"Mama, there is a problem, we didn't do it! Where is Papa?" Ishmael whispered to his mother...

Rokibah froze on the spot! They didn't do it! She knew she was going to lose her son that morning...

"Why did you come back? Fareed has killed your father, your father wanted to come see you to stop you and Fareed killed him. Ishmael why did you come back?" Rokibah said weeping as she hugged Ishmael who had gone frozen in her arms...

"I knew I could trust you sons of mine!" Fareed said as he approached Fuad...

"I didn't do it!" Fuad Said as Fareed was about hugging him...

Fareed stepped back and looked at Fuad silently for few seconds. Everywhere on the camp went silent. Fareed looked towards Ishmael for confirmation!

Fuad spoke quickly...

"This has nothing to do with Ishmael, it was a decision I took myself. He didn't even know we were coming back here!"

"So why didn't you carry out my orders?" Fareed said after finding his voice...

"Because it is against God's will to kill innocent people, and moreover I have found out more about Prophet Isa (Pbuh) and the gift of the Holy Spirit He has given to everyone who believes in Him. We can live in peace with one another despite our different levels of knowledge of God... I experienced the power of the Holy Spirit and I think it is a missing ingredient in our lives..." Fuad Said and he stopped talking when Fareed raised up his hand to have him quiet...

Fareed staggered back in disbelief, he felt betrayed and disgraced. He couldn't believe it was his own son that was doing this to him... A waste of 15 years training!

"I believe this was Ishmael's doing. He was able to convince you with his father's doctrine..." Fareed said

"No, I met a friend in the school. His name is Robert. He taught me deep things I didn't know and the thin line between Islam and Christianity."

"Oh, they converted you with their lies... Ishmael, do you also believe like him?" Fareed asked but the numb Ishmael couldn't not give a response. He was still shaken by the news of the death of his father!

"Sheikh, Like I Said, Ishmael has nothing to do with this decision!" Fuad Said and before everyone on the camp knew what was happening Shakib

rushed towards Fuad slaughtering him... Fareed had signaled to Shakib to do that!

The gasps that followed from the camp dwellers was deafening... Fuad's mother rushed to her son and tried to stop the blood, but it was too late. Fuad died in his mother's hand.

Fareed faced Ishmael with fierce & volatile eyes...

"Nothing in this world can stand in my way of fighting for Allah! I am sure you have heard about the death of your father, and you can see what I did to my own son because of their rebellion. You haven't been gone for too long. You can return to the school unnoticed. They will think Fuad went on his own. This time around, you are going in with a bomb ... No! On a second thought, I have a better card to play. For them making me lose my son, I want to be able to slaughter their sons by my own hand... You will go back and do nothing. I will give you a phone that I will use to communicate new directives to you! And don't you think of running away because I will kill your mother... "Fareed said

Shakib walked close to Fareed whispering some words into his right ear. Fareed felt happy with whatever Shakib must have suggested, because Fareed nodded in approval and said...

"Do it!"

To be continued

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PART 29

"ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

The pain was intense but Ishmael did not move one bit. The pain he was feeling emotionally was worse than the pain from what Shakib was doing to him.

Shakib had laid him on the floor with the help of four men, who held him at different points. Two men held his hands down, while the other two held his legs down. Although, they didn't need it as he was too weak and numb to fight or struggle...

Ishmael was hoping Fuad would wake up from where he laid lifeless on the Floor. He looked sideways and he watched Fuad's unblinking eyes.

"Was this how my father also laid lifeless when he was killed?" Ishmael questioned within...

"So my dear father was slaughtered like a chicken!"

Ishmael took a long inward breath, as he felt a knife dig into his flesh...Ishmael couldn't tell what was happening with his back. He laid numbly on the floor, and after 10 minutes of intense pain, Shakib said...

"Get up!" Shakib said

In pain, Ishmael got up and at that point he found out what had happened...

"We just inserted a GPS tracker and explosive in your body, should you try to run away or remove it from your body, I will blow you up from here..." Fareed said showing him a fake remote... The entire process was false, Shakib had only opened Ishmael up and stitched him back...

Ishmael shook in fear, he was scared that he was a walking bomb.

"If you don't want me to blow you up, just obey my orders and your mother also will be safe." Fareed said

Ishmael nodded his head in agreement...

Ishmael was given a small phone and after stepping out where he hugged his mother, Shakib drove him close to the back of the school where he and Fuad had jumped over the fence.

Ishmael alighted at around 4:15am, he used the demobilizer before jumping back into the school compound.

Without anyone catching him in the act, Ishmael tiptoed back into his bed.

It had been an eventful night for him. At that point, he knew there was nothing he could do, he was officially going to kill all the students in the school. How? He could not say as he was waiting for orders.

"Papa!" He whispered. He wept for Amid, his good father... "I am sorry" He said

"What do you mean, you don't know where He is?" Mr Gogo asked Ishmael

"I was asleep all night! I don't know how and when he left!" Ishmael defended

Robert sat on his bed disappointed... but he kept looking at Ishmael strangely...

"What?"

"Ezekiel would not have left just like that without you!" Robert said with an accusing voice laced with disbelief...

Ishmael was too emotional to argue, rather he burst into tears. Tears for losing his Father, Tears from the pain of Fuad and Tears from the pain he was feeling at his back...

His tears did the Magic!

Mr Gogo walked to him and patted him on the Shoulder...

"It's Okay son! I know you have gone through a lot, but don't be like Ezekiel and run off. You have us and you have God!"

Other boys in the room including Reluctant Robert tapped his shoulder as a form of encouragement...

Isaac got to the classroom and noticed the thick air amongst the boarders.

"I think something is up with the boarders. They are not their chatty self!" Isaac said to Charity

"I noticed! Even Robert seem very quiet!" Charity said as the class was dead quiet while they awaited their teacher...

"Let me find out from our new Friend!" Isaac said referring to Ishmael who had his head bowed on his table

Isaac walked over to Ishmael's Table...

"Hey, brother! What's up? Are you okay?" Isaac said and the entire boarding students looked towards Isaac...

Ishmael looked up at Isaac...

"My brother is gone! " Ishmael said

Isaac looked around the Classroom noticing for the first time that Ezekiel was not in Class...

"Gone? To where?"

Ishmael swallowed hard without saying anything...

Isaac's calculative mind went to work. He quickly was able to deduce the story that Ezekiel probably went back to Islam...

"Accept my encouragement brother, some people don't have the strength to fight for what they believe in, you my brother should be strong! Ezekiel will always be in our prayers. Someday, he will encounter Christ again!" Isaac said patting Ishmael's shoulder...

Ishmael nodded...

"Thanks!" Ishmael answered as he held Isaac's hand...

"Is your offer of Friendship still open? I will very much want it this time, so I can be stronger in faith!" Ishmael said loudly. It was a trick on everyone.

"Sure, the offer still stands my brother!" Isaac said smiling.

"Peter Wright, report to the Principal's office immediately!" The Principal's loud voice was heard over the public address system...

Ishmael's froze!

"Have I been caught? Has my cover been blown? Did they discover anything over the security Camera's?" Ishmael thought of a million reasons why the Principal was asking him to report immediately to his office...

Ishmael rose up from his chair to go to the Principal's office and surprisingly, Isaac said...

"I am with you!" Isaac said as he walked out of the class with Ishmael...

On getting to the Office, Ishmael saw a strange looking elderly man...

"This is Peter Wright, he was Formerly Ishmael, he is one of the two boys in the school that just joined us and was from a Muslim background...!" The Principal said introducing Ishmael to the old man...

"Peter! This is Mr Henry! He said he met a Muslim man yesterday who was wounded to the point of death. He said the man pleaded with him to please drop a letter to a new student of Saint Mathew's college who was formerly a Muslim! And you are the only one who matches that description since your friend has gone MIA." The Principal said.

While the Principal spoke, Pa Henry watched Ishmael closely. He was a bit surprised at the skin colour of the boy. The wounded man at his house was Arabian, but the boy in front of him was Half-caste tending towards an African American...

"Young man, before I hand over his letter to you, he told me to ask you a question that will confirm to me if you are the right person!" Pa Henry said

Ishmael was confused! Who the wounded man he was referring to!

"He said his name is Amid, but told me to ask you for your Mother's name!"

"Amid?" Ishmael Eye's popped out.

"Yes!"

"Is he alive? I was told he had been...." Ishmael was saying but he stopped himself

"Yes... but he was miraculously saved!" Pa Henry replied with a knowing smile...

Ishmael couldn't believe his ears...

"My Mother's name is Rokibah!" Ishmael said in a hurry hoping it was his Father that sent Him a message...

"Great! You are the person!" Pa Henry said bringing out the letter...

"What is in the letter?" The principal asked Pa Henry

"It was written in Arabic! and I can not read that, even to save my life!" Pa Henry said jokingly

With Shaky hands, Ishmael received the letter. On opening it, he gasped on seeing his Father's Handwriting. Tears of relief flowed down his face...

"My Son,

May Allah be with you! I have been saved. Fareed buried me alive but this old man saved me. Like I told you, not all Christians are evil. This old man is a perfect example. He dug me out of the ground and helped me with my wound. Son, don't do what Fareed has asked you to do. Come with the

Man at once. Once you are with me, I will turn in myself to the authority and expose Fareed and his evil plans. That way we will save your mother!

I love you my son! Come at once!"

Amid

Uncontrollable tears flowed from Ishmael's face... How could he tell his father that things were complicated than what meets the eye...

Ishmael tore the letter and asked for a Paper and Pen from the Principal. With tears flowing he wrote in Arabic;

"My Papa,

I can see that Allah never leaves his truthful servants... I am happy you are alive, but my father I cannot come to you now. Fareed has planted a tracker/bomb in me, I can't leave where I am. If I move out of the premises, he will blow me up. I don't know what he is planning but he has asked me to stay in position to receive further instructions. Pray for me and ask for forgiveness for me... Stay Safe! You can begin a new life... My mother would want you to. If I ever see her again, I will tell her you are alive! Bye my father... May we see each other in paradise!"

Ishmael.

Ishmael handed it over to the old man.

"Thank you sir and please give it to him!" Ishmael said

"The letter was from my father, I believe He also saw the light and for that he was persecuted by the Muslim brethren!" Ishmael said to the principal whose eyes searched for answers... "Oh! Thank God! I believe He is fine!" The principal asked Pa Henry...

"Yes! The last of Him I saw, he was getting better!" Pa Henry said

"Son! Would you like to come and see him?" Pa Henry said because Amid had insinuated that the boy will follow him...

"Not yet! I have told him in the reply that I will see him during the midterm!" Ishmael lied...

"Ok! Son! Let me be on my way!" Pa Henry said as he stood up.

Amid punched the wall beside him after reading the letter!

"You should have forced him sir!" Amid said

"I couldn't!"

"Maybe I need to tell you the whole story!" Amid said

"I am all ears!" Pa Henry said

Roseline's uneasiness had not left her all morning... She kept praying for Isaac...

"God, I pray for my son! He will not make mistakes that will take his life in Jesus name. Isaac Andrews, you will not die but live to declare the works of God in the land of the living. God, I say it is well with my child. The devil will not snatch my son away from me In Jesus name!" Roseline prayed all morning

Ishmael (the original Isaac Andrews) was the one Roseline's prayer was meant for as he was about to be a tool in the hand of the devil. The devil was about to use him...

Ishmael's phone vibrated in his pocket during Science Class...

Ishmael's heart skipped a bit...He stood up immediately and walked straight to the gents. He was so afraid, he didn't ask the teacher for permission.

On getting to the toilet, he read the text that dropped in his phone...

"We are coming into the school tomorrow afternoon by 2 pm for an extraction. Once it is 2 pm, demobilize and power down the security at the gate of the school! We are counting on you! Don't fail!"

To be continued...

PART 30 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

"You mean one of them left?" Peter asked over dinner as Isaac recounted the Ishmael's dilemma.

"And his father also has been persecuted?" Roseline said "What a poor boy! The boy really needs encouragement and love at this time. Isaac make sure you give that to him!" Roseline said

"I would love to see him and give him a few words of encouragement!"

Peter said

"That would be nice dad! Thank you! When you drop me off tomorrow, I will call him out to see you!"

"I would love to come along! My heart goes out to the young boy!" Roseline said and without her knowing why, tears started flowing down...

"Can we say a prayer for him? I am moved to pray for him!" Peter said. He also felt a compassionate side of him expressed himself towards the boy!

The trio stopped their meals and with hands joined together, Peter led the prayer...

"Our Father in Heaven, creator and Maker of all people. We pray for your son Peter Wright that you be with him right now. Strengthen him right now, encourage him in you. Show him that this new way is the right way for him, don't let the devil take advantage of his heartache and weakness at this point. We pray for his father too, that you be with him as well. Keep him safe and sound! We pray for the rest of his family who still need to know your son Jesus Christ, that you enlighten them in Jesus name!"

"Amen!" Roseline & Isaac said.

Roseline couldn't tell, but she knew something had happened to her husband! Probably an encounter!

Rokibah would not sleep, she kept digging the ground in her bedroom. This was a project she started a long time ago but left it at some point. About five years earlier, she planned on creating an underground path from her bedroom to outside the camp. She had started but along the line got discouraged, when Amid cautioned her, telling her Allah was going to bring them out at his own time...Rokibah was determined to get out of the camp. Once she got out, she would go to the Anti-terrorism office immediately, report to the authority. She knew they were experts in bombs. She believed after reporting the case, they would get Ishmael and remove whatever had been planted in him. She would beg for immunity for herself and her son in exchange for information on Fareed.

Rokibah's mind was made up. This gave her the strength to dig more!

"I think the best thing to do is to get you to that school tomorrow. If your son sees you face to face, you maybe able to convince him to follow you. I know an old friend of mine, who served in the military. He specializes in bomb defusing. He was part of the bomb squad that defused suicide jackets worn on suicide bombers. He should be able to help!" Pa Henry said encouraging Amid

"Thank you!"

"All thanks to God!"

"Can I ask you a question?" Amid said

"Doesn't it matter to you that you are helping me? I am a Muslim... and I don't intend converting to Christianity. I am satisfied with the religion!" Amid said

"Your religion is your business, my religion is my business. What matters is for me to uphold my religion in the best way I can. And what my religion commands me to do is if it is possible, as far as it depends on me, I should live at peace with everyone, Romans 12:18. Meaning God demands that I should play my part of living in peace with EVERYONE regardless of tribe or religious differences. Besides, the proof of being a Child of God is that I must be at peace with everyone and should strive to always make my environment be at peace ... Bible tells us in Mathew 5:9 that "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God". So Brother Amid, I can not call myself a Child of God if I can not pursue peace or bring about peace around me..."

"Hmmm.... You are a different kind of Christian, unlike Mr Peter who caused me these 15 years of pain..."

"Forgive and Let go...God our Father, didn't give up on you! For you to know He has you in mind, He brought your image to me so I could rescue you!"

Ishmael laid on the bed unable to sleep. He didn't know what the next day had in store for him...

Barakat; Roseline's sister who had converted to Islam on marrying Said sat on her praying mat praying....

"Father in Heaven, I don't know why my heart goes out to Roseline. I don't know what she is going through, but keep her safe. Watch over everything that concerns her. Don't let the devil have the victory dance over her life. In Jesus name I pray!"

Barakat prayed silently.

Barakat had secretly converted back to Christianity as she was not getting the fullness of the presence of the Holy Spirit in her life. To keep her Marriage and not have a broken home that will affect her children, she stayed with Said as a good wife but in all the Muslim times of prayers she was praying to God, the father of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. She had learnt a hard lesson, that inter-religious marriage was not a good one. She had confided in her daughter, that one could be friends with people of other religions but marriage was a long rope to be avoided as it could cause a lot of issues. Her Muslim daughter had asked her if she could marry a Christian and her Answer was no, if she planned on remaining Muslim all her life, but If she was ready to go the Christian way all her life, then she should marry a Christian...

"For instance, as it is I am not happy that I can not give you a gift that I have, because of your father's religion!" Barakat had told her daughter back then

"What gift?"

"The knowledge of the Holy Spirit... Shakirat, as a Muslim, you don't have the Holy Spirit and this is God being your best friend! If I had married a Christian like me, it would have been easy for me to pass down that knowledge to you, but as it is, You are your father's daughter and I must honour his wishes over you! The best I can do now is to pray for you!"

Barakat had been a secret disciple of Christ like Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus who visited Jesus at night...Barakat on seeing this Scripture gave her courage to seek Jesus back secretly and serve him in the midst of her Muslim family. The scripture was in John 19:38-40

"Later, Joseph of Arimathea asked Pilate for the body of Jesus. Now Joseph was a disciple of Jesus, but SECRETLY because he feared the Jewish leaders. With Pilate's permission, he came and took the body away. He was accompanied by Nicodemus, the man who earlier had visited Jesus at night. Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about seventy-five pounds."

These two Jewish men were secret disciples of Jesus and even when his open disciples like Peter deserted him, these two men were the ones who gave Jesus Christ a befitting burial. Joseph buried Jesus in an expensive tomb, while Nicodemus brought the expensive perfume (myrrh and aloes) for his body...

This Scripture gave Barakat the confidence to seek Jesus back. She became a secret disciple of Jesus, and even anonymously paid her offerings and tithes into ministries that she secretly followed. She would read Christian messages and Christian novels online and would pay her tithe to the ministers. She would read her Bible online...

All these she did secretly...

It was during one of these her secret meetings with Jesus on her praying mat that she had the urge to pray for her sister Roseline and her family.

The burden was strong and throughout the night she groaned in silent prayer like Hannah. She spoke in tongues quietly for over an hour and she kept seeing her sister's lost baby Isaac in flashes...

"Holy Spirit, What are you trying to tell me? Is the first Isaac still alive? And if Yes, do you want my sister to search for him? Or is he in trouble?" Barakat questioned the Holy Spirit silently. When she didn't hear any word from the Holy Spirit, she prayed on in tongues till she got exhausted around 4 am...

To be continued

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INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
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PART 31

"ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Very Early, Peter got a call to get to work earlier than Usual...

"I guess I won't be seeing your friend this morning, I will see him when I come around to pick you up in the afternoon! "Peter said as he jumped into his car

Roseline was the one to drop Isaac off instead, fortunately she had the day off.

On getting to the school, Roseline asked to see Ishmael but Isaac said he wasn't yet in class. The boarders were still having their breakfast.

"Ok, I will hang around, do some shopping till your dad comes around. We will see you both together by then!" Roseline said

"The bomb squad man just called, he said he will be joining us at the school by 2pm. Although, he gave some good news. He said he is not sure of what is inside your son but he doubts if a GPS tracker was inserted in your son. He said he has heard recent developments that there are GPS trackers small enough where they could put it inside of people's body. But the batteries on these things only last 20 days. He said a person would have to have a little charging port hole in the body somewhere where he could charge his GPS every couple days. Not to mention water blocks radio waves and the body is mostly water, but if it was well done, the GPS could have been implanted and the antenna threaded under the skin where water doesn't kill the

signal. This he said ought to take hours of surgery, but he doesn't know if that was the case!"

"So is he saying we can lift him from the school to a safe place where he can remove the bomb?" Amid asked

"Most likely, however he said Body cavity bomb was a rare thing, he said he will be coming with few other experts..." Pa Henry said

"I hope he keeps it low key. Fareed will have his eyes on the school, any government invasion may make Him detonate the bomb..." Amid said very concerned.

Rokibah had dugged all night creating a hole her body could slide into underground that led to outside of the fence. Their house was beside the fence, so it was fast but hard.

At about 6am, she came out of the hole on the other side of the fence... All dirty and Muddy, She ran as fast as her legs could carry her. While she was digging she had fresh clothes and some money in a plastic bag.

On getting out, she inhaled the fresh air of the city. After running far away from the camp for about 15 minutes, she saw a small coffee shop about to open. They were cleaning up for the day.

Rokibah approached the owner begging to use his bathroom... The man after considering her pointed her in the direction of where the bathroom was.

Rokibah knew she had to see her son urgently, but she was scared of blowing his cover. Fareed could detonate the bomb.

Rokibah stood at a far distance from the school with no idea on what she was going to do...

Ishmael's mind was not in that classroom. As each hour passed and drew nearer to 2 pm, his fear mounted. He kept rethinking his stand on what to do...

It was 1:30 pm already and he had gone to the toilet 12 times. His stomach was not settled...

"Isaac Andrews & Peter Wright! Please report to the Principal's office" The ever-charming voice of the principal was heard over the Public Address system.

Ishmael wondered what that was about! Why would the principal call both of them to the office...

With Jelly legs, Ishmael followed Isaac who was beaming with smiles...

Once they were out of the classroom...

"I guess that must be my parents, I told them about you yesterday and they wanted to meet you to encourage you!" Isaac said

Ishmael heaved a sigh of relief, but he hoped the meeting would be brief as the time was already 1:32pm...

"Here, they are! "said the principal

Roseline & Peter turned to face Ishmael.

"Hello, Pet..." Roseline was saying but her tongue got stuck in her throat...

Peter also stood up carefully as he saw a replica of himself looking at him, but a fairer half-caste version of him...

Roseline looked at Peter and back at Ishmael...

"My Son!" Roseline whispered....as she moved closer to Ishmael...

Ishmael also knew something was not right. He kept staring at Peter. He saw himself in Isaac's father...

The Mathematical part of Ishmael's Head Said...

"Did you lose a son 15 years ago at the National Christian University?" Ishmael asked with tears flowing down his face

Peter nodded with tears flowing down his face... He walked closer to Ishmael and touched his face. He had a flashback of Baby Isaac and saw that it was the same boy...

Roseline cried uncontrollably...The Principal was confused as to what was happening.

"Oh my God, I knew it from the first day I saw you... I said you were familiar... That means I was seeing my father's face on you!" Isaac said as tears also found its way down his cheek. It had been his silent prayer for years that his parents find their real son and possibly he also knows who his own parents are...

Peter hugged Ishmael tightly with tears pouring out of his eyes... The long time pain was easing off...He wept for so many reasons. He wept in guilt for the hatred he had nursed in his heart for years for the Muslims not knowing that God had kept his child safe...

Ishmael wept uncontrollably, he couldn't believe what was happening. They didn't need a DNA to prove that this man was his father, he was an exact replica of him.

The principal was still in awe at what was happening, when his intercom rang...

He picked up...

"Yes Stella!"

"Sir, Mr Henry who came here to see you yesterday is here to see you!" Stella said

"Ok! I will be out there in a minute! "The principal decided to step out to give the Andrews and Ishmael sometime...

FEW MINUTES EARLIER

From where Rokibah sat in front of the High school premises, she saw an elderly man alight from a Taxi accompanied by a man who seem to be limping...

"Amid!" Rokibah muttered

The frame of the man looked like her Amid's body frame,

"But Amid is dead!" Rokibah said to herself, but the more she looked at the man, the more positive she felt, he was Amid. She started walking towards the gate, but she couldn't see his face because of his face cap and black shades.

"Amid!" Rokibah shouted as Amid and the elderly man was about to enter the premises...

Amid stopped in his tracks!

"Rokibah!" Amid thought inwardly. The voice sounded like Rokibah's...

Amid turned back and Rokibah almost passed out....

To be continued...

PART 32 "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

Shakib knocked on Fareed's door...

"The buses are here and everything is ready!, We only have 15 minutes Sheikh".

Fareed knocked his senses out with a shot of his secret medication. He had an inner demon, one that troubled him greatly... He had gotten the demon after reading an article written by a strong extremist Jihadist. He read the book when he was 15 years old and the night he finished reading it, he saw a demon appear to him in the form of the writer of the article.

For years, the demonic figure would come out of him on most nights and ask him why he had not done what His destiny demanded of him...

There were days he argued with the strange creature...

"Do I have to kill people?" Fareed asked sometimes when his conscience pricked him

"Yes, That is your destiny! You are to fight for Allah!" The demonic man in form of the writer would reply.

Days when he argued with the figure, he would be tortured in his sleep...

To silence his conscience whenever he wanted to perpetrate evil, he had to inject himself with the over the counter drug in a large overdose which made him very hyper and emotionless.

What he was about to do needed him to have his conscience dead.

They were about to kidnap a whole class at the St Mathew's College, Specifically, Ishmael's class that had the Robert boy who converted his son Fuad... He planned on slaughtering them as a message to the Christian community.

Fareed had promised himself that Robert was going to be the first person he would slaughter. He planned on recording the slaughtering process... He took his head wrap and wrapped it around his head & face to hide his identity....

"Let's be on our way!" They had 40 men fully armed with guns... They were not to kill the students but to frighten the police and the citizens to stay indoors while they perpetuated the evil of kidnapping the students...

"Rokibah hasn't been out of her room all day!" Shakib reported to Fareed as he was about to get into the SUV

"She needs time to mourn her husband, let her be! "Fareed said dismissing Rokibah's Issue.

**

Rokibah hugged Amid tightly. She couldn't believe her Amid wasn't dead...

"What happened?, How? I mean what..." Rokibah said obviously very shaken

"Thanks to Allah who sent Pa Henry to bring me out of where Shakib and Suleiman buried me alive. Rokibah, this is Pa Henry, Pa Henry ... this is my wife; Rokibah"

"Thank you, Sir, thank you for what you have done. May Allah pay you back in full..." Rokibah said in Appreciation to Pa Henry...

- "Amen, All Glory to God!" Pa Henry said
- "How did you get out?" Amid asked Rokibah
- " My unfinished project! My Underground escape route I dug half way. I completed it in 6 hours..."
- " Wow!"
- "Amid, let's get Ishmael and leave this state." Rokibah said

"Yes, But we have a minor problem!" Amid pulled Rokibah as they followed Pa Henry into the Premises...

"The bomb!" Rokibah confirmed

Barakat was on her praying mat. She still had the nudge of the Holy Spirit to Pray for Roseline...

"I speak to you Roseline, Let the Peace of God reign in your heart in Jesus name. Your marriage and Home receives Peace! You will not lose your son. If eradventure, your biological son is still alive, May you find Him in Jesus name" Barakat prayed without anyone hearing her words...

Her husband; Imam Said (the religious leader in their community mosque) passed by her without knowing what she was doing. He believed she was doing one out of the 5 daily prayers. Barakat knew she wanted peace in her home, yet she wanted to serve her Lord, Jesus Christ, so all prayers said were uttered silently like the prayer of Hannah.

While the Principal was at the secretary's office discussing with Pa Henry, Amid and Rokibah, Ishmael looked at the wall clock in the office. It was 1:50 pm... He started sweating profusely...

"You need to leave Sir and Ma, and please take Isaac with you. Something beyond me is about to happen!" Ishmael said with Misty eyes. He had

always hoped to see his birth parents someday and unfortunately when it happened, it was on the wrong day...

"We would love to know you more and possibly meet the good people who raised you! Were they good to you?" Roseline said with tears of Joy still flowing

"I couldn't have asked for better parents..." Ishmael told them in a rush what was happening, exonerating Amid and Rokibah in the story. He insisted they needed to leave immediately.

"If they ought to be here by 2 pm, we only have 5 minutes!" Roseline exclaimed

"Come with us and we will go to the police authority declaring you an unwilling terrorist! I will stand for you! You are my son!" Peter said

"I can't, I told you there is a bomb in my body!" Ishmael said...

The door opened and the Principal walked in with Pa Henry, Amid and Rokibah...

Peter froze as he saw Amid. Amid did likewise. On the other hand, Rokibah saw Isaac and recognition hit her...

"My child!" Rokibah spent more time with the baby back in the days, so she didn't need anyone to tell her the young man before her was her son.

"Papa!" Ishmael ran to hug Amid...

"My Son! " Amid said as he hugged Ishmael but Amid had his eyes on Isaac and Peter...

"Papa, you all need to leave here now! Sheikh will be here any minute! I cannot leave but you all need to leave! Papa, I think these are my birth parents! So I want you all to leave, at least I will be happy in heaven knowing that I met them before I died!" Ishmael said

"No!, we leave together... We have someone, a bomb specialist who will remove it from you! Pa Henry got us someone..." Amid said

Meanwhile, Rokibah couldn't get her eyes off Isaac, then she remembered something.... With careful and hopeful steps, she walked towards Isaac and said

"Please!" Was all she could muster strength to say as she pulled up his shirt from behind...

Isaac was stunned and wanted to move from her, but Roseline nodded her head in agreement....

Carefully, Rokibah pulled his Shirt up and a round black birthmark stood distinctively at Isaac's back...

"Amid!" Rokibah screamed in tears... Her entire body was vibrating....

Amid walked closer to Isaac and the distinctive black birthmark Rokibah always complained about when Ishmael was a baby was replicated on the boy's back...

"You stole my son?" Amid asked Peter after finding his voice...

"Not only did you destroy my life, Not only did you take 15 years of my life, Not only did you have me imprisoned in an evil camp for 15 years wasting away, but you were also the one who stole my son?" Amid said amidst tears, Tears he had held back for 15 years...

"Brother! No, I didn't steal your son! I found him when I was looking for mine, who obviously was with you! I am sorry Mr Amid Roqeeb, I am sorry for what I did to you 15 years ago. It was birthed out of hatred and unforgiveness. I lost my first son, Abraham in a bomb attack by Muslim terrorist! You wouldn't blame me for hating all Muslims after then..." Peter said weeping... "Brother, I am sorry... I am sorry for trying to play God, but isn't it funny that God made me raise the child of my so-called enemy to prove to me that we are not enemies but the devil the usual opportunist is the enemy..." Peter said

Amid wept profusely... Rokibah hugged Isaac as she kept calling him

"My Ishmael!"

Ishmael's phone started ringing ... Fareed was calling Ishmael to demobilize the school security system.

"I need you all to get out of here now! Sheikh Fareed is at the entrance, he wants me to demobilize the school security" Ishmael said

"Principal, I am sorry but something terrible is about to happen, I am sorry for the part I played in it! " Ishmael said to the Principal who became perplexed

"What do you mean?" The principal asked

"A bomb has been inserted in me, and if I do not open the gate of the school, they will detonate the bomb!" Ishmael said

"Jesus!" the principal exclaimed

Amid looked into Ishmael's eyes...

"Ishmael, What I just discovered does not change anything, You are still my son! And I will not let you down! Just listen to me and follow my instructions... You will not open that gate! If he detonates the bomb, I don't mind dying with you, but let us settle this now!" Amid said after which, he walked up to Isaac...

"I am happy I get to see you my son! I am Happy you have been raised rightly, May God be with you!" Amid said kissing Isaac's forehead

Amid walked up to Peter and they hugged each other tightly....

"My brother, I forgive you, but Islam is not the enemy, Islam is also a religion of peace like Christianity. We have a common enemy; Terrorism hosted by madmen wearing the sheep cloths of Islam. Let's fight it together, not fighting ourselves. God has used our lives to mirror the situation... I raised your child and you raised mine... At the end of the day, I am the father of both boys, you also are the father of both boys... So do you think I will want to kill your son that I raised....?" Amid asked Peter

"No, and neither can I kill the Muslim boy I raised in my home as my child. And I also can't kill my biological son that has been raised to be a Muslim..." Peter said

"Isn't God great? Amid, Mr Peter... God just showed you both Who He is... He is the Father of the World... THE CEO of the World. The creator of EVERYONE. To you as a Christian, You See Him as your father but don't forget He is also the creator of your fellow Muslim brothers and Likewise the Muslim who sees God as their creator should not forget that he is also the creator of their Christian brethren even if their views of God are

different. Do you think God the Father, would want to kill any of his children because of his divergent way?" Pa Henry said

The two men shook their head in the negative...

"Glory to God in the Highest and Peace unto the earth.... were the words the Angels said to the Shepherd when they went to announce the birth of Jesus! That is to tell you that what God wants on earth is Peace!" Pa Henry said

Fareed was getting tensed....

"Why is Ishmael not picking his call?" Shakib said

"Maybe He has been caught!" Fareed said

"Should we open fire?" Shakib asked as everywhere was still calm. The 40 men with their guns were seated in the black tinted buses....

"No ... Not yet... Call him again!" Fareed said

"The security men of the school are beginning to look suspiciously at the buses!" Shakib said

"Shakib! Do as I said!" Fareed said angrily. He was feeling weak, his vision was getting blurry. He suspected he had taken too much of the substance...

"He is still not picking!" Shakib said

To be continued

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PART 33 " "ISHMAEL & ISAAC" ©□Opeyemi O. Akintunde

The principal was making some calls already, while the two men Peter and Amid decided to do the right thing...

"Why don't we pray at this time for God's intervention?" Peter said "When there is nothing to do, the best thing to do is to call upon God... As we know God founded the earth and that makes Him in charge. He has the heart of everyone in His hands, Let us pray that He touches the heart of the terrorist to stop this evil, let's pray that he controls the affairs of what is happening now!" Peter said

Amid and Rokibah exchanged looks...

"You don't have to pray like us, Pray to God in the best way you know how to! As long as He hears you! Together let's raise our voice to our Creator!" Peter said to Amid & Rokibah when he noticed their reservation.

Peter held Amid's hand on one hand and together with Ishmael, Isaac, Rokibah, Roseline and Pa Henry they formed a circle and raised their individual voices to heaven.

Ishmael, Amid and Rokibah prayed in their Muslim way.

Isaac, Peter, Roseline & Pa Henry prayed to God through Jesus Christ!

But the prayers were said in one accord together to the God who made the Heavens and Earth...

Shakib knew something was wrong with Fareed!

"Sheikh, are you Okay? If we are not going to gain entrance. I suggest we start going back before the Anti-terrorism squad gets here. We have been here for 15 minutes...." Shakib said but Fareed was hearing and seeing something different....

"Fareed, why are you kicking against pricks, you are only injuring yourself. Why fight against the Christians?"

"They are not serving God in the right way!" Fareed replied

"Yes Fareed, and that is why we are here!" Shakib replied Fareed

Instead Fareed heard a different reply from his mouth...

"Who says Fareed? Who made you a judge! If you do not believe in me as the saviour, Peace be unto you, but don't go attacking those who believe in me unless you will break yourself..."

"Who are you?"

"To you I am Prophet Isa!" Shakib said

"Help me! I am drowning" Fareed replied

"I can only help you if you believe!"

"I believe but I don't want to die like my son!"

"I can forgive but except God has total Mercy on you, Every man must live with the consequences of his actions... You have shed too much blood and for that you lost your own blood, Fuad! There might be other consequences but you will be free from the torment in your soul..."

"I accept the terms...Help me...!" Fareed said

Fareed saw a hand laid upon his heart and black smoke evaporated from his heart... Fareed felt released like a heavy chain had been taken off him... The substance effect cleared off him...

"Shakib!"

"Yes!"

"We can't do this anymore! It is over!" Fareed said laughing. He was filled with Joy!

"What is over?" Shakib asked

"All these! We don't have to shed blood! It's enough!"

"What do you mean? We have come too far to stop!" Shakib said pointing his gun at Fareed..." What has come over you Sheikh? The Christian synopsis has gotten you..." Shakib cocked the gun

A gunshot sound was heard...

Suleiman, who was seated in the SUV with Shakib and Fareed but directly behind Shakib shot Shakib in the head instead!

"Suleiman!" Fareed gasped

"I agree with you! No more bloodshed... Let's serve Allah without the bloodshed..." Suleiman said

"Let's get out of here before the police gets here!" Suleiman said

"Yes! But we need to get Ishmael! I can't leave him there! I killed his father! The greatest consolation I can give to his mother is her son!" Fareed said

"Ok, how do you plan on getting in...?"

Suleiman asked

To answer Suleiman, he dialed the numbers of the drivers of the two buses...

"There has been a change in plans, let everyone head back to the camp....Move now! I will join you at the camp!" Fareed said over the phone

After hanging up and seeing that the buses were moving in obedience, Fareed said to Suleiman...

"I wouldn't want to lose you since you see things the way I do now! Go without me, in case I don't make it back release everyone from the camp and tell them that all the while I had been controlled by a demon!" Fareed said but on a second thought he said

"Give me your phone....!"

Fareed took the phone, and did a video recording of himself saying all that he had experienced. He said if he didn't make it back they all should leave the camp immediately so the government doesn't catch up with them...

"I know the truth, but all the while I have been blinded by the lies I read from that book by that Jihadist... I know that the Quran calls Islam "The ways of peace ..." (Quran: 5:16). It describes reconciliation as the best policy (4:128), and states that God abhors any disturbance of peace (2:205).

The first verse of the Quran breathes the spirit of peace, it reads: "In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate."

Like we know this verse is repeated in the Quran more than 114 times. It shows the great importance Islam attaches to mercy and compassion. One of God's names, according to the Quran, is As-Salaam, which means Peace. Meaning the compassionate God can not ask his people to murder innocent people. Just like late Brotther Amid use to say, that the part of the Quran that Allah tells Mohammad to kill, was in defense, or to kill those who were threats to him, and especially when Muhammmed was in battle during his conquest. Times have changed now and we must change.

Just like the Christians whose forefathers like David fought and killed during battles in the days of old, that time is over. The Christians through Prophet Isa have left the era of war, and have embraced peace and love. Let's not forget that the Quran is a collection of verses which are lines spoken to Muhammad (peace be unto him) by Allah, so a lot of verses were relative to Muhammad's time and conquest. We are no more in that time Prophet Muhammad lived.

Therefore Camp dwellers, It's time to stop the bloodshed. May the peace of Allah be with you!" Fareed said ending the video...

"Move the car ... and drop me off some blocks away!" Fareed said

The driver did exactly that and before Fareed alighted, he hugged Suleiman and kissed him on the forehead...

"Give Shakib a befitting burial. Remember to pray for his soul" Fareed said dropping his scarf on Shakib. The car zoomed off and for the first time in many years he walked freely on the street towards the school. He took in the fresh air of the city....

"They are leaving!" The principal said

The group stopped their prayer and looked into the screen. The CCTV at the entrance captured the buses leaving.

"The Black SUV is where Fareed is. He hasn't left!" Amid said a bit concerned

"He is leaving too!" The principal said..." Maybe he suspects I have alerted the anti-terrorism squad!"

"Fareed is not scared of the anti-terrorism squad! Something else must be happening!" Amid said

"Maybe God is working!" Isaac said..."I mean, we just prayed, don't we believe God can arrest anyone... At least he arrested Paul... No one is too big for God to arrest!"

Heavy silence settled in the room!

The ring of the phone, Fareed gave to Ishmael broke the silence.

Ishmael looked at Amid...

"Pick it up and put it on Speaker!" Amid said

"Hello!" Ishmael said

"Ishmael my son listen to me, I know you may not believe because of the bad things I have done, but for the first time you have ever known me, I will be sincere with you! I have decided to stop all these! Prophet Isa touched my heart. I have sent the people back to the camp and I cannot leave you behind... Your mother would want to see you as her only consolation. I am waiting out here, if you can have faith in me, come and let's go home, but if you cannot trust me, find your way out of here and come take your mother... By the way, there is no GPS in your body, nor a bomb. Shakib only opened your back and stitched it back. It was to create fear in you!" Fareed

said, and everyone was quiet with hope in their eyes that Ishmael was not in any danger.

"Son are you there? I can't stay here for too long in case your school may have suspected something..."

"Yes! Thank you Sheikh Fareed, But I won't need to go back with you to the camp, because by Allah's Miracle, Mama and Papa are here with me already!"

"What do you mean?" Fareed said

Ishmael went to the Window of The Principal's office, alongside Amid and Rokibah with the Phone still on Speaker...

"How?" Fareed said on seeing the Trio

"God!" Amid replied

After a brief moment of silence, Fareed said

"Then I guess my sins are lesser and I can go in peace... Peace be unto you! Truly God is great! It was at a school I picked three of you 15 years ago and now I get to release you at a school 15 years after... I wished I maximized

the time we spent together rightly, but thanks to Allah you are safe! Bye Ishmael, Bye Rokibah, Bye Amid!" Fareed said and right before the trio they saw Fareed leave the entrance of the school walking away... At the same time a convoy of Anti-terrorism vans drove towards the school...Amid watched as Fareed passed by them...

"Should we alert them about him?" Ishmael asked

"No!, Who are we to punish a man who God has not punished. If God wants Him caught, Let Him do it His way. Let's stop fighting for God!"..... Peter said....

To be continued...

To follow up on this series, Follow the author on Facebook @ OPEYEMI OJERINDE AKINTUNDE-OFFICIAL Feel free to share this series, but please do not edit out the credit of the author and details. Let's be mindful of others.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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EPILOGUE

10 years later

A beautiful double wedding was going on in the beautiful Hall of Love College. After the beautiful reunion of Amid & Peter at the St. Mathews College, a deep friendship blossomed between the two with each person respecting each other's religious preference. With their academic excellence and love for teaching, they both established a Private college that accommodated all students regardless of their ethnicity or religion.

It therefore, was a day of Joy for both fathers. Everyone was present! The event had Two Parents of the Groom. Peter & Roseline, Amid and Rokibah.

Barakat and Her Husband were present as well. Farouq and Shuba were present too. Years back, Ishmael had been introduced to Charity and Isaac's Muslim friend; the new girl who moved to their neighbourhood and together they had grown to be best of friends.

That friendship blossomed to the point of them getting married on the same day. Isaac to Charity and Ishmael to Nabila.

Roseline was happy, but somewhere in her heart she still had a reservation... She wished her biological son, Ishmael knew Jesus! To her she knew, Jesus was the Only Way.

"The Mother of Two Grooms on one day! What's on your mind?" Barakat said from behind her.

Roseline turned with a smile, just the right person she needed to speak with... Her Sister who was a Muslim before everyone, but a secret disciple of Jesus!

"As happy as I am with the peace between the two religions, I wish my son could meet Jesus and enjoy the benefits that comes with it; like the gift of the HolySpirit. I wish he could know Jesus for Who He really is! Not the half-knowledge he has!" Roseline said

"Roseline! You have done your part of seeking peace as instructed by God, Why don't you leave God to do His Part of Convicting the souls of men! He convicted me personally and I am a secret disciple of Jesus! I still pray for everyone around me for that same grace to know Jesus, but while we Pray let us leave God to answer the prayer. Stop worrying sister... Quit playing God, and Let God be God! He has the heart of everyone in his hands, if He wants Ishmael and his parents Converted to Christianity, He will do it in His time... Let God have His Way and you do your part of following peace with all men. Because Actually, my Bible tells me that "Following peace with all men mixed with holiness qualifies you to see the Lord" check it out in your Bible Hebrews 12;14. Peace among humans is very important to God, and Peace is a product of tolerance. Keep tolerating your son and His Parents as instructed by God and Leave God to do the rest as He pleases, Don't Play God, My sister" Barakat the secret disciple of Jesus said.

THE END!

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR AS INSPIRED BY GOD....

I believe this story must have passed a strong message to you regardless of what religion you belong to... GOD IS LOVE, and those that claim to serve God must love their neighbours and pursue peace with ALL men.

By the Grace of God, I, Mrs Opeyemi Akintunde, is a Christian and I believe that Jesus is the son of God, but that does not make me hate or think less of anyone who thinks otherwise.

God bless you as we All live in PEACE, LOVE and TOLERANCE.

GOD IS THE CREATOR OF ALL.

Therefore, has this story impacted you? and you really want to know Jesus in the full capacity of who He is, or do you want to know God better?. I am not a Muslim, so I won't be able to teach you the way to God through Islam, but I know the way to God through Jesus Christ. Therefore, to be a friend of Jesus and Enjoy the Presence of the Holy Spirit in your life, please say this prayer attached...

"Our Heavenly Father, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Creator of EveryOne and Everything in this World, I desire to know you More. I accept Jesus your Son, as my Lord and Saviour, Who was born of the Virgin Mary and died for My sins, I believe in Him. Therefore Lord, give me a new heart devoid of hate, imtolerance and gift me the Presence of the Holy Spirit, in Jesus Name I Pray. Amen"

God bless you and Congratulations. To grow in the Christian faith, join any Bible Believing Church around you, get Christian books, Novels and Messages that will help you on this Journey. Much love to you.

Signed

Mrs Opeyemi Akintunde

Daughter of the Most High God

Believer of Christ.

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

And for your free gift of Love to her and the ministry in other to publish or produce more of these lifechanging stories and movies, your gifts are welcomed in cash and Kind...

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OTHER DEEP THOTS NOVELS ARE:

- THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401
- ISOKENE (STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
- STEPPING INTO MAGGIES'S SHOE
- TEACHER CHUKS",
- HIM, HER & I (A Love Triangle)
- MY FATHER'S FARMLAND
- I AM PRSIDENT MAMUD
- GHOST RUN
- LIFE IN VENE-AH
- PEMISIRE
- THE SCIENTIST'S GOD
- I LOVE YOU BUT......
- THE FLIES ON MY ORANGE
- PAPA LOVES HIS GIRLS
- KING MEMUCAN OF JADDAH
- THE LIGHT HOUSE SQUAD etc

Please feel free to send the testimonies of how this story has helped your life and Marriage to **deepthotsonline@gmail.com** or **WhatsApp** +2348151103646 or drop them in the comment section of her Facebook post.

MOST IMPORTANTLY: Please feel free to keep Sharing the free stories as a tool of Evangelism as we have been receiving Testimonies from people Over their lives and Marriages and we return all *Glory to GOD*, but PLEASE DON'T EDIT out any part of this post, that is, both the story line and this information that has been attached to it.

Remember the Law of Sowing and Reaping in all that you do,

"Be not deceived; GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (Gal 6:7)"

DEEP THOTS (Of the LORD)

Totally Inspired by REVELATION from the MOST HIGH
Written by OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE (née Ojerinde) Facebook@
Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
PEACE!!!!!

NOTE: Biblical & Quranic texts source from Online sources.

ABOUT THE BOOK



Amid(Muslim) and Peter(Christian) found themselves in the same university when their country was going through a phase; Religion intolerance...

They both made mistakes that led to a ripple of terrible events that strengthened the hate between the two religions...

Consequently, they both lost what was most valuable to them. In a bid to recover what they both had lost from a common enemy, Sheikh Fareed. A union had to be formed...

Read ISHMAEL & ISAAC, the story of the Father of two divergent sons....

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PEYEMI AKINTUNDE is a media enthusiast;
A Writer, Film Director and Film Editor.
A Graduate Of Mass Communication From
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She Is The Founding President Of DEEP THOTS MINISTRY
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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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