



BENITA

SEASON 2

(A POWERFUL CHRISTIAN NOVEL SERIES)

—> WRITTEN BY <—
ANTHONY IJERE

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EPISODE SEVEN

The Food That Never Reached Her Mouth

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THE FOOD THAT NEVER REACHED HER MOUTH



"Lord, deliver her from wrong friends. Anyone who wants to destroy her destiny, expose them."

Benita's rising influence in the drama ministry had begun to create a problem that she did not know existed. The more people celebrated her, the more uncomfortable some people became.

At first, it was only little things. A whisper here, a suspicious look there, and a rehearsal where someone suddenly became quiet whenever Benita entered the room. There were people who genuinely loved her and were happy about what

God was doing through her, but there were also others who felt that her arrival had stolen something from them.

Three people were particularly unhappy. Their names were Rita, Cynthia, and Daniel.

Rita had been one of the strongest actresses in the drama ministry before Benita joined and had been used to receiving compliments after almost every presentation. Cynthia was also talented and had been part of the ministry for years, often taking leading roles. Daniel was one of the male actors and had also been highly regarded.

But things had changed. Whenever people talked about the drama ministry, they talked about Benita. Whenever another church invited them, someone would ask, "Is Benita coming?" Whenever a new

drama was being prepared, people wanted to know what Benita had written, and whenever she acted, the congregation responded.



BEHIND THE CHURCH BUILDING

One afternoon, the three of them sat behind the church building after rehearsal. The evening breeze moved gently through the trees, but there was nothing peaceful about the conversation.

Rita folded her arms. "I am tired."

Cynthia looked at her. "Tired of what?"

"Everything."

Daniel glanced around. "Lower your voice."

Rita scoffed. "Why should I lower my voice? Are we talking about something illegal?"

Daniel gave her a warning look. "Just be careful."

Cynthia leaned forward. "It is true. Things have changed since Benita came."

Rita laughed bitterly. "Changed? She has taken over everything."

Daniel nodded. "Before she came, people knew who the good actors were."

Cynthia added, "Now, every programme is Benita, Benita, Benita."

Rita's face tightened. "They even call her Drama Queen." She laughed sarcastically. "Drama Queen."

Cynthia shook her head. "I heard somebody say yesterday that without Benita, the drama ministry would not be where it is today."

"That is what annoys me," Rita said.

Daniel remained quiet. Rita looked at him.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"You agree with us."

Daniel sighed. "I agree that things have changed."

"Then what are we going to do?"

There was silence. Rita looked at both of them.

"We have to remove her."

Cynthia's eyes widened. "Remove her how?"

Rita looked at her. "She has to stop acting."

Daniel frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I said."

Cynthia shook her head. "Rita, don't talk like that."

"Why?"

"Because what you are saying is dangerous."

Rita leaned back. "I am not asking anyone to do anything yet. I am only saying that if she continues like this, none of us will ever shine again."

Daniel looked at the ground. Then Rita said something that made the other two become completely silent.

"Why don't we kill her?"

Cynthia immediately stood up. "Are you mad?"

Daniel looked at her sharply. "No. We cannot do that."

Rita laughed. "Why are you both afraid?"

"Because murder is murder," Daniel said.

Cynthia nodded. "We cannot kill somebody because she is doing well."

Rita remained silent for a moment. Then Cynthia spoke.

"But there may be another way."

Rita looked at her. "What way?"

"We don't have to kill her."

Daniel looked at Cynthia. "Then what are you suggesting?"

Cynthia lowered her voice. "Make her sick."

Rita stared at her. "How?"

"Something that will affect her health."

Daniel frowned. "Like what?"

"Something that will make her weak. Something that will stop her from acting."

Rita's expression slowly changed. "You mean..."

Cynthia nodded. "If she becomes seriously ill, she will not be able to continue."

Daniel looked uncomfortable. "For how long?"

"As long as we want."

Rita smiled slowly. "And if something affects her legs?"

Cynthia nodded. "Then she cannot act."

Daniel looked at both women. "This is getting serious."

Rita leaned closer. "We either allow her to take everything from us, or we do something."

Daniel remained silent. Finally, he nodded. "Okay."

The decision was made. None of them understood the seriousness of what they had just agreed to do.

A few days later, they went to a herbalist. The man listened to their request and gave them something that was supposed to be mixed into food. They paid him and left.

Their opportunity came sooner than expected. A birthday celebration was coming up in the church. The drama ministry had been invited to minister. There would be food, dancing, and celebration, and most importantly, Benita would be there.

They planned everything.

"None of them understood the seriousness of what they had just agreed to do."



A MOTHER'S PRAYER FROM A HOSPITAL
BED

On the morning of the programme, Benita woke up feeling unusually happy. She stood before her mirror, adjusted her clothes, and smiled at herself.

"Today will be beautiful."

She picked up her phone. For a moment, she remembered her mother. She had still not heard from her. She had called several times, but Evelyn had refused to answer. Benita's heart tightened.

"Where is Mummy?" She tried the number again, but there was no answer. She sighed. "I will call again later."

What Benita did not know was that her mother was lying on a hospital bed. Mrs. Evelyn was weak, with an intravenous line running from her hand to a hanging bag of fluid. Her face looked tired, but her eyes were still focused. She lifted her hand weakly.

"Lord, please protect my daughter." She paused to catch her breath. "Wherever Benita is today, let Your hand be upon her." Tears rolled down her face. "Save her from wicked people. Save her from bloodthirsty people. Deliver her from every evil attack." She closed her eyes. "Lord, deliver her from wrong friends. Anyone who wants to destroy her destiny, expose them. Keep my daughter safe. Amen."

The nurse who was checking her drip looked at her. "Ma, you need to rest."

Mrs. Evelyn nodded. "I will." But she kept praying silently. She did not know that, at that very moment, her daughter was walking into a situation where prayer would become her greatest protection.

***"Lord, deliver her from wrong friends.
Anyone who wants to destroy her
destiny, expose them. Keep my daughter
safe."***

— MRS. EVELYN



THE FIRST ATTEMPT

The birthday celebration was lively. Music filled the compound, people laughed and took pictures, and the drama team prepared backstage. Benita was smiling.

"Are we ready?"

Daniel nodded. "Very ready."

Rita smiled. "Of course."

Cynthia looked at Benita. "You look beautiful today."

"Thank you."

Rita looked away.

The drama began and Benita performed exceptionally well. She moved confidently, her expressions were natural, and her voice carried emotion. The audience laughed when they were supposed to laugh and became quiet when the story became serious. At the end, applause filled the compound.

Someone shouted, "Drama Queen!"

Benita laughed and bowed. "Thank you!"

Behind her smile, three people exchanged a look. Rita looked at Cynthia, and Cynthia looked at Daniel. It was the signal.

After the performance, food was brought for the drama team. Rita was responsible for welfare. She carried the food, looked around to ensure nobody was watching closely, and quietly moved toward a corner. Her hands trembled slightly as she opened Benita's portion and added what they had obtained. She closed it and returned.

She handed it to Benita. "Here you go."

Benita smiled. "Thank you."

Rita smiled back. "You're welcome."

Cynthia and Daniel watched from a distance. Their eyes met. Everything was going according to plan.

Benita reached for the food, but just as she was about to sit down, someone accidentally slipped.

"Ah!" The person crashed into Benita and the plate flew from her hand. Food scattered across the ground. Benita stared at the mess and her face changed.

"What did you do?"

The young man immediately apologized. "I'm sorry! I'm very sorry."

"You poured my food!"

"I'm sorry."

"You should be careful!"

"I didn't mean to."

Benita was still angry. Rita, Cynthia, and Daniel were horrified. Their plan had failed. The poisoned food was lying on the ground. Daniel clenched his teeth. Cynthia stared at the floor. Rita was furious.

Benita picked up her bag. "I'm going home."

Rita quickly said, "Benita, wait. We can get you another one."

"No. I have lost my appetite." She walked away.

The three conspirators followed the young man who had accidentally knocked the food away. Daniel grabbed him.

"Why did you do that?"

The young man looked confused. "Do what?"

"You poured the food."

"I told you it was an accident."

Rita grabbed his arm. "You should be careful!"

The young man looked from one face to another and shook his head. "These people are strange." He walked away.



THE SECOND ATTEMPT

Two days later, the drama ministry had another programme. Again, Benita ministered and the performance was excellent. Again, people applauded. The three conspirators watched her with frustration.

After the programme, food was served and Benita collected hers.

"I will take mine home."

Rita immediately objected. "Don't take it home."

Benita looked at her. "Why?"

"It may spoil."

Cynthia nodded. "Yes. This kind of food does not last long."

Daniel added, "Just eat it here."

Benita looked at the food. "Okay." She sat down, opened it, and picked up a spoon. The three people watched her. Benita scooped the food and the spoon moved toward her mouth. Rita's heart raced, Cynthia held her breath, and Daniel stared.

Benita was about to eat. Then her phone rang. She stopped and looked at the screen. Her eyes widened.

"Mummy?"

It was the first time in days that she had seen her mother's number calling her. She quickly answered, her voice filled with excitement.

"Hello, Mummy! How are you? Where have you been? I have been calling you!"

Her mother's weak voice came through. "Benita..."

"Mummy, where are you?"

"I am in the hospital."

Benita immediately stood. "What?"

"I have been on drip for some days."

Benita's face changed. "Drip?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did not want to worry you."

"Which hospital?"

Her mother told her. Benita stood up immediately.

"I am coming." She ended the call.

Rita looked at her. "Where are you going?"

"My mother is in the hospital." She picked up her bag. "I have to go." She left.

The three conspirators remained seated. Cynthia whispered, "Again?"

Daniel shook his head. "How did she escape?"

Rita clenched her fist. "Can God just leave her alone for once?"

Daniel looked at her. "Maybe God is protecting her."

Nobody answered.

***"Can God just leave her alone for once?
Maybe God is protecting her."***



MUMMY, I'M SORRY

Benita hurried to the hospital. When she entered the ward, she saw her mother lying on the bed and her heart sank.

"Mummy."

Evelyn looked up. "Benita."

She rushed to her mother's side. "Mummy, what happened?"

"Nothing serious."

"Nothing serious? You have been here for days!"

Her mother smiled weakly. "I am fine."

Benita sat beside her and held her hand. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For everything."

Evelyn looked at her. Benita's eyes filled with tears. "You were right."

Her mother smiled faintly. "About what?"

"Those men."

Evelyn became quiet. Benita continued, "Three of the five men who sent me money have been asking me to come to their houses. I refused."

"Good."

"I remembered what you told me."

Evelyn squeezed her hand. "I was only trying to protect you."

"I know." Benita began crying. "I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you."

Evelyn wiped her tears. "Come here." Benita leaned toward her and her mother hugged her. "I forgive you."

They held each other for a long time. The quarrel that had lasted for days finally ended.

For the next day, Benita remained in the hospital. She helped her mother, they talked, laughed, and remembered old stories. At one point, Benita smiled.

"Mummy, do you remember when you used to complain that I could not stay in one ministry?"

Evelyn laughed. "How can I forget?"

"You almost thought I would become everything except what God wanted."

Her mother laughed. "Even me, I did not know what God was doing."

They both laughed.



A DREAM BEGINS

The following day, Evelyn was discharged and they returned home together. That night, Benita was exhausted. She changed into her night clothes and lay down while her mother had already gone to bed. The house was quiet.

Benita closed her eyes and thought about everything that had happened. The money, the quarrel, her mother's disappearance, the hospital, the strange men, and the drama ministry all seemed to be happening at the same time. She turned on her bed and whispered, "Lord, please guide me." She closed her eyes again and slowly fell asleep with her head resting on the pillow.

And that night, Benita began to dream.



END OF EPISODE SEVEN

"She closed her eyes again and slowly fell asleep with her head resting on the pillow. And that night, Benita began to dream."

WATCH OUT FOR THE NEXT EPISODE

WRITTEN BY
ANTHONY IJERE

t.me/anthonyijere