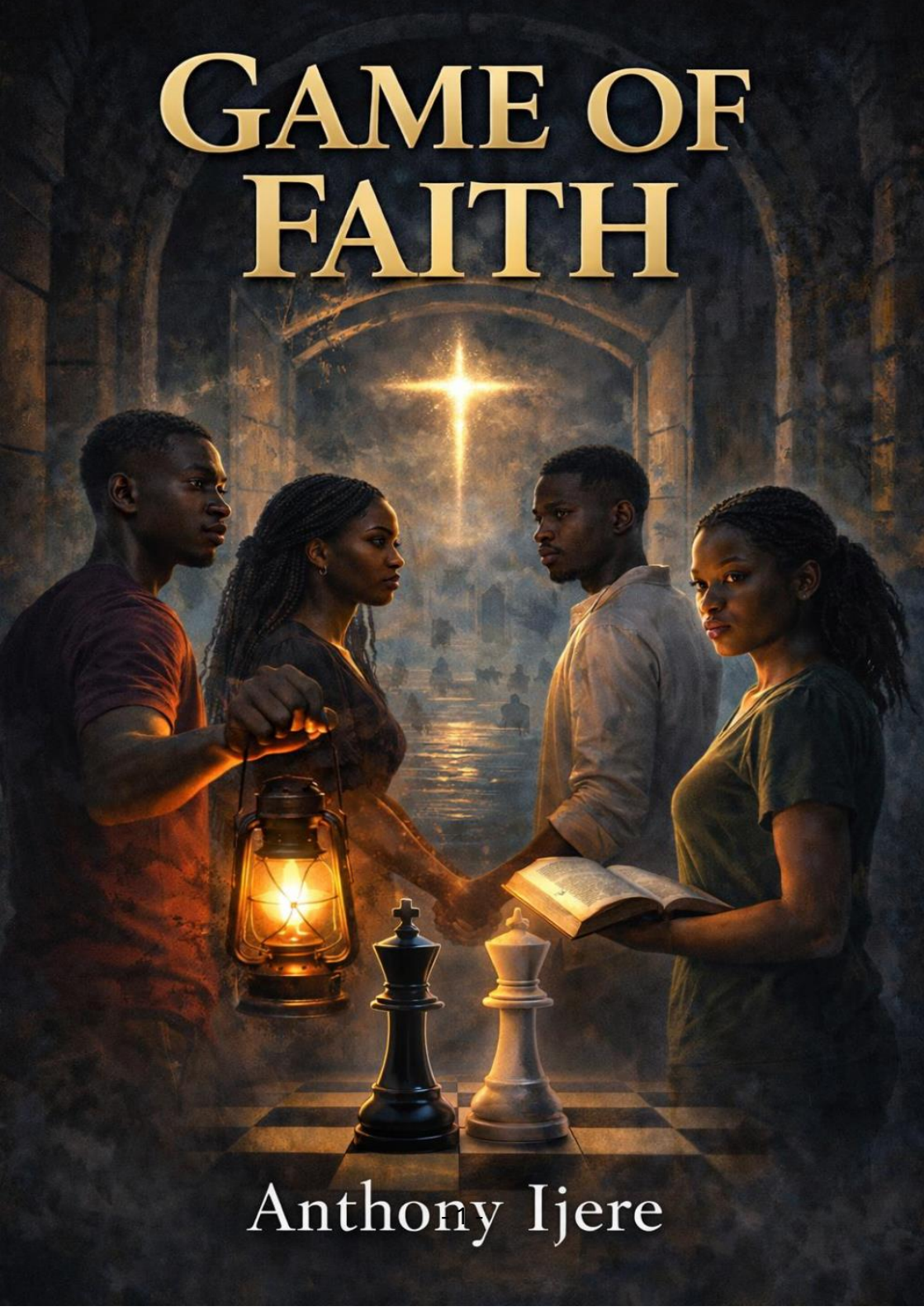
GAME OF FAITH



Anthony Ijere

BOOKS BY ANTHONY IJERE

SHADOWS AT MIDNIGHT
TWELVE HOURS
ALTARS IN THE DUST
SHOW ME MERCY
QUENCH THE FIRE
MINISTER ELIAS PART 1
MINISTER ELIAS PART 2
MINISTER ELIAS PART 3
BLOOD COVENANT
SPIRITUAL SENSATIONS
GAME OF FAITH
CHAINS OF GRACE
PRAYING INTO GREATNESS

GAME OF FAITH

Copyright © 2026 by Anthony Ijere

All rights reserved. Written permission must be secured from the author to use or reproduce any part of this book, except for brief quotations in critical reviews or articles.

Published in Nigeria by
Anthony Ijere
Ahoada, Rivers State, Nigeria.

| DEDICATION

To all young hearts who dare to trust God in the face of fear, to those who seek courage when life seems impossible and to every believer who walks by faith and not by sight.

This story is for you.

| ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I give all glory and honour to God Almighty, the Author of life and the Source of all courage, wisdom, and strength. Without His guidance, this journey of imagination and faith would not have been possible.

I am deeply grateful to my family, whose prayers and encouragement sustained me through the long nights of writing. To my friends and colleagues who provided support, feedback, and motivation, I say thank you.

Special appreciation goes to the youths of Nigeria and Uganda, whose resilience, hope, and faith inspired this story. May their lives continue to reflect the power of perseverance, prayer, and unity.

Lastly, to every reader who picks up this book: may you be challenged, inspired, and strengthened in your own journey of faith.

| PROLOGUE

In the bustling streets of Lagos, the quiet villages of Northern Nigeria, and the forests of Uganda, young men and women live ordinary lives—until an extraordinary challenge calls them together.

Some walk by faith without knowing it. Some stumble in doubt. Some face danger in ways they never imagined.

This is a story of courage tested by fire, wisdom challenged by riddles, faith stretched across impossible rivers, and unity demanded under deadly pressure.

In these pages, you will meet Tunde, Amaka, and a group of youths who are called to more than a game. They are called to discover the depth of faith, the strength of prayer, and the power of unity.

Step carefully, pray fervently, and walk with courage. The trials await.

Tunde

The Lagos sun had barely risen, but Tunde was already in the small church hall, arranging chairs for the youth Bible study. His brow glistened with sweat, not from the heat but from excitement. Today, he was to lead a discussion on faith in action.

“Good morning, everyone,” he greeted, smiling at the small group of teenagers. “Today, we talk about trusting God when the path isn’t clear. Proverbs 3:5–6 says, ‘Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight.’”

One of the youths, a bright-eyed girl named Joy, asked, “But Tunde, what if we feel scared or unsure? What if we feel like God isn’t answering?”

Tunde leaned forward. “That’s when faith is tested. Remember Daniel in the lion’s den? He trusted God even when everything seemed impossible. That’s the kind of faith we aim for.”

Chika

In Enugu, Chika was juggling her laptop and camera, finishing an article for her blog on local heroes. Her apartment overlooked the bustling streets, alive with traders shouting, children laughing, and the occasional honk of a car horn.

“Honestly, I don’t know why I keep chasing stories about other people’s courage,” she muttered, snapping a photo of a street musician. “I should be braver myself.”

Her roommate, Ifeoma, laughed. “Bravery isn’t about never being afraid. It’s about doing what’s right, even when you are.”

Chika paused, considering her words. “Maybe God’s trying to teach me something through this,” she whispered, glancing at her Bible on the table.

Amaka

In Port Harcourt, Amaka knelt by her bed, eyes closed, hands folded. The morning sunlight fell gently on her prayer journal.

“Lord, give me wisdom today,” she prayed softly. “Help me to see Your path and hear Your voice clearly. Help me overcome doubt.”

Her mother knocked gently on the door. “Breakfast is ready, dear.”

Amaka smiled, opening her eyes. “Thanks, Mama. Just a minute.”

Her intuition often guided her, but she sometimes feared she might misinterpret God’s voice. Today, she felt a quiet peace, a small whisper in her heart telling her something big was coming.

Samuel

In Abuja, Samuel jogged along the quiet streets, earbuds in, listening to a sermon on perseverance. His thoughts wandered as he considered his skepticism.

“Faith seems easy to preach about,” he muttered, “but to live it every day… that’s harder. Especially when the world doesn’t make sense.”

He stopped at a small park, watching children play. A verse from James 1:12 came to mind: Blessed is the one who perseveres under trial, because, having stood the test, that person will receive the crown of life.

“Maybe it’s not about understanding everything,” he murmured. “Maybe it’s about trusting anyway.”

Ngozi

In Onitsha, Ngozi was in her medical lab, carefully examining slides under a microscope. Her friend, Ada, leaned over. “Ngozi, you’re always so serious. Don’t you ever relax?”

Ngozi smiled without looking up. “I relax by doing my work well. But I do pray too, you know.” She set down her slides and opened her Bible. “Psalm 46:1—‘God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble.’ If He’s with me here, I can handle anything.”

Ada shook her head. “You’re intense. But I like that about you.”

| CHAPTER 2

The Invitation

It started with a simple ping on their phones. Tunde was finishing breakfast when his phone buzzed. A notification from an unfamiliar app popped up:

"You are invited to participate in the Christian Challenge Games, Kampala, Uganda. Grand reward awaits the winner. Confirm your attendance."

He frowned, then tapped the screen. "This… looks serious. But something tells me God wants me to go." He whispered a quick prayer: Lord, guide me if this is from You. Give me wisdom to discern the path.

***

Meanwhile, Chika's phone buzzed as she packed her camera bag. "Huh… Uganda?" she muttered. "Christian games… with a reward? Could be interesting." She showed her roommate, Ifeoma.

"If it's God, you'll know," Ifeoma said, teasingly. "Just don't go chasing prizes for the wrong reasons."

Chika laughed. "Right. Faith first, fame second."

***

Amaka was praying when her phone chimed. She opened the message, eyes widening.

“Lord… is this Your plan?” she whispered, her hands trembling slightly. “If it is, I trust You.” She sent her confirmation immediately.

***

Samuel read his invitation skeptically. “Christian challenge games… Uganda… reward? Sounds like a scam,” he muttered. But something in his heart nudged him. Maybe this is the test I’ve been looking for… a chance to actually live faith.

***

Ngozi’s phone buzzed while she finished an anatomy lecture. She read the message aloud: “A Christian game in Uganda… a reward… hmm.” She chuckled, shaking her head. “Well, God, if You want me there, I’ll go.”

The Airport Meeting

The day of departure arrived. At Murtala Muhammed International Airport in Lagos, Tunde waited near the boarding gate, scanning the crowd. Soon, he noticed a

group of young people, each carrying light luggage, looking equally curious and nervous.

Chika spotted Tunde first. “Hey, are you also going to Uganda for the challenge games?” she asked, grinning.

Tunde nodded, smiling. “Yes. Tunde. And you?”

“Chika. Enugu. Looks like we’re not alone after all.”

Amaka arrived next, bowing slightly in greeting. “I’m Amaka, from Port Harcourt. God willing, we’ll meet in a good way.”

Samuel and Ngozi introduced themselves, and soon the group was laughing, joking, and swapping stories about how they received the invitations.

“I almost thought this was a scam,” Samuel admitted, “but seeing you all makes it feel… real.”

Tunde laughed. “Well, faith is about trusting God even before we understand the full plan.”

Flight fun

During the flight, the youths bonded quickly. Chika pulled out her camera. “Group photo!”

They posed, laughing, their excitement breaking through initial nerves.

Amaka leaned toward Tunde. “Do you think God is really behind this?”

“Absolutely,” Tunde replied. “I feel like He’s preparing us for something bigger.”

Samuel, still half-skeptical, muttered, “I hope this ‘something bigger’ doesn’t include lions or fire…”

Chika rolled her eyes. “Relax, Samuel. Faith first. Fun later.”

They spent hours sharing stories: favorite Bible verses, childhood memories, and dreams for the future. By the time the plane touched down in Kampala, they felt like friends who had known each other for years.

Arrival and Orientation

At the airport, a sleek black van awaited. The group climbed in, their curiosity mounting. The driver handed each of them a small tablet with instructions:

“Welcome to the Christian Challenge Games. Your faith, wisdom, and courage will be tested. Pray before every decision, trust God’s guidance, and work

together. Only the faithful will survive. First briefing at the venue."

The youths exchanged nervous glances, but excitement sparked in their eyes.

Amaka whispered a prayer: Lord, let Your will be done. Strengthen us for what lies ahead.

Tunde nodded. "Remember, it's not just a game. It's a test of faith."

Chika smiled, adjusting her camera. "Let the adventure begin."

By the time they reached the venue - a sprawling, mysterious compound on the outskirts of Kampala - the air was thick with anticipation. They were about to enter a challenge that would test not just their minds and bodies, but their very souls.

| CHAPTER 3

The First Trial

The venue was larger than any of them had imagined. Towering walls of dark stone rose around a courtyard filled with strange structures: rooms with locked doors, puzzles etched on the walls, and obstacles that seemed almost alive.

A voice, calm yet commanding, echoed from hidden speakers:

“Welcome, participants. You have been chosen not only for your intellect and courage, but for your faith. The Christian Challenge Games will test your mind, your heart, and your spirit. Only those who trust in God and rely on His wisdom will survive. Pray, discern, and work together.”

Tunde glanced at the others. “Remember, the goal is not just to win, but to honor God in the process.”

Amaka nodded. “Let’s pray before we start.”

They bowed their heads, and in unison whispered: Lord, guide our hearts, protect us from deception, and show us Your way.

Instructions

The tablet each of them had been given lit up. It displayed the rules:

1. Each room contains a challenge that tests faith, wisdom, and courage.
2. Scripture may hold clues; pray for understanding.
3. Failure to follow God's guidance may result in elimination.
4. Only two survivors will leave the games.

Chika tapped her tablet. "Wow… this is intense. It's like a spiritual escape room."

Samuel muttered, "I hope the elimination part doesn't mean… actual harm."

Tunde smiled reassuringly. "The first test is always the easiest. It's designed to show who's relying on God and who's relying on themselves."

The Trial of Wisdom

The group entered a room where a large, locked chest sat in the center. On the wall, a riddle was carved:

“I am hidden in plain sight, yet only those who seek with faith can find me. I am the light that guides, the rock that stands, the truth that sets free. What am I?”

Chika frowned. “It sounds… metaphorical.”

Amaka whispered, “Let’s think scripture. ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life.’ John 14:6.”

Samuel crossed his arms. “So the answer is… Jesus?”

Tunde nodded. “Yes. But how do we open the chest?”

Amaka closed her eyes and prayed softly, “Lord, guide our hands to follow Your path.”

When they spoke the answer aloud together “Jesus” the chest clicked open. Inside were scrolls with instructions for the next room and small tokens engraved with Proverbs 3:5-6.

Chika clapped her hands. “This is actually amazing! We’re learning scripture while solving puzzles!”

Tunde smiled. “And the first test shows something important: when we rely on God, solutions become clear.”

A Test of Courage

The next room was a narrow corridor lined with shallow pools of water. The floor glowed faintly, but some tiles were marked with scripture references, while others had cryptic symbols.

A voice echoed:

“Step wisely. Trust God to guide your path. One false step will result in elimination.”

Samuel gulped. “I don’t like the sound of that.”

Tunde reminded him, “Psalm 37:23 says, ‘The Lord directs the steps of the godly.’ We step in faith, not fear.”

Carefully, each youth prayed and stepped on the tiles that resonated with scripture. Amaka whispered encouragements to those hesitant.

Halfway through, Chika nearly stepped on a wrong tile, but Tunde grabbed her hand. “Trust God. Look for the truth in His Word.”

They all made it across safely, but the room had separated them slightly, testing their unity under pressure.

After the first two rooms, the group gathered, exhausted but exhilarated.

“Notice how each challenge pushed us to rely on God, not just our brains,” Amaka said softly.

Chika smiled. “Yeah. And it’s fun learning the scriptures while surviving!”

Samuel nodded slowly. “I admit… I’m starting to see the value of faith beyond theory.”

Tunde placed a hand on his shoulder. “Remember, each challenge will get harder. But as long as we pray, trust God, and support one another, we’ll endure.”

The voice returned:

“Prepare yourselves. The true trials begin soon. Only the faithful shall endure.”

The youths exchanged determined looks. This was no ordinary game. It was a test of courage and only those who trusted God completely would survive.

| CHAPTER 4

Trial of Endurance

The corridor beyond the last door was pitch black, save for faint glimmers of icy blue along the walls. As the youths stepped forward, the temperature dropped sharply, and their breaths became visible, clouds of mist swirling around their feet. A chill ran down their spines, and a voice, calm but firm, echoed through the darkness:

“Blessed is the one who perseveres under trial, for at the end, they shall receive the crown of life. — James 1:12. Carry your burden. Endure. Only those who rely on faith shall reach the light.”

Tunde’s teeth chattered, though he tried to appear composed. “Stay close, everyone. Don’t let fear cloud your judgment.”

Amaka wrapped her arms around herself, shivering. “This… this is so cold. I don’t even know if I can move forward.”

“Step slowly. Pray as you go,” Tunde encouraged. “God gives strength to the weary. Psalm 46:1 says He

is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble."

Before them lay a stack of wooden crosses. They were heavy, cold, and rough, splintering slightly under the grip. The floor ahead was slick with frost, and uneven tiles threatened to send them sliding at every step.

"Carry one of these across the room," the voice instructed. "Do not rush. Only those who endure may proceed. Remember, the burden is light for the faithful, heavy for the self-reliant."

Samuel grimaced as he hefted a cross. "Are you kidding me? This is like… some kind of twisted Christian boot camp!"

Chika muttered under her breath, "If it's a test, God, please give us more than just hands and feet—give us wisdom."

The first few steps were treacherous. Each tile they stepped on glowed faintly with scripture references. Stepping on the wrong tile triggered small shocks of icy wind, knocking them off balance. It wasn't lethal, but the chill made them stumble and hesitate.

Amaka faltered almost immediately. "I… I can't!" Her hands shook as she struggled to lift the cross.

Tunde rushed to her side. “Amaka, remember Matthew 11:30: ‘For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.’ Let God’s strength carry you. I’ll walk with you.”

They moved slowly, one step at a time. The other youths helped each other navigate the tiles, praying softly as they went. Every slip brought gasps and murmured prayers. It became clear that speed alone would not carry them through; patience, endurance, and trust in God were the only way.

Halfway across, Chika’s cross tipped, and she nearly fell. “Tunde!” she cried.

“Pray and steady yourself!” he commanded. “Trust God to guide your hands. He will not fail you.”

Minutes passed like hours. Sweat mixed with the cold as they struggled through the icy corridor. The room seemed to stretch endlessly, testing their physical strength, willpower, and faith.

Then came the first real failure. One of the youths, Ayodele, refused to pray, believing his intelligence alone would carry him. He ignored the glowing scripture tiles and attempted to rush across. A sudden surge of wind knocked him backward, and a trapdoor opened beneath his feet. The others screamed, but a voice reassured them:

“Elimination is not punishment. It is redirection. Walk humbly, and learn from those who endure.”

Tunde exhaled, gripping the cross tightly. “See? Pride and impatience have consequences. Let us continue in faith.”

By the time Tunde, Amaka, Chika, Samuel, and Ngozi reached the end, the room felt like a battlefield. Their hands were raw, their muscles ached, but the spiritual lesson was undeniable.

“Faith carries more than the body,” Amaka whispered. “Even when every step feels impossible, God’s presence sustains us.”

Chika smiled weakly. “I never thought enduring could teach me so much. It’s like every moment of struggle strengthens my spirit.”

Tunde nodded, looking at the five survivors. “And this is only the beginning. What lies ahead will be even harder. We must rely on God more than ever.”

They exited the icy corridor, uncertain what awaited them next, but with hearts fortified by the knowledge that endurance in faith could overcome even the harshest trial.

| CHAPTER 5

Trial of Faith in Fire

The next door opened with a heavy creak, revealing a long corridor bathed in a flickering orange glow. The smell of smoke made their noses sting. Flames licked the walls, dancing as if alive, while the floor shimmered with heat that seemed to pulse beneath their feet.

A calm, deep voice filled the air:

“Even if you walk through the fire, you shall not be burned; the flames will not consume you. - Isaiah 43:2. Step with faith, trust My guidance, and endure.”

Tunde inhaled sharply, feeling the heat even from a distance. “Everyone… stay calm. Observe. Pray. Listen for God’s guidance.”

Amaka’s hands trembled slightly as she crossed herself. “Lord, show us the path. Don’t let fear blind us. Lead us safely.”

The corridor wasn’t simple. Some tiles glowed faintly, while others were dark and menacing. Choosing the wrong step could trigger a sudden burst of fire from the walls.

Chika squinted. “So… it’s a floor puzzle. But it’s like… the wrong move could get us burned.”

Samuel groaned. “And you thought the ice room was bad.”

Tunde knelt for a moment, closing his eyes. “Psalm 23:4 says, ‘Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for You are with me.’ We are not alone. God’s presence lights our path.”

They began slowly, each step measured, hearts pounding. The tiles seemed to react to their trust—or lack of it. When someone doubted and hesitated, flames erupted along nearby walls. When they whispered a prayer and stepped in faith, the tiles glowed warmly, creating a safe path.

Amaka reached a tricky section where two adjacent tiles glowed faintly. “Which one, Tunde? God, guide us!” she whispered.

Tunde placed his hand on hers. “Step where your heart feels peace. That is the way God is showing you.”

She took a deep breath, trusting the quiet voice in her spirit, and stepped forward. The flames receded, forming a glowing path for the others.

Hours passed as they navigated the corridor. The fire seemed to stretch endlessly, testing not just their courage but their unity.

Then came the first serious failure. One of the group, overconfident and impatient, began rushing, muttering, “I can do this without praying.” A sudden burst of fire shot from the walls, and the floor beneath him opened, sending him sliding safely into an isolated chamber - the game’s version of elimination.

Chika gasped. “That was close. He… he didn’t trust God.”

Tunde said quietly, “Faith isn’t just about knowing scripture. It’s about obeying God in the moment of fear.”

The remaining five continued, leaning on each other, whispering prayers between steps. Samuel, surprisingly, began to find courage in the small successes of the group. “I… I think I get it now,” he admitted. “It’s not about being fearless—it’s about walking with God through the fire.”

Amaka smiled. “Exactly. And we do it together.”

The corridor narrowed near the end, the flames towering high on both sides. One wrong move here could end their journey.

Tunde whispered, “Psalm 121:1-2 - ‘I lift my eyes to the hills, where does my help come from? My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.’ Keep your eyes on Him, not the flames.”

Step by step, prayer by prayer, the five survivors reached the exit. Their clothes were singed by heat, their faces streaked with sweat, but their spirits felt strengthened.

Amaka exhaled, smiling through the exhaustion. “We made it… because we trusted God together.”

Chika laughed weakly. “I never thought I’d say this, but fire can teach faith better than any sermon.”

Samuel wiped sweat from his brow. “I’ve learned something today. Faith is not theory. It’s practice, even when the path is dangerous.”

Tunde placed a hand on each of their shoulders. “Remember this lesson. The trials ahead will demand even more faith, wisdom, and courage. But God who carried us through fire will not abandon us in the trials to come.”

The group emerged into the next chamber, unaware of how much harder the remaining challenges would become. Only one thought echoed in their minds: they

had survived fire, but the next trials would demand every ounce of faith they had.

| CHAPTER 6

Trial of Wisdom and Unity

The next door opened to a massive chamber unlike the previous ones. The walls were high, cold stone, and in the center hovered a large platform, suspended over what appeared to be a deep, rushing river. The sound of water crashing against rocks echoed through the cavern, sending chills down their spines.

A voice resonated through the chamber:

“Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. If they fall, one can lift the other. - Ecclesiastes 4:9-10. Only in unity shall you find the way forward. Pride and curiosity will be your undoing.”

The youths exchanged tense glances. Tunde stepped forward. “This is not just a test of intellect or courage. This is a test of our unity. Step carefully, communicate, and trust God together.”

Chika eyed the river below nervously. “It looks so real… and dangerous. One misstep and…”

“Don’t think about that,” Amaka said firmly. “Think about God. Psalm 23:4—‘Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for You are with me.’ God will guide us if we remain united.”

The platform ahead had four levers, each controlling a section of the floor. The challenge was clear: they needed to coordinate to move the platform safely across the river. One wrong pull would tilt the floor dangerously, and the raging river below could sweep anyone away.

Tunde took the lead. “Samuel, you take lever one. Chika, lever two. Amaka and I will control three and four. Step when I say, and pray constantly.”

The group moved carefully, praying under their breath. Step by step, the floor shifted. Tiles glowed faintly when moved correctly. For a moment, it seemed like they might succeed.

But then, Ayodele - the same youth who had nearly failed the ice room - leaned over the edge, curiosity shining in his eyes. “I wonder what’s down there,” he murmured. “Maybe there’s a shortcut. I’ll check it out.”

“No!” Tunde shouted. “Ayodele, stay with the group!”

But Ayodele had already slipped off the platform, crawling down a narrow ledge toward the raging river.

“Stop! God is not in that path!” Amaka called, but he ignored her warnings.

The water roared as he reached a small chamber below. Suddenly, the floor beneath him shifted, revealing a rushing torrent. Tiles with cryptic symbols appeared in the river, forming a puzzle he had to solve alone.

Ayodele hesitated. The current began to pull at his feet. His hands were wet and slippery, and panic set in. He tried to step on the wrong symbols, thinking he could figure it out himself.

“Lord, help me!” he cried, but his prayer was desperate, not obedient, and his heart sought his own path rather than trusting God and the team.

The river surged violently, knocking him off balance. The doors above him closed with a heavy clang, sealing the chamber. A calm, yet firm voice echoed:

“Curiosity and pride, when not guided by God and fellowship, lead to downfall. Your path ends here.”

Ayodele was eliminated from the game, trapped in a safe - but isolated—chamber. The other youths could only watch from above, hearts pounding.

Continuing in Trial

The remaining five - Tunde, Amaka, Chika, Samuel, and Ngozi - looked at one another, shaken but more determined.

“Unity,” Tunde said quietly. “That’s the lesson. One person wandering off almost cost us everything. Proverbs 11:14 says, ‘Where there is no guidance, a people falls, but in abundance of counselors there is safety.’

Chika nodded, gripping her lever. “We have to trust each other completely. No more solo decisions.”

Amaka added, “And constant prayer. We cannot rely on our strength alone.”

Step by step, tile by tile, and with whispered prayers, the remaining five guided the platform across the river. The levers moved in perfect coordination, and finally, the other side came into view.

“Almost there,” Samuel said, heart racing. “Thank God we didn’t fail.”

Ngozi smiled faintly. “We’ve learned something important today. Obedience, unity, and trusting God are stronger than curiosity or pride.”

The group crossed the platform together, exhausted but spiritually fortified. The loss of Ayodele weighed on them, a sobering reminder that survival required faith, teamwork, and humility.

As they reached the next chamber, a new verse appeared on the wall:

“Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go.” - Joshua 1:9

Tunde looked at the group, determination in his eyes. “We’ve survived the river, but the trials ahead will be even harder. Our faith, wisdom, and unity will be tested more than ever. Prepare your hearts.”

Amaka placed a hand on Tunde’s shoulder. “And this time… we will not stray.”

The youths stepped forward into the darkness, ready for the challenges that awaited, knowing that only God’s guidance, trust, and teamwork would carry them through.

| CHAPTER 7

Trial of Faith on the Shattered Path

The next door opened with a metallic clang, revealing a cavern so vast it seemed endless. Their eyes widened as they took in the chamber. A deep chasm split the floor in two, the darkness below swallowing everything in sight. Suspended across the chasm were panels - some sturdy, some cracked and barely holding. Beneath them, jagged rocks and a roaring underground river promised instant death to any who misstepped.

A voice, calm but chilling, echoed through the chamber:

“Faith must be tested where doubt fears to tread. Step carefully, trust in God, and lean not on your own understanding. - Proverbs 3:5-6. One wrong step could end your journey.”

Tunde swallowed hard, his hands clenching at his sides. “This… this is real. The risk is not just losing the game… it could cost our lives. We have to trust God completely.”

Amaka's eyes were wide. "Lord, guide every step. Help us see what is safe and what is not. Protect us as we walk this path."

Chika peered down into the chasm. "I can see the river… it's moving so fast. One fall and…" Her voice trailed off, fear making her words tremble.

Samuel muttered, "I didn't think it could get worse than fire and ice. But this… this is insane."

Ngozi knelt, inspecting the first panel. "Some panels are solid. Some… fragile. We can test by pressure, but we can't see everything from above. We'll need strategy, coordination, and absolute trust in each other and in God."

The Dangerous Challenge

The group had to cross the chasm using the panels, but there were hidden traps:

Some panels were completely stable; some would crack under weight, dropping anyone who stepped alone.

Certain panels required simultaneous pressure, forcing teamwork and timing.

Others had hidden symbols: scriptures etched faintly that guided which panels were safe.

The first step forward was terrifying. Tunde took a deep breath, whispering Psalm 91:11, “For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.”

He stepped on a panel, testing it. It held. One by one, Amaka, Chika, Samuel, and Ngozi followed, each whispering prayers and watching for cracks.

Halfway across, Chika froze. A panel ahead trembled under Tunde’s weight, cracking slightly. “Tunde! Step back!” she shouted.

He paused, closing his eyes. “Lord, guide us. Show us which path to take.”

A faint glow lit some of the symbols on nearby panels. “I see it!” Amaka exclaimed. “Step where the scriptures are glowing. God’s light is guiding us.”

Slowly, deliberately, they adjusted their steps, moving toward the glowing panels. The river roared below them like a living beast, threatening to sweep them away.

Samuel swallowed hard. “I never thought trusting God could feel this… literal.”

Tunde glanced at him. “Faith is not abstract. It carries us through death, danger, and despair.”

A Moment of Terror

Midway, a panel beneath Ngozi cracked dangerously. She froze, her foot hovering in midair.

“Hold on!” Tunde called, stretching out his hand. “Step onto my panel. Trust God and trust me.”

Ngozi prayed aloud. “Lord, be my strength. Guide my step.”

With careful coordination, she moved to safety, the cracked panel collapsing behind her with a loud crash. The roar of the river beneath them shook the cavern, and the group gasped collectively, hearts racing.

Amaka whispered, “This… this is worse than any of us imagined. Every step feels like life or death.”

Chika laughed nervously. “And yet, we keep going because God is with us. I feel Him guiding our steps, even when the floor wants to kill us.”

Reaching the other side

Step by step, prayer by prayer, the youths navigated the treacherous path. Each panel tested their courage, unity, and discernment. At times, they had to lift one another over unstable sections, whispering prayers for strength.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, all five reached the other side, trembling, soaked with sweat, and hearts pounding.

Tunde exhaled. “We’ve made it. Not by our strength, but by faith, wisdom, and unity.”

Samuel, still shaken, looked back at the chasm. “If we hadn’t worked together… if any of us had acted alone… we wouldn’t be here.”

Amaka nodded. “This trial was about obedience and trust, not speed or courage alone. We can survive the most deadly paths when we rely on God and each other.”

Chika smiled faintly. “And yet… I can’t stop thinking about how close we were to disaster. I’ll never underestimate prayer again.”

The voice echoed one last time:

“Faith shines brightest in the shadow of death. Rest now, for the next trial will test more than your body. It will test your heart and spirit.”

As the youths moved forward, the memory of the chasm, the roaring river, and the cracking panels lingered in their minds. They knew the challenges ahead would be even more dangerous—but they had survived together, and their faith had grown stronger.

| CHAPTER 8

Trial of Faith under Pressure

The next door groaned open, revealing a narrow corridor with walls that seemed impossibly tall. The air was thick, damp, and heavy, carrying a faint metallic scent. The floor was slick, and the cavern ahead was dimly lit by flickering torches embedded into the stone walls.

The group stepped forward cautiously, hearts still racing from the shattered path over the river.

A calm, resonant voice echoed through the chamber:

“Faith is tested under pressure. When walls close in and hope seems lost, those who trust in God shall prevail. - Isaiah 41:10. Step wisely. Work together. Pray without ceasing.”

Tunde swallowed hard, surveying the narrow corridor. “Everyone… stay alert. Move slowly, and be ready for anything. This trial will test our courage and our faith.”

The Deadly Challenge

As the youths walked forward, the walls suddenly shuddered. Tiny cracks appeared in the stone, and the floor vibrated.

“Stay calm!” Tunde shouted. “This is part of the test. Remember, God is our refuge.”

Amaka whispered a prayer under her breath: Lord, be our shield. Show us the path, and protect us from danger.

Then it began. Sections of the walls started moving inward, slowly at first, then accelerating. The corridor narrowed, and the air grew stifling.

Chika gasped. “We’re… we’re trapped! The walls are closing in!”

Samuel’s analytical mind raced. “We have to find the triggers! There must be a pattern or puzzle to stop this!”

Tunde nodded. “Look for scripture! This trial will follow God’s guidance.”

Each wall had inscriptions, faintly glowing in the dim light:

“Trust in the Lord with all your heart”

“Lean not on your own understanding”

“Walk humbly and He will guide your steps”

The group realized that stepping on specific floor tiles in the order of the verses would halt the walls’ advance.

The Test of Coordination and faith

They began stepping carefully, whispering the verses as they moved.

Tunde took the lead. “Step where faith tells you the path lies. Psalm 37:23 - ‘The Lord directs the steps of the godly.’ Trust Him.”

Step by step, they advanced, but the pressure was immense. The walls inched closer, the floor vibrating beneath them.

Chika almost panicked, stepping on the wrong tile. Sparks flew, and one wall shuddered violently.

“Stop!” Tunde called, grabbing her hand. “Pray, breathe, and trust God’s guidance.”

Amaka knelt briefly, whispering, “Lord, steady our hearts. Let Your Word guide our steps.”

Chika took a deep breath and followed the glowing tile, halting the wall’s deadly advance.

Samuel, observing patterns in the inscriptions, began coordinating their steps. “We need to move together. One false step and the walls win. Keep in sync, and rely on God’s guidance.”

Ngozi nodded, stepping onto her tile with prayer. “We can do this. Trust in Him, and trust each other.”

Moments of Terror

Halfway through the corridor, a section of the wall accelerated unexpectedly, forcing Tunde and Amaka to leap over a gap to avoid being crushed. The floor tilted beneath them, nearly sending them sliding into a pit filled with jagged rocks.

Tunde shouted a quick prayer, gripping Amaka’s hand. “God, guide us! Strengthen our steps!”

They leapt as a single unit, landing safely. The others followed, hearts hammering, voices trembling with fear and whispered prayers.

The walls continued to close, each step faster and more dangerous than the last. Sparks flew, tiles cracked, and the floor trembled. Every movement required calm, faith, and teamwork.

Reaching the end

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the corridor widened. The walls ceased their movement, the floor stabilized, and the air felt lighter.

Tunde collapsed to his knees, chest heaving. “We… we made it. By God’s grace, by faith, and by unity.”

Amaka smiled weakly. “Every step was a prayer. Every tile, a test of our trust. God really is with us.”

Chika wiped sweat from her brow. “I thought I was going to die a dozen times in there. And yet… I’ve never felt closer to God.”

Samuel exhaled slowly. “Fear and faith are partners, I think. Without faith, fear would have crushed us.”

Ngozi nodded. “And working together saved us. Alone, we wouldn’t have survived.”

The voice returned one final time:

“Faith shines brightest under the heaviest pressure. You have endured together, but the trials ahead will test your spirit even further. Prepare your hearts.”

The youths exited the corridor, bruised, trembling, but spiritually strengthened. The deadly near-misses had left them acutely aware of the stakes: this game was

not merely for prize or glory - it was a divine test of courage, unity, and faith.

They did not speak much on the way to the next chamber, each lost in silent prayer, reflecting on the lessons of the walls that almost crushed them.

Tunde whispered softly to the group: “The next trial will demand even more - both physically and spiritually. We need God now more than ever.”

Amaka nodded, gripping his hand. “We have survived fire, ice, rivers, walls… together. And God has brought us through. I trust Him for the trials ahead.”

The group moved forward, into the darkness, hearts steadying, eyes alert, and faith burning brighter than any fear.

| CHAPTER 9

Trial of the Rising Waters

The next door opened with a slow hiss, revealing a chamber that immediately stole the breath from their lungs. The floor was a shallow pool of water, rippling in eerie green reflections cast from cracks in the walls. But as their eyes adjusted, the group noticed the real danger: the ceiling was impossibly high, and the room stretched forward into darkness. Pipes along the walls began to drip, then gush. The water level started rising, and the sound of rushing currents echoed like a distant river, growing louder by the second.

A calm, commanding voice filled the room:

“Faith is revealed when the waters rise and fear whispers in your ear. Trust in God, rely on one another, and step with discernment. - Isaiah 43:2. The floods shall not overwhelm the righteous.”

Tunde stepped forward, surveying the chamber. “Everyone… this is not a game of speed. This is a test of strategy, faith, and unity. Step carefully, keep your eyes on God, and watch for His guidance.”

Amaka's voice trembled slightly. "The water… it's rising fast. Lord, protect us. Show us the safe path."

Chika shivered, stepping carefully on the uneven floor. "I can see currents forming… we can't just run. We'll be swept away if we're careless."

Samuel scanned the room. "Look at the panels on the floor. Some have scripture symbols faintly etched. Maybe those indicate safe spots?"

Ngozi nodded, pointing. "And the higher we climb, the slower the water rises in that section. We'll have to coordinate and guide each other."

The Challenge Begins

The water reached ankle level as they advanced cautiously. Every step splashed loudly, echoing off the walls. The pressure was immediate: the water level rose steadily, now up to their knees, then thighs. If they paused too long, they risked being submerged in the deeper sections.

The floor tiles beneath them glowed faintly with scripture references, guiding them:

"He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty. - Psalm 91:1"

“Even though I walk through the flood, I will not be afraid. - Psalm 46:2”

“The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer. - Psalm 18:2”

Step by step, they moved. But the currents grew stronger, threatening to knock them off balance.

Amaka hesitated. “Tunde… I don’t know if I can make it across.”

He grabbed her hand. “Trust God and trust your steps. Step onto the glowing tile… let His Word be your guide.”

She prayed aloud. Lord, steady my feet. Guard my heart. Lead me safely.

With a deep breath, she stepped forward. The water surged around her, but the tile held firm.

Teamwork Under Pressure

The group soon encountered a section where the floor split into multiple panels, some sinking slowly under their weight, others stable. Coordination was critical.

Tunde instructed calmly: “We cannot move individually here. Two people must step

simultaneously on each stable tile. Lean on each other. Pray before every move."

Chika and Samuel paired up. Amaka and Ngozi paired up. Tunde moved to guide both groups, whispering encouragements and scripture:

"Psalm 56:3 - When I am afraid, I will put my trust in You."

The water had risen to their waists by now, and each misstep caused them to stumble. At one point, a miscalculated step caused Samuel to slip, almost losing balance. Chika caught him instantly, whispering: "Faith, not fear. God is with us."

The water surged higher, now chest level. Each movement became a struggle; the current threatened to pull them into deeper, unseen sections. Every panel had to be tested carefully, every tile chosen with prayer and discernment.

Near Disaster

A sudden gurgling sound erupted from a section of the floor ahead. One of the panels sank rapidly, creating a mini whirlpool. Samuel froze, panic rising.

“Step back! Step back!” Tunde shouted.

Chika grabbed his arm. “Pray and follow me!”

Together, they carefully navigated the dangerous currents, using the glowing scripture tiles as anchors. Amaka slipped slightly, but Ngozi caught her arm. They whispered prayers and held tight to each other, inching forward slowly.

The voice echoed again:

“The righteous may be tested by the flood, but with faith, wisdom, and unity, no waters can overcome them.”

Reaching Solid Ground

After what felt like endless moments of near-drowning and tension, the five survivors reached a raised platform at the far end of the chamber. The water sloshed around them, but they were finally safe. Their clothes were soaked, muscles trembling, and hearts racing.

Amaka sank to her knees, whispering: “Thank You, Lord. Thank You for guiding every step.”

Chika laughed weakly, shivering. “I’ve never prayed so hard in my life.”

Samuel wiped water from his eyes. “Faith isn’t just words. It’s action. It’s trusting God when every instinct screams to run.”

Tunde looked at the group with quiet pride. “We made it together. The waters tried to test our fear, our coordination, and our trust in God and we survived. That is the power of faith, unity, and prayer.”

Ngozi smiled. “And no one was eliminated… but the lesson is clear. Alone, any one of us could have been swept away.”

The voice spoke one final time as they climbed out of the rising water chamber:

“Even the fiercest flood cannot overcome those who walk in faith. Rest now, for the final trials approach. Only the faithful will endure to the end.”

| CHAPTER 10

The Final Trials in Uganda

The plane had landed in Uganda hours ago, and the youths were driven through dense forests, winding roads, and misty valleys. Now, after walking through an open field, they stood before a massive stone structure unlike any building they had ever seen. Its walls rose high, covered in vines and moss, and the air was thick with humidity and the scent of wet earth.

“This is it,” Tunde said quietly. “The final set of trials. Stay focused. Trust God, and trust each other.”

Amaka nodded, swallowing her fear. “We’ve come this far. We cannot fail now.”

A calm, omnipresent voice echoed from hidden speakers around the compound:

“You have endured fire, ice, rivers, and walls. Now you shall face the ultimate test. Only faith, wisdom, courage, and unity will carry you through. - James 1:2-4. Let perseverance finish its work, that you may be mature and complete.”

Room 1 – Flames of Truth

The first chamber was ablaze before their eyes. Walls of fire danced around a narrow corridor, and the floor glowed hot with magma-like patterns. A verse was etched into the far wall:

“The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?” - Psalm 27:1

Tunde inhaled. “Step carefully, but focus on the scripture. Let God’s Word guide you.”

The flames were unpredictable, some sections flaring violently when anyone stepped too quickly. The group had to move slowly, praying before each step.

Amaka whispered: “Lord, show us the path. Protect us from harm.”

Chika glanced at Samuel. “We have to trust the light within, not just our eyes.”

Step by step, the youths advanced. Occasionally, a panel of floor beneath them glowed brighter, revealing the safe path. One wrong step would have dropped them into a pit of flames but they moved with prayer and discernment.

After what felt like hours, the group reached the end of the corridor, hearts pounding and clothes singed.

Room 2 – Collapsing Labyrinth

The next door opened to a labyrinth with walls that began shifting as soon as they stepped inside. Hidden traps and floors that could collapse at any moment turned the labyrinth into a deadly puzzle.

A voice whispered:

“The prudent see danger and take refuge, but the simple keep going and pay the penalty.” - Proverbs 22:3

Tunde examined the walls. “We have to watch each other’s steps. One false move, and someone could fall.”

The floor beneath Chika shook as she stepped on a cracked tile. Samuel grabbed her arm. “Hold on! Pray before moving!”

Amaka recited softly: “Psalm 46:1 - God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble.”

Working together, stepping slowly, and communicating constantly, the group navigated the labyrinth. Some tiles were marked with scripture symbols, guiding the way, while others were decoys meant to test their fear and judgment.

Room 3 – Puzzle of the Serpentine Chambers

The final chamber within the Uganda complex twisted unnaturally, a series of interconnected rooms shaped like a snake. In each room, deadly traps awaited:

One chamber filled with rising spikes unless the correct sequence of scripture was recited aloud.

Another chamber with floors that tilted suddenly, requiring balance and prayer to navigate.

A third with levers controlling hidden doors, where choosing incorrectly could trigger dangerous collapses.

A verse glowed on the wall:

“Your Word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.” - Psalm 119:105

Tunde stepped forward. “We must remember every lesson: faith, teamwork, discernment, and scripture. Nothing else will save us here.”

The group moved cautiously, whispering prayers, reciting scripture aloud to trigger safe paths, and supporting each other physically and spiritually.

At one point, Samuel and Chika misaligned the levers, nearly collapsing a floor section beneath them. But Tunde and Amaka steadied the panels with careful coordination, calling out scripture:

“Psalm 18:2 - The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer!”

The floor stabilized, and the group continued. Their breaths came in ragged gasps, their muscles trembling from exhaustion and fear—but their faith carried them forward.

The Narrowing to Two

After the final series of puzzles, the chamber opened to a long hall with only two doors visible. The voice echoed one last time:

“Only two shall remain. Let faith, discernment, and the heart reveal the chosen.”

The youths realized this was the final narrowing. Tunde looked around, scanning the faces of the others: Amaka, Chika, Samuel, and Ngozi. Each was exhausted, trembling, yet unbroken.

A subtle puzzle appeared on the floor: symbols of faith and scripture etched faintly, glowing faintly under the

torchlight. Only those who discerned correctly, stepping in true faith and obedience to God's Word, would proceed.

Step by step, the group approached. Some hesitated, struggling with fear, doubt, or overthinking.

At the final moment, only Tunde and Amaka were guided by faith, unity, and obedience. Samuel, Chika, and Ngozi hesitated too long, unsure of the symbols. They reached a safe section, but the door in front of them did not open.

The voice spoke:

"Those who act in doubt cannot proceed. Only those who walk in faith and obedience reach the end."

Tunde and Amaka stepped forward, hands clasped, praying quietly:

"Lord, guide our final steps. Let Your Word be our path. Let Your Spirit sustain us."

The door swung open, bathed in golden light, and they stepped through. The others watched from behind, unable to advance but alive.

Tunde and Amaka stood together in the final chamber, exhausted but exhilarated. The trials had tested their

faith, courage, discernment, and unity beyond anything they had imagined.

Amaka whispered, “We made it… by trusting God, and by relying on each other.”

Tunde nodded. “Every trial was designed to strip away fear, doubt, and pride. Only faith and obedience brought us here. Psalm 37:5 - Commit your way to the Lord; trust in Him, and He will act.”

The chamber glowed brighter, as if celebrating their perseverance. They were the final two survivors—but more importantly, their journey had strengthened their hearts and spirits beyond any reward or earthly prize.

| CHAPTER 11

Lessons Carried Home

The golden light faded slowly as Tunde and Amaka stepped out of the final chamber. Silence hung over the vast Uganda complex, broken only by the distant sound of rushing water and the soft hum of the wind through the trees. For a moment, they simply stood, breathing heavily, their hearts pounding not from fear, but from awe.

“We… we survived it,” Amaka whispered, still shaking from the intensity of the final trials.

Tunde placed a hand on her shoulder. “Yes. But survival wasn’t the point. Every challenge… every trap… every moment we feared death - it was meant to teach us faith, unity, and obedience to God.”

They walked slowly toward the exit, taking in the beauty of the Ugandan wilderness around them. The sun was setting, casting gold and orange across the trees. For the first time in hours, they felt free to breathe deeply without worry.

As they sat near a calm river at the edge of the complex, Tunde reflected aloud: “The ice corridor, the

fire chamber, the river, the collapsing walls, and the rising waters… each trial tested something different. Endurance, courage, faith, discernment, and unity. Every scripture we relied on, every prayer we whispered - it wasn't just a strategy. It was real strength."

Amaka nodded. "I've learned that fear is natural, but obedience and trust in God can overcome it. Even when I felt frozen or alone, stepping in faith carried me forward."

Tunde smiled faintly. "And we weren't alone. God was with us every step. Psalm 46:1 says, 'God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble.' That became real for me in ways I've never felt before."

Amaka added, "And teamwork… we could not have survived alone. Every failure we witnessed, like Ayodele wandering off, Samuel hesitating, Chika and Ngozi faltering, reminded me that unity and encouragement are essential."

Tunde's eyes softened. "Yes. And sometimes, lessons come in the form of sacrifice or delay. Those who were eliminated… they were alive, but they couldn't proceed because they lacked faith, focus, or unity. It's a humbling reminder for us: obedience is as important as courage."

Returning to Nigeria

The journey back to Nigeria was quiet. Tunde and Amaka sat together on the plane, replaying every moment of the Uganda trials in their minds. They had not only survived a series of deadly challenges, but they had grown spiritually, emotionally, and mentally.

Amaka spoke quietly: “I feel different now. Stronger, more focused, more aware of God’s guidance. The game was dangerous… but it was life-changing.”

Tunde nodded. “We’ve been tested and refined, like gold through fire. And now… we must carry these lessons home, into our families, our communities, and our daily lives. Fear may come, challenges will arise, but faith, obedience, and unity will sustain us.”

When the plane landed in Lagos, they were met with the familiar sights and sounds of Nigeria. Yet everything felt different. The bustling streets, the laughter of children, the calls of market sellers—they now carried the weight of lessons learned far away, in a place that had tested the limits of their courage and faith.

Applying the Lessons

In the days that followed, Tunde and Amaka shared their experience with friends, family, and their church community. They spoke not of the danger or the thrill, but of the spiritual truths:

Fear can be conquered through prayer and faith. True strength comes from obedience and trust in God. Unity and teamwork amplify resilience and endurance. Discernment, guided by God's Word, is critical in life's challenges. Every trial, no matter how deadly or impossible it seems, is an opportunity for growth.

Amaka reflected: "I never realized how much courage faith could give me until I was faced with real danger. I hope everyone who hears our story understands that God's presence is real, even in the most impossible situations."

Tunde added: "And remember, it's not about being fearless—it's about trusting God in fear. Psalm 27:1 says, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear?' That verse carried me through more than one deadly trial in Uganda."

A Final Prayer

Before returning to their daily routines, Tunde and Amaka knelt together in quiet prayer:

“Lord, thank You for carrying us through every trial. Thank You for Your guidance, Your protection, and Your presence in the fire, ice, and rising waters. Help us to carry these lessons into every aspect of our lives, that our faith may shine and inspire others. May we remain obedient, humble, and united, walking always in Your light. Amen.”

As they rose, the sun broke fully over the horizon, bathing the world in warm light. They smiled at one another, knowing that their journey had not only tested their physical courage, but had deepened their faith in ways that would last a lifetime.

| EPILOGUE

Tunde and Amaka returned to their families, their communities, and their studies, but the Uganda trials remained etched in their hearts. They had survived deadly games, but more importantly, they had discovered the power of faith, obedience, unity, and prayer.

In every challenge they faced afterward, whether in school, work, or personal life, they remembered the chambers, the puzzles, and the deadly tests. They walked with courage, prayed without ceasing, and trusted God in every moment, knowing that even the most impossible trials could be overcome with Him.

And so, the story of Tunde and Amaka became a testimony - a living example that faith, wisdom, and unity are stronger than fear, stronger than danger, and stronger than any obstacle life may throw before us.

If this book has blessed your life, remember to say a prayer for the author, Anthony Ijere, that the fire of God will continually burn on his altar.

Also, as a free gift of love to him and the ministry, to help publish or produce more of these impactful books, your contributions in cash or in kind are warmly welcomed.

Account Details
MACANTHONY IJERE
0138431203
STERLING BANK
SWIFT CODE: NAMENGLA
Branch: Lagos, Nigeria.

Contact Him on
WhatsApp: +2349133400801
Email: anthonyijere@yahoo.com
Facebook: Anthony Ijere
Instagram: @anthony.ijere

Please feel free to send testimonies of how any of these books have helped your life to anthonyijere@yahoo.com or WhatsApp +2349133400801

Most importantly: Please feel free to continue sharing these free books as a tool of evangelism. We have been receiving testimonies of how lives are being touched, and we give all glory to God.

About the AUTHOR

Anthony Ijere is a contemporary Nigerian Christian author, novelist, and spiritual teacher dedicated to inspiring believers through the written word. Based in Ahoada, Rivers State, he combines deep biblical insight with engaging storytelling to encourage spiritual growth, faith, deliverance, ministry and godly living.

Anthony's works explore themes of prayer, destiny, spiritual warfare, obedience, and personal transformation, offering practical guidance for living a life that glorifies God. His writing reflects a unique blend of narrative creativity and devotional teaching, making complex spiritual truths accessible and relatable, particularly within the Nigerian context.

A passionate servant of God, Anthony draws inspiration from sermons by notable ministers such as Apostle Joshua Selman, infusing his books with principles that strengthen faith and awaken spiritual potential. Beyond writing, he mentors young people, ministers in local communities, and leads initiatives that cultivate prayer, purpose, and Christian character.

Through his books, Anthony Ijere seeks to equip believers to fulfill their divine calling, walk in excellence, and leave a lasting legacy for Christ.

