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EMY  
Empowering Moroccan Youth  
تمكين  
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**Do  
You Feel Lost ?**

**Pourquoi sommes-nous  
défaitiste ?**

**Education in Morocco**

**The Overnight  
Change**

**Rêves brisés**

**Chronicles of a Moroccan  
girl**

**Who steals an  
egg steals an ox**

- Ayoub Afnakar
- Fatima Zahra El Hafa
- Maria Joudani
- Mohamed Douhate
- Oumaima Fathi
- Rachida Akdaich



# Rêves brisés

**U**n sentiment de liberté, une sensation agréable s'empare de mon corps, je me sens unique, je suis prêt à vivre. Un ange m'honore de sa présence sa beauté illumine mon existence.

Porté par son souffle je me sens invincible, jusqu'à ce que je me rende compte que j'étais invisible. Mon corps se vide. Un sentim.....

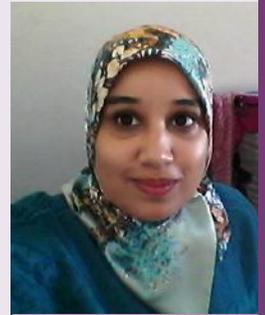
Ne pouvant supporter ce monde dans lequel je vis, je m'évade dans l'oubli, mon temps est immémorial. Je ne ressens plus et pourtant je me sens mieux.

Cover Photo by: ***Jochen van Eden***



Mohamed  
Douhate

## Education in Morocco



Fatima Zahra  
El Hafa

I have spent 15 years as a student in Moroccan schools and another year as a teacher assistant. In both cases, I was able to witness the failure of the Moroccan educational system, due to several factors that affect both the students' academic performance and their future employment.

The education system in our country is based on cramming and memorization rather than understanding. Students are rarely engaged in the learning process since teachers don't create any opportunities for reflecting on the content through problem solving, dialog, critical thinking, and constructive feedback. Moreover, classroom discussions and asking questions are feared by most students because they are taught that making mistakes is wrong. This belief is what suppresses students' creativity and curiosity turning them into passive information consumers.

Additionally, studying and learning became related, in the student's minds, solely to securing a good job. They lost interest in the learning itself and they became more concerned about getting good grades and succeeding at the end of the year. They make no effort to search in other tools and benefit from eLearning. Furthermore, the lack of extracellular activities does little help to build and sharpen the students' social skills. There is so much focus on embedding a spirit of competition instead of collaboration: everyone wants to be the top of their class even if it means cheating to do so. As a result, we are faced with mediocrity and incompetence in the workplace.

School should not be regarded only as a means to transmit knowledge from the educator to the pupil. Because knowledge is limited while school is serving human beings with unlimited capacities. So the role of school, and education in general, should be preparing young people to join the world and to interact with it while at the same time ensuring the well-being of the commonwealth. And that can be reached by focusing on establishing an individual with an independent mindset. Because if a person has learnt how to think and act independently, he will be able to approach any problem, not only that, but he will also have the capacity to adapt to changes of any kind.



Ayoub Afnakar



## The Overnight Change

**A** long time ago - and yet it wasn't that long -there lived The Tipton Family, They were known for their wealth. Mr. Jason Tipton was known for the events he used to hold in the city which gathered only the richest people from all over New York. He was known also for the love and care he surrounded his only child, Robert, with, after the departure of his wife.

The Tipton family used to own one of the biggest banks in New York City, Mr. Jason was the owner and he controlled the business, His son Robert who is 9 years old used to study in one of the fanciest schools in New York and his father was always supportive to anything his only child wanted to do and he had been refusing to get married for him to keep all the attention to his son. They had a happy life with no worries at all.

Robert was born on October the 29th, 1919, and his 10th birthday wasn't like any other birthday he had had. Because his father was in a shock he lost all his clients, the stocks of the business went bankrupt. His bank was in danger of permanent closing. Mr. Jason had lost his house after they took it from him since he can't pay the business debt. He got forced to take Robert out from his school and they stayed in a small rented apartment since they lost everything, they became poor overnight, Mr. Jason couldn't understand what happened. He kept crying all day because he knew that he could no longer guarantee a bright future to his only child.

Mr. Jason woke up in a bleak morning to find out that Robert has disappeared. He went out looking for him around the city and asked everyone if they had seen him, after a long search he found Robert shining other people's shoes, Mr. Jason started crying after that, because it reminded him of his childhood when he was a shoe shiner himself because his father kicked him out of the house and he lived in the streets and started from scratch. He cried because he didn't keep the promise he took to himself that he would never let his child live the same childhood he had. Robert heard his father' crying sound because he was used to it over the last few days and he ran to him and sat next to him. He tried to convince his hopeless father that everything will be okay in the future and there are people who started with nothing and now they are rich. Mr. Jason was surprised by his son's hopeful talk and he took a shoe polish and started, himself, shining people's shoes hoping for a better future.



## Chronicles of a Moroccan girl

I leave the work place a little past 9 pm and I walk to the bus station. A guy tells me that the bus stopped working and I better take a cab, and because I don't have enough money I walk to the taxi station. After a long walk I arrive exhausted and take a big Taxi. Next to me are a man and two brothers. The oldest (and he's the one in my

side) is a high school student, 16 or 17 years old. The cab starts moving and after a while I start feeling a hand on my thigh; it's the 16 year old feeling me up. I turn to him and ask him to keep his hands for himself. He does, but he doesn't apologize. I spent the rest of the ride boiling with anger. How the fuck did he get the audacity to do that, HE'S A KID AND HE'S LITTLE BROTHER IS WITH HIM!!! I leave the cab filled with anger and a big urge to cry, and just as if I didn't get my fair share of daily harassment, I had to survive more cat talking and cars stopping. I finally get home, shower and cry myself to sleep, cursing the luck that



Maria Joudani

# LOST

## Do You Feel Lost ?

*“Not until we are lost do we begin to understand ourselves” – Henry David Thoreau*

Some people out there love to play the role of the advisor and the guru, they will give you tons of tips and they'll criticize you to make you feel less than them and that you are somehow subhuman.

In magazines, TV and even books; they'll be specific models for success and how to be successfully-socially accepted beings (5 tips to be smart, 5 ideas to be a billionaire, 10 steps to be rich...and this kind of bullshit).

In fact, the worst thing a person can do is to ignore his own inner voice and to follow blindly others' expectations. It is a vicious circle, it leads to nowhere but depression.

You don't have to compare your journey with others, don't try to copy their paths because simply there's no clear nor defined patterns to success and no magical formula neither.

If you feel lost right now, your future seems mostly blurry and your heart beats so fast whenever you think about it, then you're okay; you're not influenced yet by others and what society want you to become.

This way, you have more chances to become what you really want since it is the perfect time to get disconnected from the chaos, to dig deep down your heart to understand what is your talent and passion.

Once you figure out who really you want to be, start working so hard to achieve it, whatever obstacles and discouraging speeches you might hear.

When you believe in yourself, you become unstoppable.



Oumaima Fathi



Rachida  
Akdaich

## Who steals an egg steals an ox

**F**resh graduate, this has been my statute for the past two months. Now that I am done with university, I spend a good amount of time trying to find a good job; battling unemployment and hoping for a quick victory.

While applying for job offers, I always check carefully my cover letters for any mistakes since it's quite important to leave a good first impression, not to forget that the jobs I apply for usually require good writing skills. I'm a bit sensitive when it comes to mistakes especially spelling mistakes and the lack of punctuation marks.

So far so good, until the day I found a job announcement that caught my attention. The requirements included "Excellent writing skills in French and English", yet I spotted two spelling mistakes in the announcement: "*deuxième*" instead of "*deuxième*" and "*ingenieur d'état*" in the place of "*Ingénieur d'État*".

I could not help wondering how a recruiter can ask for excellent profiles while he made spelling mistakes that I personally have gotten over with during my days at elementary school. Of course we are humans and we do make mistakes but repeating the same mistake two to three times in the same text has two meanings: either the person who wrote the announcement has bad written French or he/she doesn't give a damn to what he/she is writing.

In both cases this shows how mediocrity starts in workplace. It's those tiny little tolerable mistakes that leave the gates wide open to fatal ones, and little by little we let ourselves drawn in the sea of slacking. I am not saying that we have to be perfect since perfection is unattainable, but if we chase it we can reach the excellence that everyone is looking for.



Mohamed  
Douhate

## Pourquoi sommes-nous défaitiste ?

Excusez-moi, mais aujourd'hui j'ai une énorme envie de crier dans nos oreilles toute ma frustration, jusqu'à en faire sauter le bouchon qui en bloque la voix.

J'ai remarqué une chose chez nous les jeunes Marocains, une chose que l'on a alimentée avec le temps, et qu'on a laissé grandir en nous, jusqu'à ce que cela fasse partie de notre quotidien. Notre langage en est imprégné, nos pensées, nos réflexions baignent dedans, c'est ancré en nous.

### **Le défaitisme nous phagocyte l'existence**

Quand s'offre à nous l'opportunité de nous découvrir, d'explorer le monde, de pratiquer quelque chose de nouveau. Pourquoi le réflexe qui nous vient à l'esprit sans même avoir pris le temps d'essayer, est de se dire : "Je laisse tomber je n'en suis pas capable." "Je sais pas quoi faire, j'annule c'est mieux ainsi." "Je ne suis pas sûre que ce soit ce qui

m'a été demandé."

### **ARRÊÊÊTE!!!**

Concentres-toi sur ce que tu peux, ou ce que tu sais faire. Prends le temps de réfléchir, ai la gnaque, montre que tu veux le faire, et tant qu'on ne t'a pas encore dit "BARRE-TOI !" ne laisse pas tomber avant même d'avoir essayé. Comment veux-tu réussir ta vie, si tous les murs qui sont devant toi, c'est toi qui les construit? Ce qui est triste, c'est que même avec cet état d'esprit, il y aura toujours un moment où tes habitudes te rattraperont. Moi je te suggère de changer tes habitudes, va au bout des choses que tu entreprends.

Je sais que ce que j'ai écrit ne changera rien sur le moment, mais au moins cela te rappellera qu'il faut y remédier, alors réfléchis et fait réfléchir les autres.

Dit toi que si j'ai écrit ça c'est parce que tu n'es pas le seul à avoir ce problème-là. Donc sache que je te vois, alors regarde-moi et dit moi ce qui ne va pas et ce qui doit être fait selon toi.

