

# ciMAG

# 14<sup>th</sup> edition



PHOTO BY: AYMAN ABDELILAH





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## EDITORIAL

Dear readers,

We are glad to announce that the Connect Institute magazine ciMAG will, from now on, be directed by another group of students belonging to the Superior Alternative School within the same institute. Due to their graduation, the previous magazine team decided to pass on this project to the new comers in order to assure its continuity. No radical changes are to be made in terms of content. However, promoting innovation, cherishing diversity, and acknowledging the youth intellectual products are the tasks to be emphasized on our mission list.

May you always remain our faithful readers!

The ciMAG team.



**Ikbale Bouziane**  
Chief Editor



**Maria Joudani**  
Chief Editor 2



**Rachid Akdim**  
Multimedia Creator

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**LATIFA BELLA**



**PHOTO BY : KURT STALLAERT**

# THANK YOU, TREE!

What a beautiful day!

To get to work, I was waiting for the bus along with few other people.

The sun shone brightly.

Only few of us got the chance to be safe in the merciful shadow cast by a tree and an electric pole.

I was lost in the middle of some deep thoughts about everything and nothing, thoughts I could probably use to write a book, maybe that I could call the book of thoughts, thoughts that I usually end up forgetting...

Anyway, where was I?

Ah, yes!!

While thinking and waiting for the bus, I spotted a young lady, around 20 years old, drinking from a transparent juice cup.

Strawberry flavor? Ah nice!

I, the-forever- thought-occupied, started looking around trying to find a trash bin...

Oh here is one, few feet away, great!! She won't find a problem taking care of that cup when she is done.

A couple of seconds later, she reaches for her bag, she opens the zipper. I thought to myself: "Humm! Maybe she'll put the trash in her bag for now, that's cool!"

Oh not really! She got her phone out, checked it; put it back in the bag.

Few more seconds; she just drops the cup on the ground... Yes, right next to the tree that was keeping her safe from the sun.

What a beautiful day !

# MARTIN LUTHER AND I

Many people go through life thinking that their existence is pointless. However, what gives meaning to our lives is how much we devote ourselves to serve others. We should stop caring about our personal concerns and start thinking about those of all humanity. In fact, the only way for any person whose aim is to surpass the struggles in the world is to step into others' shoes, figure out what's wrong with them, and try to help them find possible solutions.

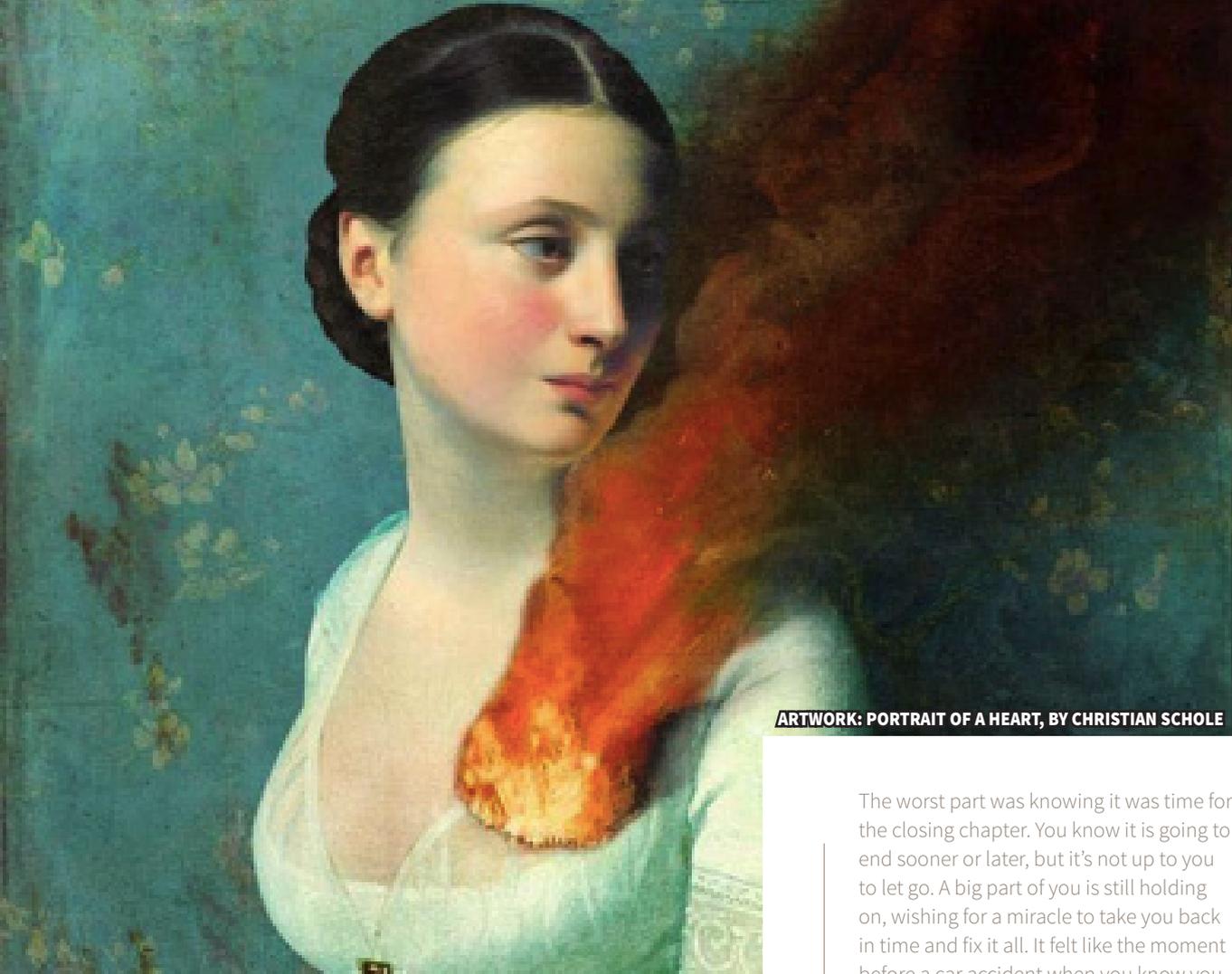
My society, just alike global ones, encounters a variety of issues. For instance, poverty, violence, frustration, racism, prejudice, prostitution, pollution, hunger, harassment, illiteracy, crime and so on. These problems need us to stand together, cast aside our self-interests, and see each other as members of one family. Only then we can be able to get everybody involved in the process of overcoming the previous challenges and improve the world.

Three years ago, I had read Dr. King's quote: "Those who are not looking for happiness are the most likely to find it, because those who are searching forget that the surest way to be happy is to seek happiness for others". I realized that happiness lies in dedicating ourselves to the service of others, and that putting energy into pleasing other people will in return bring joy to our lives as well as make our communities a better place to live.

I strongly believe that obeying equality can be the surest way to eradicate all evil in my home community. Equality between males and females, poor and rich, well-educated and illiterate. As I was listening to a single mother's story while visiting a charitable institution, I realized that the lack of equality between males and females is a serious matter. When a girl is raped in my community everybody point at her as a sinner, but not to the real criminal who raped her. That women's story triggered in me the greatest desire to contribute even more to the community, for there are countless women who have experienced the same thing. Since meeting that woman, I carried out a number of service projects and I am looking forward to continue assisting others through my career choice as a human right activist.



**IKBALE BOUZIANE**



**ARTWORK: PORTRAIT OF A HEART, BY CHRISTIAN SCHOLE**

**NOURA BOUTCHICHITE**

## THE VOW

Here I begin taking off the cover to let the world know how sinful you are, hoping one day you might get the courage to confess your guilt and ask for mercy, not from me, I forgave you, I always did although you've never asked, it's up to god now.

Our story is a common story on a different tongues.

I've been blinded from seeing the unholy side of you, they tried to aware me more than once that you are not good for me, that you are a deadly cold winter, "But there is so much beauty in a snow storm. And what's more; I adore him!" I said. I made my decision and ignored their wariness. Oh, what a misfortune destination it led me to!

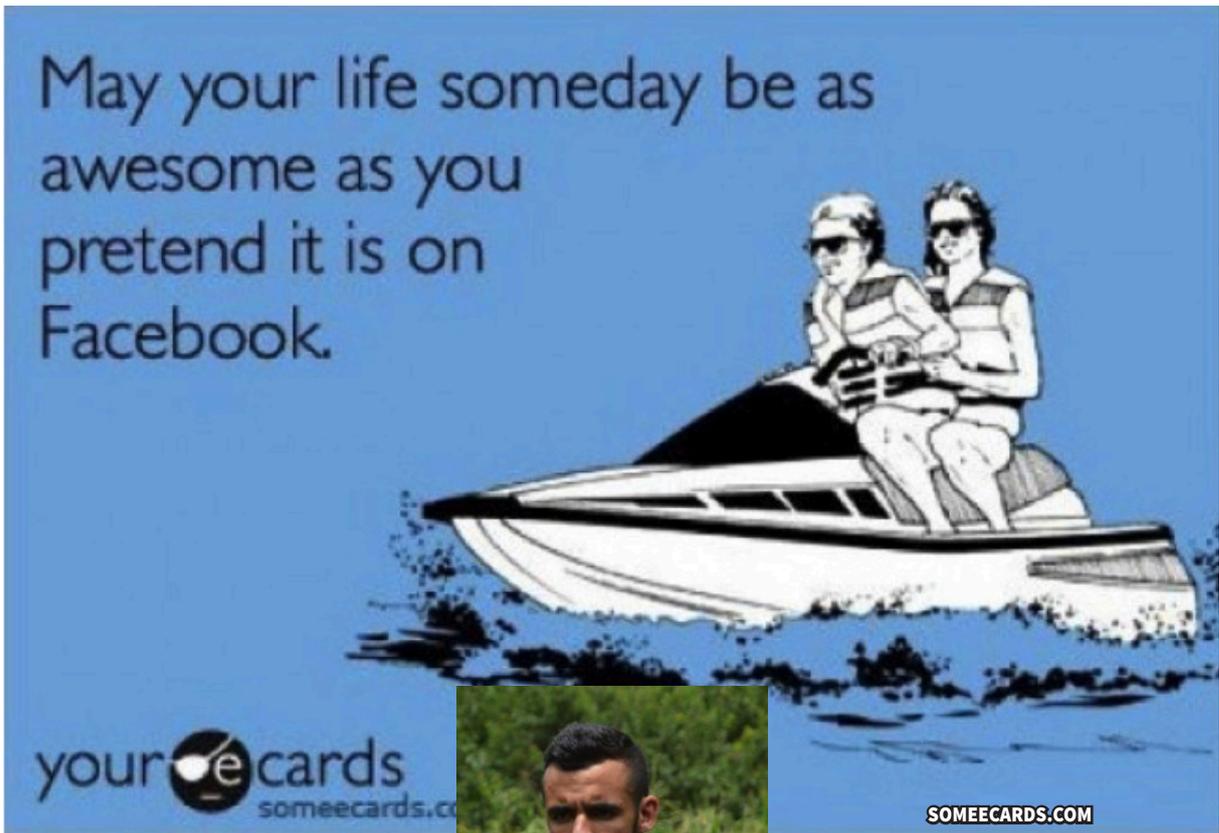
I still remember the first time I saw you, there was something in the wind as if a storm of love was about to hit. It was meant for us to meet, to be together, but never forever. It was meant for me to go through this rough experience and for you to let go of it. I've always dreamed of our happy forever... the destiny felt sorry for me while listening to my innocent thoughts. I was ready to fall over any chance of love that life might put in my way. I don't blame you for the bad things you've done to me, what I blame you the most for are the few happy moments I had with you. It is them that keep me awake at night; whenever I go to sleep I put my head on a well-packed bag of memories, and go over them one by one until I fall asleep...

The worst part was knowing it was time for the closing chapter. You know it is going to end sooner or later, but it's not up to you to let go. A big part of you is still holding on, wishing for a miracle to take you back in time and fix it all. It felt like the moment before a car accident when you know you are going to crash and there is absolutely nothing you can do to stop it from happening. You just breath heavily and wait for it to happen.

Today when I walk by somewhere we used to sit in together, when someone talks about you, or when we cross each other's path, my heart aches, my scars bleed and the thoughts starts to chase me all over again... my organs get all burned, yes burned. When you are in love they get warmed up, but now that it is an unwanted love, they do get burned and somehow I feel scared, I feel as if I got chocked by the air that's supposed to make me breathe... the tears slip slowly down on my face and wake me up. I swipe them and run, run away from that place, that person who can't shut his mouth talking all about how good you are, how successful you became, I just walk, walk away from you, but not from the thoughts, because they are locked inside of me...

And the key? We threw it away together from up that bridge into the river while we were saying our vows, the ones that you broke.

**TO BE CONTINUED.**



**RACHID AKDIM**

## **DID SOCIAL MEDIA RUIN OUR LIVES?**

Everything we share on social media is a part of us whether it is true or fake. Let's just face it, sharing things about yourself that are not true is just a picture of what you imagined would be a better version of what you have or do. This is what we refer to as "Lie" in the real life. Eventually, social media didn't change anything in our nature as human beings. It is only a tool that we can use either in a positive or a negative way.

Nowadays, when you apply for a job, your recruiter may check your profile on social media even before scheduling a job interview, just to know more about you. Thus, you might want to take that into consideration next time you want to share something.

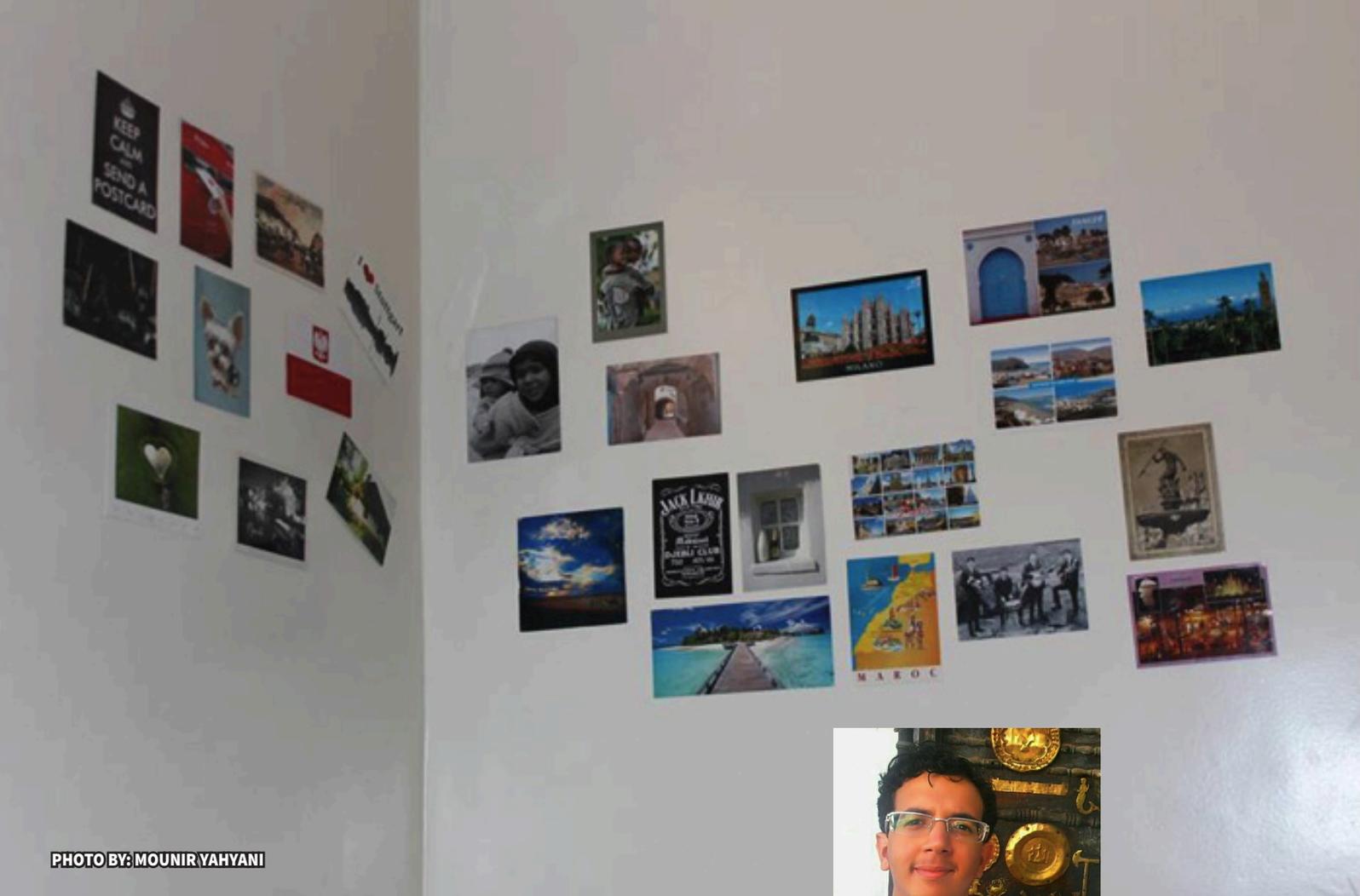


PHOTO BY: MOUNIR YAHYANI



MOUNIR YAHYANI

## POSTCARDS PROJECT

Hey guys, and welcome to my world.

I am a Moroccan guy who started discovering the world through a special way: Collecting Postcards.

I have started collecting postcards since 2012, when suddenly one of my closest friends, who lives in Russia, inspired me to start this hobby. I have got my first letter from Russia. It was a special one that had a flower which I still keep. When I got my first postcard, I had this idea of getting postcards from everywhere around the world. It was a dream that, fortunately, I turned into reality. Dreams are free and worth fighting for. Many people told me that it is a waste of time, that it is just a futile hobby. Well, shortly after that, I proved them wrong. I believe that postcards are precious and ever-lasting. Why? Because when I will get old, I will remember all the good things and vibes that I have received and all the sweet messages that I can still feel and read over and over again. For now, I have gathered around 250 postcards from 80 countries; mostly from Europe and Asia.

Collecting postcards inspires you to get to know other people, cultures, religions, arts, and know strangers who would suddenly become very close friends. In this era dominated by technologies that took us from the real to the virtual, postcards allow me to feel those friends living faraway instead of just texting them via social media. They gave me the chance to see the world from home, inspired me to travel and visit those beautiful places, and to cherish the variety the world has to offer.

I had a dream.

I have postcards.

I will try my best to visit the countries I got the postcards from.

That is a perfect life plan for me!

Spread peace, and make love!

Namaste!

# LA VIE À L'INSTITUT

Parmi les activités programmées à Connect Institute une séance de théâtre (Acting), qui se tient une fois par semaine, et dure une heure et demi.

Nous commençons la séance par Mirrors, dans cet exercice nous constituons deux rangées, composées du même nombre de personnes, l'une en face de l'autre. Il y a la rangée des leaders, ce sont eux qui guident par leurs mouvements la seconde rangée des followers. Le miroir n'est pas une mince affaire, on doit suivre le meneur tout en gardant contact avec ses yeux. Les mouvements sont lents, et peuvent compter tout le corps ou uniquement une seule partie, que cela soit les mains, les jambes voire les sourcils. Le leader bouge spontanément, le follower est concentré sur son imitation, quand soudain, tous les participants s'arrêtent un instant afin d'observer ce qui se passe autour d'eux. Tous sont absorbés par l'exercice, personne ne se soucie de l'étrangeté de sa posture et sa mimique. Puis on reprend naturellement. Tantôt on inverse de rôle, tantôt on change de partenaire.

On apprend à se découvrir, à découvrir nos camarades, et on prend conscience de tous les gestes qu'on est capable de réaliser avec un seul corps, voire une seule partie de ce corps qui est le sien.

**SOUKAINA HERMAS**



TAKEN FROM GOOGLE



PHOTO BY: AYMAN ABDELILAH



**BADEREDDINE BOUZOUID**

## رحلة

أزمة القيم لي كيعيش الفرد فحياتو راجعة لأمر وكثيرة؛ منها الأزمة الوجودية خاصة عند الشباب. بزاف فينا لي تشكاو: علاش ولدتوني؟ شنو غادي ندير فحياتي؟ نخدم باش نتزوج ولا نقلب علاش أنا كايين؟

تقدر تختار تكون مركز الكون و توهم راسك وغادي ترتاح، من جهة أخرى تقدر تبع الفضول دياك و تعوم فَعالم المعرفة اللامحدودة و تلذذ بالإكتشافات لراسك و للمحيط دياك. السؤال الجوهرى هنا هو شنو هي قيمتك؟  
نيداو بمنطق المادة، نتا أصديقي عايش فواحد الكوكب لراك مهمل قدامو؛ هاد الأرض صغيرة بزاف قدام شمسية لي كاتغدنا كل نهار بالأشعة ديالها. و حتى هاد شمسية عندها كثر من مليار ديال خوتها غير فالمجرة ديانا؛ لي حتا هي بدورها وحدة ما بين عدد غير محدد من خوتها لي غاديين و حسن منهوم و

كايترادو

نرجعو دابا للسؤال ديانا؛ شنو قيمتك وسط هاد الكون؟

بالنسبة ليا قيمتك كايحدها دماغك! و باش تخلي معنى للوجود دياك، ماتساوش بلي هاد الظاهرة العجيبة لي سميتها "الحياة" حتال دابا عرفناها كايينا غير فوكوب واحد، "الأرض" حسيتي بقيمة الكوكب دياك دابا! أجيو نرجعو للأزمة ديال القيم لي عندنا. ما تمشييش بعيد و شوف الطبيعة حداك و تحدى الحدود دياك بعقلك، سافر و اكتشف. ماقدريتش تفرج فالوثانقيات! قدرت نستافد منهوم بزاف وكيفاش خاصني نعيش: كانتفكر فوثانقي كوكب الأرض كيفاش سحلية هريات من كثر من عشرات اللقاعي باش تحافض على حياتها، و قارنتها بعضات المجتمع لي سممات النفوس ديانا و باقي كاتجاهدو باش نعيشو كيفما بغينا (جهاد، عمل، كرامة)، كانتفكر البطريق لي كايواجه الموت كل نهار باش يجيب الماكلة لوليداتو و العجيب فالأمر كايدير نوبة هو و مراتو (مسؤولية، مساواة، عمل جماعي تشاركي). و مناساش المقترسين لي كياكلو بالوقت باش يحافظو على توازن الإكولوجي لموارد الطبيعة (نظام و التزام

صديقي الإنسان، جدودنا ملي بدا عندهوم الإدراك خلاو لينا رسومات فالكهوف و الأدوات باش كانواخدمين. و نتا لي مدرك و واعى، بصح تقدر تكون حسن منهوم و تخلي شي حاجة لي غادي تكون دليل على الوجود دياك؟  
تخلي شي حاجة لي غادي تكون دليل على الوجود دياك؟



**ciMAG**

[connectinstitute.mag@gmail.com](mailto:connectinstitute.mag@gmail.com)