



Stones / Jeremy Cai / Unsplash

The Lucky Stone

Aya Mhiouite
Advanced 2

Another day here in the sea, awakened by the sound of bouncing waves. The sun is high in the wide, blue sky and so bright I can barely see the sand. Nevertheless, I still recognize voices and laughter.

Then I realize that nothing has changed; I'm still in the same old spot with the same hopes and dreams. I have always wished to leave this miserable beach. I am tortured by this boring lifestyle each and every day, frustrated every time I see or hear somebody talking about life outside with a large smile on their face or talking about memories with family or friends. All I can do here is watch and meditate all day long. I don't even get along with my siblings; being the only blue one in the area is considered pretty weird. So they make sure not to talk to me and totally ignore me.

I am right here in my spot, watching the birds relishing their freedom while flying in the beautiful, fair, sunny sky, when suddenly, a strange object is coming toward me. I have finally identified it! It's a human hand.

I am scared for a moment, but I soon think it is the chance of a lifetime. I don't even bother taking a last look at this miserable, lugubrious place that I have pictured

with every detail in my mind.

I hear a soft voice say, "Wow, it's gorgeous." I look up and see a young lady with an astonished look on her face staring at me, checking me carefully (it looks like I have really gotten her attention). After all, being a blue stone has turned out to be quite interesting to this human. The reason why I have constantly been bullied and ignored has made my dream come true.

We are moving now; it's my first look at the sand from above. As we come closer to the street, my view of the world changes completely. Abruptly, everything turns black. I panic for a second, but soon realize I am in my owner's pocket.

After a few minutes, I am pulled out of the darkness and placed in a glass box. I look around and think, "Oh my God!" Gorgeous, dazzling, radiant siblings are all over the place. I am speechless! I try to introduce myself, but it seems like they don't accept new roommates that easily. However, I don't really care about this situation; the sheer glass offers an amazing view of the room, and the window offers another one of the garden. I am thrilled and grateful to be here.

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It has been weeks since I first came here, and my owner, Anna, is rarely home. It turned out that she is an oceanographer,

and she travels all the time, discovering the seas and studying animals and plants in their marine environment. The house is always calm and quiet. Another two weeks pass, and regret is eating up my mind.

It has been four months now. During this period, Anna has only come home twice. Today is the second morning of December. I hear a strange voice downstairs. I know for sure it isn't Anna because she always sings her way up the stairs. I sit here nervously for a few minutes. Later, and without warning, the house is on fire. I am terrified. I try warning the others, but nobody listens to me. I wait for my destiny—patiently, calmly.

Then, out of the blue, Anna's cat Garfield jumps over the desk and pulls the box down. Glass and stones are everywhere. The pet opens his mouth and comes towards me. The next thing I know, I am lying in the garden. (Apparently, he has been attracted by my color, too.) Soon, neighbors surround the house.

Anna is there, too. She's down on her knees, crying, staring at the house with a hopeless look, demoralized, downhearted. She has lost everything; all that she has been working toward her entire life has vanished within minutes.

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An Interview with Safaa El Youssfi

Student Voice: *Where are you from? Are you originally from Fez?*

Safaa El Youssfi: I'm originally from Fez. I was born and grew up here.

SV: *Tell us about your life as a student. Where did you study? What did you study?*

SY: I studied at Oum Al Banin High School, where I got my high school diploma. Then I received my bachelor's degree in Applied Linguistics from Sidi Mohamed Ibn Abdelah University in Fes, and a master's degree in Culture and Development Studies from Mohamed V University in Rabat. After graduation, I got the Fulbright Scholarship to study at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts in the U.S. I studied Politics there and got a post-graduate certificate.

SV: *Have you ever lived outside Morocco?*

SY: Yes, I lived in the U.S. when I was a Fulbrighter.

SV: *How long have you been teaching at the ALC?*

SY: I've been teaching at the ALC for 15 years.

SV: *How long have you been a teacher in life?*

SY: I've been a teacher for 15 years. I joined The ALC-Rabat as a novice teacher.

SV: *When did you decide to become a teacher? Why did you choose teaching?*

SY: I figured out that I wanted to be a teacher when I started college. It was thanks to my teachers who displayed good character. In fact, they highly influenced my career choice. I truly believe that teaching is a profession of moral and ethics. I

also feel a sense of achievement on a regular basis, seeing my students grow in skills and knowledge. I've always wanted a profession that would change the lives, the attitudes, and the knowledge of people.



Kaoutar Bakhchane & Safaa El Youssfi

SV: *What do you enjoy most about teaching?*

SY: Teaching is an ongoing learning process, as I get to learn a lot from my students. I discover different ways of thinking and various perspectives and find out about new ways of helping them learn.

SV: *Describe your teaching style in three words.*

SY: Student engagement. Peer/cooperative learning. Being clear and concise.

SV: *How is teaching at the ALC different*

from teaching at other schools?

SY: Teaching at the ALC is different in terms of class size, equipment, textbooks, and students' motivation.

SV: *What is the role of a teacher in the classroom?*

SY: A facilitator, an assessor, an organizer, a tutor, and a teacher of knowledge, at times.

SV: *What qualities do good teachers have?*

SY: A good teacher should be patient, knowledgeable, fun to be with, passionate about teaching, well-organized, open to change, and friendly.

SV: *What qualities do good students have?*

SY: Perseverance, self-discipline, responsibility, and leadership.

SV: *If you weren't teaching English, what would you be doing?*

SY: I'd be a diplomat.

SV: *What's your favorite word in the English language?*

SY: Love.

SV: *What's your least favorite word in the English language?*

SY: Hypocrisy.

SV: *What word or phrase do you overuse?*

SY: Really.

SV: *What is your motto?*

SY: Forgive and forget.

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to find out how to get started.

Finally

Sara Yousfi
ALC Graduate

I met a man, and my life changed.
With noble emotions my heart became overcharged.

I thought that I was just attracted, but I was wrong.

Indeed, over days, my feelings became so strong.

Listening to a song all the time,

Just because every word and every line,

Remind me of such good memories,

And now my dreams have become true stories.

It soon turned into something more,

His love was knocking at my heart's door.

Everyday, my feelings are getting more and more grand,

I wonder how I can prevent my heart from beating this hard.

In the darkness I always stay up, lonely,
Thinking, while the others are sleeping deeply.

When he caresses my hair with his soft hand,

I feel something special, a feeling so grand.

When he holds me in his arms, I feel right,

And he always holds me tight.

We make wonderful memories from the moments we spend,

My heart throbs whenever I remember his gentle hand.

A smile, a kiss, a whisper, and even more,

His lips resuscitate my core.

His words are the source of my happiness,

Those romantic compliments obliterate all my dreariness.

Lovers adore each other to the moon and above,

But I think it's such a short distance for our love.

I have found an angel who became my addiction,

A king who makes me live in another

dimension.

He combines understanding, charm, and kindness,

I have never known someone with such amiableness,

In my heart, his love is accumulated,

He is charm, incarnated.

My friends tell me to stop my lamentation,

But it isn't my choice, he is my inspiration.

They tell me loving in secret is a slow death,
But for me, it's so perfect.

In my eyes shine different emotions,

And his love indicates to me all the directions.

I tell him, for me, he is the best,

But I know it's the least that I can say about him,

Because he is my king literatim.

I believe that I can walk more than a mile,

Just to be with him for a while.

My love, be mine without any exception,

And let's live in the paradise of my imagination.

Beauty

Allan Dahman
Sidi Mohamed Ibn Abdelah University

Beauty is beautiful,
Yet only for a passing time,
As it is doomed to quickly fade.
Beauty, then,
Is worth no more than a dime,
Even if it's extracted from jade.
Beauty is a fake angel,
Claiming to do miracles,
Tempting girls to kneel down to him,
Promising to break their earthly shackles,

And to realize their every lofty whim.
How many girls, by beauty,
Have been deceived?
Yet not one of them has learned her lesson,
And so they all, afterward,
Live utterly grieved,
Weeping and regretting their past actions.
People think that ugliness is beauty's foe,
Thus, every morning, to the mirror they go,
To recheck themselves from head to toe,
Standing stiff as if they were scarecrows!
But, could the beautiful be known and appreciated,
If it were not for his faithful twin, the ugly?
If not, then why is the latter depreciated?
And never with the beautiful, stands justly!

Who Is She?

Hiba Allache
Advanced 5

Once upon a time, there was a teenage girl called Secret, but most of her friends called her Dreamer. Even though Dreamer had a lot of friends, she always felt alone. She always stayed in her room, imagining her future and the future of the universe. She also imagined impossible things happening, like having super powers to help make her dreams come true. One more thing that she asked all the time was, "how did people use to live in the past, and what would their lives be like in the future?" She also asked much weirder questions than those, which motivated her to find the answers. When she was with her friends, she would suddenly change the subject that they were discussing to something crazy.



Daydreaming / Fritz Zuber-Buhler / the-athenaeum.org

Maybe there were a bunch of girls like her in the world, but she always thought of herself as a unique person. This thought made her gain self-confidence whenever she was feeling down. Imagining things was a part of her life. I don't think that she would have been able to live without it. The only thing that could make her calm down when she was angry or sad was imagining something that could change her life forever. Even if her friends and family tried to calm her down, it wouldn't have the same effect. Her life was casual; nothing strange ever

happened in her life. Everything that happened in this dream world was better, or as she said, it was way more than perfect than her real life.

I forgot to tell you that a lot of her wishes came true. Yes, they really came true, even if they sometimes took a few years to come true. It was OK with her, as long as they happened. For her, everyone in the

world was connected to the others in one way or another. That was why she wanted to know more about her family's past, even though she already knew more about her family's past than her siblings did. Though she was young at that time, she still understood those things that weren't for people her age, even when her family tried to fool her. I guess she had been building her imaginary world since childhood.

Her dream was to have her name repeated in everyone's day-to-day conversations. I know that

it's impossible, but for her, it was possible because she was so ambitious and motivated. That was why she was always thinking about her long-term goals. She always said, "if you can dream it, you can do it." That was her motto. I still remember that she always repeated her motto without getting bored with it. She even said to never allow anyone to change your way of thinking because you would just become a copy of that person without even knowing it. That was why she always told her loved ones to be themselves, to have fun, and to achieve their goals.

Once Again

Kaoutar Oubdil
Beginning 5

Let's go back,
To the old memories.
Let's love each other,
Once again.
I long for the beautiful past,
When we were together,
But time runs fast.
It made your farther.
I hope you're just fine,
I hope to hear your news,
You're still mine.
My heart is blind,
Maybe that's what makes our end.
Now that I have met you again,
Let's have another chance.
You still love me, sure,
Let's lay and dance.
Let's go to the good times,
When the love was innocent,
And you were my prince.

I'll Let You Decide

Amre Haijoubi

The rose was shining like the moon above our heads,
The rose was smiling like the smile of a mother giving birth,
The hand grabbed the rose like when death grabs a man,
The rose was no more, like a grave full of bodies with no souls.



Stones 2 / Jeremy Cai / Unsplash

LUCKY STONE continues from page 1

That's when one of her neighbors picks me up and hands me to her. Bewildered, she kisses me—one warm, loving kiss. That kiss is the beginning of a new life, a new career, and, most importantly, new hope!

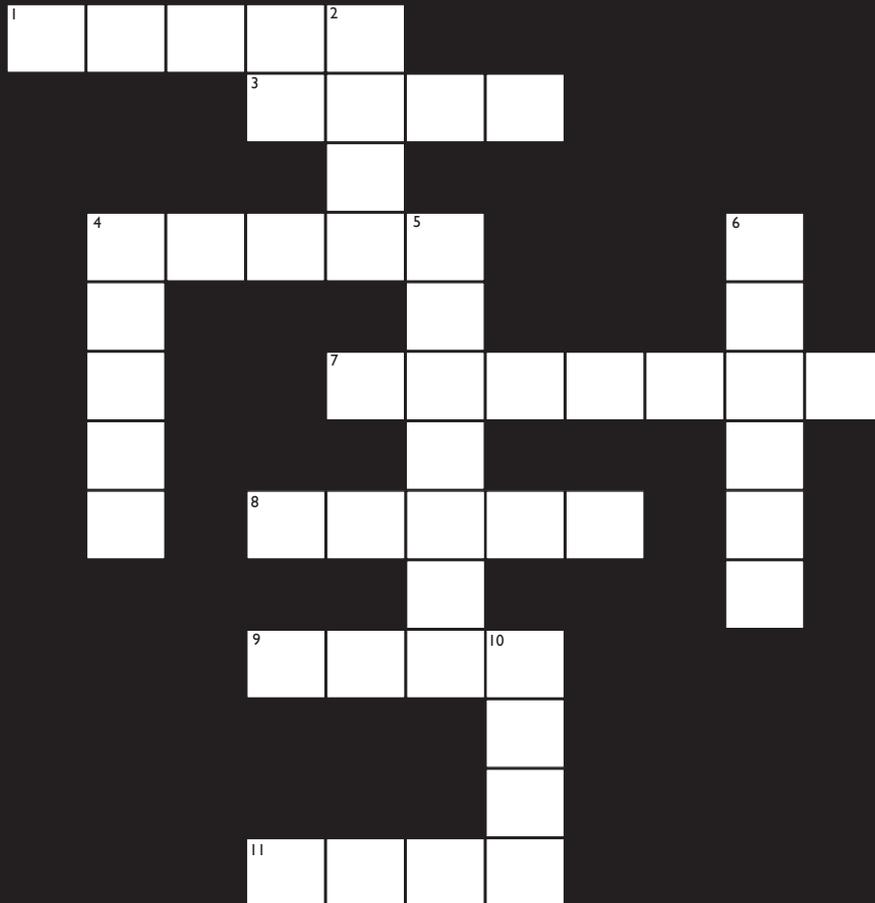
Since that day, Anna has taken me everywhere with her. She has made me her lucky charm and has worn me around her neck all the time. She has even given me a name: Lucky Stone. Well, finally, my dream really has come true.

Students were asked to personify an object.

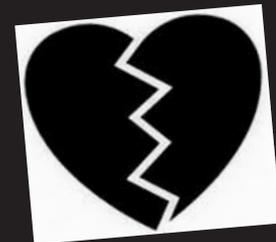
submitting teacher: Karen Livingstone



Not for the Faint of Heart



- ANSWERS
ACROSS
1. young
 3. lorn
 4. minds
 7. breaker
 8. money
 9. lost
 11. hate
- DOWN
2. gold
 4. marry
 5. strings
 6. sleeve
 10. take



ACROSS

1. A person who has a youthful spirit even when she's a grown-up is _____ *at heart*.
3. Someone who is miserable because he loves someone who doesn't love him is *love* _____.
4. In war, trying to persuade an enemy instead of using violent force is called winning *hearts and* _____.
7. Someone who causes sadness and disappointment, especially in love, is a *heart* _____.
8. Another way of saying that you wouldn't do something for any reason is to say, "*not for love or* _____."
9. There's *no love* _____ between two people who have absolutely no respect or admiration for one another.
11. In a *love-*_____ *relationship*, two people are in love one minute, but can't stand each other the next.

DOWN

2. Someone who is very kind has *a heart of* _____.
4. One way to get rich quickly is to marry a wealthy person, or to _____ *money*.
5. When something *tugs at the heart* _____, it makes you feel your deepest emotions.
6. When you *wear your heart on your* _____, you reveal your feelings for everyone to see.
10. If you take criticism too seriously, you _____ *it to heart*..