

SPECIAL HALLOWEEN WRITING CONTEST EDITION

A Text From Beyond the Grave

Karima Majid

Intermediate I

FIRST PLACE

Beginning, Lower Intermediate & Juniors

TOPIC: *Every day, Fatima receives text messages from her long-dead great-great-great grandfather. He makes predictions about what will happen the next day—and he's right. He's always 100% right! "Tomorrow, you will pass your exam." He was right! "Tomorrow, you will find a new boyfriend." He was right! "Tomorrow, your boyfriend will give you flowers." He was right. Today the text reads, "If you do not _____ tonight, tomorrow your family will die." What is the prediction and what does Fatima do?*

If you do not kill your boyfriend tonight, tomorrow your family will die.

Fatima was very frightened. She didn't know if her dead great-great-great-grandfather would be right or if her eyes were playing tricks when she received the text message.

In the morning, she got up very early, went to the bathroom, and started to wash her face. The young girl was surprised when she looked in the mirror because of the blood she saw on her own face. What's more, her boyfriend's name was written on the mirror. "Don't forget to kill today," a voice screamed.

Fatima finished washing her face and went to the kitchen to eat breakfast. The door opened. She thought that her family had come home from their trip, but when she went to see who had come, there was no one. There was only a knife covered in blood and a big pool of blood on the floor.

She was very afraid. She closed the door and tried to call her father, but he didn't answer her call. She called her mother, who answered, "We are at the hospital now. Your brother got a burn on his hand."

Fatima had to go to the university because her boyfriend had called her, but she

didn't know what would happen when she met him.

She put on a black dress and decided to kill her boyfriend that night because she loved her family. When she got to the university, Ahmed saw her and they exchanged greetings. "You're dressed very elegantly today," he told her.

Around 10 p.m., they were driving back to Fatima's house in Ahmed's car. They were driving through the forest. It was quiet and dark. Fatima saw a bright light in the distance. It was coming closer and closer. The light quickly disappeared and Fatima's phone buzzed. *Get out of the car. Now.*

Ahmed asked Fatima what the prob-



lem was. "Nothing," Fatima answered.

By 11 p.m., they were in front of Fatima's house. She got out of the car, but had forgotten her phone, so she went back to the car for it.

When she opened the door, she found all of the windows open. There were a lot of shoes lying on the floor.

Fatima cried out, but no one from her family came to help her. She heard a strange voice say, "Fatima, don't forget that I told you that your family would die. You knew. I was right all along."

She took a knife from the kitchen and went upstairs. At the top of the stairs, she found a corpse without arms. She realized that another bad thing would happen that very night.

She went outside and saw Ahmed's car in front of the house. She shouted to him, but then she realized that the car was empty.

Fatima heard a loud noise coming from the forest behind the house. It was so loud that it hurt her ears.

She went back inside the house. Ahmed's head was lying there. It was covered in blood. She picked up his head and buried it in the backyard. She cleaned up all of the blood that covered the house in red.

Then the phone rang. It was her mother. "We decided to go out of town for the night. Take care of yourself. Don't forget to lock the door when you go out."

Fatima cried all night because she had lost her boyfriend. She began to live in fear and loneliness that night.

Not long after that night, Fatima went crazy. She wore dirty clothes and walked in the forest all day and all night. Whenever she saw a man in the forest, she killed him.

THE 2017 ALC-FES HALLOWEEN CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

All of the stories in this issue of the Student Voice were written by ALC students as part of the 2017 ALC-Fes Halloween Creative Writing Contest.

The participants wrote scary stories in response to their choice of spooky writing prompt. A panel of ALC teachers chose the best stories. Six winners were selected: three from Beginning, Lower Intermediate & Juniors student-participants; and three from Upper Intermediate & Advanced levels.

Congratulations to the writers of the winning stories. Thank you to all of the students who participated.

Our Lords' Revenge

Kenza Benhammaali

Intermediate 4

FIRST PLACE

Upper Intermediate & Advanced

TOPIC: *In 2035, all the graveyards in Paris are full. There's no place left to bury the dead. At the same time, the Fez Medina has fallen to pieces—buildings stand neglected, full of rats and snakes, people are afraid to visit: tourists stopped coming years earlier. So, having relocated all of the mosques and holy places, Morocco sells the Old Medina to France for 10 billion euros. Then a million bodies are flown from Paris and sealed into the old dars, riads, souks, hanoots, and tanneries, so that on the night of 4 September 2036, the Old Medina of Fez is full to the brim with corpses. That night, you and a friend are walking through the old graveyard outside of the Old Medina, near the foot of Mount Zalagh, when you notice the gravestones start to move... What happens next?*

People were not OK with the sale of the Old Medina. I even remember one old man saying, "Our lords won't agree, and they will take revenge." He stormed through the streets of Fez, shouting, "The future will be worse! The future will be

worse!"

But a few months later, people forgot the old man and the whole story. Now the Old Medina of Fez was full to the brim with corpses. The Medina had become a big graveyard.

And here is where my story begins.

One night, I was walking through the old graveyard with my friend. While we were walking, we noticed that some gravestones were starting to move.

I turned to tell Ahmed about it, but he was no longer there. He was just gone. He was here a few seconds ago. *Where is he?* I started panicking and shouting his name, but there was no answer. At that moment, bodies started climbing out of their graves.

By the time I realized what was happening, the Old Medina was full of the walking dead. The corpses looked my way, and as they started getting closer and closer to me, I ran away. Thank God they were slow, but there will still be hundreds of others around me. *What can I do?* I wondered,

"Is this my end? Will I die? Is this my last day?" I was wailing and crying.

Suddenly a pair of hands caught me. They were dead hands. The hands were touching my body, and I was crying. I realized that this was my end, so I closed my eyes.

The hands stopped. A voice started shouting, "This is revenge, you humans! How dare you sell my place? I am the lord of lords!"

At that moment, I remembered the old man. While the dead bodies were listening to that voice, I ran away. The last thing I heard was, "Tell no one or we will come for you..."

Until now, I've never told another person, and not only because of those words. If I tell someone, I fear that they will think I'm crazy.

I realized after all of that that the old man was alright.

So, dear friends, whenever you go to the Old Medina, remember my story.

Sale! Blood! Sale! Bloooooo!

Ghali Alami

Juniors 7 Advanced

SECOND PLACE

Beginning, Lower Intermediate & Juniors

TOPIC: *Salma and Abdullah are walking through Borj Fez one Saturday evening when they notice all of the mannequins in the shops start to move. As they walk faster, they notice all the mannequins leave the shops and start following them! As Salma and Abdullah start running, all the mannequins begin running after them screaming, "Sale, Blood, Sale, Bloooooo!!!" Salma and Abdullah run and hide inside Carrefour, under the ice cream.*

Salma and Abdullah look around for the door, but when they finally find it, they can't open it. It's closed. Suddenly, the lights go off. Salma and Abdullah are going crazy. They can't see anything, and they have to fight off a lot of mannequins. What are they going to do?

Abdullah takes his phone, turns on his flashlight, and starts running with Salma. After ten minutes, he is tired, so he stops and looks around. Salma has disappeared! Is she dead? Suddenly, Salma starts shriek-

ing.

"Help me Abdullah! I'm going to die! These mannequins want my blood!"

"Forgive me, Salma! I can't! It's too dangerous!"

goes to the sports equipment store, takes a tennis racquet, and runs to help his friend. He pushes the mannequins away and hits them with the racquet. He takes Salma and goes to the ice cream in Carrefour.



Poor Salma. What are her parents going to say? They are going to be so sad for the rest of their time.

Suddenly, Abdullah has an idea. He

stabs him.

Now the mannequins have blood. The bad experience is finished for Salma. She will never forget her friend.

“Thank s , Abdullah. You are my hero.”

“It’s nothing. We’re friends.”

“What are we doing here?” Salma asks.

“The mannequins can’t find us here.”

Abdullah spoke too quickly.

A mannequin takes a knife and

What Lies in Wait Inside Nostalgia?

Mohamed Amine El Bakkal

Advanced 2

SECOND PLACE

Upper Intermediate & Advanced

TOPIC: *In 2035, all the graveyards in Paris are full. There's no place left to bury the dead. At the same time, the Fez Medina has fallen to pieces—buildings stand neglected, full of rats and snakes, people are afraid to visit: tourists stopped coming years earlier. So, having relocated all of the mosques and holy places, Morocco sells the Old Medina to France for 10 billion euros. Then a million bodies are flown from Paris and sealed into the old dars, riads, souks, hanoots, and tanneries, so that on the night of 4 September 2036, the Old Medina of Fez is full to the brim with corpses. That night, you and a friend are walking through the old graveyard outside of the Old Medina, near the foot of Mount Zalagh, when you notice the gravestones start to move... What happens next?*

Everything started in 2035 when scandalous news took possession of all the French headlines: the graveyards of Paris were full and the confused country didn't know how to solve the issue. Many families of the people who had passed away began to complain to the government. They started burning the bodies of the dead in the streets or kept them cold by preserving them in fridges. It was a total mess. The population of France directed a rebellion against their leaders.

By this time, the Fez Medina had fallen apart because of an earthquake that destroyed all the houses and all the souks. Morocco, at this time, was facing a crisis and couldn't afford the restoration of the buildings. So, against the desire of all Moroccans, the government was forced to sell

this area of the city to France in order to fix its financial situation.

One year passed and even the Old Medina was rotten to the core and filled with French graves. Poverty gained intensity in Morocco, and tourists stopped visiting.

It was a Ramadan night. My cousin Zineb and I were having a sleepover to recall our childhood. While we were watching an old Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen movie that we loved when we were younger, I had a brilliant idea.

I excitedly asked Zineb, "What do you think about going to the area near the foot of Mount Zalagh?"

We hadn't been there since we were both eight years old.

"Don't tell me that you have forgotten all of the time we spent playing there!"

Zineb wisely replied, "I do remember; however, I think it's a bad idea."

I begged insistently, "Please! Let's go breathe some fresh air."

"No! It's impossible! It's midnight!" said Zineb.

"And what's the problem with that?!? Are you afraid of zombies?" I asked her before I started laughing in her face.

She ignored me with her usual serious manner but finally accepted with some complaints about my childish behavior.

She drove us there in her car. On our way, we saw with sad eyes what had become of the Old Medina, our sweet Old Medina.

As soon as we arrived, we regretted our decision. It was a dark, scary place with no lights. I turned on my phone and put on

the flashlight to see where we were walking.

We spent about thirty minutes walking when I unconsciously touched a gravestone. As I was going to check out the name of the person buried there, Zineb screamed. I looked up and found her on the ground with a shocked facial expression. I was going to join her when a shadow ran next to me at an unbelievable speed.

I ran to the place where Zineb was lying, but I couldn't find her. I panicked and decided to check if she had gone back to the car. My hands were shaking. My phone fell to the ground. I was completely lost in the obscurity of the Medina. I shouted my cousin's name many times, but I didn't get any response.

Suddenly, I heard someone breathing behind me. Thinking that it was my cousin, I turned to face whoever was behind me. All I could see were blue eyes with magical moving shades of red in them. I felt something like a kiss on my cheek, then another on my neck, followed by a weird sensation of someone biting me.

First, my heart started beating fast. Next, my eyes closed. Then I fell into a deep sleep. I woke up after an indefinite time lapse. I didn't know where I was. There was a killer pain in my neck, and I had a terrible headache.

I found a terrible paper in my hand. I opened it, and saw written there: *Inside the ground your relative is. To see her again, you need to find ME.* - Victoria

To be continued...



Congratulations to the Spring 2017 ALC-Fes Merit Scholars



Every ALC-Fes Merit Scholar receives free tuition for one ALC term because of their outstanding academic performance.

Beginning 2 Safwane Hennani
Beginning 3 Asmae El Alaoui
Beginning 4 Khalid Halimi
Beginning 5 Souad Jaafour
Beginning 6 Chaymae Retal

Intermediate 1 Asmae Dahak
Intermediate 2 Aya Arif
Intermediate 3 Imane El Atillah
Intermediate 4 Frissa Dorsaf
Intermediate 5 Malak Idrissi Benyacine
Intermediate 6 Adam Ait El Mekki

Advanced 1 Hind Benjelloun
Advanced 2 Fatim Zahra Aich
Advanced 3 Omar Benjelloun
Advanced 4 Abdelali Sbai
Advanced 5 Salma Habib Allah
Advanced 6 Wissal Bennani

Blood Runs Through It

Maryame Yassine

Advanced 4

HONORABLE MENTION

Upper Intermediate & Advanced

TOPIC: *You're eating dinner with your family in R'cif when you hear screaming near the river. You hear thousands of children, women, and men shrieking and wailing. It is soooo loud! You leave your family and run to the river to see it running fast with thick, dark-red blood, and you notice it's overflowing into the streets—your feet are splashing through the blood! As you run and splash through the Medina to escape all the other people, you notice all the gutters, all the faucets, and all the fountains are gushing and splashing with the same thick red blood! The Medina is full of blood! What caused this and how did it stop?*

On that day, everybody was screaming near the river, running from one place to another through the Medina to escape with all the other people.

Only one man sat near a house in R'cif. He looked lonely and incapable of moving, so I offered to help. I moved towards him and told him to escape or he would die. He didn't acknowledge any of my requests. Then he turned his head and looked at me.

I was extremely surprised. He had one big eye, a frustratingly large mouth and a beard. As soon as I saw his face, I started wailing and screaming so loudly, but nobody heard me or even saw me. Everybody was too busy escaping.

He pushed me away and said, "I am who I am. This is my power, and no one can stop this overflowing blood," an evil smile coming across his face.

I was extremely scared, and I started shouting loudly, "This man is the cause of everything. We must stop him!" But nobody paid me any attention. They thought I was crazy. I had no solution other than to escape.

The whole time I was trying to run away from him, I felt that someone or something was moving me toward him with an even stronger power.

The old man mentioned, "No matter what you do, you will not escape, and no-

body can help you. You are the only one who can see and hear me. In order to stop me and all of this, you have to be amenable to my orders."

I answered him that I would do all that I could to stop the river of blood.

He asked me to bring him a gold ring that belonged to someone who had died in the nineteenth century. I only had thirty minutes to do so. I was shocked. I mean, how could I bring him that gold ring? Suddenly, I remembered that my great grandmother had had one. She had given it to my grandmother, and my grandmother gave it to my mother.

So I went looking for my family everywhere, but I found it difficult to move fast because of the overflowing river of dark-red blood. I found my mother and my little brother hiding in our family car. I stopped the car from floating away and helped my mom and brother get out.

I asked my mother to give me the ring. She didn't understand anything because what mattered most at that moment was escaping, not the ring, but she gave it to me anyway.

I went back to the man and gave him the ring. He told me that it would help him bring back his dead son's spirit and empower him to stop the overflowing river.

His son had been killed over fifty years earlier, and his body was taken and hidden under the river by ancient ghosts. The old man had been asked to bring the gold ring or else the flood of dark-red blood coming out of his son's body would run over the whole Medina.

In the end, the man wasn't visible to anyone else because he was a spirit, too, but a really good one who helped to stop the river of blood.

As soon as the man put on that ring, everything stopped. There was no more blood on the roads, and everything in the Medina went back to how it had been.



Nizar Lamrani

Beginning 5

HONORABLE MENTION

Beginning, Lower Intermediate & Juniors

TOPIC: *You're eating dinner with your family in R'cif when you hear screaming near the river. You hear thousands of children, women, and men shrieking and wailing. It is soooo loud! You leave your family and run to the river to see it running fast with thick, dark-red blood, and you notice it's overflowing into the streets—your feet are splashing through the blood! As you run and splash through the Medina to escape all the other people, you notice all the gutters, all the faucets, and all the fountains are gushing and splashing with the same thick red blood! The Medina is full of blood! What caused this and how did it stop?*

After a good dinner at a popular restaurant, we started talking about our studies. All of a sudden, I heard women's and babies' cries. I was scared. I didn't know what to do. So I decided to follow the voices alone.

When I was walking in the street, my feet were splashing through the blood. I cried. I was crying like a madman. Suddenly, I saw a lot of people covered in blood coming toward me very quickly. I started running through the Old Medina.

Zombies were following me. There was blood everywhere.

After running for a long time, I was so tired.

The zombies were still following me. I decided to stop running to see what they would do.

Then I woke up. It was only a bad dream.

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