



## I am living one of my dreams...

"I am living one of my dreams, sitting under rain and thunderbolt, in front of a huge empty beach, it is one a.m. Huge scary caves and arches are surrounding my body and free mind. The sea is far, very far, the sand is cold and wet. I can only feel it, as I can feel pebbles, hundreds of pebbles under my foot. Darkness is hindering me of losing my mind by seeing the only creatures sitting next to my mate and I, ghosts, billions of ghosts probably, as free as I am, lying on a South Moroccan beach. Am I really free, or is it just a feeling provided by my current state of mind, inspired by the greatness of nature? I have to admit that this is the first time I deeply think about what nature is. I do think a lot, but enclosed in my daily chaotic landscapes in Casablanca, I tend to focus on the beauty of cement, tar and lights. I have never left Casablanca to live somewhere else, I was born in an old neighborhood, full of old French buildings, so the first time I opened my eyes, my look was focused on my city's architecture, and since that day, my passion for my own city, and all its components is growing. Later on, I stood up and did my first steps in the most famous popular neighborhood of Casablanca, also known as the cradle of Moroccan musicians. There, I learnt to appreciate the crowd and noise. The marvelous city gave birth to a dauntless generation, thirsty of discovery, which I joined, accompanied by the word "beautiful" as a motto, because to me, every single thing on earth is beautiful, as long as you manage to assimilate that the degree of beauty is not defined by the structure of an object or a place, but by your view of it. All I knew about nature while living in one of the biggest cities of North Africa was the beautiful landscapes I watched on video-sharing websites, particularly the one I am in, the one I dreamed about for a long time, and never expected to reach by my own self because of the distance separating it from my city, and parental stress, preventing me of feeling totally free. Tough, unlike most of the girls of my age, I was given enough freedom by my parents, and thanks to them, I learnt to be independent and blown, far from the bourgeoisie's cocoon, which I couldn't stand, and usually mocked with my friends."

Morocco, I knew almost every part of it, and the few images I didn't witness myself were stuck into my mind, after I kept watching them on the Internet. That's how I got attracted in this wonderful beach, which I named "L". Unfortunately, if travelling to close cities without being caught by my parents had become something I often did, my dreamed destination was way too far, and staging an excuse such as "Mum, Dad, I'm going out with my friend" was something I couldn't do, because I needed at least four days to cross the seven hundreds kilometers separating L. from Casablanca, breath its fresh air for a while, then cross the long distance back. Obviously, those who said "impossible is nothing" were right. In August, I was given two hundred dirhams by my father to spend some time with a girl I had met one year ago in Chefchaouen, while having a photography training, and whom I hadn't seen during the whole school year. Instead of doing so, I used this money to do the trip I was eager to do. I met this girl early on a sunny morning, after we both spent time discussing on the Internet about the itinerary we could take to reach L. We met near a taxi station, and spent the four next days in taxis and buses, making up for lost time and exchanging news about photography, cinema, trips and boys. When we arrived in L. the only things I could do were jumping, running, laughing and screaming. The beauty of nature made me look like a selfish teenager lost in total euphoria. Indeed, I didn't think about the fact that my family and friends did not knew where I really was. While contemplating the sunset in heaven, giving news didn't matter to me. I came back home blinded by unparalleled radiance which made my passion for traveling



grow bigger and bigger. Seven months later, I crossed 3,830 kilometers, from North Morocco to deep South, with my parents' permission, but this latter incredible trek can definitely not be told in a few lines, and certainly needs several chapters.

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