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EDITORIAL

Pen Circle
in High School

Pen Circle, the review of the English Department at the Faculty of Letters, Beni Mellal, was diffused only among the students of the faculty. But now, it is possible for students in high schools of Tadla-Azilal region to read *Pen Circle*. This is due to the positive answer of Beni Mellal "Academy" officials, especially the responsible of the 'Documentation and Communication Office' who kindly accepted to publicize and diffuse extra copies for secondary school institutions. We would like, in this respect, to express our deep thanks and our gratitude to the 'Academy' of Beni Mellal.

This new step in our review endeavor will surely be a golden opportunity for our Baccalaureate students to have their English writings published and read by a wider public...

It goes without saying that *Pen Circle* is open up to the different literary and pedagogical contributions of both teachers and students at all levels. This is highly helpful for us, since we are thinking about raising the number of *Pen circle* pages to 10. It is one of our challenges that we think we can take up with the vital support of our contributors.

Finally, the editorial board of *Pen circle* seizes the new issue to wish you a

happy new year (2005), full of success for us all and development for our dear country at large. We also insist on telling you:

'Mabrouk Eed Lakbir!'

The Editor

CONTENTS

Editorial: <i>Pen Circle</i> in High School ...	1
A Very Important Meeting ...	1
'The Benefits of Education' by Saida OUFATTI	2
The Poet's Corner: "...by your leave!"	
by Pr. Redouan SAÏDI	3
'Where is my Lullaby' by Ahmed KARMAOUI	3
'Doomed to Accept Difference'	
by Khalid CHAOUCH...	4
<i>Representing Morocco</i>	4
My Pungent Quotations:	
'They said about ... school' ...	5
Conference Announcement:	
<i>Edward Said: The Man and the Scholar</i>	5
STUDENTS' CULTURAL DAY...	5
Ramadan Prize for Mellali Writers in English, 1425/2004 Edition: List of Winners...	6
'There Was Once a Man'	
by Fatima-Ezzahra OUBANAS...	6
Peoples' Lore	6
Creative Pens:	
'The Adopted Child' by Ali EL AZOUZI ...	7
'What if...?' by Abd El Aziz KHOURDIFI ...	7
Word Puzzle: Looking for Clues Among Buildings ...	8
Crosswords (N° 19)...	8

⇒ **PEN CIRCLE**

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Happy New Year 2005

Pen Circle Prize 3rd Winner

The Benefits of Education

(A short Story)

Once in a small Moroccan village far from the city, a rich but illiterate man named Hammou lived in his manor with his gentle beautiful wife. The latter had given birth, a month before, to two babies: Kassim and Fadila. The coming of the babies brought happiness and harmony into the couple's life.

Seven years later, the twins went to the village school which was a bit far from the house. Here the problems fell over Hammou's head. One day, when he was sitting in his garden armchair, he had a mysterious idea in mind. Then he whispered: "I am wealthy. I have all the means of comfort. Why don't I buy a car to make life easier?" After a while, he made up his mind and took the decision; a weak later, he bought the car after selling a piece of land.

When he brought the car home, he made a great feast inviting all the village dwellers to dinner. The next day, Hammou realized that the problem was not to buy the car but how to drive it without a driving licence! Really, it was a dilemma. Day after day, Hammou was thinking and thinking; he did nothing but think. Suddenly, he achieved the core of the target. He asked himself: "What about learning driving by myself?"

Two busy days of hard work and exhaustion passed in his life in order to learn driving by talent. The neighbours got anxious about their properties. That was the reason why they put signs by the road in order to attract Hammou's attention that there were animals nearby, but in vain. Hammou is Hammou. Everyday he broke records in harvest, not of wheat but of cows' souls.

One wet Sunday, by twilight, when Hammou was listening to the evening news, strong knocks were heard at the door. He opened the door and saw a strange face in front of him. He started speaking: "Peace be upon you! Can I offer any help?" Then the sound came from the dark: "Yes, Mr. Hammou! You'll do me a favour if you turn the light on and listen to what I shall say now." When the light was on, Hammou realized that the stranger was his neighbour who looked very furious.

- "Ah, El-Maati. What's the matter?"

The neighbour replied with a bitter tone in his voice: "My crops are ruined and most of my cows are killed."

- "Is there any fatal disease in this village and I don't know?"

- "Y...yes! There is a disease. A harmful one. Do you know what the disease is? It you... you callous man!"

Hammou remained silent for a moment, with his hands in his trousers pockets. Then he said carelessly: "What do you mean by that?"

- "I mean you and your damned car."

- "Why are you so angry? Be quiet! Everything can be repaired."

- "What? You ask me to be quiet? You... How rude you are!"

- "Poor El-Maati! Richness you aim, poverty you get."

By these words Hammou got on El-Maati's nerves. Then the later cried: "Keep your irony out of your speech and tell me: what is the convenient remedy to what you ruined yesterday?"

- "Oh, remedy? You say remedy. Remedy of what? I didn't know that you are stupid to that extent. It is your field not mine!"

- "OK, bad man. I'll look for a solution by myself."

El-Maati went back unsatisfied with Hammou's treatment and harness. Once again, a sarcastic voice echoed in his ears: "Don't say you'll buy a car and ruin my crops too!"

- "I am not silly to do so. I'll have my rights by these hands. I'll complain to the Sheikh."

- "Go even to the minister! I am Hammou. Everyone knows me but no one can oblige me to do what I don't like to do. I don't care!"

All his way back home, El-Maati was thinking about that heavy blow he bore. If he tried to do anything against the tyrant Hammou, he would not manage. For Hammou would take revenge and ruin what was remaining. When he arrived home, a brainwave freshened his memory. He agreed and even decided to carry it out. So he brought a blackboard, a piece of chalk and even a tutor.

After a week, El-Maati started to teach his cows how to cross the road because Hammou was not sufficiently clever to drive without causing dangerous accidents. Amazingly, the cows became intelligent in a short lapse of time. El-Maati brought a sign and put it close to the road. If the cow came to cross the road, she would first read the warning sign: "BEWARE! HAMMOU IS COMING!"; she would look left, right, and left side, then would cross the road confidently.

Hence, El-Maati continued his life in peace and safety thanks to his skilled cows; these cows that had courage, a sense of challenge, and a great desire to be educated even without receiving a diploma, to be conscious of their responsibilities, and to become valuable for their society.

by Miss Saida Oufatti,
3rd Year

<p>Pen Circle n° 19</p>	<p>p. 3.</p>
<p>The Poet's Corner</p>	
<p>This corner is devoted to all kinds of writings by all students in poetry and/or poetic criticism. These writings should be typed, or presented in handwriting as clear as possible, and submitted to the Department office. Attempts, whether published or not, will not be returned.</p>	<p>the flowers of evil in the garden of humanity. I saw also flower buds of hope. Death was there, though I could not see it. It was hiding in the transparent secrets of life. I only saw its traces in the fading-away flowers, the dim-lighted stars and the agonizing passions. I was not aware that nature around me flushed out in all the colours of the rainbow, pale yellow, crimson red and ocean blue. I really was not aware! Time was there dancing like the flames of fire. I felt like standing alone in this breath-taking divine corridor. I was waiting for miracles to happen and save us the bloodsheds and catastrophes. I did not have time to plunge inside myself and meditate like a Buddha of the times to come. The truth was stronger than I thought and sometimes hard to accept. But I turned for comfort in people like you whenever my faith became weak. The temptation for light is still within. Whenever my vision is flirted with the smallest shred of light, the hope grows inside my heart like those flower buds in the remote lands of the prophets. It is this sophist outlook on the universe that saves me from having the crushed feeling of being fragile and alone in the immensity of the world. And though the icy distances that separate us, it feels like we are together in these times of trouble. I did not want to tell you that I am still under the melancholy of the loss. We lost a dear friend of us. She disappeared like that beautiful transience of spring. She left behind an angel who still fills our lives with the sunshine of the moments. May God bless her soul, <i>Amin</i>.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Pr. Redouan SAÏDI</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">...by your leave!</p> <p>One morning break that was like a cosmic blast, you looked as if you wanted to marry the unknown. You asked us to open the windows and the doors wide to let in the breeze of the ocean. You felt claustrophobic, so claustrophobic than ever. You sat in front of the glass and saw everything from the beginning till the end. You saw all your life with the smallest details of the portraits. "Everything", I say. You put a line of black <i>Khoul</i> on your eyebrows and a crimson red lip stick on the lips. And so beautiful you looked, so beautiful I mean, like some sort of passion! So beautiful that death will bow before you. You put on your white <i>caftan</i>. You didn't forget your Zagora earrings. You put a red rose on your hair that you parted behind. You had the whim of walking on a snowy little path in a garden somewhere in your head, with the pride of a Spanish gypsy woman, <i>Ghajaria</i>, solemnly dancing on flamenco tunes. We were asking you where you were heading to. You decided not to speak, though you saw the dilemmas in our flashing blank looks. You looked wonderful like a rose standing with pride before some poets. You looked more wonderful than ever in the silence of your soul. And suddenly, you hurried out and cast back a loving look on us and lost the words again! We did not insist and we shed tears of longing. We felt your absence like some pangs of death. With the course of time, we realized that you left your smile on your daughter's face. You left behind your eyes as if to see if your people were going to remember you with the naked eye.</p> <p>With all these sentiments that still flash through my mind, I feel like I have already missed you, dear friend. I am so sorry if, without being aware of it, the gap between us has grown so wide. I was not aware that time was going so fast in my life, too. It was changing my expressions. I felt the furrows of time deep on the skin of my face. And I often wondered where these furrows lead to. I saw</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Pen Circle Prize 3rd Winner</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Where is My Lullaby?</p> <p>Every time, like always, I lay on bed, Waiting for the words to come out. But this night no song will be out I just can hear a noise free No words, no hymns, no poetry. I couldn't sleep nor have dreams And the light I used to see got no beams. I've become blind in my night As the song got the last flight. Where's my lullaby? Where's my lullaby teller? I can't find him tonight. I bet he's resting in peace Where he will sing in ease. Rest in peace, Grand-Father!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Ahmed KARMAOUI (2nd Year.)</p>

DOOMED TO ACCEPT DIFFERENCE

‘Men give names to all the animals...’ And they also imitate them. But while imitating animals, humans generally show an unreserved amount of subjectivism. When we have a look at the onomatopoeic sounds of animals in the languages of people living around the Mediterranean basin, we discover that there are many differences even about the sound of the same animal. Let’s take the example of two of the most common domestic animals and pets in this part of the globe: the cock and the dog. The following list of their crow and cry in eight Mediterranean languages proves that we are doomed to difference even about the most ostentatious things, that we are doomed to accepting this difference, and that no people – no nation – shall claim the right to say that its expression – or its view – is the most objective one (or the most ‘animalistic’ one!)

<u>Languages</u>	<u>Cock’s crow</u> (the sound)	<u>Dog’s cry</u> (the action)
Arabic	kukuku:ku: كوكوكو:كو	/nabaha/ نباح
English	cock-a-doodle-doo	bark
French	coquerico/cocorico	aboyer
Spanish	Quiquiriqui	Ladrar (guau)
Italian	Chicchirichi	abbaiare
German	Kikeriki	bellen
Greek	/kikirikū:/	ἰῶ /gaugize /
Russian	/ku:ku:reku: /	/pai/

Well, let’s call it a crow!

Khalid Chaouch

The next issue of **PEN CIRCLE** (N° 20) will appear in mid-February 2005. Contributions are to be submitted before 8 February 2005.

Representing Morocco



English web-magazine, *Working Papers on the Web*, based at the University of Sheffield (England) has released its latest issue, volume 7, on the theme of ‘**Representing Morocco.**’ It includes the following articles and reviews:

Mohamed Laamiri and Sara Mills:

‘Introduction’

Karim Bejjit: ‘Encountering the Infidels: Restoration Images of the Moors’.

Khalid Bekkaoui: ‘The Moorish Figure and Figures of Resistance’

Khalid Chaouch: ‘British Travellers to Morocco and their Accounts, from mid-16th to mid-20th Centuries: A Bibliography’.

Mohamed Dellal: ‘Re-presenting Minorities: Wyndham Lewis’ Journey into Berber Athena’.

Ahmed Idrissi Allal: ‘Discordant evangelical visions, ideological intent and the construction of the reader in James Richardson’s *Travels in Morocco*’.

Mohamed Laamiri: ‘Barbary in British Travel Texts’.

Reviews:

1. Jilali El Koudia, *Stories Under the Sun*, reviewed by Said Mentak
2. Abdellatif Akbib, *Tangier’s Eyes on America*, reviewed by Said Mentak
3. Elizabeth Marsh, *The Female Captive: A Narrative of Facts Which Happened in Barbary in the Year 1756*, Written by Herself, ed. Khalid Bekkaoui, reviewed by Samantha Pitchforth.

The website of the magazine can be consulted at:

www.shu.ac.uk/wpw

<p>Pen Circle n° 19</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">p. 5.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Pungent Quotations</u></p> <p>In this column, we present a selection of quotations by prominent figures of art, literature, politics, history, philosophy, science, etc. Any suggestion or contribution is cordially welcome.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">*** CULTURAL NEWS ***</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>They said about...</i> SCHOOL</p> <p>“A schoolboy is a novelist too busy to write.” Cyril Connolly, <i>Enemies of Promise</i>.</p> <p>“... the whining school-boy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school.” William Shakespeare (1564-1616) <i>As You Like It</i>: Act II, sc. vii.</p> <p>“But to go to school in a summer morn, Oh, it drives all joy away! Under a cruel eye outworn, The little ones spend the day – In sighing and dismay.” William Blake (1757 – 1827), <i>The Schoolboy</i>.</p> <p>“They are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption, – pallor, squalor, hunger, and egotism.” [On the life of students] Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), <i>Representative Men</i>.</p> <p>“Every schoolmaster, after the age of forty-nine, is inclined to flatulence, is apt to swallow frequently and to puff.” Harold Nicholson (1886-1968), <i>The Old School</i>.</p> <p>“The teacher’s life is painful and therefore would be pitied: it wrestles with unthankfulness above all measure...” Richard Mulcaster (1530?-1611) <i>Positions</i>.</p> <p>“I swear by God... I would rather that my son should hang than study letters. For <u>it becomes</u> <u>the sons of</u> gentlemen to blow the horn well, to hunt skillfully, and elegantly to carry and train a hawk. But the study of letters should be left to the sons of mean people.” Richard Pacet, <i>De Fructu</i>, 1517.</p> <p>References: J. M. & M. J. Cohen, <i>The Penguin Dictionary of Modern Quotations</i>. Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd., 1980 (2nd edition). R. J. Mitchell and M. D. R. Leys, <i>A History of the English People</i>. London: Pan Books Ltd., 1950. Frank Muir, <i>The Frank Muir Book. An Irreverent Companion to Social History</i>. London: Corgi Books, 1978.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Conference Announcement Beni Mellal, 14-15 Februray, 2005</p> <p>The Research Centre on Culture and Communication, English Department, Faculty of Letters, Beni Mellal will organize on February 14-15, 2005, a national conference on:</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Edward Said: The Man and the Scholar</i></p> <p>This conference will be an attempt to cover and deliberate the multifarious facets of this extraordinary figure’s intellectual, cultural, and political inventions and inter-ventions. One of the contemporary world’s extraordinary and prolific intellectuals and critics, Edward Said did not receive merited intellectual attention.</p> <p>In an attempt to present and disseminate his ideas and views, this conference hopes to gather lecturers and researchers with a strong interest in Said. Participants are expected to bring up Saidist perspectives on a range of subjects that accommodate history, politics, society, media, literature, and culture.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">The Organizing Committee</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>STUDENTS’ CULTURAL DAY</u> 16 February 2005</p> <p>Students of the English Department will organize their annual “Cultural Day” February 16th, 2005. The Organizing Committee would like to inform all the students that the success of this cultural activity is due to their contributions, since it is an activity which is “from students to students.” The contributions can be either poems, essays, short stories, sketches, plays, or any other attempts. So feel free to contact us if you have any suggestion.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">The Organizing Committee</p> <p><u>The Organizing Committee:</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Hassan Ouchitachen (President) and Adil Ouaat (Visual Report) - Abderrahmane Modakkir and Moustapha Ounana (Competition’s questions) - Brahim Mouslih and Leila Edarkaoui (Presentation, morning session) - Hicham Ech-channouri and Fatima Ezzahra Oubanas (Presentation, afternoon session). 	

Pen Circle n° 19	p. 6.
<p style="text-align: center;">Ramadan Prize for Mellali Writers in English (1425/2004) List of Winners</p> <p>Pen Circle organized its annual competition in creative writing. This year we received 21 contributions. We wish here to thank deeply all the students who submitted their attempts. The latter were all important and reflected the students' will to participate to the competition and to contribute something interesting.</p> <p>After having seriously considered the different contributions, the Correcting Committee (Mamaoui, Rakii, Saïdi and Chaouch) singled out four attempts. We had to do some selection; this is the law of the prize. This is to say that all the writings of the students were interesting. We wish them good like in life and in the future competitions. Their attempts may be published in the coming issues of <i>Pen Circle</i>. This is the list of the winners and their works:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - 1st winner: Mr. Ali El-Azzouzi: "The Adopted Child" - 2nd winner: Mr. Abd Elaziz Khourdifi: "What if...?" - 3rd winners: Miss Saida Oufatti: "The Benefits of Education", and Mr. Ahmed Kermaoui: "Where is my Lullaby?" <p>These three students are thus declared winners of <i>Ramadan Prize for Mellali Writers in English</i> (2004/1425). The awards consist of English books and publications. The winning contributions are published in this issue of <i>Pen Circle</i>. Congratulations!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Pen Circle</p>	<p>Oh! Truth was at hand, But fate always ruled. And you, veneer of Motherhood, The man was so fair, His pity, my own curse.</p> <p>Yet why lament? I am a Man. To misery I came As the father already chose pain. Now I too choose to Be A son of total night To see what I couldn't see. So, live ever, and wait for death!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Fatima-Ezzahra OUBANAS, 4th Year (Literature option)</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>There Was Once a Man</i></p> <p><i>This poem was inspired by the reading of Sophocles' play Oedipus the King.</i></p> <p>There was once a man A king, yet self done Vanquishing the woe, Venerable he became. Bright star, though you ignore what you are! Fleeting is your diadem, As Delphi told you a lot. And before, you weighed your life: Unfair world! Why am I the sole prey? And this heavy burden, wasn't there [any man to share?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Peoples' Lore</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ❖ Better late than never التأخر في الوصول خير من عدم الوصول Vaux mieux tard que jamais. □ The greatest vessel has but its measure. (dialect) "الكبيرة فالركاع خاوية" Ce sont les tonneaux vides qui font plus de bruit. ❖ Like father like son من شبه أباه فما ظلم Tel père tel fils. ❖ A friend in need is a friend indeed. ما أكثر الأصدقاء حين تعدهم ولكنهم في النائبات قليل Au besoin on connaît l'ami. ❖ It is too late to grieve when the chance is past. الصيف ضيّعت اللين ❖ He is not poor that has little, but he that desires much. (di.) البس على قذك يواتيك (di.) Il ne faut pas avoir les yeux plus grands que le ventre. ❖ Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. لا تدع عمل اليوم إلى الغد Il ne faut remettre au lendemain ce qu'on peut faire aujourd'hui. ❖ Everyman has his faults. لكل حصان كبوة Nul n'est parfait. ❖ Sour grapes! « المش إلا ما وصلش اللحم، يقول خانز » (dialect) Pour les incapables rien ne vaut la peine. ❖ There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he has her. كل فتاة بأبيها معجبة (كل خنفس عند أمه غزال) A chaque oiseau, son nid est beau. <p style="text-align: center;">The proverbs that were suggested by Lahcen Makhloufi (2nd Year student) will be published in the next issue of <i>Pen Circle</i>.</p>

Creative Pens"

Pen Circle Prize 1st Winner

The Adopted Child

Once upon a time, there were a couple living alone in frightening woods for a long time. However, they were discontented with their standard of living. One day, the husband went hunting. On coming back, he did not find his wife. She went somewhere and left their small baby wallowing in the mud outside their thatched cottage. He swiftly picked it up in his arms and kissed it warmly. He was so amazed about the loss of his wife that he was in agony. From that time he got the habit of murmuring wherever he went. To crown it all, since the man could not refrain from stammering all the time, a wild brutal lioness killed him, but the baby – piggybacked on his father – was miraculously unhurt. The lioness sympathized with the moaning baby and took it to her den that was stacked with animals’ carcasses as well as human skeletons. The pitiful lioness treated the baby as one of her cubs until he became a boy. Once, he went out hunting but he returned empty-handed. The boy was lounging on a huge rock meditating on his current situation. He could not stand living with animals in the jungle. As soon as the lioness appeared, he asked her: “Mum, I wonder if you could tell me where my parents are?” The lioness did not care. The boy repeated the same question mournfully. This time she felt pity for him and said: “OK! Listen...! One day I was ravenous and I went out looking for something to eat, be it human beings or animals. Unexpectedly, I came across your father and devoured him on the spot. You were so lucky. I took to my den as my cub and fed you till you grew like this.” Once the lioness finished narrating her sorrowful story, the boy burst into tears and cowered under an immense log of an oak tree. From that time he was in despair and started planning to take revenge on the lioness or at least to run away. When it got dark, the lioness fell asleep and the boy set off his aimless trek, wandering in the jungle until he started staggering due to hunger. Then he sat leaning against an oak tree, enjoying birds’ twitters and the trees’ rustle. All of a sudden, the boy saw glowing fire afar and he set towards it. On arriving, he found an abnormal sorcerer alone brandishing with multiple double-edged sharp daggers and playing with so many snakes

as if he were a snake-charmer. While this man saw the boy, he was surprised and said: “Oh, boy! It’s a miracle. Who invited you to come? Who showed you the way?” The boy’s heart was beating so fast as if he were in a race. Then he flinched a bit and uttered very few words. He said: “I’m just lost in the forest, Sir.” The wizard frowned and said again furiously: “Listen! You have one choice: either you come with me wherever I go or you’ll be headed.” Of course the boy chose the first choice and stated helping him in his magic tricks. Many years passed. The boy was fed up with his master’s company. Thus he conspired with himself to put an end to his life. In effect, the boy plunged the knife into the magician’s stomach and got ready to start a new trek, but miraculously the sorcerer did not die. He rose and rubbed his eyes. On seeing this, the boy summoned all his strength and ran away, but the magician chased him until he was stopped by the lioness haphazardly. The latter unhesitatingly devoured him at once in amusement with her cubs and said ridiculously: “It’s thoughtless of such bony boy to slip away from me without saying even goodbye!”

Ali EL-AZOUZI,
2nd Year.

Pen Circle Prize 2nd Winner

What If...?

What if you wake up in the morning and you find that the teapot escaped as it would not like to be put on fire everyday? What if would like to wear your clothes but they refuse to be worn? What if you would like to drive your car to work, but the car decides that day to go in the opposite direction? And what if you go to the university, and you find that chairs, tables, and blackboards are going on strike because as they weren’t replaced for a long time? What if you go to a market, but you find that vegetables refuse to be taken from their places? What if you go to hospital in order to be cured, but you find that all nurses and doctors are sick, and they have taken a month off? What if you go to a service to take one of your documents that you have submitted a long time ago, but you find that your document was carried to a grave as they had lived for a long time in a dark corner? What if you find yourself in a crazy world? What if all these happened to you and you haven’t yet drunk your cup of patience before leaving home?

Abd Elaziz KHOURDIFI,
2nd Year.

20 Clues, n° 19

Looking for Clues Among Buildings

The answers to the 20 clues below are hidden in buildings terms the end of each line. To find them cross off some of the letters in each term, reading from left to right.

Example:

– Writing instrument.. **PEN** ... **PAVEMENT**
(The clue ‘PEN’ is obtained by crossing off some letters in the word ‘PAVEMENT’.)

1. Rubbish container BUILDING
2. a piece APARTMENT
3. American HOUSE
4. big all round..... FLAT
5. account STOREY
6. azure dome SKYSCRAPER
7. step PALACE
8. era COTTAGE
9. nocturnal bird BATTLEMENT
10. we HUTS
11. capable GABLES
12. great BRIDGES
13. rabbit’s cousin THEATRE
14. like..... WALLS
15. What we breathe STAIRS
16. makes DOMES
17. Plural of die EDIFICE
18. everybody HALLS
19. abhors HEADQUARTERS
20. a well HOSPITAL

20 Clues to n° 18:

1. mount
2. be
3. for.
4. fall
5. and
6. alley
7. ill
8. plate
9. den
10. vases
11. team
12. sun
13. ave.
14. as
15. alms
16. sum
17. go
18. gore
19. had
20. if.

CROSSWORDS (N° 19)

- 1- Iraqi famous city – Not military.
- 2- The answer of bureaucrats.
- 3- Gangs of armed men trying to steal money from people – Fighting between nations.
- 4- Auditory organ – High Seas – North East .
- 5- Used to do something.
- 6- A long piece of wood or metal – Animals that we keep as friends.
- 7- ‘YALES’ devoid of vowels – Old English – Science fiction.
- 8- Towards - Surprised.
- 9- Country in South Western Europe –

- 10- Honor and consideration shown towards someone.
- 11- Person whom you fight against – Pronoun.
- 12- A piece of cloth often torn from a bigger piece – Ordinary.
- 13- A great kingdom – Not on time.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1													
2													
3													
4													
5													
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7													
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12													
13													

- A- Not genuine – killing of a lot of people.
- B- The front of a ‘navy’.
- C- Reading space – Surround and attack a place.
- D- The flat surface formed by the upper parts of the leg when we sit.
- E- Not really necessary.
- F- To be worn round the neck – Non-Identified.
- G- An instrument used in eating couscous (pl.) – Preposition of choice.
- H- Neutral pronoun – Used for the ages between 13 and 19 – Very small hole in the skin.
- I- Killed with a gun – Find it in ‘FINE’.
- J- Inside – Cellphone message – Having to do with society.
- K- Confess a crime – Obscene word for human excrement (!) – Los Angeles.
- L- In addition to – Moroccan imperial city.
- M- Popular heritage or tradition – To erase.

Clues to ‘CROSSWORDS’ N° 18:

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
1	G	R	A	N	D	F	A	T	H	E	R	S
2	R	E	S	O	U	R	C	E		T	A	P
3	A			R		A	C	A	D	E	M	Y
4	M	I	N	T		T	U		R	R		
5	M	E	S	H		E	S	T	O	N	I	A
6	A			C	O	R	E		P	I	S	S
7	R	E		A	N	N		U		T	L	
8		R		R	E	I	N	S		Y	A	M
9	S		S	O		T	O		S		N	E
10	W	H	O	L	L	Y		L	T		D	
11	E		S	I	T			I	A	N		P
12	A	T		N		T	I	K	R	I	T	I
13	R		B	A	Y	O	N	E	T		O	N