

THE H.I.E. BULLETIN

Compiled and edited by Paul A. Freeman and the Bulletin Team



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MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDANT

In November last year, I took over the reins as commandant at HIE. Since then, with the aid of my administrative team, progress has been made on the priority areas mentioned in my introductory message, some six months back, in improving the quality of learning at the Institute.



The greatest strides have been made in expanding the military training program at HIE, both in general English and in Military English (the English for Special Purposes {ESP} program). The Old Building classrooms are all being fully utilised, four of them for teaching military personnel, and one for adult civilians learning general English.

Raising the Institute's profile, both at home and abroad, was another of HIE's primary goals, and to this end we are looking at partnering with several tertiary institutions here in Mauritania, and are currently exploring the possibility of exchanges of staff and students with tertiary institutions abroad.

Looking to the future, the Academic, Scientific and Research Board met in March and approved the Institute's 2026-2027 curriculum, the Writing Committee recommendations, the HIE quality policy, and the HIE organisational chart.

Meanwhile, with our third-year students' time at HIE coming to an end, I would like to wish our graduating class of 2026 all the best of success as they enter the job market, or the world of post-graduate studies.

Colonel Sidi El-Veirick (Commandant, HIE)

MESSAGE FROM THE DEPUTY COMMANDANT

It took me a while to become familiar with the day-to-day routine at HIE, but now I'm used to the rhythm of life at the teaching institute.



Every morning, I make my rounds of the institute grounds, inspecting the buildings and meeting the civilian students of the degree program in the New Building. Then, in the Old Building, where my office is located, I meet and greet the military personnel undergoing English language instruction and the in-service adult students who are also learning English.

During this time (before getting down to the day's deskbound work), and at times during the rest of the day, I also get to interact and discuss various issues with HIE's invaluable teaching staff.

Colonel Mahfoudh Ahmed Zeidane

(Deputy Commandant, HIE)

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Paul A. Freeman

I'm still in the saddle at the HIE Bulletin having fought off all competition. And how things have changed in the past year, vis a



vis your editor's office/classroom. I've moved from my eyrie in the Old Building, to a decidedly rougher neighbourhood in the New Building. The biggest positive is that I'm nearer our beloved degree students!

My thanks to our Commandant, Deputy Commandant and DoS for encouraging our endeavours here at The Bulletin, as well as for the steadfast support of the In-Service team, my Degree Programme colleagues and the HIE student body (past and present), for making this fifth outing of our publication possible.

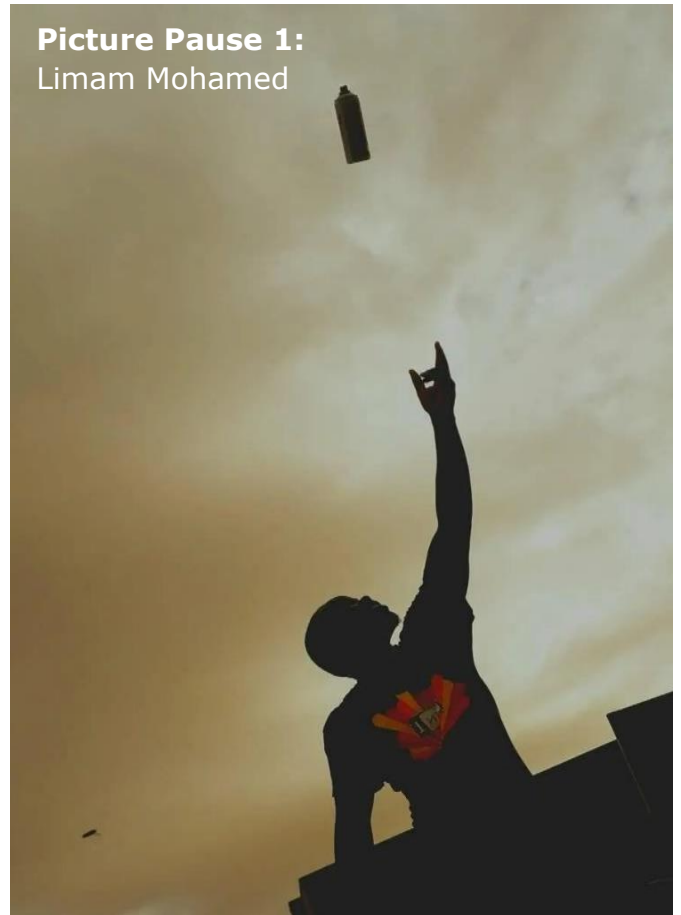
And of course, the hugest round of applause is reserved for Moustapha, SM, for organising the text and graphics into the document that's now before your eyes, and for his invaluable editorial input and culturally sensitive tips.

For the next edition, Edition 6, **'Your Editor Needs You!'** Students and staff members, please send me your articles, short stories, poems, photographs, artwork, jokes and puzzles.

We can't do this without you.

Picture Pause 1:

Limam Mohamed



IN-SERVICE DEPARTMENT

William Curry

The In-Service academic year started in October. There were valued repeat clients to re-engage with, new clients and prospects to pursue.

First, we got the ongoing courses with the Central Bank of Mauritania (BCM) up and running. Since HIE first opened, we have worked with the staff and executives at BCM. As a result of this close association, there are now English speakers at the bank who can hold their own in negotiations with international players such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF). Our teacher, Yahya Ba, has had sole responsibility for looking after BCM students in recent years and provides them with a diet of tailored banking and corporate English relevant to their workplace.

Meanwhile, up north in Atar, Vaughan Smith was on a very different mission, providing English to trainee pilots attached to the Mauritanian Airforce at Atar's Military Aviation School. Again, this involved English for Specific Purposes (ESP). The Airforce cadets were schooled in both technical English and aviation English. This course was successfully wrapped up at year-end, after which Vaughan returned to Nouakchott, but not before

taking the opportunity to partake in plenty of off-road exploration in and around Atar!

Back in Nouakchott, HIE was approached by the Agence Mauritanienne des Affaires Maritimes (AMAM). Given that the fishing industry is central to the Mauritanian economy, and that Mauritania has signed up to several international fishery conventions, the importance of English as a working language alongside French and Arabic is increasingly important. A number of AMAM staff were placement-tested and a six-month training course was devised. This programme is being implemented at AMAM's premises, with classes ranging from beginners to advanced level. This commitment has required that a teacher be posted full-time at AMAM's premises. As a result, some of you may have forgotten what teacher Tim Bates looks like, as he is on permanent secondment to AMAM in the Capitale area of Nouakchott.

Returning to HIE, most of the In-Service Department inputs since the onset of the New Year, 2026, have been related to military matters. A six-month intensive English course for 20 plus special forces personnel was agreed in 2025 with NATO. These soldiers are being instructed by a Czech military training team in Atar, but have been seconded to Nouakchott and HIE to learn English rather than rely solely on interpretation in Atar.

Alongside the special forces course, we have also set up, and are running, a six-month programme for Navy and Airforce personnel. For this course, three HIE teachers have been delivering a sixty-six-hour course at the neighbouring Staff College (CNCE) over April and May.

We have also been instrumental in helping Academie Militaire Interarmees (AMIA) renew their English curriculum for officer cadets, with the prospect that Year Ones may come to HIE for an intensive course in August 2026 Watch this space!

Furthermore, due to our close cooperation with NATO, we have been fortunate enough to benefit from several online workshops, the last being on the growing use of AI in the classroom.



Mr Gerry checking pronunciation



Mr Vaughan handing out certificates in Atar



Mr Yahya and a selection of In-Service books



**Picture Pause 3:
Veriha Heibatt**

English in Mauritania: To Which Future? – A Public Speaking Event

Hamoud Mohamed

(Photographs by Zeine Med)

The Higher Institute of English (HIE) successfully organized a public speaking event entitled “English in Mauritania: To Which Future?” It was held at the Examination Centre on Thursday the 14th of May, 2026, bringing together students, faculty members, military personnel and invited guests in an engaging and dynamic atmosphere.

The event, organized by HIE’s Public Speaking Club, welcomed an audience of around one hundred attendees and explored the growing role of English in Mauritania through a series of speeches and discussions delivered by both degree students and members of the Military English Program.

The ceremony officially opened with welcoming remarks delivered by MC Zeinebou Yarba Belkhaire, followed by an official address by Colonel Sidi Ahmed El-Veirick and the Director of Studies, Dr. Taleb Bilal Eli. The audience was then introduced to HIE’s Public Speaking Club before hearing from alumni guest of honour, Yahya Habed, who graduated from the Class of 2020.

The main public speaking session featured a variety of presentations centred around the future of English in Mauritania and its increasing importance in education, communication, employment, media and international engagement.

The student presentations included topics such as globalization, the language of multinational companies, employment opportunities, and the role of English as a bridge between cultures. Military English Program participants also contributed presentations focusing on the importance of English within the Special Forces, Air Force and Navy, highlighting the language’s growing relevance in professional and operational environments.

Throughout the event, the audience remained highly engaged, reacting positively to the speakers and contributing to an exuberant, yet professional atmosphere. While the ceremony maintained a formal academic framework, moments of humour and interaction created a welcoming environment that reflected both the seriousness of the topic and the confidence of the participants.

The event was supported by technical staff responsible for sound and media coverage, while photographers documented key moments of the

ceremony. The organization and coordination carried out by the Debate Club members ensured the smooth progression of the program from beginning to end.

At the conclusion of the session, certificates were presented to the participants and to the Public Speaking Club members by faculty members and invited officials in recognition of their efforts and contributions to the event. In addition, the winners of HIE's annual photography competition were also recognised.

Through this initiative, HIE once again has demonstrated its commitment to encouraging public speaking, critical thinking and meaningful discussion around the evolving role of English in Mauritania and the opportunities associated with the language in an increasingly interconnected world.



Basic First Aid Skills Everyone Should Know

Bah Sambeit Aghmi

As an international communications student at the Higher Institute of English in Mauritania, I have developed several skills, particularly in the field of travel and tourism, such as service management, problem-solving and marketing. Recently, however, I learned something different—First Aid treatment.

'First Aid' refers to the immediate care provided to an injured person, or someone who has suddenly lost consciousness before medical professionals arrive. Several first aid techniques are crucial to know, including CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation), stopping minor bleeding and assisting someone who is choking.

On May 13th this year, firefighter Mister Abdallahi Diop came to the Institute and taught us how to perform CPR on an unconscious person who is not breathing. This process begins with checking for responsiveness, phoning Civil Protection (118) or the victim's family, then administering chest compressions followed by rescue breaths. We practiced the technique and discussed its importance.

Another essential First Aid technique is stopping minor bleeding. This involves thoroughly washing hands, cleaning the wound and applying a bandage. Additionally, we learned how to identify when bleeding is severe and when to seek medical assistance.

Furthermore, we completed our training by learning how to help a choking child. This includes checking if they can breathe, speak, or cough, then administering five blows to the upper back. This process is repeated until the object is expelled, or the child becomes unconscious, in which case CPR may be necessary.

We found the First Aid training program incredibly beneficial. It enhanced our knowledge, confidence, and practical experience. I strongly believe that learning First Aid is essential, particularly for use in public settings, regardless of whether one is a student, a teacher, or any other member of society.



POETRY CORNER – 1

I Do Not Write with a Pen

Zeinabou Isselmou Ely

I do not write with a pen,
But with a heart heavy with untold stories.
Words fly without hesitation,
Guided by a feeling that knows no chains.

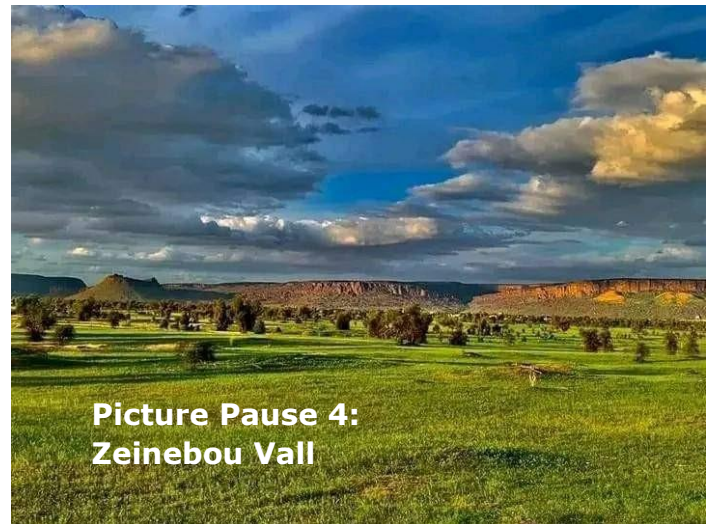
This is not mere ink on paper, it is
A longing I cannot restrain,
A form of love untouched by time,
Even if you have not read it, not once.

In every letter, a piece of my soul,
In every word, the pulse of my longing.
Distance means nothing to me,
For love can cross every horizon.

This poem is no reckless chance,
Only a soft and trembling confession.
I ask nothing from you in return.
I only wish you knew I was there for you.

If the wind ever brushes your hand,
Listen closely to its gentle whisper –
It carries my truth to you.

This message is all of me,
A heart that will never break in silence.
Are you there?
Are you there?



FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT REPORT

Fitness and Lifestyle Club

Higher Institute of English — 27th March
2026

Overview

The Fitness and Lifestyle Club at the Higher Institute of English (HIE) organized a football tournament on 27th March 2026 with the aim of encouraging student participation in association football and strengthening relationships among students.

The competition featured 16 players divided into 4 teams of 4 players each. The tournament was structured so that each team played two group-stage matches before the top two teams advanced to the final.



Event Details

Date: 27th March 2026

Organizer: Fitness and Lifestyle Club

Participants: 16 players — 4 teams of 4

Referee: Mr. Gerry

In Attendance: Ms. Lilian

Format: Group stage (2 matches per team)
+ Final

Group Stage Results

The group stage consisted of four matches. Teams 1 and 3 competed against each other twice, as did Teams 2 and 4. The two teams with the strongest performances advanced to the final.

Match	Home Team	Score	Away Team	Result
1	Team 1	5 – 1	Team 3	Team 1 wins
2	Team 2	4 – 3	Team 4	Team 4 wins
3	Team 1	4 – 3	Team 3	Team 1 wins
4	Team 2	2 – 1	Team 4	Team 4 wins

Team 1 emerged from the group stage undefeated, winning both their matches against Team 3 convincingly. Team 4 also secured two wins over Team 2, advancing as the second finalist. Teams 2 and 3 were eliminated after their group-stage exits.

Finalists

The two teams that qualified for the final were:

Team 1 — Won both group stage matches (scores: 5–1 and 4–3)

Team 4 — Won both group stage matches (scores: 4–3 and 2–1)

Final

The final was a closely contested match between Team 1 and Team 4. Both teams had gone undefeated through the group

stage, setting the stage for an exciting conclusion to the tournament.

Match	Team	Score	Team	Champion
Final	Team 1	5 – 3	Team 4	 Team 4

Team 4 claimed the championship with a 5–3 victory over Team 1, completing a perfect tournament run with three wins from three matches.



Closing Remarks

The tournament was well organized and successfully achieved its goals of promoting student engagement in football and fostering a spirit of camaraderie within the institute. The event was overseen by Mr. Gerry as referee, with Ms. Lilian in attendance throughout the day.

The Fitness and Lifestyle Club looks forward to organizing future events of this kind to continue building an active and connected student community.

Postscript from Ms Lilian Wardle

Congratulations & very well done to Menany & Hamoud for organising the 1st official HIE club activity.

Hope you've kick-started other clubs to follow suit.

Keep up the good work.

Lilian

Picture Pause 5:
Zeine Mohamed Beibe



THE LITTLE BOY (A SHORT GHOST STORY)

Abdallahi

Part 1: By The Shore

It was seven pm one winter's day, on the coast of Nouakchott. The weather was cold, the sun was hidden by the horizon, and it was almost dark. I could barely see. My friends and I were leaving the shore after an enjoyable afternoon and evening. We swam, played football and then played cards.

I had been swimming. My clothes were wet, and sandy, too. I went to the car to put our bags in and get some dry clothes. A faint sound came from the shoreline. A slow dragging sound.

I felt uneasy.

"Who's there?" I asked.

A heavy mist suddenly enveloped me. I got scared.

At first, I thought it was one of my friends playing a prank. "Ahmed? Yassine?" I called out, trying to sound braver than I felt.

No answer.

Then a chill crawled up my back. I remembered the old ghost stories my grandmother whispered to us by candlelight. Stories of lost spirits roaming the shore, looking for someone to help them finish what they couldn't in life.



I used to laugh at those stories, but not now.

The sound was getting close. Yet my body couldn't move. Time was passing immeasurably slowly, while my heart started beating fast.

"Can you help me to go back to the city?" a small boy asked me.

I breathed in deeply, and asked, "Where are your parents?"

Part 2: Mysterious Events

I stared at the boy. His voice was soft but his eyes... they looked much older than his face. He stood still, shivering in the cold, barefoot on the wet sand.

"Where are your parents?" I repeated.

"They were here... but that was a long time ago."

Again, a chill ran through me. My friends hadn't noticed the boy. They were still laughing near the car. I turned and called one of them, "Ahmed!" I shouted, but when I looked back, the boy was already walking toward the road.

"Did you guys see that kid?" I asked.

"Kid?" Ahmed raised an eyebrow. "What kid? You were talking to yourself!"

I blinked. "No way. He was just here." I rushed toward the road, and the boy was standing there, waiting.

I hesitated. "He's right here. Can't you see him?"

This time, Yassine's eyes narrowed. "Bro... Are you okay?"

I turned around. The boy was gone.

Was I losing it?

"Let's just get in the car," Ahmed said nervously.

As we drove off, the atmosphere became heavier. I sat in the back, staring out the dark window. Then I saw him again, on the side of the road, watching us with the same sad eyes.

The others didn't react.

Can only I see him? I asked myself.

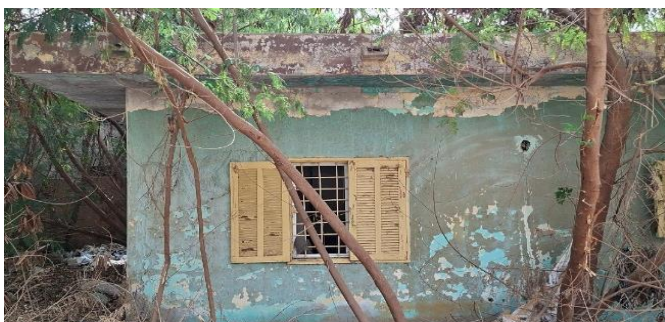
Part 3: Forgotten Boy

That night, I couldn't sleep. The boy's face kept appearing in my mind. Sad. Cold. Lost. Why could only I see him?

The next day, I returned to the beach, alone. The wind was strong. The sky grey. I walked along the same path and stopped where I first saw him.

"Are you here?" I whispered.

A gust of wind blew. A shadow moved near an old, derelict building.



Then I heard the voice again. "You came back..."

He was standing behind me. Same torn clothes. Same empty look.

"Why can't my friends see you?" I asked.

"Because I'm not really here," he said quietly. "I died... ten years ago."

My breath caught. "What?"

He pointed toward the ocean. "A boat accident. My parents and I fell into the water. Their bodies were found. Not mine."

I took a step back.

"In life my name was Younes. I never left this place. I've been waiting for someone who could hear me."

I swallowed. "Why me?"

He looked at me closely. "Your grandmother. She saw spirits, too. You carry that gift."

A memory flashed into my mind of my grandmother warning me never to ignore a lost soul.

"I want to go home," Younes said. "Help me."

Part 4: A Path to the Past

I nodded. "I'll help you, Younes... But how?"

He looked out to the sea. "Find my family. They need to know. I can't rest until they know."

"How do I find them? It's been ten years."

He hesitated, then said, "There's a house. White, with a green gate. In the old district of Nouakchott, near the hospital. My aunt lives there."

The next day, I went to that part of the city. The streets were quiet. I walked around for an hour until I found the house, just as he described it, and knocked.

A woman in her sixties opened the door. Her face transformed when I said, "Did you know a boy named Younes?"

Tears filled her eyes. "My nephew. He disappeared ten years ago. We never found him."

Trying not to sound too crazy, I told her what I could. She didn't ask questions. She simply cried and whispered, "Thank you for remembering him."

She handed me a small pendant. "It was his," she said.

That evening, I returned to the beach and waited.

"I found her," I told him. "Your aunt remembers you."

Younes appeared, his face peaceful. I gave him the pendant.

He smiled. "Thank you."

And just like that he vanished into the cold wind.

Part 5 – The Unfinished Thread

After Younes disappeared, I sat alone, staring out at the waves. Something felt... lighter. But also unfinished.

As I stood to leave, I noticed something where he had been standing. A notebook, worn and damp, but intact. I picked it up.

Inside were drawings, symbols, and dates... including the exact day I had met Younes. And even more strangely future dates. The last page simply read:

"Help the others. I was not the only one."

My heart pounded.

Back home, I couldn't sleep. The pendant, which I had returned to Younes, somehow now lay upon my desk.

And in my dreams, voices whispered, not in fear, but asking to be heard.

That was the beginning. But of what, I still don't know.

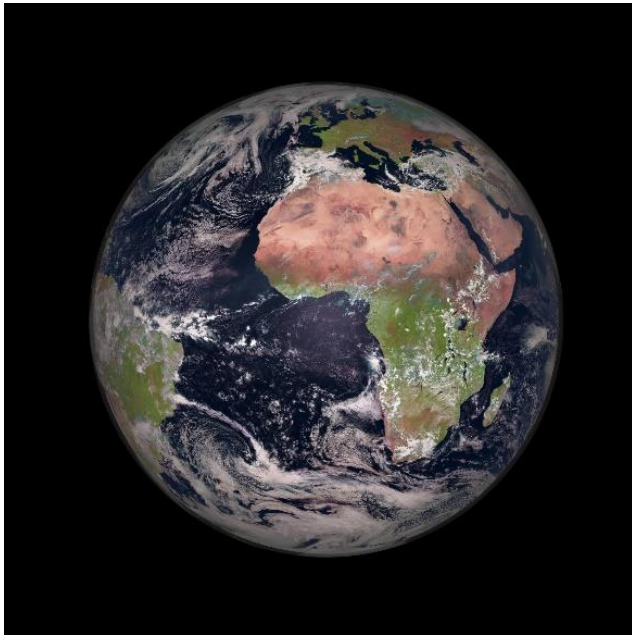


Yet every time I visit the coast, I carry the notebook, waiting for the next voice in the dark

PHILOSOPHY: A LIFELESS FACE DOESN'T SMILE FOR THE CAMERA

By Neine Limam

Interesting title, right? Maybe you like it, maybe you don't, and that's completely okay. We don't all see things the same way, and honestly, life would be much easier if we accepted that.



My opinion isn't always right, but neither is yours, or his, or hers. That's just how being human works.

Life is full of differing opinions. Some are accepted, understood, and welcomed, while others are ignored or pushed aside. But does that mean the opinions that aren't accepted aren't good enough to consider? Not at all. Sometimes they just don't reach the right people. At other times they go against what most people are accustomed to hearing.

We often forget that different doesn't mean wrong. We are quick to judge ideas that feel unfamiliar, and we easily dismiss voices that don't give vent to the majority's ideas. But disagreement is not a problem. It just illustrates that we don't all think the same way.

Not every opinion is meant for everyone. Some ideas need time. Some need the right place or the right time to be understood. And

some may never be widely accepted, but that doesn't make them worthless.

Maybe what we really need to do, is listen with more patience. Even if we don't agree, we can still try to understand. Seeing the world only from our own point of view limits us, but listening to others helps us grow.

In the end, a lifeless face doesn't smile for the camera, and an unheard voice doesn't speak to the crowd. When people feel like their thoughts don't matter, they stop sharing them. And when that happens, we don't just lose opinions, we lose stories, ideas and chances to understand each other better.

Maybe the goal isn't to make everyone agree. Maybe the goal is simply to make everyone feel heard

The HIE Bulletin 2nd Annual Photography Competition, 2026 – Winners!

The results are out!

Sorry they're a bit late – or perhaps 'delayed' sounds better.

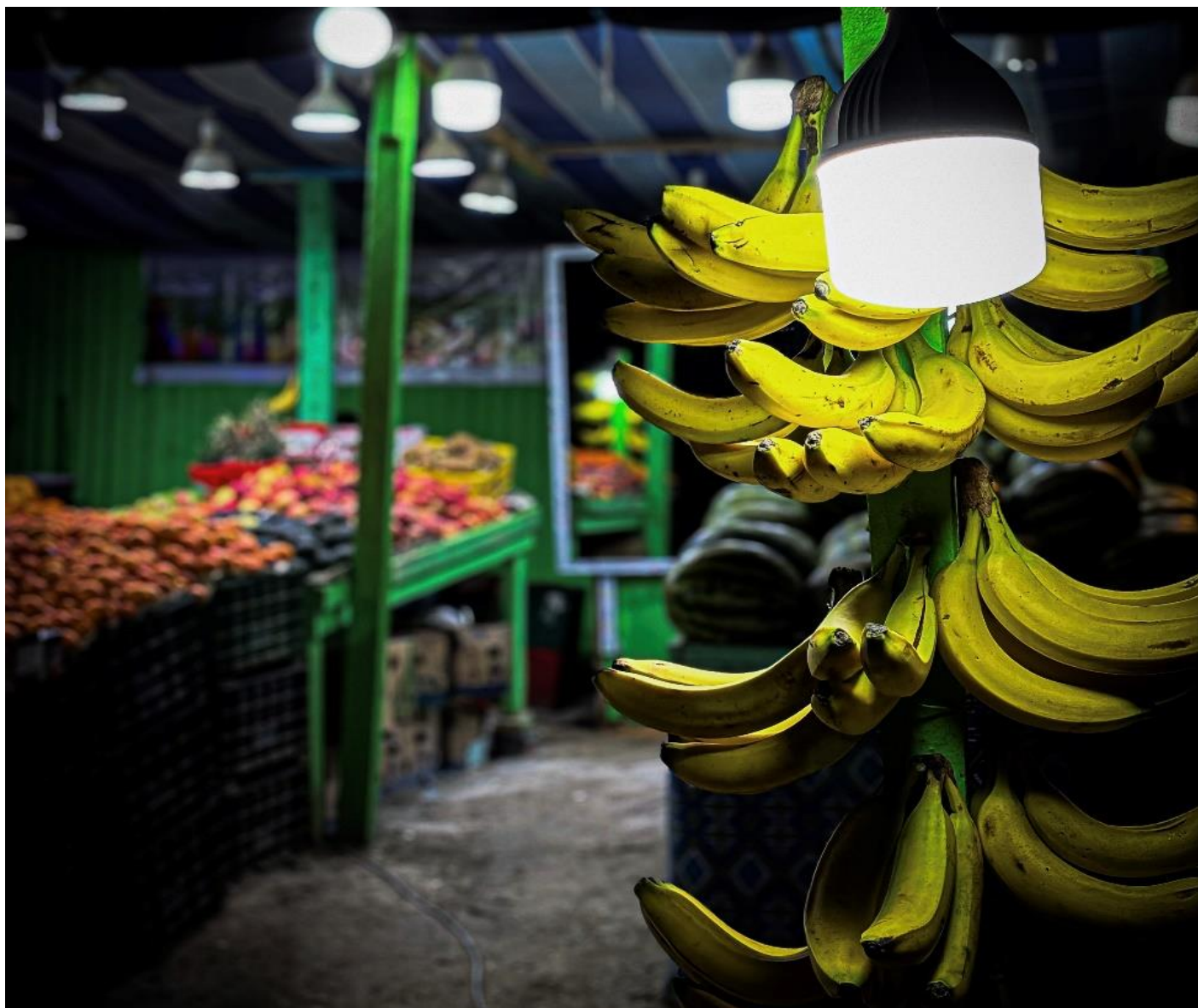
Eight students entered the HIE Bulletin's 2nd Annual Photography Competition, with a total of 24 photographs submitted (each entrant was allowed a maximum of three entries).

Once the 24 entries had been trimmed to a shortlist of 8, those pictures were judged by HIE's resident photographer, Mr Yacoub Dahah, and the Bulletin editor, Mr Paul Freeman.

The four criteria that pictures were judged on were:

- a) composition and framing,
- b) lighting and technical quality,
- c) creativity and originality, and d) storytelling and impact.

So, without more ado, here are the winners



1ST PLACE – 'Bananas', by Naienna Liman Sidi Ould Liman



2ND PLACE – 'Pond', by Zeine Mohamed Beibe



3RD PLACE – 'Footprints', by Naienna Liman Sidi Ould Liman

Congratulations to the winners, and many thanks to everyone who competed

Till next year!

EXPO 2026, MAURITANIA

By Paul A. Freeman

From April 23rd to April 26th, the National Stadium was the venue for Mauritania's Expo 2026, a public exhibition of the country's industries, everything from industrial steel to food products.

The tents were up, the adverts were calling, so I popped in to get a photographic record of the event:



GUNS ARE NO JOKING MATTER

(PART 3 OF A 3-PART SERIES)

The Water Pistol Bandit Makes a Friend

By Paul A. Freeman

(The story so far: Raymond Garraway, the Water Pistol Bandit, robs a bank to help his sick father and gets arrested. Feeling sorry for Raymond, the arresting police officer, Detective Leo Snell, writes a biography of Raymond's life to raise money for his father's treatment.)

Raymond Garraway, the Water Pistol Bandit, lay on the bunk of his cell reading the ghost-written book chronicling his attempt to rob First National Bank. The royalties from A Shot of H2O were financing his father's operation and continued care, so his ill-conceived exploit hadn't all been in vain.

He'd got off lightly, too. The mitigating factors of his sick father and the claim by his lawyer that a water pistol didn't count as a weapon had kept his sentence relatively low – 5 to 10 years, instead of 30.

"Life's not so bad after all," he sighed, putting the book aside.

"Garraway!" a guard yelled from the corridor outside his cell. "You've got a visitor."

When Raymond got to the Visitors' Room, in the booth facing him sat a pretty young woman. "Not another bad-boy-obsessed fangirl," he murmured, referring to the dozens of letters in his cell from women wanting to correspond with him, visit him, even marry him. And yet there was something vaguely familiar about this one.

"I'm Tracey Valdez," the woman said, and Raymond realised, with a shock, where he knew her from.

"You're the bank teller I stuck up?" he said, recalling her terrified face and tremulous voice.

Tracey nodded. "I need to know why you chose me to hold up, rather than one of my colleagues. During the months following the robbery and your incarceration, I've often wondered if I looked like a pushover, like an easy mark. I've lost sleep over why you picked me. Is there something wrong with me, some weakness in my personality that led you to target me?"

"You were the prettiest and kindest-looking teller," said Raymond. "That's why I chose you."

Tracey seemed satisfied and strangely comforted by the explanation.

Raymond put the palm of his hand against his side of the Perspex partition. Reassured, Tracey, did likewise.

The two of them began talking, talking about whatever came into their heads, opening up as if they were new friends getting to know each other.

"Will you come again?" asked Raymond when the bell rang for the end of visiting hours. "Will you visit me next week?"

Tracey rose to leave and smiled down at the man who had caused her so much trauma. "I'd like that," she said.

LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE

Teacher and Pupil Jokes

Teacher: How old is your father?

Ahmed: He's the same age as I am.

Teacher: How's that possible?

Ahmed: He only became my father when I was born!

Teacher: Mariam! Go to the wall map and find North America.

Mariam: Here it is.

Teacher: Correct! Now, class! Who discovered North America?

Class: Mariam!



Teacher: Eli, how do you spell 'crocodile'?

Eli: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L

Teacher: No, that's wrong.

Eli: Maybe it's wrong, but you asked me how I spell 'crocodile'.



Teacher: Fatima, what is the chemical formula for water?

Fatima: H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O.

Teacher: What are you talking about?

Fatima: Yesterday you said it was H to O!



Teacher: Abdellahi, your English composition on 'My Pet Goldfish' is the same as your brother's. Did you copy his?

Abdellahi: No, sir. We have the same pet goldfish.



Teacher: Zeinabou, what do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

Zeinabou: A teacher.



A TALE OF AFRICAN FOLK WISDOM

By Elmami Nourdine

In a small rural village, people were in the habit of visiting the wise man who lived there, where they would complain about the same old problems, time and time again.

One day the old men told the villagers a hilarious joke, and everybody roared with laughter.

A couple of minutes later, he told them the same joke. This time a few of them politely chuckled.

Finally, when he had told them the same joke for the third time, and no one even cracked a smile, the wise man nodded, sagely.

"You can't laugh at the same joke over and over again," he said, "so why do you always come crying to me with the same problems?"



PUZZLE PAGE 1 – AFRICAN COUNTRIES WORDSEARCH

Find the words below, hidden inside the wordsearch. Words can go in any direction.

U	S	I	N	S	B	O	W	N	X	N	C	E	S	E
W	O	W	A	E	J	O	I	M	M	H	T	X	W	S
A	U	A	M	N	T	Y	T	O	O	H	N	B	L	I
D	T	L	I	E	K	S	Q	S	I	R	A	I	D	L
N	H	A	B	G	J	A	A	O	W	B	O	N	S	J
A	A	M	I	A	F	W	P	O	M	A	U	C	S	H
W	F	A	A	L	Q	I	Z	I	C	R	N	O	C	G
R	R	N	Q	S	A	S	Z	A	U	Y	U	A	H	O
L	I	B	E	R	I	A	R	B	I	T	R	A	Y	M
D	C	T	L	J	G	W	M	G	H	R	N	O	S	M
Z	A	M	B	I	A	T	R	S	T	A	E	J	V	Y
A	I	N	A	T	I	R	U	A	M	P	X	G	O	I
R	E	G	I	N	Z	D	Q	L	Z	D	Y	H	I	U
N	C	N	M	L	A	C	N	O	L	D	U	G	C	N
C	G	Z	D	N	Y	C	N	X	R	S	C	K	E	K

BOTSWANA

BURUNDI

EGYPT

ETHIOPIA

GHANA

IVORY COAST

LIBERIA

MALAWI

MAURITANIA

MOROCCO

NAMIBIA

NIGER

NIGERIA

RWANDA

SENEGAL

SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTH SUDAN

ZAMBIA

ZIMBABWE

Puzzle Page 2 – African Animals

1. Use the clues to fill in the spaces below with the names of the African animals pictured

2. Words can go **across** (➡) or **down** (⬇)

3. Letters are shared when the words intersect

ACROSS



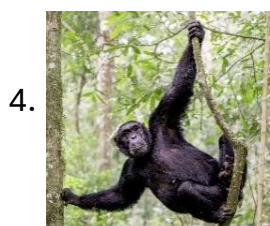
12.



DOWN



3.



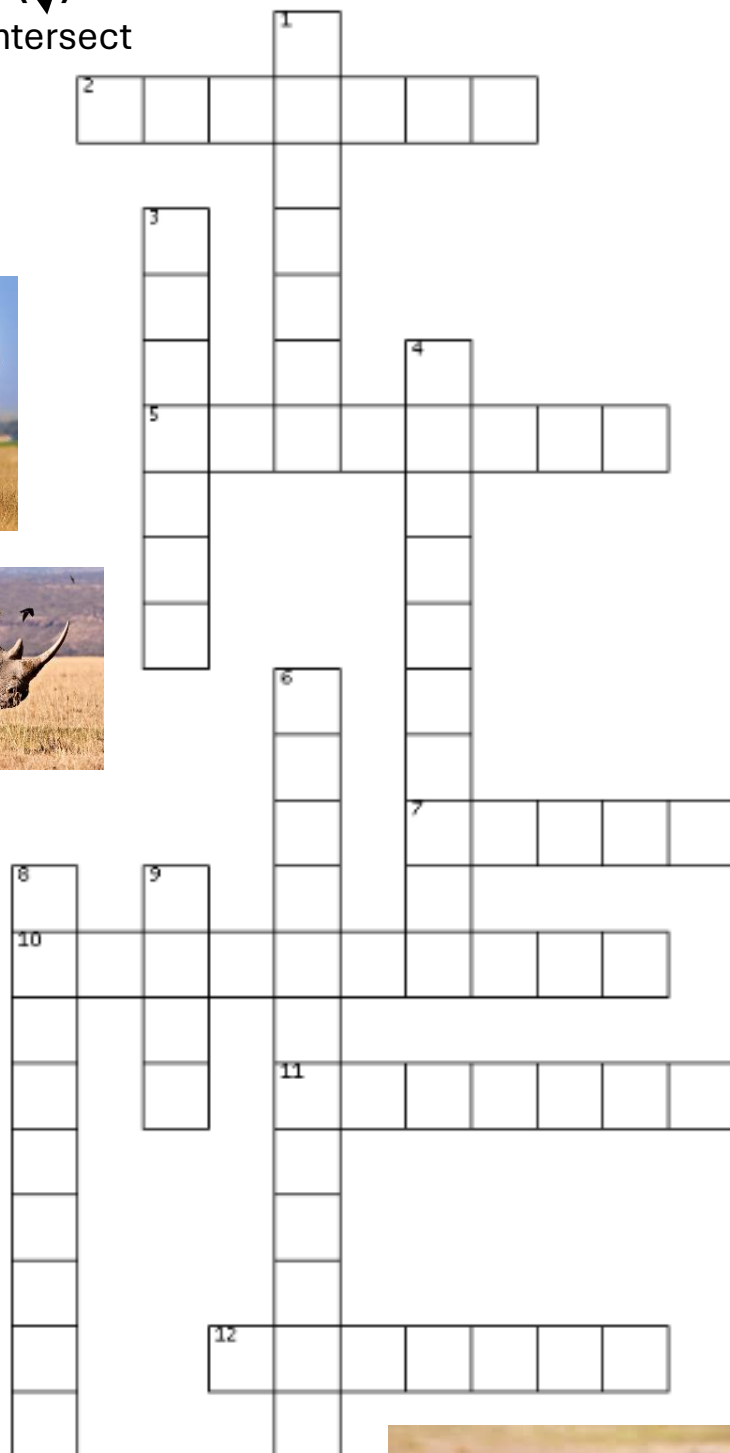
6.



8.



9.



LIFE! DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT LIFE!

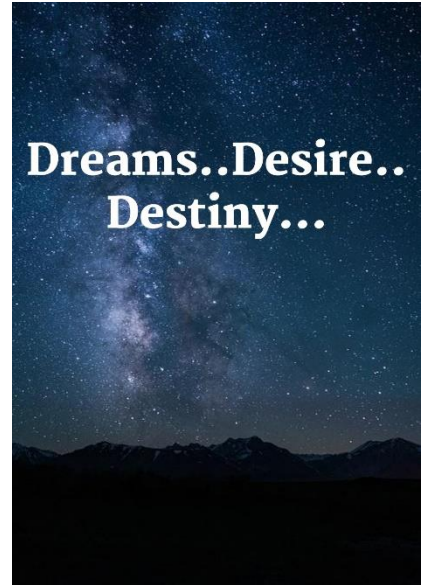
By Meyzidi Sedigh

Isn't it funny – destiny, and everything it does? You plan, you dream, you wait, not knowing if you're destined to ever get that thing you covet most.

At that point people react differently to the unfulfillment of and expected change. Some deal with it calmly and positively. They know deep inside them that the sadness and the unfulfilled dream will pass, and maybe they will maybe eventually get something better than what they had hoped for.

That said, it doesn't mean it's not difficult giving up on your dreams. It's one of the hardest things to accept in life. You plan, and you work hard, but you are just not destined to get there. That's when some people lose faith and get discouraged.

But it's not the end, because like in a book, full stops eventually carry on to a new page.



Picture Pause 6: Meyzidi Sedigh



Picture Pause 7: Mohamed Baba Hamdinou



Picture Pause 6: Mohamed Baba Hamdinou