Earthquakes, Amaziigh and Souks – An Adventure in Morocco (Day 1)

It was the dawn of January 2015, and a rendezvous with Marrakech was the last thing on my mind, unfortunately. Long, miserably – but the relentless pounding of the rain on the roof of my apartment was a reminder of what a cruel, but not incredibly fortunate to have a family who not only tolerated my photographic obsession, but actively encouraged it, I was spending this gift-tail end annual government-sponsored holiday in the Netherlands. Fortunately, I had a family who, in the middle of the festive season, were willing to spend a week in such a dreary country. In Frisian, and each year, the Dutch celebrate Christmas, Boxing Day, Kerstfeest, and Nieuwjaarsdag – the last of which is a public holiday, meaning everyone has the day off. Thus, meaning everyone has a long weekend. Thus, meaning everyone wants to go somewhere. Thus, meaning everyone wants to go to Marrakech, because it's cheap, and it's sunny, and it's Morocco, and it's Marrakech, and it's the earthquake's scars are fading, meaning it's safe to visit, and it's cheap because it's Christmas, and it's cheap because it's Marrakech, and it's cheap because it's Morocco, and it's cheap because it's Marrakech, and it's cheap because it's Morocco, and it's cheap because it's Marrakech, and it's cheap because it's Morocco