

THE SECRET OF THE NAGGARA

In a small village in Morocco, where the desert wind whistled through the dunes, lived a boy named Amir. Amir loved to move to the rhythm of the wind: he would spin his arms open like a palm tree and then close them like a seed sleeping beneath the sand. But he felt something was missing... His dance had no sound!

One afternoon, as he walked through the market, a deep and mysterious boom-boom made his chest tremble.



Following the sound, he found an old man sitting under a colorful tent. He was playing a round, shiny drum.

"This is the naqqara, the desert drum," said the old man, with his eyes full of stories.

Amir wanted to try it, but when he struck the naqqara, a muffled sound came out.

"To awaken its voice, you must feel the rhythm in your body," the old man explained. "Try it with your dance."

Amir took a deep breath. First, he opened his arms, like a great falcon flying high, and played the naqqara: **BOOM!** Then he closed his arms, like a flower at sunset: **BOOM-BOOM!**

The drum responded powerfully. Every movement of his body became a beat of the naqqara. Little by little, Amir understood the secret: dance and music were one.

From that day on, at every village festival, Amir danced and played the naqqara. Its rhythm told stories of the wind, the sand, and the sun. And so, his dance was never silent again.