# **Title: The Shadow Behind the Passport**

*An Autobiographical Account of Injustice and Resistance*

## **Introduction**

This is not just my story. It is a cry for justice, dignity, and truth—an urgent call to those who believe in human rights, education, and freedom. I write not only for myself, but for all those who cannot. I ask only that you read with an open mind, and understand that the reality I describe is not fiction.

## **Chapter 1: The Betrayal of Great Names**

I never imagined that studying at the University of California, Berkeley, and working with École Polytechnique would lead to horror. These institutions are among the world's finest—yet they stood silent as Morocco, my own country, turned against me.

To be mistreated is one thing. To be hunted after excellence is another.

## **Chapter 2: The Machinery of Oppression**

In Morocco, the apparatus of control is not hidden. A Moroccan minister once said to us, “We don’t want too many people to graduate; uneducated populations are easier to control.”

In my experience, the government deliberately limits access to opportunities, uses surveillance, and coerces doctors into prescribing addictive substances to silence and sabotage high-potential citizens.

The Quran itself, I was told, is altered in messaging for political control. I’ve witnessed sexual harassment weaponized in public spaces, with legal protections stripped from the books.

And in perhaps the darkest revelation—a Moroccan official at the United Nations confided to me: “Children are bought from families for 1 million dirhams.”

## **Chapter 3: The Price of Success**

If you succeed in Morocco and hold a Moroccan passport, you become a target. I watched many like me become isolated, denied visas, or defamed. Privilege, it seems, is inherited through family names, not merit.

When I tried to leave Morocco, the system intervened. Visa rejections, border surveillance, and targeted harassment followed me everywhere—even into foreign lands.

## **Chapter 4: Ambassadors of Silence**

I became a Moroccan Youth Ambassador through Rotaract, a community service organization in Casablanca. At the United Nations, I saw behind the curtain. I tried to leave the program—my passport was taken. Others were told it was "too dangerous" to run.

The agency responsible, the *Italian Diplomatic Academy*, appeared again each time I was denied freedom to travel.

When I tried to flee to Turkey, I was pulled aside at the airport. “Red alert,” they said when they saw my Moroccan passport. I was taken to a high bridge. What followed was an assault—and a threat: return to Morocco or die.

## **Chapter 5: Sexual Harassment as a Tool of Control**

Back home, a woman I met at a United Nations event began to stalk me. I was harassed constantly—through radio, taxi drivers, Instagram, YouTube ads. She hacked into my phone, bribed people, used religious manipulation. She even exploited my speech near Android phones.

Eventually, the only way to deter her was to sabotage her interest—by making myself undesirable in her eyes.

The psychological toll this took during a time of depression and medical treatment was unspeakable. Yet it was sanctioned by silence and tolerated by the systems around her.

## **Chapter 6: Surveillance and Psychological Torture**

Cyber harassment grew into full surveillance. Every time I used secure technology—VPNs, iOS devices from abroad—the stalking lessened. It became clear that these attacks were technologically coordinated, possibly through tools like **TeamViewer**, with access to my screen and data.

Even my spoken words were used against me—except when spoken near secure North American devices.

## **Chapter 7: Networks of Control**

Morocco’s systems don’t operate alone. They use institutions as fronts—Rotary, Rotaract, and sometimes even the United Nations organizations—to monitor, bait, or trap targets.

The banking system was part of the harassment. I found my account inaccessible, only to have it later filled with unexplained money—and then used as a leash to guide me.

People like Rita Alaoui and Radia Bennani appeared in my life under mysterious circumstances. After each meeting, Moroccan police behavior would sync eerily with my actions online.

## **Chapter 8: The Manipulation of Poverty and Power**

The Moroccan system seems designed to manufacture desperation. The police are said to manipulate the legal economy to force people into illegality—only to use it later as blackmail.

Criticism is punished, even with insects and stench—like the garbage truck parked in front of my house every time I voiced dissent in WhatsApp messages.

Sexual frustration is used as a political tool. Access to intimate relationships appears to be controlled by status and family name.

## **Chapter 9: Truth in Fragments**

What do we do with these truths?

* Spy software like Pegasus is used.
* Judges are bypassed for surveillance.
* Some police officers block healthcare access—even fatally.
* Kids are weaponized to harass.
* Rich families order banks to print money or rewrite loan terms.

In Morocco, conversations are spied on, manipulated, and used as tools of control—even if encrypted. The boundaries of the law are selectively enforced or ignored altogether.

## **Chapter 10: What If...**

What if every Moroccan citizen had a North American or European passport? Would they still be subjected to these violations? Would they finally gain the rights that others take for granted?

This book is not just about me—it’s about the idea that **geography should not dictate dignity**. That a person born under one flag should not be destined for surveillance, poverty, or abuse.

## **Conclusion: A Call for Protection and Change**

The right to criticize is the first step toward change.

To those suffering: I see you. To those in power: I hold you accountable. To the world: I ask only that you listen—and act.

I write this in the hope that one day, every person—no matter where they were born—can live freely, with dignity, and without fear.