



# 5 REASONS WHY MILLENNIALS (AND EVERYONE ELSE) LOVE MOROCCO

## LOVE MOROCCO

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT TRAVEL WRITER **KATE EVANS** WOULD HEAD TO MOROCCO - SHE'S A MILLENNIAL, AFTER ALL. THIS IS WHY SHE WAS DRAWN TO INSTAGRAM'S HERO DESTINATION.

**W**HEN I BOOKED A TRIP TO Morocco last year, as with most of my decisions involving money, it was on a complete whim. One of my favourite movies is *Casablanca* and I had a bit of extra cash, but more importantly, a friend had recently gone there and had gotten some great Instagram pics. All valid reasons to book a holiday. Even though the 10-day tour was on impulse, as the trip drew closer, I went into extreme planning mode. I scoured my Travel Talk tour itinerary ([traveltalktours.com/au](http://traveltalktours.com/au)),

looked up the temperature for each city we were scheduled to hit and planned modest outfits accordingly. I also bought a truckload of Imodium (ha!) and every single type of wipe available. But for all my planning and research, the country surprised me at every turn. I adored it so much, I'm considering getting a tattoo to have a permanent reminder (sorry, Mum!). It's been a good while since I've been that committed to something (excluding Harry Styles), so here are some reasons why I love Morocco - and why you will, too.



**1 THE EVER-CHANGING SCENERY**  
My understanding of what Africa looks like comes from *The Lion King*, but I couldn't have been more wrong. Landscape-wise, Morocco has everything. Leaving Marrakech, you've got arid, rocky terrain in various shades of terracotta, with a spattering of green. There are rolling green hills on your way to Chefchaouen, broken up by gardens of cacti laid out in intersecting lines. One of the days started with patches of snow on the side of craggy mountains and ended in the Sahara Desert. There are the breezy beaches of Essaouira and the Atlas Mountains. You think of a landscape and Morocco has it.

**2 THE COLOURS**  
I'm not just talking about the fact that the entire country is a visual feast - even in smaller cities and along school walls, there are brilliant shades of blue, pink, yellow and green on painted doors, murals and roofs. I'm talking about the fact that the cities are named after colours. Marrakech is the red city, which got its name from the walls of its medina and other buildings throughout the city. There's Rabat, the green city, filled with lush green gardens and Casablanca, the white city. Don't forget the new Instagram hotspot city, Chefchaouen, the "blue pearl of Morocco". It's a breathtakingly blue city set on the side of a mountain, painted that way to keep mosquitoes out, apparently.



**4 EVERYTHING IS ORNATE**  
I'm someone who takes pride in their appearance, but Morocco is extra on a whole other level. I spent as much time looking down as I did around me because the floors were that exquisitely tiled. The floors in the Bahia Palace in Marrakech were so exquisite and delicately crafted they took my breath away. And let's not forget the

sculpted, hand-painted roofs of the palace and the magnificent stucco arches. Another equally extravagant place was Hassan II Mosque in Casablanca, the largest mosque in Africa. It was as opulent inside as it was outside, perhaps even more so. We're talking intricate marble floors, elaborate decoration on literally every surface, white granite columns and glass chandeliers.

**3 NOT EVERYTHING IS AS IT SEEMS**  
You can't judge anything in Morocco by its appearance; for example, the Kasbah of the Udayas in Rabat. The exterior: stately, ochre walls that give no clue as to what's inside. Inside: narrow lanes winding between whitewashed houses with brilliant blue walls. Bordered by the Bou Regreg River on one side and the fragrant Andalusian Gardens on another, nothing is what it seems. Or in Fez, where we went for dinner in a restaurant up a side alley that looked very unassuming (and a bit dodgy), but was absolutely magnificent on the inside. There was also live music, belly dancers (one who also did fire dancing), a magician and a lot of audience participation. Yes, I got chosen to belly dance and yes, I was terrible.

**5 ANIMALS BEGINNING WITH C**  
Yep, I'm talking about cats and camels. The first full day of the tour I was already dubbed the crazy cat lady - I just couldn't stop patting every single adorable kitty I saw. And every single one was adorable. I saw legitimate royal cats, cats on bikes, cats on parked cars, cats in kasbahs, cats chilling by the pool, cats trying to eat my chicken skewers. Most importantly, I'm fairly sure I was adopted by two kittens in Chefchaouen. We coined a term for them because we saw so many: Moroccats. We rode camels on New Year's Day, which is the best way I've ever brought in a new year (so glad I wasn't hungover because it was the bumpiest ride of my life!). Chilling with the camels as the sun set over the Sahara Desert is an experience that can't be topped.

**There are so many reasons why everyone should visit - and then fall in love with - Morocco. As I said, I loved it so much I want to get a tattoo, even though I'm a tattoo virgin who almost passed out giving blood (twice) and is constantly broke. If I'm willing to make that much of a commitment to a country I was in for only 10 days, surely it's worth visiting.**

