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The Special Power of Global Experiences

I have a confession to make: I missed Arrival Day this Season.

It's always notable because of what it represents: new faces, new hope, a new start.

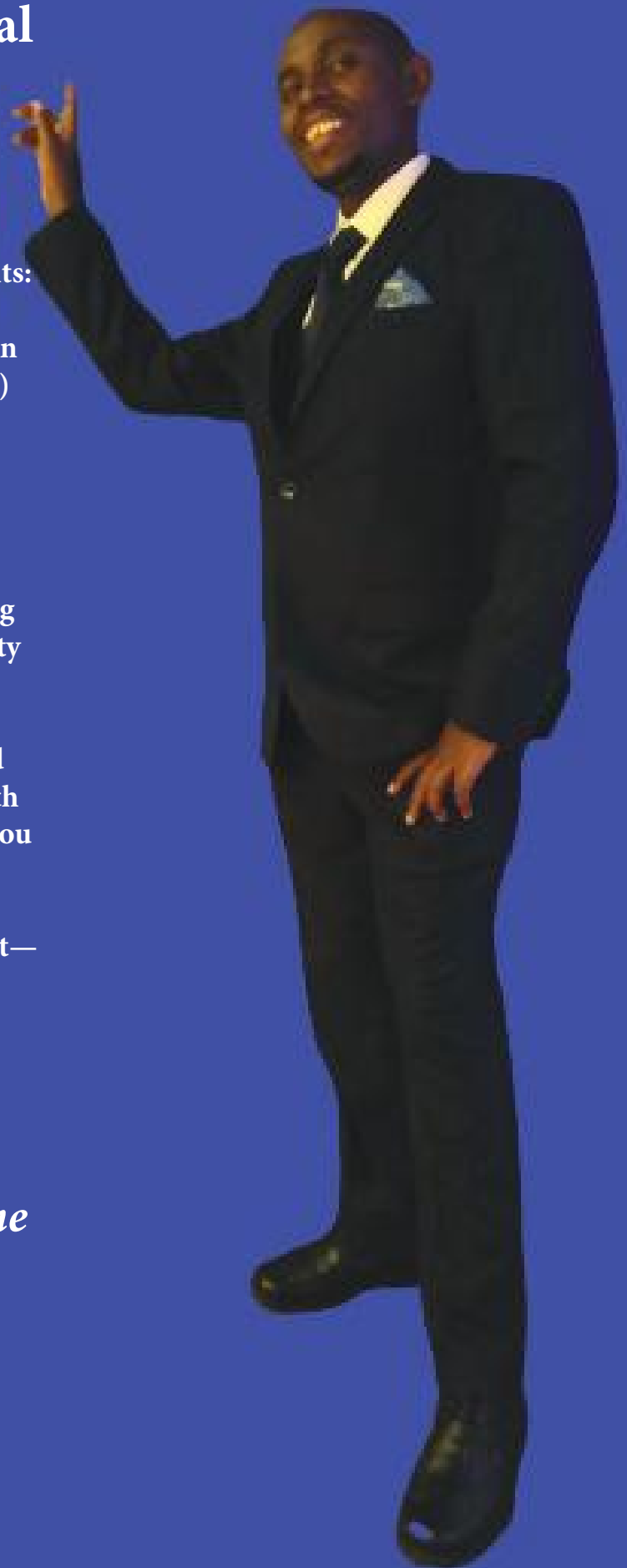
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

I may have missed this edition's New Experience, but with the campus full and the energy and excitement of the students buoying us up, it's clear that every day is an opportunity to celebrate the start of something new.

I hope that as you read this issue, you're inspired by our poetry magazine's efforts, and reminded of your own confidence and strength to make a positive difference. And wherever you are in the world, we hope you'll come back on board to our magazine sometime soon—be it for contributing, Reunion, or just to comment—and teach us, in turn, about all the world has taught you.

Dan Mwangi

Executive Editor, Classico Opine Magazine



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You Made Me Strong

IF YOU WANT TO BE POWERFUL, EDUCATE YOURSELF!

By: **Sevinchbonu Ozodova Alisher**

One day, after leaving university, my friend and I took a taxi from the city to go home. At one point, the taxi driver asked us:

“who are you for society?” asked the question.

And we:

“We are a student, we are future teacher”. we answered. Then taxi driver looked at us and laughed:

“What?... you could not find it”

At the moment, I regretted spending 3 minutes of my time thinking about this person's question... Then the taxi driver looked at us:

- You are a real pest for the society, not only for the society, but also for your parents, no matter how much money you spend, pay the contract for your university and finish your studies, this one penny of your profit does not reach your family, because you feed someone else...

But he doesn't know that I study at the university with scholarship and I thanked God for having a father behind me who would burn his soul for me to my study!

I wonder if there are still people among us who think like that? I can not believe it. In fact, I think that these people are the most harmful people for our society today. Because that person thinks like that, and when he thinks like that, he does not let his daughter study and poisons many other people around him. If everyone in our society thought like that, then our society would never produce educated, knowledgeable, self-confi-

dent, conscious young people.

A wise man: Make your children – sons and daughters – knowledgeable and educated, if you have the opportunity to educate only one, make your daughter knowledgeable, because I am a coward than a cowardly father, a wise and lonely father than an ignorant one. I saw that a righteous child was born to a fool father, but I did not see a righteous child born to an immodest mother, a wise one to an ignorant mother, and a righteous child to a thieving mother. If we want to raise the nation, let's educate women first!

Nowadays, many families and men are against women going to study. They can not properly accept the opportunities given to women and girls today. Because they think it corrupts women and girls.

Recently, a woman threw herself and her 3 children from 9th floor. This is just a tragedy. This not a women's, children's or husband's tragedy, but a nation's tragedy. This is because this nation burdened a woman with tasks that are 30 times more than her body, they decided that if women works, she should give the money she earns to her husband and others, and if she doesn't work, she should sit at home without spending any money at all. Also, they burdened a woman with the responsibility of having a child, a husband, parents-in-law, and a sitter –in for 7 clans. They came up with the ancient world view that only the mother should be responsible for the child, and father should be a pet man.

This woman ... this is not the

first ... this is not the last ...

Because with us, a woman is not a person, because she has been prepared to be a bride all her life, she has not received education, she has not received sarpo ... she is not satisfied with the love of her parents, she is only satisfied with advice, she is satisfied with unsolicited advice...

As long as the environment in society does not change, such situations will continue to repeat themselves...

Women who do not receive love and help in raising children from their husbands treat their children as personal property...

And if he wants to beat, if he wants to kill...

And the society builds a city where they died, builds tall buildings...

But it does not build a proper, practical system to stop this situation!

Let's say even when women go to ask for a girl, they look at the girl from head to toe as if they were looking at an object. And in most cases, questions about

“how many languages you know?”,

“what you are interested in?”, and

“which book you like?” are not asked.

What is the question?

“They ask if you know how to cook?”,

“Do you bake dough?”

“Are you a cooker?” ...

In fact, you don't need a very high IQ for these things, you can even learn them by looking them up on the internet these days. The world view of women in society is this ignorance.

My goal is that every girl is willing, strong, independent...

Let's study, girls:

This is the only way that will lead you to a better future and a beautiful life.

- In order not to depend on anyone tomorrow;

- To be self-sufficient;

- So that you can see what you want;

- To give your child a good education and upbringing;

- In order to have your own opinion and clear judgment when speaking!

- And not to commit similar unconscious actions.

There are so many reasons that I can't finish writing!

The education of girls is so important in our society that to know this, it is enough to look at the lives of many women and girls around us. Women are suffering, living under heavy pressure, dying, killing their child...

It can be concluded that the society with educated women and girls is the strongest and most mature. The reason is that when a woman studies, it affects not only herself but also her family, children and relatives.

Before the child is born what the mother does in the womb, if she learns, it will affect the child as well. The way of life of families will change, there will be fewer quarrels and misunderstandings in families where the woman is knowledgeable and intelligent.

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Today, we are living in a time where the digital age is developing, you can earn money sitting at home, you can be a useful person in general. This is the time and it's great, it should be used properly. Every woman has a great tendency to grow, to be useful, to show herself. We just don't recognize this tendency ourselves.

Let's say you have a desire and talent for teaching, you can take small videos and post them on the Internet and show yourself. It

is interesting because so many people, kids, may not know what you know, and it is a win-win. You earn money by teaching what you know, you show your talent, and because of this, many people get new knowledge.

And motivation for you:

Dear girls, if you try and fail congratulations! Most people do not even try.

Dear girls, work hard so that one day you can write a big cheque to your parents, so that they can go on a world tour

Dear girls, study hard that one day your school will invite you as a chief guest.

Dear girls, your career should be your first priority. It is not selfishness. It is necessary.

Dear girls, your father is working 12 hours a day just to give a better life. So you have no rights to disappoint that person.

Dear girls, when your parents are not rich but still afford to give you a beautiful life. Appreciate their sacrifices.

And most importantly: IF YOU WANT TO BE POWERFUL, EDUCATE YOURSELF!

Sevinchbonu Ozodova Alisher qizi is a 1st year student of the Samarkand State Institute of Foreign Languages.



A DREAM

By: Shaxnoza Buriyeva

It's the end of September... it's getting hotter looking for the sun. Not being able to get into the joy of the pearl, he asks her to finish her work as soon as she can look forward to the moon. Today, she will achieve his dream; she will go to the market with his bear and buy red, shiny shoes, similar to the shoes of his friend Dilafuz... Marvarid was happy as she approached the market, as if he was getting closer to his dream. Without even paying attention to his bear, she hurriedly ran to the store counter.

Yes, those are the shoes

She asked the seller to try it on without even hearing his mother's answer. But she saw that a salesman was roughing up a young girl with messy hair who was dressed like a school girl.

You are the second customer here you run away.

And the girl once said that she wanted to hold this shoe, but she ignored her and drove her away. The girl bowed her head and left the store. Marvirid looked away with the shoe in her hand. The bear also

liked the shoes. Marvarid had no joy in her eyes when they bought her and left the store. He was constantly looking for someone. But he couldn't find it. They returned home and everyone liked the shoes.

- When you brag about going to school tomorrow, Marvarid, her sister said. But Marvarid had no intention of wearing the shoes, let alone bragging...

She started looking for that girl in the streets, bus stops, and roads. Unfortunately, that girl was not there. It never crossed his mind that she wanted to give this shoe to that girl. Days passed and winter came. On one rainy day, Marvarid met that girl. He is very gentle she was standing at the bus stop, shivering from the cold in his clothes.

Hello there. What is your name?

The girl was so cold that she answered Marvarid's words trembling.

-Shabnam...

I know you; I met you at the market stalls.

I want to give you that pair of shoes. The girl looked at Pearl without him and

No need. Thank you

- Why do you say that, I looked for you a



lot but I couldn't find you in time? Now I don't need the shoes, I wanted to take them to my sister, she liked them very much.

Yes, it's good that you take it.

No, my sister is not with me anymore...

Marvarid went on her way and got on the bus with regret.

MY COUNTRY

By: Abdullayeva Iroda
Allanazar qizi

I was born in a rural village,
people are friendly,
you have high mountains,
green gardens rich in fruit.

When spring comes,
your heart will be filled
with flowers and flowers.
Young children will have fun
flying kite everywhere.

The farmer will work hard
and gather food for you.
a shepherd driving his lambs
walks over the mountain and
the rock

When I was a child,
you counted the stars at night.
At night, playing hide-and-
seek,
In the streets where I hid.

Hot bread in the ovens, Norin,
ko'ksomsa ,sourdough bread
young and old with a smile
when a guest comes, he waits
quickly



Heart And Mind

Content -

There are two forces—
Heart and mind pulling
me in two
They are so incompe-
tent,
Who should I ask for
permission?

If my mind takes me to
one side,
The heart leads to the
other side.
I don't know, he's right
Who should be trusted?

Mind my every step
You can put the scale
on a stone,
He searches me every
minute,
Don't be like that.

And the heart does not
give him words,
In this world, play don't

know,he says,
Non information does
not come
Law is rare, rule is rare.
If someone calls to love
Lake,
Every night he calls out
to go,
One led into the house,
A book in my hands.

The mind says:
You fell in love, that
girl
Tell me, is he loyal to
you?
The heart says only
love, without love -
Is there any point in
live!

The mind advises me:
"Don't waste your
young life."
If there is a heart, it
will only say,
Life is given to us once.

The mind says:
What is the use of your
poem,
Who enjoys your work-
outs?
No, he tells me, don't
think about killing,
Write poetry, my igno-
rant heart...

The mind is the ruler of
infinite space,
The mind is the ruler of
the world.
Being subordinate to
him,
The heart does not en-
ter into his words.

If my mind starts from
that,
The other side skirts
the heart.
I don't know, he's right
You have to trust
someone.

It's not my fault,
Excuse me, friends, you
me.
No matter how right the
mind is,
I was able to catch a
heartbeat.

I burned in the fire he
gave,
He was my guide to
him,
I just trusted him
The heart never de-
ceives me!

Erkin Vahidov
Translator: Nilufar Rukh-
illayeva (1st year stu-
dent of the Faculty of
Foreign Philology of the
National University of
Uzbekistan named after
Mirzo Ulugbek)



Hamdamova Shamshoda Saidakhmat

Bio -

Hamdamova Shamshoda Saidakhmat kizi was born in 1996 in Karakul distrikt of Bukhara region. She studied at the Bukhara State University Faculty of Philology at the bachelor's and master's degrees. Shamshoda's many scientific articles and poetry collections are published: " Full Moon ", " Flower of the Heart ", " Spring Begins from Mother's Eyes".

Content -

What a good, spiritual demand,
Disengage from reality.
What a good storyteller you are
Live with miracles!
same day last year
Do you remember our joke that today is my day?
We both dreamed of the same goal
This year, our address has changed.
Do you remember the chipmunk in a box?
It was the best of your gifts
Last year was full of expectations
now my heart is alone.
Remember, it's a hard road
August is an example of a burning fire
It is in a different direction with God's will
Your paths have crossed for some time.
Same day last year in Dsing
Your lessons were different
I miss and want another lesson, lek
Our account is already closed.
Do you remember the same day last year?

When sorrows set fire to the heart,
Come when there is no one, we will share secrets.
Can't you fit in the worlds too, heart?
When you are alone with yourself?!
Unable to answer, my heart was in agony.
Don't ask me such questions.
When you don't fit in the wide worlds,
How can I fit your narrow chest?!!
You are scolding me

Your words are painful, your words are strange.
Who else can I lean on but you?
Who else can I expect from you?!
Without leaving it alone: "To my love
Or to my friend.
Have they become nobody?!
Go tell them all your troubles!
- My heart, I'm sorry, I hurt you.
A thousand and one pieces of my happiness are in your bosom!
I'm living without them,
Is it possible to live without you?!

COULD YOU GO WITH ME?!

Could you go with me?!
My path is dangerous, my destination is fixed.
From the dark paths of the world
Let me hold your hands!
Forgetting the darkness, fear, sadness,
I would hold your dear hands!
Placing a brick in each of my prayers
I would make you a throne in heaven.
Go away! The palms of your hands!
I will live by uniting my heart to your heart!
I can't get to heaven without you
I will fall into the abyss of hell!
I thank fate a thousand times!
From my paths full of stones and thorns,
Could you go with me?!
Not from the polluted air of the world,
I can breathe from the palm of your hand!
Believe me, our two worlds will be paradise,
Just don't let go of me!
Could you go with me?!!!

If I'm crazy and say no love,
Don't believe anything I say.
I wrote one word on a leaf
I hid it in a notebook.
I will overcome a thousand and one pains
There is suffering in every person.
I lost a notebook with leaves
But I still remember that word!
H. Olimjon
When destiny sings the word of parting
Rivers flowed from your eyes,
my poet.

revealed the secret of your heart
Your poem touched hearts, my poet.
Zulfia
In the apricot blossom that blooms every spring
I smelled your breath, my poet.
In the fire of longing, in the ashes of separation
I put a statue on my chest, my poet.
H. Olimjon
Hot baiting on cool mornings
I was the first wind to read.
Is it a time of hope or a time of sadness?
I was the scarf that your hair caressed.
Zulfia
Hulkar's innocent, sweet laugh
You were the joy in Amon's eyes.
What gave me life is the feeling of memory
You were the only interest in my life.
H. Olimjon
My poetess, we are from the sky of poetry
We take care of poetic hearts.
Zulfia
My poet, today we are thousands of young men and women
We flow like poetry in our blood.
H. Olimjon
Shoiram, unfortunately, bad luck
He separated us for half a century.
Zulfia
My poet, there is wisdom in this too,
Now we will be together till the end.
H. Olimjon
My poetess, is there such a country in the world?
To Amu and Sir "washed by hair"?
Zulfia
My poet, come in such a happy time
"Let's roam the valleys" together!
H. Olimjon
My poetess, you are the last faithful pox
This is the abode of love.
Zulfia
My poet, this country is not destroyed yesterday
This is the Uzbekistan you dreamed of!
H. Olimjon
My poetess, give me your hands forever.
Zulfia
My poet, now our life is a



poem.

TAKE YOUR CHESS

you didn't make up lies
You are right, thank you.
I already forgot
Without chess!
bow your proud head
"Play once, stay" - you said.
Why did you leave?
You left your chess?!
Lust for life
You have delicate feelings.
I don't have it myself
I have the duty of your beloved.
Elephants by the board,
It's hard for you.
At the head of these horses,
Your fingers are numb.
I love you from others
What if I can't find it?
this chess box,
What if I can't close?!
The four elephants are full of anger,
Double pairs of horses are heartbreaking.
You stung me
Thirty-two daggers.
You said, "Goodbye, I'm leaving"
Okay, okay. Go away.
Only from my hand
Take your chess!

Hamdamova Shamshoda Saidakhmat kizi

MOTHERS

By: Mohigul Nematova

Heavenly Mother, Merciful Mother
I will lay flowers at your feet.
Tiny sun of my tiny heart,
Mom, I love you.

The world is full of good people,
No one can match you.
There is great love in a tiny heart.
Only mothers deserve this love.

The incomparable sea before your mercy,
The sea is a drop in front of it.
The sun does not know what love is,
Even the sun is always ashamed.

Life without mother is meaningless,
Destiny cannot be changed without prayer.
A mother's intentions are always pure,
Therefore, the prayer will be answered.

Show mom all the attention,
Your attention will make him healthy.
Health is the meaning of life,
As long as your mother walks in front of you healthy every moment.

Don't lose it in your dreams,
I have seen a lot of people who have lost their mothers.
Sometimes I pity them,
Bitter words are the last

regret.

Hearts ache at night,
If you don't know the value of a mother.
Even sleep is forbidden,
You won't know why

Respect mothers, my dear,
Kiss his hand with honor and respect.
Even if you can't do this,
How do you justify filial duty?

Please apologize to this mother

If you treat him with disrespect.
Mother, forgive your child's mistake.
No one can match your mother's forgiveness.

Mother cannot be described by tongues,
Words are powerless in front of him.
In my eyes, mother is seven miracles.
It's a miracle that it doesn't happen again.

Mokhinur Askarova

Bio -

Mokhinur Askarova daughter of Bakhadir was born on May 13, 2006 year in Jizzakh city. In 2013 year she went to the 14th school in Jizzakh city. She is also a member of about 20 international organizations and the owner of more than 50 international certificates. A graduate of the special course of the world famous "Oxford University's Home study center" course published the first poetry collection "World" announced. America's "Amazon" her poems were published in "Raven Cage" magazines of Germany, she was invited 3 times as a guest of "Assalom Jizzakh" show.

Content -

You can never find me,
If I head away
Maybe then my worth is known,
If I leave a mark on your heart

My parents miss me,
They have been waiting for me for years.
Looking at the streets where my childhood was left
You know my worth again. You can't find me,
Your dreams are telling the truth-
You look for my laughter, though,
You can't find them either, my friend!
You ask the moon where I am
He is ashamed of not being able to answer



MY DREAMS ARE COMING TRUE

Munavvar Boltayeva

Dream... what is it? Trust in vain?
No, Dreams are dreams we want to achieve.
As a person grows up, his dreams become more perfect and clear.
My dreams kept changing. But my dreams of poetry have not changed.
I started writing poems when I was 8-9 years old.
I participated in various school competitions.
My poems were published in district newspapers.
First time.
Very happy.
I wrote a poem saying that I can't start creating now.
After 1 year, in 2012, my personal poetry collection was published.
After some time, my 2nd and 3rd books were published.
Now I appeared in regional newspapers and Republican newspapers.
I won many competitions.
To date, I have about 500 achievements.
I am the winner of literary contests.
I have been a speaker at Zoom meetings several times.
My poems were published in Turkey, Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, India, China, Thailand, Pakistan, Egypt, America, Colombia, Spain, California, and Africa.
I am a volunteer at the international level.
Currently, he is working on the publication of my poetry collection in Turkey.
I am a member of more than 50 international organizations and an ambassador of about 10 international organizations.
It is a pleasure to deliver another happy message at this time.
I won the international "WIO GLOBAL WOMEN AWARD".
I became the "AMBASSADOR OF GOOD WILL" of WIO AWARD ACADEMY from Uzbekistan.
Of course, this is a great happiness.
I am eternally grateful to ALLAH for everything.
(The award ceremony will take place in autumn 2023.)
Munavvar Boltayeva Country Uzbekistan



My Daughter, Take Care Of Me

By: Sulaymonova Maftuna

My daughter, always be with me,
I am worry about you, darling.
Your young mother is old today,
My daughter, take care of me.

Holding my hem you are walking,
Having stumbled you are grown up.
I will smile when I look at you,
My daughter, take care of.

If you are patient, you will reach anything,
Time passed and these days are here.
We are grandma and grandpa today,
My daughter, take care of me.



One Day In Class...

Bio -

Mamatgosimova Sitora Bakhtiyor, a promoter of creative and cultural issues of the 34th general education school of Boyovut district, Sirdarya region.

Content -

As Allah bestows great miracles on our hearts, we need to live with a sense of gratitude for this blessing. gives...

I still remember the first day I came to work at the great dargah called the school... As I entered the door of this dargah, whose threshold is the paths of the paradise of knowledge, I was very proud to be a student of my grandmother, whose places are from heaven in my heart, and my kind teacher mother. From the door of the classroom, I heard the excited shouts of the students: "Here, a new teacher has arrived." I was happy with this

call... We started the lesson with the young generation who always honors their homeland and discovers new aspects of creativity in themselves. First of all, I got to know the students. During the lesson, only one student caught my attention. Congratulations, as you can see, there are always students who are not interested in class and do not complete their homework on time. And, I have come to a decision. As I got to know him better, I made sure that he also has interests and dreams. My student is interested in mother tongue, science, English. In his free time, he likes to draw and read art books. While he was talking to me, sweat covered his forehead, I felt that he was thinking about his words and talking shyly. So, I found out that my student is shy and shy, he doesn't even have a close friend. My classmates also confirmed my opinion. From that day on, I started helping my student with his homework, under



the pretext of trying to get to know him better. And I always told him that he is not inferior to his friends, that he should always strive forward, believe in his own strength and knowledge. I dealt with the student. If you believe now, this student has become the most active student of the

school. In particular, I was able to awaken in his heart a feeling of interest in special creativity. Nowadays, this student does not like to write wonderful poems and stories from each other. These are the words...

A Student Taking Steps Towards His Goals



Bio -

Toshturdiyev Nurbek was born on August 18, 2004 in Narpay district, Samarkand region, Republic of Uzbekistan. Curious and thirsty for knowledge from a young age, Nurbek started going to school at the age of 7. From the first days of school, he won the love of teachers. Already at school, he became an example to his peers with his knowledge. He took part in all the events and competitions.

He won the proud 1st place in the district head of the Olympiad held in 2021 and received a ticket to the regional stage. In the same year, he won the 1st place in the essay competition held at the district level. No school event would have been possible without Nurbek's participation. 2022 was a lucky year for Nurbek. In the same year, he won the 1st place in the regional stage of the Science Olympiad and took part in the head of the republic.

He also takes 1st place in the One million Uzbek coders competition organized by the Hokimlik and is awarded with a laptop. In this way, he also finishes school. Yes, he will finish the school with a gold medal established by the Ministry of Public Education. This year, he was recommended to study at the National University of Uzbekistan named after Mirzo Ulugbek on the basis of a state grant. This was one of his goals. For this, he was once again

awarded a laptop by the district governor. He began studying at the university with excellent grades and was appointed the captain of the group. It was from this that his scientific and creative work began.

Until now, he has written many scientific and creative articles. His articles were published in magazines and conferences of many countries.

His creative works have been published in international anthologies and posted on the Internet. He won the "Best Article" competition held among the CIS countries and became the owner of a badge. During this time, he became a member of many international organizations:

Kazakhstan's "Kos Kyang" writer's association, India's All Technical Skill Development organization, National human rights and humanitarian federation, Glory Future Foundation.

It was awarded with many international certificates. He participated as a delegate in more than ten forums and marathons. He was accepted into the ranks of "Golden Wing" volunteers and started volunteering. He won many competitions organized by the university and received monetary awards.

These were the successes achieved so far, of course, there were many difficulties to achieve them. Everything was overcome. The important thing is that if the goal is clear, there are no difficulties.

Why Are People Like That?

Why are people like that?
They always tell lies.
Allege to someone,
Hurt their hearts.

Why are people like that ?
Save the spite in the heart.
their Suspects always,
In an overflowing body.

Why are people like that?
Lose your confidence.
With false joy,
They touch others heart.

Why are people like that?
They laugh at the same time
and cry at The same time.
When a new toy comes out,
Forget the Old ones.

👉 Kasimova Parizoda, the
daughter of Fakhriddin.



Mashhhura Usmonova Zafarjon

Bio -

Mashhhura Usmonova Zafarjon's daughter was born on May 16, 2006 in Gallaorol district, Jizzakh region the Republic of Uzbekistan. Currently 16 years old. She has been practicing writing poetry since her 10 years old. Now, she is author of about 100 poems. She is member of the international organizations Egypt, Indonesia, Pakistan, Argentina and India. In 2019, the author's book of poetry entitled "Happy Childhood Message" was published. In 2022, the second author's book of poetry entitled "Letter..." was put up for 26 countries under the Amazon online store of the United States. In addition, her works have been published in book collections of the United States of America, Turkey, Azerbaijan, Germany, Thailand, Canada, UK, Kenya and Moldova. She likes to read books and travel. Her future goal is to become a philologist.

Content -

Great birds

In the search of warm places,
Where are you going again?
Oh, cranes please get back,
And build the home of affection in heart.



Do not be afraid from the first fallen leaf,
Do not fly away, great birds.
Want to see a familiar face,
Birds like me whose hearts are burnt.

I follow you from behind,
All of you are leaving happily.
But remember I will wait,
Wait for you to come to me.

But I got upset from you, I have to say,
Listen to me hey, cranes.
One of your friends that has fallen from the

row,
Is struggling, do not you see?!

And you, you are being just reckless,
Maybe it had the same intention as you.
The injured bird kept looking,
Looking long, from your back.

Oh great birds, great birds,
Burnt- heart- birds just like me.
Despite being unfaithful like humans,
Still, everyone loves you all.

THE SOUL..

Bio -

Sabyasachi Nazrul Guinness World Record Holder, Bilingual Global Poet, Motivational Author, Rhymer, Storyteller, Presenter. World Symbols of Peace, Global Peacemaker Doctorate, Global Peace Ambassador, Jugarbatta National best 10 storyteller award winner & many awards winning writer, Associate Member of University of Ethics. His Poetry works are translated into 40 International languages and published in various National Newspapers, Magazine's of Bangladesh and also published in various International literary journals, Newspapers, Magazines, Anthology of 67 countries. He has 22 joint Poetry Books and two own Poetry Books one is manuscripts award winning " Ekti Tarjonir Isara " another is " Sapna Uran " and editing a literary magazine named kittinasar kirtti. He thinks poetry has no borders. Lets poetry wins poets are wins.

Content -

After drinking tea at Rumel's tea shop, I sat in the room. My body does not feel good. When coming from the office should not have come near the cemetery on the south bank! But what to do, it was night and there were long roads. So come to the shortcut way. The head is spinning the body is sweating. I am alone in the room, sleeping on the bed. I will wake up and freshen up. After lying down, the body began to twitch. I felt as if someone was, pushing me again



and again. What's the matter! Why do I see blurry eyes?

Body shaking, after a while I feel from the bed with a strong shock and feel on the floor. No pain anywhere in the body! I felt something soft under my back. I couldn't understand properly as my eyes were blurry. I lay on the floor for a while.

A little later, I saw the darkness around me! I'm not at home! When I stood up and looked around. I realized that I had come to the crematorium.

However I was lying on the ashes in the crematorium for so long! The body is twisting and the head is spinning too.

I bumped into someone when I went back a step or two..

It seemed that a very beautiful girl was standing behind me. Look back and see the girl is not.

But, but I,
Yes I bump into who...?
So who is the beauty...?
Soul, Ghost or a human...

My body is sweating more, I'm shivering. I can't stand properly. My head is spinning....

Suddenly a song came from far away with a voice mixed with tears. Actually it's not a song. Someone is lamenting and saying in tune...

" why did Nazar shah coming the land of death?

Don't live, you will die in the

end.

Ferrari in the ghost of the Soul
You will end up killed. "

I'm shacking with fear, I'm going to run away when the call comes.

Nazar shah stand up,
I am saying stand up...

Take me
I am Soul...

I will walk with you, singing,
eating..

Stand up for me...

- Sabyasachi Nazrul
Guinness World Record Holder, Bilingual Global Poet, Motivational Author, Rhymer, Storyteller, Presenter.

(Naria, Shariatpur, Bangladesh)

My Parents

By: Toshtemirova Dildora Hakim

I lost my parents too late,
I don't even notice how old they are,
I don't even get them when I'm wandering the streets,
I don't give love when I'm waiting for it,

I eat good food, but I don't buy it for them,
I say bad things when I'm angry,
I don't even leave the house to ask for their prayers,
I bought nice clothes, but I can't buy them for my mother.

Picking up one flower and giving it to my mother,
I can't be a child worthy of them,
I don't even hold them in my arms,
I don't say sorry to them.



Ulugbek Treasure Of Uzbek

By:
Kuzimurodova Lobar Muratovna

People's writer of Uzbekistan Odil Yaqubov, the owner of the "Friendship" and "El-Yurt" orders, won the name of the beloved creator of our people with his works of incomparable value. Classified as "Until now, the writer, who used to write on modern topics, now began to search for historical scenes in his imagination.

He carefully studies many historical documents and sources related to the history of Ulugbek. At first, the writer wants to write a story about the tragic history of the library of Ulugbek. But he continues his work to cover this topic more widely and turns the story into a novel.

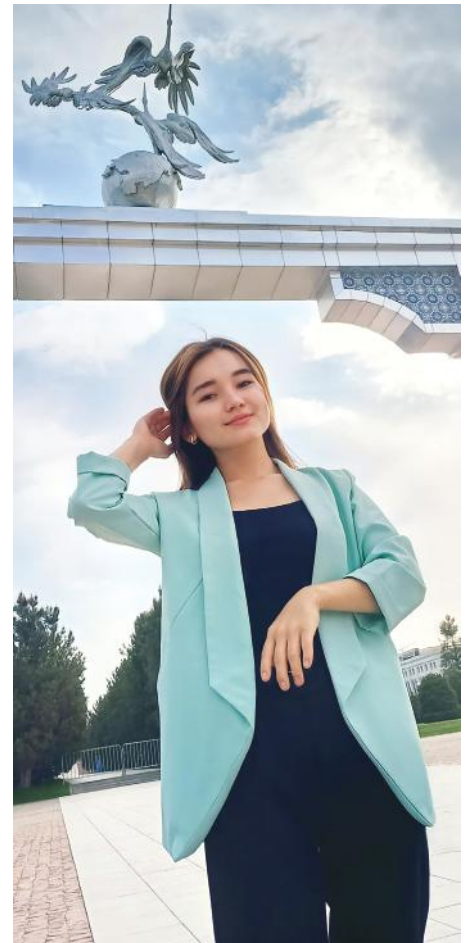
Ulugbek is great for me not only because he was a famous scientist of the Middle Ages, but also because he was a scholar who experienced the worst tragedy in the history of our nation," said our famous writer Chingiz Aitmatov. - I read it when I was in 9 class. Because I studied in the Russian class, I rarely read the works of Uzbek writers. This novel made me fall in love with Uzbek literature. The fact that our grandfather Mirzo Ulug'bek is a master of knowledge in every

field, and that he is even described as an astronomer and a king who ruled the country with justice until now I would like to quote sentences from the book that impressed me as proof of my words.

They say that there are two stars among the countless stars shining in the sky. When they approach, great people are born who can change the fate of mankind. What is the name of these stars? How many times during the last two thousand years, which great beings were born to those who came close to them during these happy moments? Then 8-year-old Ulugbek answered with his heart pounding again:

The names of the auspicious stars you mentioned are Zuhā and Mushtari. They approach once every eight hundred years. Therefore, they have approached three times in the last two and a half thousand years. The first time he approached, the great world conqueror Alexander the Great was born.

I will not be wrong if I say that these verses awaken a sense of pride in the hearts of every Uzbek child.



BOKIJONOVA MADINABONU



Bio -

Bokijonova Madinabonu. Born in 2004 in Koshtepa district of Fergana region. Currently, he is a 1st-year student of the Faculty of Philology of Fergana State University, majoring in Russian language and literature.

Content -

The truth

A mother is a mother. She does not need another quality. (O'tkir Hashimov "World affairs")

August 29, 2022...

The last days of summer. Hot days are over. One season was ready to give way to another season.

Having graduated from school, achieved my dream, and been admitted to a higher educational institution, I fly in the seventh heaven, hoping that I will be a special person in the coming season, that is, I will be a student.

I grew up in a simple village, among simple people. This event that I remember now is what I witnessed with my own eyes. The names in it have

changed. Maybe people too. But it did not affect me.

I know there are many stories, fairy tales, songs, poems about mothers. Among these, I would like to add the fate of a poor mother who I witnessed. I know that I am powerless to reprimand someone for something. However, through this story, I would like to remind you that we need to understand the truth more deeply.

It was August 29 ... I was returning home after celebrating with my friends because of my admission. There are a lot of cars and people on the street. I could not understand what happened.

A little while ago, when I was returning from a party, I fell into a different state after seeing this situation. I could hear the whispers of people passing by me on the street: "Yes, the poor man was ill for a long time, it was difficult for his son. Such words. I felt like I understood. Aunt Farida ... Aunt Farida is dead. Aunt Farida is our neighbor, she has one son and one daughter. Her children divorced her husband when they were small.

I am also the richest person in the world. I don't say that I am satisfied with life and my fate, I am living a very good life. Therefore, this cannot be expected even from a poor and helpless person.

But my aunt Farida was really struggling to make a living. As soon as her daughter graduated from school, she worked from morning to night in order to help her mother. It is not for nothing that they say that the role of the father in the upbringing of a boy is great. Farida's aunt's son may have lacked this upbringing.

True, he also helped his family and his mother, but for some

reason he did not act himself until he said that his mother was suffering and that he should act for the sake of the family. One day my mother was baking bread in the oven. I was always busy with tasks. Aunt Farida came to our place. While they were talking with my mother for a while, my mother went to the oven again, to my aunt Farida's house. At that time, my mother said that she will stay with you today. It has been a year and a half since the wedding of my aunt Farida's daughter Sevinch. He came out to say that his son is staying at our house because he is alone at home today for some reason. That day remained with us.

He could not sleep well at night because it was a strange house. Whether my brother or mother noticed it, I felt it very well. Sahar got up in the morning to pray the Morning Prayer. We all read. But he said that he will go home without having breakfast. The medicine he used to drink before breakfast was left at home. One day he went in without agreeing to do nothing. Aunt Farida's house is almost not finished; even so, it took a lot of work to get to its current state.

That is, my aunt Farida picked cotton and carrots in autumn. In the spring, he took out the cotton crop. So, in every season, seasonal jobs were found for him. My mother said that they restored these houses with the help of my aunt Farida's father, and then they did a lot of work themselves.

Of course, his children were young at that time. In 2020, when the coronavirus spread all over the world, my aunt Farida became seriously ill. His daughter is married. His son was in Russia. He spent a

lot of time in the hospital. He left the hospital, but the effect of his patients did not go away.

They were in the process of renovating their house beautifully to marry their son. It was summer. It was the end of summer. Aunt Farida was affected by that illness, difficult times of fate, the end of many misfortunes, literally speaking.

Maybe there are many things that happened in the fate of this mother that I did not know. But the difficulty of the past tense of these simply written words, which I have listed, is actually great.

What was the saddest thing... After the death of my aunt Farida, she sold her son's houses, the house where she was born and grew up, where she spent her childhood, where her mother and grandfather worked hard, and married a woman in the city. He moved to the country. He did not stay in that house because of his mother's respect.

Sorry... It really hurt me. Because it was not just a house, but also a memory. One day my married sister came to our house. When they come, there will be a holiday in our house. When my sister was talking to my mother, I overheard: "I saw my aunt Farida in my dream last night. They were looking at me and saying: Iftar is being served in heaven, I am going there. "They were like happy people.

Mother's love is real, not everyone understands it.

ACTION IS THE KEY TO SUCCESS

The world is made of motion. A person without movement is like a corpse.

A person always wants to achieve good results and live a happy life as he wants.

On this path, those who work tirelessly, overcoming all obstacles on the way to create the life they dream of, start boldly moving towards their goals.

And who else stays in dreams, thinking only of living a happy life in their dreams and imaginations.

The only way to turn dreams into life is through action.

One action is not enough to achieve the desired goals. On this path, each person needs someone to guide them in a clear way.

It is no exaggeration to say that Jim Rohn, a famous American business philosopher, the author of many books on psy-

chology and spirituality, and the wonderful book "Journey to Luck and Happiness" serves as a program for achieving your dreams.

We use them to achieve our goals from the experiences we have seen, the knowledge we have gained.

But in some situations, the experiences we have gained, the knowledge we have gained are lacking, and that's where Jim Ron's advice is given to us.

"Journey to Fortune and Happiness" serves as a guiding beacon.

Secrets of success, self-awareness, time management, attitude to society, life, and vision of personal maturity are expressed in this book.

In order to look beautiful to everyone, we dress well, we do whatever we want, we do what our organization wants,

we travel when we are bored with work and our soul is depressed!

But why don't we read books to improve our thinking, our world view.

When a person does not feed his thinking with books, which are the beacon of knowledge, he will never become a perfect person.

The more we travel to books, the more the strings of thought, feeling, and imagination become tense.

Don't miss the opportunity and don't waste time "Travel to Luck and Happiness"!

Do not forget, the only hero of your life is yourself!

Goals, dreams, the key to success is in your hands.

Take action now to unlock the doors of success!!!



Jakhongir NOMOZOV
Argentina "Juntos por last-
eras" international poets and
writers,
Member of "World Talents"
international association.

REASONS FOR MY SUCCESS



Bio -

QURBONOVA GULSANAM Ilhom daughter was born on April 16, 2006 in Dehkanabad district of Kashkadarya region. She is currently studying in the 10th grade of school 68 in Dehkanabad district. She has achieved many achievements to date: in education, sports and others. her articles are published in international journals.

Content -

If a person achieves some kind of result in the world, his parents, teachers, and relatives will definitely support him.

The key to my success in life is my parents and teachers. They have always believed in me and are always by my side. They always support me when I achieve something.

My father, being a school teacher, created a lot of conditions for us, his children, because they want us to become mature staff in the future. My father teaches physical education, so I have a special love for sports, especially table tennis, checkers, chess, volleyball, etc. got into sports through them, that is, I took a step and achieved many results, I got 1st-2nd place at the district level, at the regional level. My father always gives me motivation: they encourage me by

saying that you can do it, you can play it. My father is happy with my every achievement. I always try to make my parents smile. I always want my parents to be proud of me.

My teachers are also the reason for my success in life. To this day, I have learned from many teachers. Including my first teacher Pirmatova Shoir. She is the person who introduced me to letters. She made me interested in knowledge from my youth.

Another teacher of mine is Saidov Javlon, a German language teacher. I see this person not only as my brother, but also as my real teacher. Through him, I gained a lot of knowledge and achieved results. For example, in the 9th and 10th grades of German language, I took the 2nd place in the district and region and received a monetary award. In addition, my school team and I won 75 million soums. The

main reason why I won these awards is my teacher. I think that these achievements are a great achievement. Even now, I regularly practice German with my teacher. I try to live up to the trust of my parents and teachers.

My future goals are that I will always help others in life, find my place, become a professional specialist, and strive to be the child my parents dreamed of. I realized in life that when a person wants something seriously, he will definitely achieve it, because such a desire was born in the spirit of the universe. Every person was created for this reason in life. If you set a goal, you must achieve it, so do not stop working. The whole world is with you, don't forget that. I would like to thank the people behind my success and give them a reason to be proud of having daughter and students like me.

Dear Moments Of Our Dear Age

Bio -

R. Mirzaolimov

war

His heroic deeds are made up of 34 stories

Content -

Dear moments of our dear age,

sealed in the book.

He asks for love from dear people.

memory and appreciation are unique spiritual gifts of human intelligence, eternal criteria of living. Patronage, generosity and dedication, kindness and

Opportunity is a spoil, royal lines,

virtues of kindness, memory and concepts of value

It's time to decorate your life notebook!

is in harmony with Because the heart

(Gafur Ghulam)

full of generosity, love, compassion

May 9 "Day of Remembrance and Appreciation". Independence

only people always remember their history and ancestors

years, this day is literally human memory and

and dedicated compatriots, work for a bright future

who restored justice to the value, the original truth

It is worth the people who have won over fascism in the Second World War

became an important historical date.

these days, when the 77th anniversary of the victory is being celebrated

It is known that there are more than 450 thousand Uzbek boys

Special attention is paid to the day of remembrance and appreciation in our country

more than 130,000 did not return from the war

the name is missing. The main layer of the population

It has a clear meaning that it is being celebrated with.

taking into account that it consists of children and the elderly

Consequently, the historic victory in the Second World War

60 percent of the working-age population is involved in the front

services of our compatriots

done No family is excluded from the war

was incomparable. Live and die in battles

did not pass. 450 thousand people of Uzbekistan are at

thousands of Uzbek men who gave, spent the night behind the front



He who worked until morning, his sustenance will change

tradition

the love shared with our compatriots of the river

is inevitable. Man, people and nation are historical

His courage and dedication will never be forgotten.

is alive and well with memory!

The historic victory in the Second World War

If you want to be a real child,

the courage of our compatriots in providing

When you say bloom like a flower,

and his services were incomparable. To them and the family

If you ask to pay a prayer,

providing material and moral support to its members

If you want to do good deeds,

providing medical and social services together with

Start every morning with merit,

maintenance has become a

Live with respect for the elderly.

(R. Mirzaolimov.)

You made me strong

You made me strong,
Thanks to my dear mum.
You brought me joy,
Thanks to my loving dad.

I'm blessed to have you,
Always by my side.
I love you, I love you,
My dear mother,
I love you, I love you,
My beloved father.

For all you've done,
I'm forever grateful.
You bring me luck,
You bring me happiness.
My mother's my haven,
My father's my heart,
Together you complete me,
And I'll love you always and
forevermore.



Adiba Davlatboyeva is a student of 66-secondary school which is located in the Republic of Karakalpakstan/

Uzbekistan 🇺🇵

Who Am I?

Bio -

Shokirova Zarnigor Shuhratjanovna

Content -

You don't even understand your situation. What is your purpose in life? You can't find an answer to the question. Dreams and dreams are tormenting and will not let you rest. In Miyyang's mind, dreams are spinning like a tornado without stopping. Well, ask yourself a question...

"Who am I?" "

"Where am I going?!" "

What is the result of my life? "

What is the end? "

you want to find answers to the questions, but there is no answer, there is no answer that satisfies you. Because you are a stone that has not yet been polished, and has hardened at the bottom of the mountain. Harsangtash. You are a harsangtash who approves as "nice" no matter who takes it in any direction. My last word! Or polish yourself like a diamond and shine like the sun on the top of the mountain. Or simply act as a

"couch" to help the "future shiny diamonds" who are looking for the top of the mountain to get some rest.

You don't want to.

It's not what you dreamed of, is it? Polish it, that is, change. Be a billionaire who achieves results based on a plan, not a child who wants to get what he sees. The main thing...

You are there.

You are ready to polish.

You are ready to climb to the top of the mountain and become a precious diamond that shines like the bright sun.

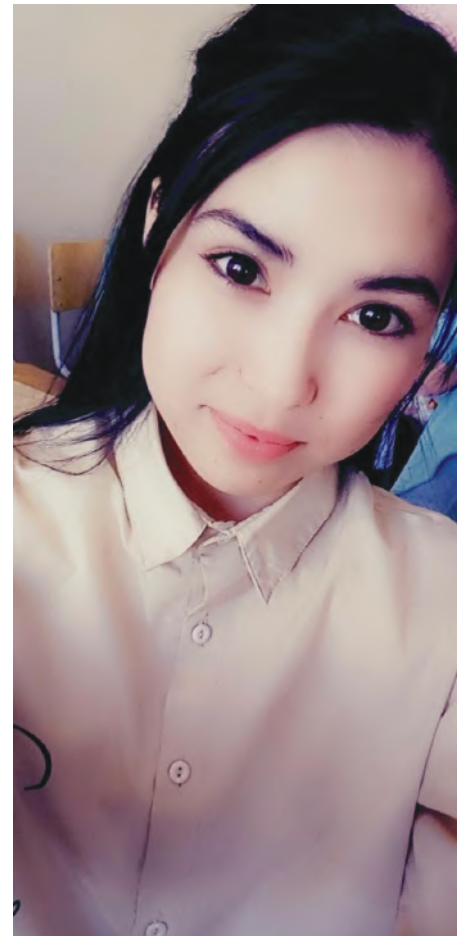
Are you tired?

Can't you stand it?

Do you want to stop?

When you face such a situation, say these things to yourself!

"You haven't found the diamond hidden in the stone yet." You are not at the top of the mountain. You haven't started to shine yet. Choose ! Either you will be patient and continue on your way, or you will act as a "recreational chair"...



Trust to Thursday

By: **Fayzullo Usmonov Ravshanjon o'g'li**

Due to the fact that some unlisted expenses appeared and the travel fee increased, I was struggling with money. And I took a loan from a friend to cover the expenses. Of course, we agreed to return it in a week, that is, on Thursday.

To be honest, I didn't even know why I took the loan. Day by day, my friend would not ask for the loan, but I would be embar-

rassed because I had promised.

As the promised day came, my fear grew. However, one day I went to the institute as usual and entered the class.

During the break, another friend of mine asked me to go to the cash register together to receive the scholarship, I agreed and went to the cash register together.

I said to my friend, you go in and out yourself, I will wait for you outside.

He went in and came back after a few minutes and

said that the accountant is looking for you.

I was as surprised as if I saw my dead grandfather.

I met the accountant and he told me that there was money, I asked him why this money was being given, but he did not say.

I received the money with great surprise. I paid my debt and interestingly that day was Thursday.



My Dad

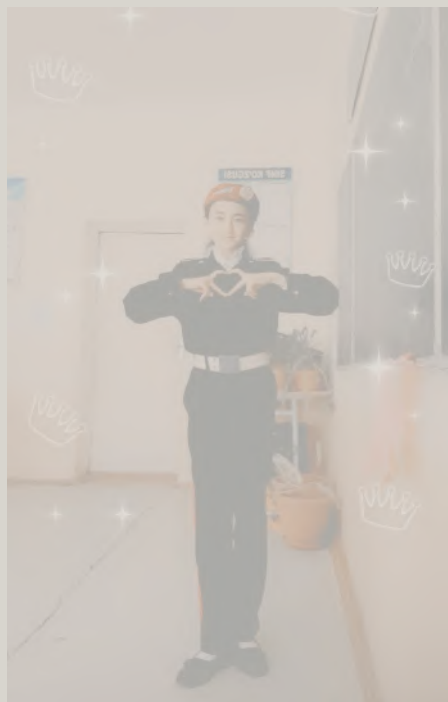
Bio -

My name is Farangiz Uskanbayeva. I am currently a student of the 5th grade of the 11th school located in Qibray district of Tashkent region. I was born on September 10, 2011.

Content -

My Dad

Dad, you are one and only
No one is kinder than you.
You are my country
You are my bee,
You are a treasure to me
You are heaven to me.



My Inimitable Uzbekistan

By: **Ishmurotova Sabrina Sarvar qizi**

My inimitable Uzbekistan
Many geniuses inherited my
flowered,
My Uzbekistan, which its soil
is equal to gold.
Paradise and beloved my
country
My unique, unique Uzbeki-
stan.

My dear country, my free land
My old, ancient Kesh, Bukha-
ra,
There are no words to describe
you,
My unique, unique Uzbeki-
stan.

Your history is worth gold, my
country
My soul is devoted to you.
There is no enemy beyond
your border
My unique country, my Uz-
bekistan



Everything Is Not As It Seems

Bio -

Suyarova Mahliyo Muradxon qizi

Content -

When it rained, everywhere is wet, the air is clean, I am looking out of the window of my room with different dreams, then I left my questions for a moment and I saw two couples.

The first couple was standing near the entrance to the student residence, about 50 meters away, and the second couple was talking to each other.

By chance, the guy from the first couple raised his hand to the girl; she stood crying for a minute and went into the bedroom. Then I noticed the second couple, and now it's the opposite, the girl raised her hand to the guy, but the girl was very upset, and when she tried to turn back, the guy wouldn't let her go, the girl was crying a lot.

From my imagination, I walked without forgetting the situation of the two girls in front of my eyes. I said that there was a big difference between the first girl and the second girl.

(after about 4 or 5 hours of wear)

I was going to the library with my friend and I accidentally passed two more girls and I asked my friend about the two girls.... my friend knew both girls and both of them were engaged to the guys I saw next to me. .

The first couple I saw fell in love with each other and got engaged. Are you wondering why the guy hit the girl? I asked my friend the same thing...?

My friend said that the girl was jealous when she saw her boyfriend shaking hands with his fellow students. If you are interested in the second couple, listen, this couple is also engaged, but both of them are children who grew up in a rich family, who have passed their words on to their family members, and they will say whatever they say. The girl found out that the guy cheated on his betrothed daughter due to his wealth and wealth and had relationships with other girls, and she got angry and attacked the guy.

My friends, do you understand that everything will not be as easy and beautiful as it seems? When you hear my first words, you still feel bad for the first girl. You ask yourself why she hits you, what is her right? From yourself!



GOODNESS (LITTLE STORY)

FERUZA ABDULLAYEVA HIKMATULLAYEVNA was born on May 27, 2006 in Sariasia district Surkhandarya region. She is studying at secondary school. Her articles were published in republican newspapers and they will be published in international collectings

Content -

It was sunny day. I was going to the store for pancakes. There was a little boy on the side of the road alone. He was upset and for some reason he was walking on the street sadly. On the other side of the road several pupil boys were going to somewhere. They were discussing something. But they did not join the

boy to their group. Then I ran to the boy and I asked him:

-Hi handsome boy, -I tried cheer him up.

He did not reply.

-Do you know those children?

-Yeah, they are my classmates ... -he replied.

-Why don't you join them? - I asked again.

-I don't have enough money for ice cream.

They are going to eat ice cream from the nearest store. So I'm ashamed to join them ... I felt sorry for the child and gave the money I collected from my pocket for pancakes to the boy and I said:

-Go, get ice cream with your friends.

- Thanks sister, thanks a lot, - he was extremely merry. And he ran to his friends.

At that time I couldn't eat pancakes that day but I will remember this event forever!



My Dream

Bio -

My name is Guljoza.

I am a student of the 2nd level of elementary education at the Tashkent International University of Chemistry.

Content -

I really like working with small children. I want psychologically healthy children to grow up in Uzbek families.

I am very interested in psychology and will become the best psychologist in the world in the future

Raufova Guljoza Abdulaziz qizi

Student of Tashkent International University of Chemistry



Impossible Love

The epitome of love,
This heart is suffering
from longing
My broken heart
wounded by love,
It's as if this soul is for-
getting its modesty.

My feelings are dis-
turbed, the worlds are
spinning
It's like a dream in the
sky
Yes, I am a madman,
the world is weak
Unfortunately, this is
not a dream, but a re-
ality.

Longing is falling like
snow from the sky,
Every piece I like is the
ice of my heart
If you come, I will be

happy in my heart,
When will the dreams
of weak love end...

The wine of longing
adds pain to my pain,
If this wine intoxicates
my lips
An imaginary death
query,
Peace of mind leads to
you...

*Mamatkasimova
Sitora*



Muhabbat Turaqulova

Bio -

The daughter of Mirkarimova Kumushbibi Otabek, a 6th grade student of the 28th general education school in the Boyovut district of the Syrdarya region. She was born on October 17, 2010.

To a glass full of heart.
The wedding ceremony is for
one day
Wealth is transitory.
Life is irreversible
Heartbreaking miss.
He is oblivious
Appreciate it, mother
Don't let dreams stay in your
heart
Appreciate it, father.

Content -

Life is very cruel
It passes slowly.
This is the tense in every
language
A dream that will remain.
Without leaving his mother
Don't forget.
He hit his head on a rock



ORTIKOVA JASMINA

Bio -

Ortikova Jasmina, now 16 years old. We can say that she is one of the young leaders of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Jasmina is a self-confident girl who always works on herself. Also, it can be said that she has her place in the international arena. Our young girl is currently the ambassador of more than 30 international organizations on behalf of Uzbekistan, a participant and winner of more than 20 international forums and conferences. She also participates as a speaker in various mass communications and forums internationally. The achievements and dreams of our young girl are beyond the scope of the world and her goals are bigger than the mountains. She is also a girl who has tried herself in the field of literature, her creative works have been published in more than 20 countries, and she is also a journalist in Uzbekistan for 5 international magazines.

Content -

There is no trace of the old you.

My lips trembled from the cold,
My eyes couldn't wait for you.
I heard that you have changed a lot

There is no trace of the old you...

I didn't braid my hair
I am wearing a headscarf
and my hair is not broken
I was waiting by the window...
There is no trace of the old you...

Does the environment change that much?
The world saw it and did not see it happen..
Does your career make you happy?
There is no trace of the old you...

Do you remember the willow in the village?
We planted it together, it hasn't withered yet...
I waited for you when the waters poured
There is no trace of the old you...



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