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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.

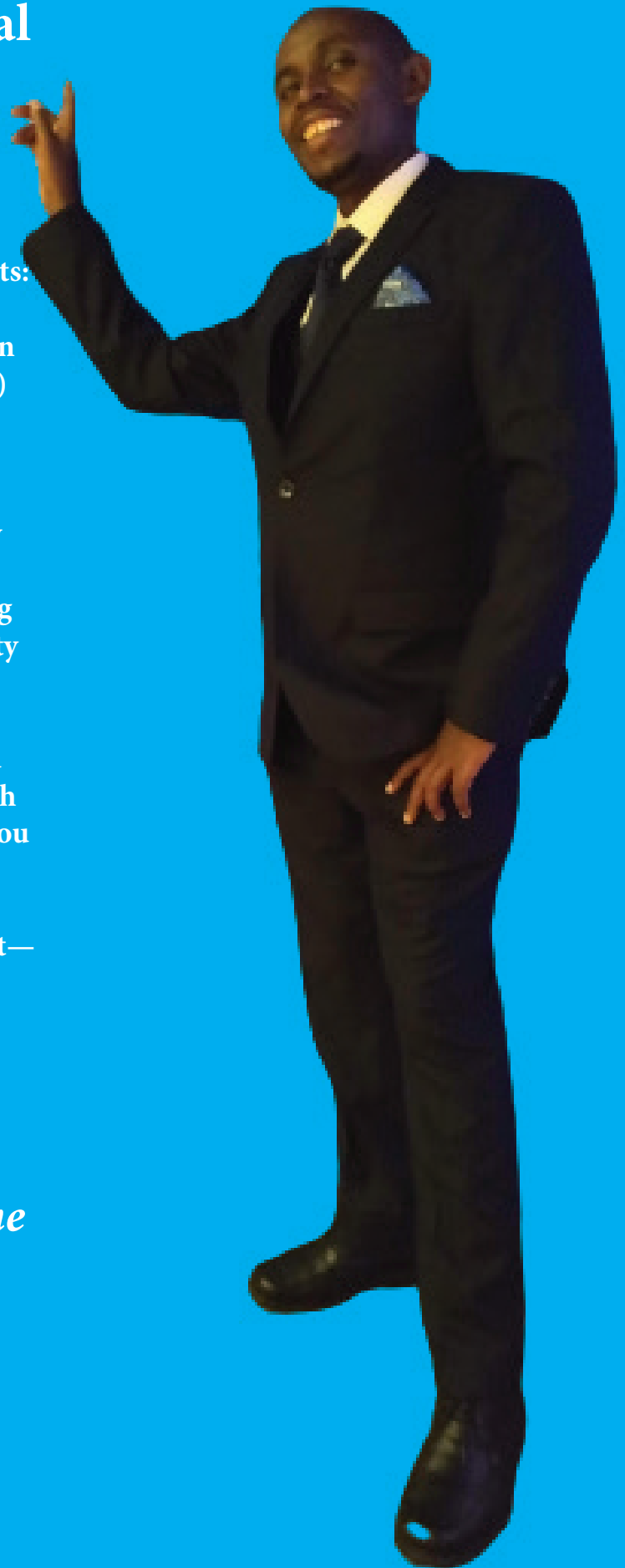
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

I SEPTEMBER 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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A Flower That Falls To Hell

MEHRIBON BOZORBOYEVA

Bio -

Mehribon Bozorboyeva is a student of the 11th grade at School No. 20 in Yangibozor district, Khorezm region. She is a member of the All India Council For Technical Skill Development, aimed at enhancing technical skills across India. She is also an official member of the "Qo'sh qanot" writers' union of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Mehribon is a student of the Shine Girls Academy and her creative works have been published in the USA and Germany.

Content -

The Highest Gift

Life is the highest reward bestowed upon humanity and all beings by Allah, the Most Merciful and Compassionate. Allah did not merely create humankind but also blessed us with countless gifts. He granted us the gift of sight, with eyes that illuminate and allow us to revel in the beauty of this world. He blessed us with the gift of hearing, allowing us to awaken to the sound of the morning adhan before Fajr prayer. He bestowed upon us the gift of speech, enabling us to express our thoughts and offer praise to our Lord.

He provided us with legs to walk, to seek knowledge, to work, and to attend Friday prayers at the mosque. He gave life to our hands, allowing us to engage in dhikr and tasbeeh. He entrusted us with pure and innocent hearts, with the gift of faith, guiding us on the straight path and enabling us to love our Creator.

Most importantly, we are provided with free oxygen and sustenance to live and breathe. We have been bestowed with countless blessings, and it is unlikely we can ever fully express our gratitude.

The renowned Turkish author, Mirac Çağrı Aktaş, wrote a famous book titled "Life Starts Where You Lose It." The book shares a story:

"A seventy-eight-year-old man

suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized. He was put on oxygen for twenty-four hours to help him regain consciousness. After regaining consciousness and feeling better, the doctor handed him a bill for two thousand Turkish Liras. Upon seeing the bill, the man started crying. The doctor consoled him, saying, "Don't worry, you can pay in installments."

The man replied, "It's not about the money; I can pay it all at once. The real question is, you gave me oxygen for a mere twenty-four hours and you expect two thousand Liras for it. How can I ever repay my Creator, who has given me oxygen for seventy-eight years of my life?" Reading these lines brought tears to my eyes, and I wept silently. Oh Allah, forgive us, your sinful servants, for our ingratitude despite being showered with countless blessings!

The boundless oxygen Allah has bestowed upon us is sold for a price in hospitals. Isn't that reason enough to be endlessly grateful to Allah?

The blessings mentioned above, bestowed upon us by the Most Merciful, are just a few. The blessings we receive are infinite. If only we could truly grasp this reality. These are all the highest rewards bestowed upon His servants by Allah, without expecting anything in return.

The great scholar Abdulla Avloniy said:

"Education is for us a matter of life or death, salvation or destruction, happiness or misery."

Every individual receives two types of education: the first from parents, through their life experiences, and the second, and more important one, from life itself.

Indeed, the highest gift that parents can give their children is good manners and proper upbringing! For our worth is measured by how we treat others and the upbringing we have received.

Four things are dependent on four other things: greatness on good manners and upbringing, happiness on peace of mind,



closeness on friendship, and intelligence on experience.

Our wise people say for a reason: "A bird does what it sees in its nest."

Alhamdulillah, my parents always instilled in me the importance of good manners and a proper upbringing, setting an example themselves.

My dear mother would say, "Even if you are highly educated, without good manners and upbringing, your high-level diploma is worthless. Therefore, prioritize good character above all else, followed by your education."

These invaluable words resonate in my ears like a ringing bell. The concept of good character extends beyond just being kind to everyone.

The concept of upbringing extends far beyond mere politeness. Our behavior in public, the way we dress—these things reflect the values instilled in us by our parents.

When we walk the streets, we may see young women wearing trousers. While we can't immediately conclude their parents failed to raise them properly—after all, some disregard their parents' guidance—it does make one wonder: if a child doesn't listen to their mother, is it solely the

parents' fault?

Abay, in his book "Words of Edification," wrote: "The times shape a child. If one turns out bad, blame lies with their peers." Indeed, we must acknowledge the rapid evolution of our times. Western culture, including attire, has permeated our lives. Does this mean we, as women, must abandon our traditional dress and adopt Western clothing?

This trend is somewhat disheartening; isn't it a form of cultural decline? Sadly, it's becoming increasingly prevalent in our society.

We are Uzbeks, raised with Uzbek values and traditions. Our mothers and grandmothers wore our beautiful national attire — adras, atlas, shoyi fabrics. Are we to discard our heritage simply because times have changed?

In conclusion, the greatest gift we receive is upbringing. It must be holistic, encompassing our interactions with others, our manners, and even our clothing. Let's remember, our upbringing shapes how we are perceived and respected. And while our parents play a vital role, the influence of our peers and the times we live in also contribute to shaping who we become.

ESHBEKOVA XURSHIDA ANORBAYEVNA

Bio -

Eshbekova Xurshida Anorbayevna was born on June 25, 1989, in the Paxtakor district of the Jizzakh region. She is currently a 3rd-year student at the Uzbekistan-Finland Pedagogical Institute, in the Faculty of Applied Mathematics and Physics. At the institute, she is the coordinator of the 'Female Students' of the Youth Union's primary organization. She is also a scientific consultant at the Quality Publication organization. She participated in the 'Implementation and Improvement of Innovative Technologies in Education' scientific-practical conference in Germany and the 'LEADER OF SCIENCE AND RESEARCH' forum for young scientists and talented students, organized in cooperation with the Quality Publication publisher. She was awarded a certificate, a medal, and a book containing her published articles.

Content -

In the Light of Their Smiles

In the quiet dawn, their laughter sings,
My heart, it dances on gentle wings.
Tiny hands that reach and hold,
A story of love, tender and bold.

Eyes like stars in the evening sky,

In their gaze, all worries lie.
Whispers of dreams in soft, sweet tones,
In their world, I find my home.

Footsteps light as morning dew,

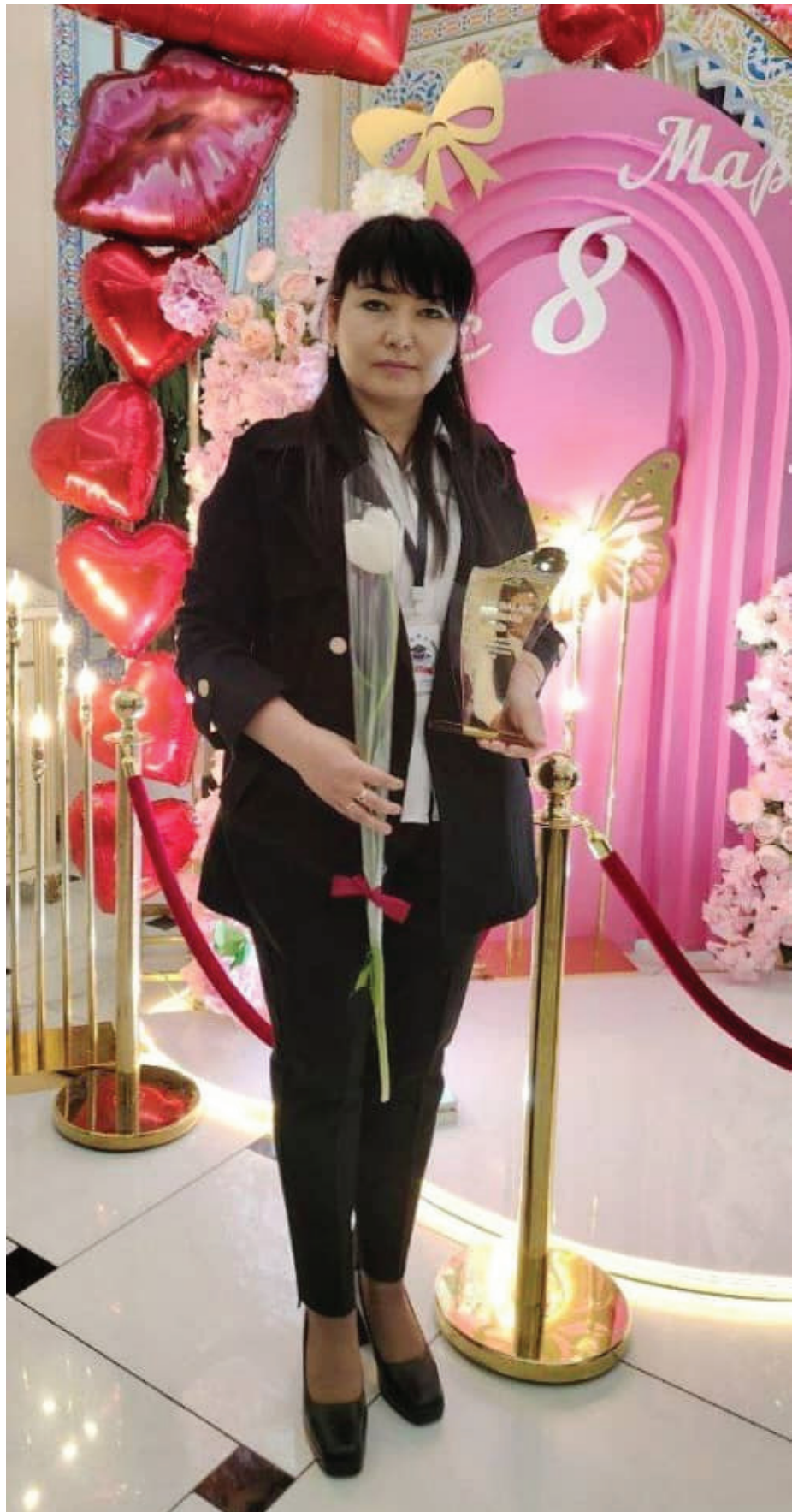
In their steps, my hope renews.
Every smile a burst of sun,
With them, life's battles are won.

Time unfolds its gentle hand,

Together, we explore a magic land.
In their joy, I see my own,
In their hearts, my love is sown.

Days of wonder, nights of peace,

In their embrace, my fears release.
Each moment a treasure, pure and bright,
With my children, all is right.



Bahriddin Mirzo Shahobiddinov

Bio -

Bahriddin Mirzo Shahobiddinov

I was born on December 9, 2005 in the village of Madaniyat, Pakhtaabad district, Andijan region. I graduated from the 29th general secondary school.

Content -

Stay alone with a dream.
The heart makes a painful moan,
Put love in my heart
You betrayed me.

The rich have gone, take the land.
Fiber in the head,
It was broken today,
It was a bribe.

No action found.
Better dead than this
I would like to write a poem,
Look quietly without you.

I remember a terrible date.
The whole body frozen,
You're gone from me
Are you happy Marjona?

Turning away from the one you left.
Married to the rich
stab my heart with your dagger
I am happy to see you happy.

You went somewhere else.
I'm used to it,
When I write a poem, the pen cries
A broken heart.

Unlitmas heart dry,
now walk away from me
Come into my dream, I agree
Remember me too.

Author of the poem: Bahriddin Mirzo Shahobiddinov



SAYIDG'ANIYEVA SAIDAPOSHSHA SAYDIG'OZI



Bio -

Sayidg'aniyeva Saidaposhsha Saydig'ozil qizi was born on May 25, 2008, in the Yangiyo'l district of Tashkent region. She is currently studying in the 10th grade at Is'hoqxon Ibrat Creative School. Her poems have been published in numerous magazines. Besides writing poems and stories, she is fluent in five languages: English, German, Russian, Turkish, and Korean

Content -

Endless Tide

Beneath the sky of endless blue,
Where blossoms kiss the morning dew,
There lives a heart so pure and true,
A mother's love in all we do.

Her laughter fills the empty space,

A melody of sweet embrace,
With every smile, with every grace,
She paints the world a brighter place.

Her hands, a map of stories old,
Of tales of courage, whispers bold,
In every line, in every fold,
A legacy of warmth untold.

Through days of sun and nights of rain,
She carries joy, she bears the

pain,
In silent strength, in loud refrain,
She holds the threads of life's domain.

Her love, a river deep and wide,
A boundless, never-ending tide,
In her, our dreams and hopes abide,
A haven where our hearts confide.

Aziza Karimjonova Sherzodovna

Bio -

Aziza Karimjonova Sherzodovna was born in 2008. Now, she is 16 years old and 10th grade at Is'hakhan Ibrat creativity school. She can freely speak in english, russian, korean languages. Her stories were published in many foreign journals.

Content -

Whispers of Pages

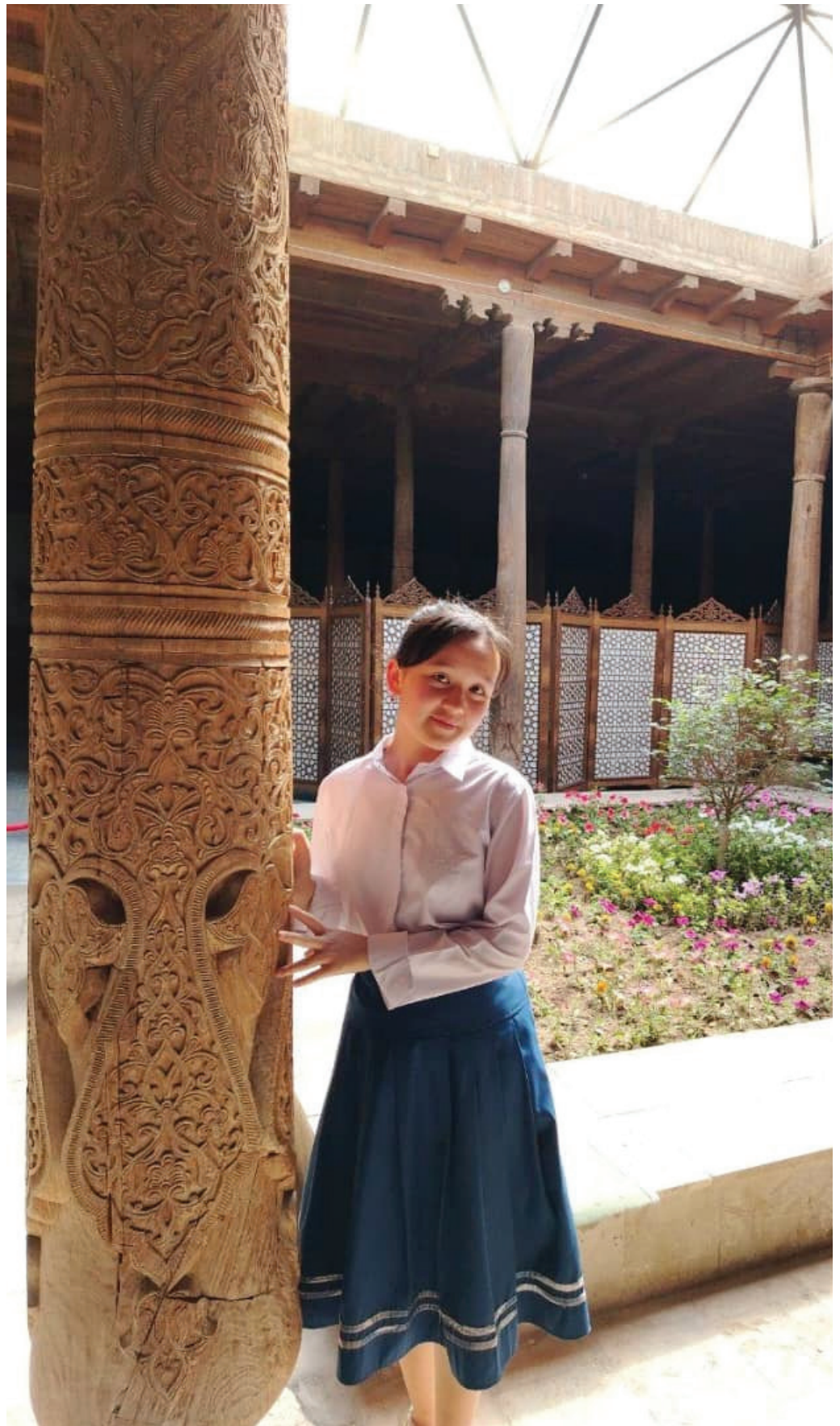
In the quiet corners of the mind,
Where dreams and echoes intertwine,
Lies a realm of endless hue,
Crafted by words both old and new.

Where Shakespeare's verses softly sing,
And Hemingway's tales take to the wing,
Each sentence a brushstroke, vivid and bold,
Painting landscapes of stories untold.

From ancient scrolls to modern prose,
Where imagination freely flows,
In libraries vast and bookstores grand,
Worlds unfurl at the reader's hand.

Literature, the timeless art,
That binds us close, heart to heart,
Across oceans, through endless time,
Its essence lingers, pure and prime.

So cherish these whispers of pages,
Where wisdom dwells through the ages,
For in the tapestry of thought so fine,
Humanity finds its soul's design.



JöRABOYEVA SHAHLO

Bio -

Jöraboyeva Shahlo

Content -

As long as there are ignorant,
I shed a smoke-ğam.
As long as there are murderers,
Poison nasibam.

As long as there are sales,
Alive ölgüm.
Picture - he is without rusms,
Burial without a tribe.

As long as there is jealousy,
My soul in torment.
Coomadur dunyami,
My heart, my blood.

As long as there are intrigues,
Oghu tutarman.
I can endure Bari,
I live.

Jöraboyeva Shahlo



Atamurodova Shakhnoza Nurmamat



Bio -

I, daughter of Atamurodova Shakhnoza Nurmamat, was born on November 30, 1997 in Pastdargom district of Samarkand region. In 2006, I was admitted to the 1st grade of the 57th secondary school of this district. In 2013, I graduated from this school with excellent grades. In 2013, I entered the Bogishamol Industrial Vocational College of Samarkand city and graduated from this college with a red diploma in 2016. In 2016-2017, my articles such as "Market language", "Mahallamizda" and "In our school" were published in "Pastdargom Haqiqatii" newspaper. In 2024, 3 of my poems were published in the "Renaissance Youth" almanac, organized in cooperation with the British publishing

house "Just Fiktion! Edition".

Content -

You didn't come
The snow buried your tracks, you didn't come.
You did not come to my heart.
I have been struggling on your roads,
You didn't come as many mourners did.

No matter how good or bad, you didn't come.
Dream came, hijran came, you didn't come.
My months and years have passed without you.
I don't know how long you haven't come.

My eyes were full of you, you didn't come,
Hijran did not come to Iskanja.

Waiting for you in my dreams
You didn't come just for a dream.

After all, it was a bribe from the hijran blade,
My heart was wounded from endless crying.
How many summers have turned into autumns,
You didn't come in the footsteps of winter or spring.

The snow buried your tracks, you didn't come.
I'm sorry you didn't come.
My hopes died in the hands of love,
Those who have a covenant in love came, you did not come.

✍ Author Atamurodova Shakhnoza

JO'RAYEVA MARJONA

Bio -

Jo'rayeva Marjona was born on October 18, 2003, in the Surxondaryo region, Termiz district. She is a second-year student at the Faculty of Philology at Termiz State Pedagogical Institute, specializing in Uzbek language and literature education.

Content -

"Joy" is an intangible thing embraced with hands, seen with eyes. Happiness is merely a feeling that can be sensed with one's heart. Each person's aspirations include being happy. Each person discovers happiness within themselves and envisions it in their own way. This intangible thing can arise for people who lack some things.

For a family that fights a lot at home, happiness is peace. For a childless couple for a long time, happiness is a baby. For those who cannot see the bright world or work with their legs and hands, happiness is a healthy body, loves to read books, but cannot afford to buy books. For those who beg for money, happiness is a lie. It is possible to see happiness in these things. Do we have something missing in ourselves? We are lucky if we have "life" to feel happiness. Living here in this world, feeling the heart, thinking about ideas – it's a good chance for us, after all.

May happiness always be in life,
May your life be the highest throne.
May your face be filled with joy and peace,
May your sweet feelings be happiness!

Everyone has a good thought about "happiness." Our authors and poets have defined happiness according to their abilities. The author Jan Jak Russo in his philosophical treatise "The Happiness of the People" brings these sentences to light: "If it exists in the world, is that person happy? Does anyone know that? Happiness is not just peace, nor is it an ever-changing spiritual state, but rather a person's unique and lasting emotions and spiritual experiences that are not clearly known. It is possible for a person who has passed through this thing from the beginning. So no one gives a specific opinion about the happiness of strangers. This is a completely different matter when it comes to political societies. Their happiness and sorrow are visible, their internal feelings also

have social characteristics. Certainly, this is where the wise people have a say and say, "You know how people who can understand what they see are looking like." They say something about their moral-ethical nature.

Baxtiyor Haydarov in his essay "What is happiness itself" defines the term as "What is happiness? Why do people envy the happiness of others? Who can be happy?" Is there a clear reason and condition for happiness for everyone? There are various explanations and definitions about happiness. Everyone measures and defines it according to their situation. But everyone cannot tell a complete story. Because everyone considers their answer to be "the most correct". Happiness is an emotion that every person feels individually. There is happiness, but there is no description. Really, in the world, how many people, so many definitions of happiness. Everyone has their own vision of happiness. In the world, the happiness of two people should not be the same."

"We must search for the feeling called 'happiness' in everything. Early in the morning, after awakening from a sweet sleep and taking a clean breath from the fresh air, savoring the warmth of the bread baked from the tandir, cleaning our yard, washing the water, hearing the cooing of the birds is a feeling of happiness."

"Not everyone who calls himself 'happy' is necessarily lucky. 'Happy' to those who do not tell the world in the story that everyone is unlucky. Happiness is something that can be felt in the feelings of those who seek it."

I consider myself fortunate, and not just because I live without problems, but also because I extend a helping hand to those around me, my loved ones. Sometimes, happiness isn't just about gaining for oneself but also about giving. For instance, you can give a single flower as a gift to your closest person or present something that they have been unable to get for a long time to a friend. Moreover, you can make others happy with happiness, in different ways. Happiness cannot be eliminated only with money. "Being happy does not mean you have to be selfish" (Yuy Xua. "Laughing"). Helping a person who cannot bear the weight of a bag on the shoulder of a beautiful smile, asking someone for debt, is humanity itself.

Actually, who are happy people? They are such people who do not despair of someone, do not insult someone, do not



walk in the right way, do not fall prey to someone's instigation. If there are virtues in us, if there is no malice, if our heart is broken, we are truly happy people. Because luck is a feeling of the heart. In summary, every person in the world deserves to live happily. Just feel that feeling with a pure heart, even if you are alone, you should be able to say "I am happy". Remember one thing, just reading this article now is also happiness. If you ask yourself questions like "am I lucky?" or "what should I do to be happy?", "do I understand what luck is?" through this article, we are happy in the future. My close to my heart, you are lucky or you are now lucky. Just start the movement from now on. The main purpose of the big god called "person" is to find happiness. Coming day, tell me exactly that you read this article, I feel happy. For some reason, join in to be happy. No matter how far away we are, we are under the same sky.

Hamidova Zarina Sherali



Bio -

I am Hamidova Zarina Sherali, born on May 16, 2004 in Karshi District, Kashkadarya Region. I am a citizen of Uzbekistan, my nationality is Uzbek. I graduated from high school number 17 in 2021, my education is incomplete.

In 2021, Hamidova Zarina Sherali's daughter was accepted into the ranks of students at the Faculty of Chemistry and Biology of Karshi State University 60530100-Chemistry (by types). Currently, he is a 4th-year student at the Faculty of Chemistry and Biology.

Zarina Hamidova stands out among her peers with her excellent studies, diligence, and intelligence. Actively participated in spiritual and educational events held among students, public works and won successful positions.

During his studies, he learned English, Russian, and languages perfectly. During the study, the student participated with his scientific articles and showed his activity. In particular, she actively participated in the "Kimyo Girls" Olympiad and won the national ticket after passing the regional stage, won the district stage in the "Successors of Mirzo Ulugbek" contest, "Ideator-Uzbekistan 2030" held at Karshi State University. " competition, proud 2nd place in the "First Step to Women's Wear" competition, proud 3rd place in the "TECHNOWAYS" technological development marathon, district stage of the "Nodirai Davronlar" Republican competition. olibi, in addition, was awarded a 1st degree diploma by the university for many experiments in the field of chemistry.

Content -

To my teacher

You are the gardener of the garden
of science, teacher you are
the teacher of the saga of a million souls
you taught a book of enlightenment .

Mather

God bestows all the blessings on the mother
He gives the merciful thanks to the mother.
Give the mother patience of seventy labors,
Give the father the patience of seventy labors.

VALIJONOVA SUGDIYONA



Bio -

Valijonova Sugdiyona was born in 2004 in Norin district of Namangan region. In 2020, she graduated from general secondary school No. 33 in Norin district with an excellent certificate and in 2022 from Namangan specialized art school with honors. After that, in 2022, she was admitted to the Fergana regional branch of the State Institute of Art and Culture of Uzbekistan on the basis of a state grant. Currently, he is a student of the 2nd stage of the "Choreography team leader" education of this higher educational institution. Sugdiyona Valijonova is the owner of the commemorative badge "Active Researcher", winner of a number of international and republican creative competitions, participant of cultural events, author of more than 20 scientific articles. Coordinator of the primary organization "Youth Union" of the Institute.

Content -

Abstract: This article contains creative research and meaningful theoretical knowledge about dance and the role of dance in art, the process of organizing dances.

Key words: dance, stage, ceremony, dance ensemble, work, creative research, music, measure, choreography, rhythm

Music and movement are the main means of rhythmic training. Reflecting themes in different directions in rhythmic movements is the only way to develop and improve the basic style of movement and the sense of norm. Plastic plays the following role in improving singing skills:

- teaches the art of living with music;
- communicates with music through internal feelings, develops sense of rhythm, moves in accordance with music;
- ensures the free movement of the dancer's muscles, ensures the development of creative skills through delicate and elegant movements;
- strengthens the nature, enthusiasm of a musical piece and the art of finding appropriate movements;
- develops the stage focus of the dancer, is an important factor in enhancing creative cooperation with the stage partner;
- not only in his own actions, but also in the same way as the general movement with his partner, i.e. achieves synchronized movement.

All stage movements of the dancer should be in rhythm. It is also a song in the process of creating an image on stage must perform. He is required to pay attention to the standard of movement, that is, the distribution of movement elements in the existing space and time, control of muscle tension, and not to forget the technique of movement performance. Another characteristic feature of a dancer's rhythmic movement is that a large part of the movement is sometimes performed with a team. Dividing parts and phrases of a piece of music between groups and individuals, and moving those groups around the stage in a predetermined order, is a common practice in rhythm lessons. Joining the general action before the specified time, wrong movement on the stage, lack of knowledge of the pre-accepted action plan of any of the participants violates the general task and does not

leave it possible to complete it. This requires everyone to be alert, that the lines of the line-up are exactly the same as the distribution and movement of groups or individuals along these lines, that is, in other words, the artist has and forms the ability to know his place in the team. They define the interaction between the persons involved and the tasks before the teacher. A detailed analysis of what happens in song and dance should lead to active actions. The thoughts of the teacher and the student, the dancer and the ballet master are realized in the movements, expressive physical movements, clearly found tempo-rhythms of movement and speech. In this case, the tempo-rhythm of movement is subordinated to the main goal set before the dancer, pedagogue and students. This is the natural and legal course of action. However, it is better to go from tempo to movement rather than from movement to rhythm, trying to develop the ability of creative research, thinking, and taking an active role in students. Students are offered different beats and rhythms with clapping. After making sure that the student understands the task, it is recommended to think of one or another movement in the given tempo. First of all, the teacher should check whether it is possible to express the movement with this tempo-rhythm. Dance science is considered a specialty or a general professional science, and it closely helps students acquire theoretical knowledge and acquire practical knowledge and skills.

Folk-stage dance is one of the main specialized subjects. This subject is intended for the study of folk dances. The main tasks and goals of this subject are to acquire movement skills and improve performance skills. The science of "folk dance" was created at the end of the 19th century at the St. Petersburg School of Choreography. Its emergence is connected with the performance of Spanish, Hungarian, Polish and other folk dances in

ballet performances.

In the course of the dance course, it is necessary to explain and instill in the student such things as coordination, a sense of community, the ability to divide the stage, and important. A dancer or dancer's body is like a well-tuned instrument is considered as important as possible to be easy to manage, gentle and elegant, to have harmonious and strong strength that can perform any task.

The only way to achieve this goal is through the systems of classical dance education. The goal of regular exercises is to prepare the dancer's body to be able to perform various folk and stage dances.

Folk stage dance is also developing in keeping with the times, becoming important in the life of the society. Existing choreographic teams will be updated. New teams will be created for professionals and amateurs, teenagers and children. Today, folk dance is taught in art and culture institutes, choreography colleges, art colleges, many studios, as well as art schools, which are widespread these days. Students are given knowledge and skills by highly qualified teachers.

In conclusion, I must say that folk dance embodies identity and nationality. The art of dance glorifies man. This art form is the most delicate and complex art form. It clearly reflects elegance, charm and sophistication. A person's inner experiences are expressed through every emotion and dance movement.

It is not for nothing that dance movements are an external manifestation of emotions.

The art of dance creates beauty through unique means of expression, expresses the sorrow and joy of dancers. Because in people (dancers, dancers) even a small change in movement changes their mood. The science of dance is necessary and useful for people in that it combines their work, thoughts, imagination, feelings, skills and knowledge in dance.

Zuhra Turayeva



Bio -

Zuhra Turayeva

Student of Tashkent Medical Academy Termiz branch

Content -

Epidemiology

Epidemiology is the study and analysis of the distribution (who, when, and where), patterns and determinants of health and disease conditions in a defined population. Epidemiology, literally meaning “the study of what is upon the people”, is derived from Greek *epi* ‘upon, among’, *demos* ‘people, district’, and *logos* ‘study, word, discourse’, suggesting that it applies only to human populations.

However, the term is widely used in studies of zoological populations (veterinary epidemiology), although the term “epizootology” is available, and it has also been applied to studies of plant populations (botanical or plant disease epidemiology). The term epi-

demiology is now widely applied to cover the description and causation of not only epidemic, infectious disease, but of disease in general, including related conditions. Some examples of topics examined through epidemiology include as high blood pressure, mental illness and obesity.

Therefore, this epidemiology is based upon how the pattern of the disease causes change in the function of human beings.

Epidemiologic studies may be (1) descriptive, organizing data by time, place, and person; (2) analytic, incorporating a case-control or cohort study; or (3) experimental. Epidemiology utilizes an organized approach to problem solving by: (1) confirming the existence of an epidemic and verifying the diagnosis; (2) developing a case definition and collating data on cases; (3) analyzing data by time, place, and person; (4) developing a hypothesis; (5) conducting further studies if necessary; (6) developing and implementing control and prevention measures; (7) preparing and distributing a public report; and (8) evaluating control and preventive measures.

The second epidemiologic method is analytic epidemiology, which analyzes disease determinants for possible causal relations. The two main analytic methods are the case-control (or case-comparison) method and the cohort method.

The case-control method starts with the effect (disease) and retrospectively investigates the cause that led to the effect.

The case group consists of individuals with the disease; a comparison group has members similar to those of the case group except for absence of the disease.

These two groups are then compared to determine differences that would explain the occurrence of the disease.

An example of a case-control study is selecting individuals with meningococcal meningitis and a comparison group matched for age, sex, socioeconomic status, and residence, but without the disease, to see what factors may have influenced the occurrence in the group that developed disease.

GULOMNAZAR AKRAMOV



Bio -

Gulomnazar Akramov

Akramov is the son of Gulomnazar Kamoliddin. He was born on April 10, 2008 in Okhunboboyev (now Koshtepa) district. Currently, he is a student of the 9th "Blue" grade of Margilan city specialized school. Fergana district coordinator of EVH (Free Volunteer Movement). An anthology book

titled "Future Generation" and "Ziya" was published by Just-Fiction Edition in Great Britain. Article published in Kenya Times and Raven Cage Zine. He is a member of the Juntos Por Las Letras writer's association in Argentina. He also works as an editor of the "Creators" Republican magazine.

Content -

Don't Cry

A moment when the pains of Hijran burn,
If your heart hurts, it's a painful pain,
Don't be sad, it's not worth it,
Because they are not brave like you.
Don't take your words to heart,
They talk and keep silent,
Until you listen to what you say,
If you move forward, they will remain silent.

Life...

We are in the trials of life,
Sometimes in this way, sometimes in such ways.
Unable to resist the worries,
To the pains of our age.
May God give us our lives,
It's good that we have jobs.
Don't think you can't read me
Mendurman is from Fergana.

✍️ Author: Gulomnazar Akramov

Kenesbaeva Aynura



Bio -

Kenesbaeva Aynura. Berdak Karakalpak State University, Karakalpak Faculty of Philology and Journalism, 1st year student.

Content -

About indifference

Indifference defines many things.

We may think that it is a simple concept, but it is not.

It was when we entered the 6th grade.

We started reading textbooks in September.

Our school was newly renovated and changed

after the renovation.

That year, new tables and chairs were brought to our school.

Every year, university students or graduate students came to our school for internships.

We have always wondered what kind of teacher he is.

One day, the head of the class said that the student would teach us.

We were eagerly waiting for the teacher to teach.

The lesson has started. But the teacher we were waiting for was late.

After a while, a well-dressed girl wearing high heels came in.

All the girls in the class were looking at her. He told us that he will teach us from now on.

He wrote the topic on the board and his phone rang.

We were surprised because all our teachers used to turn off their phones during class.

But he took his phone and left the room. He could be heard talking and laughing loudly, and it didn't suit him.

Later we found out that this situation was repeated many times before.

That's why the director fired him.

Carelessness and indifference caused him to leave the job.

JUMAKULOVA KHMORA SHODIYEVNA



Bio -

Jumakulova Khumora Shodiyevna. She was born on October 26, 2004 in Pakhtachi district of Samarkand region. She is the author of the collection of poems „Jannat hidi kelgan Vatanim”

The second place winner of the regional stage of the „ljodkor bolalar” contest. The third place winner of the „Oltin toj” competition. The winner of the third place in the essay competition on the topic, „Men sevgan adabiy qahramon” and she has taken pride of place several times in the regional stage of the „Orasta qizlar,” pageant. In addition, she is a regular participant and honorary owner of „Zakovat” intellectual game. The quick – witted bookworm

contests. She was not only a participant in a number of prestigious competitions such as „Quvnoqlar va Zukkolar”, „Mushoira”, „Shaxmat”, „Zukko kitobxon”, „Boʻzatov FEST” which were held as part of the „Five Initiatives” Olympiad, but also took pride of place. Her creative works were published in newspapers.

Content -

Innovative technologies of poetry teaching in Uzbek national Pre-school educational institutions.

Abstract: This article talks about using new methods in teaching poetry to children of pre-school age, highlighting its advantages. Arousing their interest in poetry and liter-

ature, in a word, using new methods like teaching poetry.

Key words: Poetry, rhyming words, statistics, imagination, busyness, love of poetry.

Poems written for children of pre-school educational organizations are different in terms of content and essence. Khudoyberdi Tokhtabayev's book, „Erkatoy-erka-toy” contains short poems intended for children.

First of all, the pedagogue should be able to instill in the student a love for literature, that is, instill a desire to know it, in general, be able to explain in the essence of poems to some more complicated words and places, takes on several tasks, such as teaching expressive reading.

Initially, when choosing a poem for a student, its size should be taken into account.

The volume of the poem should not be too large, it must be divided according to the groups. That is to say, it is desirable that the poem should not exceed for 2 paragraphs in large groups. According to statistics, a child memorizes an average of 1 or 2 poems (during training) in a month. Sometimes remember fairy tales or songs by the process at that time.

It is permissible to teach rhyming words to children of a small group at first. The teachers should be able to enter the situation while reading the poems, namely they should be able to awaken the imagination of the child, he or she wants to sing and act like them. Before memorizing the poem, the pedagogue reads it to the children, conducts a conversation, asks what the poem is about, what part of the poem the children liked, she offers them to memorize the poem and repeats the parts that the children liked. Firstly, the educator should pay attention to children's expressive reading of poetry. The teacher should memorize the poem, the poem should not be memorized as a chorus, the children should learn it alone, etc.

The purpose of the training: to awaken feelings of love for literature and poetry in the students of all Uzbek national Pre-school educational institutions, to introduce them to the meaning and essence of the poem, to help to understand and memorize its meaning. Teaching children to recite poetry in front of their peers.

The lesson should be completed by bringing out the child who reads expressively with a very bright performance, and bringing in the children's favorite toys that will sing new poem with them.

Komila Husan



Bio -

I, daughter of Komila Husan (name changed), was born in 2000 in the city of Urganch, Khorezm region. My dreams were one world. When I graduated from college and was just getting ready to study at a higher education institution, suitors started pouring into our house.

Content -

A Flower That Falls To Hell

(STORY)

In this story, I want to tell how a young bride really lives in life. All I write are events that happen in life. The events are told in the native language of the hero of the work. I hope you can draw

your own conclusions from this story:

"I, daughter of Komila Husan (name changed), was born in 2000 in the city of Urganch, Khorezm region. My dreams were one world. When I graduated from college and was just getting ready to study at a higher education institution, suitors started pouring into our house.

One of the suitors was my mother's relative. Mom and Dad: - Our daughter is still young, we want to educate her. Despite the fact that it is too early for her to get married, my mother's relative continued to come.

Then he visited my grandfather and grandmother again and again. Then my grandfather and grandmother called my mother and father:

- Come on, what did you de-

cide? - they said.

Among the relatives who came, there was my mother's uncle and a new one. My mother is:

- What to do if I don't know... What do you say? he said.

- They are our relatives, bad people do not eat. Decide for yourselves, there is a fire with your uncle in the middle. "We believe them," said my grandfather.

That's all, our wedding took place on July 10, 2020. After the wedding, I felt that my dreams were shattered. We did not live well for a single day. My husband started abusing me the day after the wedding.

Thinking that this is how life will be, I lived for a while without telling my parents. During this period, I found out that I was pregnant. Even though my husband knew that I was pregnant, he continued to abuse me. He did not call my parents or relatives.

If you live with me, you will lose contact with your relatives. When my mother or my brother called, he would raise his voice and hide beside me. After I finished talking, he would have a big fight.

When my mother came home to visit my husband, even though he was at work, he quickly found the news and called:

- Don't sit next to your moon! He will talk to you! - he was tormenting.

He shot my mother-in-law with his mother. I left his food and left. I didn't know how to convey my inner pain to my son. In the end, I couldn't bear these oppressions, and I tried to convey to my son how I was living my life through a letter.

What kind of life is this, what kind of time is this, even though I am a young bride, I have no problems left. My husband used to come home from work and

punish me by making me stand in the corner of our room until morning, despite my pregnancy.

My mother-in-law and father-in-law were also oppressive. My mother-in-law immediately called my husband and called me when I said that I would take a break from my work. My mother-in-law would go to work depending on when her son came home from work. At the same time, he treated me badly.

My mother-in-law and father-in-law have a lot to contribute to our miserable life. There was not a single day that I was not beaten. I missed my grandfather, my grandmother, my sister, my brother, and my relatives so much that I couldn't even make a phone call to anyone.

I lived in longing. Meanwhile, our daughter was born.

"We had a child, now our life will follow," I thought. But my husband and mother-in-law continued to oppress. Every day I pray to God, cry and ask for help.

- Oh God, give justice to my husband, my mother-in-law, my father-in-law! May our life be good, I pray. I want to convey this pain in my heart to everyone.

- When marrying your daughter, give her all the money. Ilova, don't let the days that happened to me happen to other girls.

I used to convey these things to my mother through a letter. Mom and Dad:

- Be patient, my daughter! They say that the bottom of patience is yellow gold. "Everything will be fine," they said. I don't know how much longer I can endure this oppression. I pray to God.

I was very happy when my daughter was born. I felt a mother's love when I held her in my arms. I thought that our lives would be traced after he was born. I guess I made a mistake.

ERKINOVA CHAROS ELBEK



Bio -

Erkinova Charos Elbek's daughter was born on November 13, 2008 in Navroz neighborhood of Pastdargom district of Samarkand region.

Currently, he is a 9th grade student of school 105.

He studied English, Russian, Korean and Uzbek languages.

Samples of creations are regularly published in "Pastdargom Haqity", Kenya Times, Raven Cage Zine, Seoul Times, ChaOS International website and many other international magazines.

"Uzbegim Dilbandlari", "International Literary Anthology", "Muhabbat va Soz" and actively participated in the anthologies published on Amazon.

Member of YUKSALISH organization.

Official Member of the Association of Volunteers of Uzbekistan.

Official member of the Golden Wing organization. Member of the People's Democratic Party Young Volunteers team.

Member of EVH organization.

Official member of Juntos por las letras literary organization.

The holder of the State certificate in the 2nd season of Shohida Yusupova's personal development competition.

tion.

Actively participated and won many contests and competitions.

Attended about 10 personal development classes.

A reporter for The Seoul Times.

Content -

Samarkand is the cradle of history!

Samarkand... What a glorious name... I do not know who imagines Samarkand, but Samarkand is the first to think of Registan Square. We can call this area the "Heart of Samarkand." This field has always been with Samarkand. What happened in Samarkand, the same area has seen them, is a living but speechless witness to all events, how many scholars have developed and become burdened on this ground. The spirits of all our great ancestors and generations are on this ground, and we cannot recognize them. The great and invincible commander is the perfect founder of the literature of the great Amir Temur, the king and the poet Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur, the great astronomer and scientist Mirza Ulug'al, the sultan of the Gazelle, Mahmoud Behbudi, one of the leaders of the jihadist movement that emerged in Turkestan in the early twentieth century, and our first president.

Islam Abduganievich Karimov, were born and raised in this area.

The great personalities of the world also walked here, from which we can mention Alexander the Great.

Samarkand was also the capital of the great powers. In particular, our grandfather Amir Timur was the capital of the state he founded, Samarkand. Another grandfather, Mirza Ulugbek, also lived and worked in Samarkand. They are not only for the development of Uzbek science, but one of the great personalities who contributed to the development of science around the world. Mirza Ulugbek built an observatory in Samarkand in 1420 and conducted his scientific work. Mirza Ulugbek wrote works on astronomy here, and it is worth mentioning that he managed to determine the names and locations of 1,018 stars at the same observatory. When modern scientists examined the location of these stars through modern technology, it was found that their location had hardly changed at all. For this it is worth telling our grandfather tasannos. The scientist and the city who achieved such atrocities also experienced a grief. This is the father of the father, those with black intentions who have a coldness between father and son). Our grandfather Imam al-Bukhari also spent the last years of his life here, teaching the people here the religion of Islam. 9,000 people studied his lessons. When he died, his grave was buried here and is now in the shape of a mausoleum. Looking back on the twentieth century, Mahmoud Behbudi, the founder of the Yadid movement in Turkestan and the father of the Uzbek jadids, was also born in Samarkand. Our Burunchi president Islam Abduganievich Karimov is also born in this country. Their graves are buried here and turned into a mausoleum. We can see that Samarkand is a real, Samarkand is currently the most popular tourist destination in all Greece. An international summit was held

in 2023. There was a strong focus on Samarkand's further prosperity. If there are two of the best and oldest cities in the world, one of them is Rome and Samarkand. "Oriental trenches" The main goal of the International Music Festival is to strengthen the ties of peace and friendship between the peoples of the world, to develop and further enhance the musical art of the peoples of the East, to cover the traditions of music of Uzbekistan and other countries. conducting close scientific and creative dialogue and cooperation, the preservation of the traditions of music in the Eastern countries, the further development of cultural dialogue, artistic team and ensembles, art and musicologists participated. Indeed, Samarkand enjoys the city as much as a madrasa, mausoleum and monuments, which adorns the sergeant and dazzling. Then I will be greeted by such a glorious, ancient, world-renowned city, I feel the extraordinary pride and very refreshed when I touch the tombs. At that moment, it seems to me that the spirit of my ancestors is overwhelmed, their faith is running like blood to my body, and I try to be a suitable generation for them. But Samarkand has been raising great people for hundreds of years" and as I rest. I have not heard of such scientists in the near future. But it should not last long. We must grow and the young generation of Keshavotg deserve them and continue the work they have done. Now there are all the conditions for the boom. Our main task is to study and learn, and to be a suitable generation for our ancestors is our highest duty!!!

"as if "stopping" and resting. I haven't heard of such scientists anytime soon. But it doesn't have to last long. We have to grow and the young generation deserve them and continue what they have done. Now all the conditions for a boom are there. Our main task is to try to read and learn, to be the most suitable generation for our ancestors!!!

MUKHAMMADOVA MUSHTARIYBEGIM

Bio -

Mukhammadova Mushtariybegim Otabekovna. Born on 01.05.2005 in the city of Navoi, Navoi region. Currently, he is a 2nd-year student of the computer engineering faculty of Tashkent University of Information Technologies. At the same time, he is a young member of the People's Democratic Party. Until now, he has gained knowledge in many areas. In particular, he perfectly studied art, culture, education, politics, psychology, personal development, foreign languages. Currently, he can communicate in Turkish and English.

Content -

Symbol of 20 years of loyalty Mother... People compare mother in different ways. In fact, mothers are the most precious gift given to us among the blessings of the world. Mother! Who is he, why is he incomparable...

When a person defines something, he first of all looks at himself. In fact, if a child who has just stepped on the threshold of knowledge is asked what he understands by the word mother, he will say without hesitation what qualities and traits he saw in his mother. It is enough to ask us not who your mother is, but what you feel when you hear the word mother. Our mother is embodied before our eyes, and we begin to describe the word mother with her qualities. A mother is a father, loyalty, life, doctor, counselor, friend, confidant, simple-minded, well-wisher, honest, responsible. The above definitions were exactly my



answer to the question: "Who is mother?" Yes, my mother is the kind of woman whose loyalty I know is epic in tongues, the one who praises my mother after seeing the paths of life. A mother is probably the only one who can still preserve the loyalty of 2 years of love, who can devote her life to the loyalty of her love and her child. 18 years ago... That terrible event, the night when the 2-year taste of love that was

awaited for 24 years was lost. Death came to a family that was full of happiness and took away all their joy in the blink of an eye. He took a woman's husband, love, confidant, dreams and laughter with him. There was only one reason, which connected him with this world and gave him hope that he would have a smile on his face later. A little girl in a crib who doesn't know what's going on, can't even feel it. It was the

only relic left by his confidant. Now the woman could see her soulmate only in her offspring. He gave her his life, joy, love, dreams, everything he had. He raised her, she did not even feel that her father was absent. It was so much so that even her classmates found out that the girl had no father in the 5th grade, also because

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MUKHAMMADOVA MUSHTARIYBEGIM

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of an assignment in the native language class. The woman washed her hair white and combed it, so that she wouldn't lose heart, she pretended that it was coming out of her mouth, so that others wouldn't know her weakness, she confided in him. She taught her daughter so that her life paths would not be like mine, and reawakened her dreams that had turned into mirages. A miracle of God showed itself not to be a miracle, but a miracle. Only a woman, a devoted MOTHER, can do such courage from the blessings created by God. Our mother.

It is said that a human child can endure pain until about 90 bones are broken. Only in the mother's body for 9 months, two hearts beat, and when he was born, he was born with the pain of breaking more than 300 bones. As 9 months are one whole, a woman turns her life into two bodies, holding her life in the hands of death. It's great to give your life, agree to suffer and even give your life as a pledge. That is why Heaven is under the feet of Mothers. Now the counter-respondent?! How? How are we treating them?

To those who gave their lives, put their lives in the middle, spent a piece of our meat night and night, day and night, and threw stones at our beautiful garden, throwing stones at our heels. How are we responding to this man who killed himself?! Instead of comforting him when he is upset, we are the cause of the tears coming out of his eyes. Instead of protecting the pure heart from reproaches and stones, we ourselves are throwing stones. We could not give in to the fact that our tsar

missed something insignificant, and we did not even try. Did we do at least one good deed for people like him to be proud of us while they are proud and bragging about their children. Now ask yourself a question. When was the last time you said to your mother, "Mom, I love you. Thank you, you said. Do you remember when you prayed for your parents during prayer? Let's open our eyes, friends, they are God's blessing, trust, priceless to us. When you enter your home and your parents' shoes are standing on the threshold, there is no happier person in this world than you. Let's appreciate them! After all, "The last regret is your enemy."

Oh, my mother is chasing after me,

A piece of heart is worth a thousand bribes, mother.

In a bright world seeing every misfortune,

My poor mother who did not see Toshkan.

Did I miss you once as a child? Have I become your child now? Humanity is created to want to say the dearest and most attractive words about life, the cradle of life - mother. However, the joy of speech and life, life, and happiness begin with the mother. In the above lines, the poet has described his mother beautifully. In fact, it doesn't matter to him whether we are 7 years old or 70. He always worries and thinks about us. "Is my child okay, has he eaten, is it getting colder, please put on some warm clothes, my child is my child," he says, days are restless, and nights are filled with questions. As if this is not enough, it is necessary to put up with the whims of the spouse. Just one piece of heart breaks itself into a thousand pieces. Child, spouse,

family, gossip and slander, suffering, diseases are all his responsibility. Only our innocent heart can see all the sufferings and troubles of this world in half of its life and dreams of seeing the capital once. It's no secret that Uzbek women spend the most beautiful years of their lives in labor and suffering, worrying about their family, while Western women are busy traveling the world. Our mother is excited to see Tashkent. It is enough to come to the capital once and see its beauty. He brags about his happiness to everyone. If you, as a child, do something good for once, the child's heart will beat with joy. "My child took it for me," he says and shows it to everyone. He rubs his eyes and prays for you every moment. Your small gift will bring joy to the world. In fact, there is nothing easier than making our mother happy. A small unexpected gift from you will

fill you with happiness and joy. Sometimes you don't even need a gift. All you need is a kind word and good health. If you call me my mother, I will give my life for my child. Yes friends, this necklace is such a miracle. He is a child at heart, his courage is as strong as a man's strength, and his patience is stronger than the mountains, he is just a miracle, and this miracle is our paradise on earth.

In conclusion, it should be said that preserving God's miracle and making his eyes wet with tears of joy is a duty for us as well. Let's not forget that even if we are in his service for the rest of our life, we cannot repay him for the 1 night he spent awake for us. In front of the good things he has done for us, what we do is like a drop in the ocean. Let's protect our paradise, because God has entrusted mothers.



Aziza Saparbaeva



Bio -

Aziza Saparbaeva - She is from Uzbekistan. She lives in Khanika. She study at Urgench state university.

Winner of the Alisher Navoi State Scholarship

Author of more than 40 articles and 5 books

Member of 10 international organizations

Graduate of more than 20 international courses

The holder of the badge for international services of the "Qo'shqanoq" creative association of Kazakhstan

Participant of the international project Oxford&UrSU Amudarya Project

Founder of the Student Academy project

Winner of the 3rd place in the June 2022 "Zukko kitobxon" contest.

The winner of the 2nd place in the district stage of the Young Reader republican competition

Winner and participant of more than 30 international and national competitions

Participant of more than 20 international and national scientific-practical conferences

A graduate of Shine Girls' Academy.

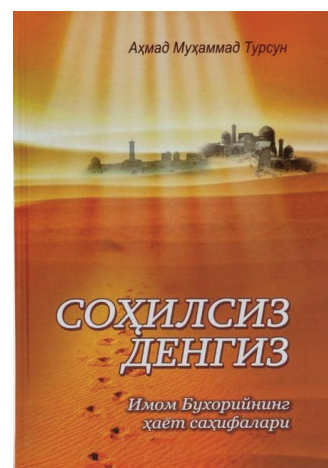
Content -

Drops From The Shoreless Sea

The shoreless sea is a novel-story dedicated to the life of Imam Bukhari, who is revered as the Sultan of Hadith science, written by Ahmed Muhammad Tursun. This historical work consists of 20 parts and describes in detail the events of the great Muhaddith from his birth to his death. According to the author, this work was completed in 9 years (2007-2016). Before this work was written, Uzbek sources and works attributed to Bukhari were considered very rare. The main factor in writing this novel was the author's participation in the translation and publication of the collection of hadiths called "Golden series", and in this process the author gets acquainted with many reliable sources about the life of the imam. Each event in the work is divided into parts with appropriate and specific titles, reflecting the life events of the muhaddis. The first part begins with the story of the meeting of Imam Bukhari's father with Ismail's mother, Fatima. This part was filled with artistic exaggeration and romantic feelings, then in the part "Birth" it continued with historical information and real life facts. In this part, the birth of the imam, the giving of this name to him, that is, the name of Muhammad, along with some traditions and ethnographic rituals performed after the birth of a child, are expressed. In the childhood part, along with the imam's separation from his father, the kindness of his mother to interest him in Muhaddith, the science of hadith, and to study science, according to his father's will, is recorded. In the student's story, the muhaddi scholar's memory in studying knowledge and memorizing hadiths is recognized by his teachers, and even his knowledge and memory at the level of correcting the mistakes of his teachers is shown to be a great gift from God. In the mentor section, the description of the scientist's mentors, the aspects that should be taken into account when choosing a

mentor are listed. In the parts called Safar and Makkah, the muhaddith's passion for learning and his patience even with the loss and longing of close people on this path are described. In the part called Virtue, it is written that the imam restrained his anger and only ate bread with a little sweetness when he was sick, restrained his anger and released the current one, forgave the debtor and made the imam laugh with his behavior, and was thrown into the mosque. we witness the unique positive qualities such as the removal of garbage. In the next parts called Intelligence and Taqwa, we will be sure how kind and pious the scientist is. In the story titled "Sahih", one can get acquainted with the beginning of the collection of hadiths, the processes of collecting Imam Sahih Bukhari along with the muhaddiths before Bukhari and their works, the number of reliable hadiths included in it, and the rules based on their inclusion in the book. The parts Basra and Imtihan enrich this work with more interesting and uncompromising stories, in which Bukhari's pleasures in the search for knowledge and those who tried to test him, test him or confuse him and make him a liar, and their It is shown that the imam will defeat with his divine gift, his strong memory and knowledge. In the story of Faqih, it is possible to witness that the muhaddith is not only knowledgeable in hadith, but also in fiqh (Islamic jurisprudence). Just as knowledge requires a lot of research and travel, the muhaddith in the quest to collect hadith traveled from remote villages of Khorasan to Islamic centers such as Makkah and Madinah, to centers of knowledge such as Sham, Raya, and Baghdad. It can be seen that the one who listens to the hadith and collects it divides it into sahih and non-sahih. Due to his hard work for the world of science and Islam, Muhaddis gained fame in the whole Islamic world, and as a result, there were

not only those who were jealous of him, but also those who turned a deaf ear. In the last years of his life, the muhaddi scholar was covered in the rain of slanders by such hypocritical people, and his soul was greatly hurt. We will get information about this in the last stories of the work, such as Naisobur, Mu'taziliyya, Hasad, Bukhar. The end of the work, "Irtihol", that is, the transition to the afterlife, describes the imam's death and burial. The work is very perfect and the words are used in a unique way and it is delivered in a way that every reader can understand. The factor that increased the value of the work is that this work is dedicated to Abu Abdullah Muhammad ibn Ismail al-Bukhari, the jewel of the Islamic world, the Imam of Muhaddis. While I was finishing this work, the desire to visit the mausoleum of my compatriot in the village of Hartang in Samarkand and to visit the scientist began to grow stronger in my heart. I was truly proud to be a descendant of such great people, and I felt that enjoying their scientific heritage and educating the next generation by showing them such a hard and exemplary way of life is one of the great tasks before us. As the reading of the work comes to an end, I have a burning desire to read it again. I ask my contemporary friends to read this novel, which has acquired a great meaning, and learn from it, at least once in their life.



BOBONAZAROVA GULZODA ALISHEROVNA

Bio -

Bobonazarova Gulzoda Alisherovna was born on June 15, 2002 in the Gurlan district of the Khorezm region. She currently resides in the Khorezm region and is studying philology and languages at Urgench State University, majoring in Uzbek language. She is an active member of the All India Council for Technical Skill Development and serves as a Global Education Ambassador. Her scientific and journalistic articles have been published in several Russian journals and she has also participated in international scientific forums, earning more than 5 international certificates. She is a member of the International the Love of Mother Teresa organization and the "Juntos Por las Letras" writers association in Argentina. She has a special interest in literature and poetry, and has published several poems. She is currently conducting scientific research in the field of literature and is particularly interested in classical literature.

Content -

Mother (my heaven is named after my mother)

Mother is the sun of my heart,

without pain, without my loving confidant.

You are the only one, I am happy,

You are always in my mind.

One day's wakeful night, Mother,

how full of truth,

Even if I bow my head all my life,

I know little, Mother, without dividing the night into the day,

You used to tell me, If I was sick,

you would fly over my head.

Mother, one day I will be a worthy child,

I will write your name forever in books.

On that day, tears of happiness will flow from your eyes.



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