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CLASSICO OPINE

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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.

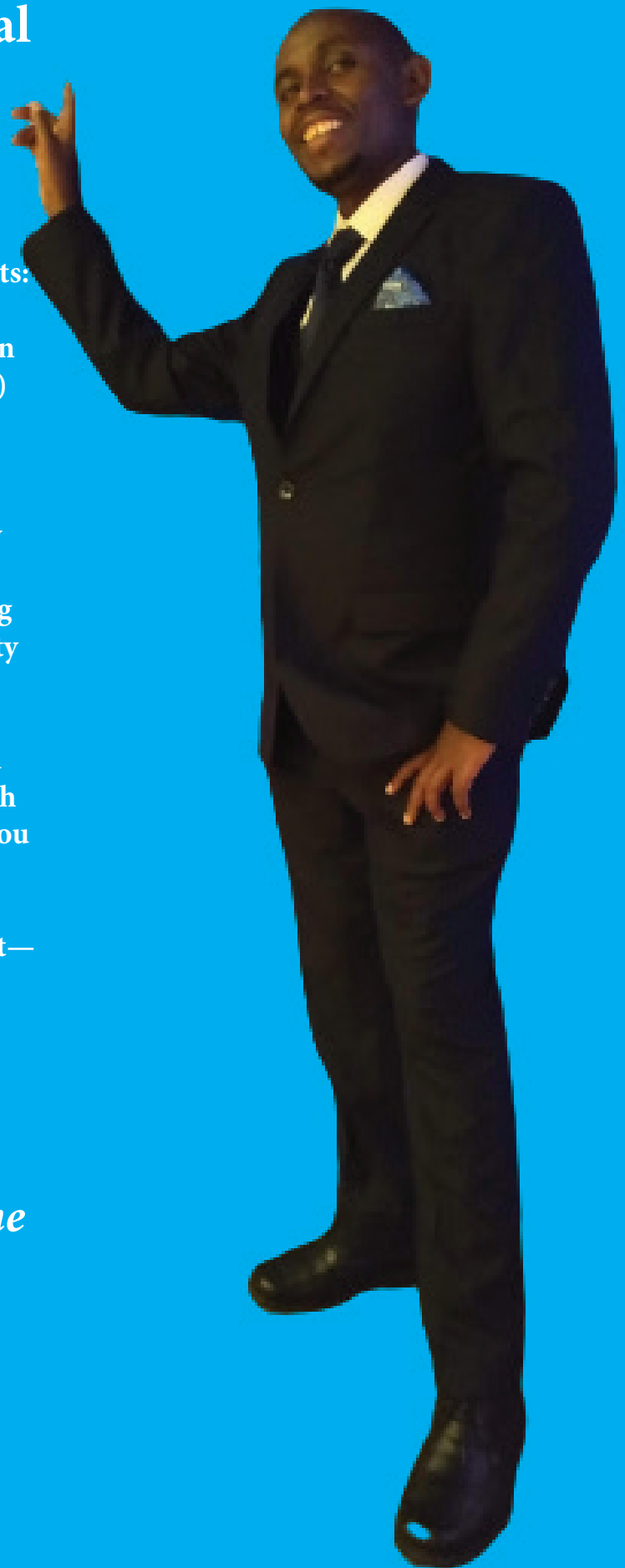
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

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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DILNAVOZ TOKHTAYEVA



Bio -

Dilnavoz Tokhtayeva,
3rd year student of Bukhara State University

Content -

I Feel The Burden On My Shoulders

No matter what field it is, if the owner is not active, selfless, diligent, he will not turn towards development. In a word, a person who works tirelessly towards a specific goal not only achieves his goal, but also makes a worthy contribution to the development of society. Saidjamshid Jafarov, a brave son of Bukhara who has deeply understood this fact, is making the name of Uzbekistan known to the world. The master of leather gloves has set great goals for himself, and has won the trust of his loved ones several times by rising to the podium of the national and world championships in his age category.

While watching the videotapes of Saidjamshid's fights with his opponents, who is

constantly training under the famous sports coach Hamza Avezov, I was convinced that he is a strong, fighting boy who follows in the footsteps of his teachers. He has thoroughly mastered the skills of not giving his opponent a chance, attacking through strong defense, and is training mentally and physically.

Based on our conversation, he specifically mentioned the Asian Boxing Championship held in Dubai in 2021. In the final, he controversially defeated his experienced opponent Abilkhan Amanqul from Kazakhstan and became the champion of Asia. According to him, it was this competition that he found his will and became a prelude to his new goals, gained good experience in this championship and drew appropriate conclusions.

Saidjamshid, who quickly gained respect in his team due to his modesty and hard work, is known today by the whole world and has become our real pride.

Since our hero was interested in boxing in his school years, he first independently studied the activities of famous boxers,

and truly admired them. His aspirations and passion on this bright path led him to the world arenas.

- We welcome every achievement of my son like a holiday. On this day, the step of guests from our house will not stop, good words and entertainment will not stop. It is no exaggeration to say that he has reached these days only and only as a result of his hard work, not getting lost in himself, and following the advice and recommendations of his teacher without words, - says the mother of Saidjamshid Jafarov, winner of the bronze medal of the Asian Boxing Championship. Nazira Rahmonova.

Indeed, there is no pleasure without hard work. Any action taken in the direction of a noble goal accelerates its realization and leads to the perfection of a person. A simple fact: if Saidjamshid had not been lazy or careless and did not participate in the trainings on time, we would not have talked about him in the high curtains and excitedly like today.



Bio -

Dr Antara Majumdar

Content -

Oh my hubby! I call him.

Do you remember one thing; the window of my room knows everything.

Oh yes! Our story.

From the day we saw each other for the 1st time.

Can you remember! It's that window through which I saw you.

From your balcony you saw me, looking at you in the way you fall for me.

So many conversation so many letter's, he use to pass for you to me.

"helwho is he?" hubby asked me.

Oh! It's that window I am talking about, I replied to him.

Oh yes! I remember; suddenly hubby told me,

It's that window of your room your parents caught us thieving.

"Thieving! Thieving what?" I asked him.

Oh!Thieving each other's sole, my life.

"Oh yes! In the same way your parents caught us too doing so the other day."I replied him.

We were so scared that time do you remember!

"Oh yes!How can I forgot"he replied to me.

We thought that they will never accept our relationship, as both of our family is against love marriage.

Utterly!the reverse happened;

It's a miracle or God's blessing I don't know.

"Our parents fixed our marriage without letting us know!".

Oh hubby!They still think that it's a arrange marriage, do you think so?

"I don't know! It's just you and me forever."He reply so.

Xojamiyorova Gulmira

Bio -

Xojamiyorova Gulmira

Content -

The Key to Treasures

Stopping reading a book means stopping thinking. (Fyodor Dostoevsky)

A book is considered a person's closest friend and advisor, a beacon of knowledge, and a source of wisdom. Since a book is a tool for thinking, a key to treasures, and a source of intellect, our people regard it as precious, honorable, and sacred, as essential as bread. A book gives wings to a person, elevating them to great heights. In the heart of someone who reads a lot, noble feelings such as kindness, humanity, patriotism, and empathy flourish. Books inform us of all sciences, our history, and the latest developments, enhancing our intellect and leading us to the garden of knowledge.

****My book, you are richer than anyone, You are my moon that lights up my night. When this body thirsts for knowledge, You are the stream that waters it.****

Indeed, the world of books enriches a person. A book is not only a tool that brightens our present life but also guides us towards righteous deeds in the next life. In Odil Yakubov's novel "Ulugbek's Treasure," the love, respect, and deep devotion to books are vividly portrayed. The main character, Mirzo Ulugbek, refers to all the books in his library as a "treasure," which is not without reason. The protagonist strives with all his might to preserve this treasure of books for future generations, so they remain an eternal legacy. He trusts this priceless wealth to no one but his closest disciple, Ali Qushchi. Even when his own son and the palace officials sentence him to severe punishment, he states his condition: namely, that when he passes away, his cherished books, the libraries that spread knowledge and light to everyone, and the observatory where he spent nights and days engaged in science, must be preserved, so that his soul can find peace. As we read this work, we see in the image of Mirzo Ulugbek a person who has a deep love for books, considers them his closest friend, and cannot imagine his life without them. Even after thousands of years, the name of Mirzo

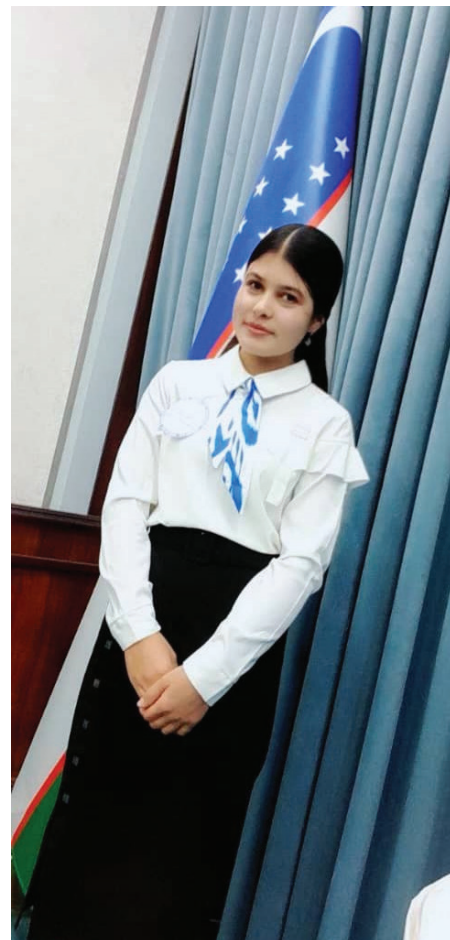
Ulugbek remains eternal, undying, and alive. His contribution to science is worthy of special recognition.

Books encompass all of life. A person who befriends books comes to understand the true essence of life and grows intellectually. Books cultivate the best qualities in a person. About this, Maxim Gorky said, "I owe all the good qualities I possess to books." A book takes us to a world we have not yet seen and tells us words we have not yet heard. A book is the most loyal and selfless friend. In his collection "Writings on the Margins of a Notebook," O'tkir Hoshimov says: "I don't know whether you've noticed or not, but you have a friend who is unmatched in loyalty. Whenever you wish, it will converse with you. In times of joy, it adds to your happiness. In moments of sorrow, it takes your pain away. It teaches you what you do not know. If you stray, it shows you the right path. Even when your close ones turn away, it does not leave you. It expects nothing in return for its service. If you forget it for years and abandon it, it says nothing. Even if you cast it away, it does not take offense. Yet, if you call it again, it will come and serve you without hesitation... This friend's name is Book!"

The above words by our sharp-witted writer O'tkir Hoshimov are indeed true. A book lights our path even on our darkest days, like the moon in the sky, pulling us out of the mire of ignorance. The more

we engage with it, the more we discover new worlds for ourselves. Today, numerous projects and competitions are being implemented to promote reading among our youth. For example, the National Program for the Development and Support of Reading Culture for the years 2020-2025 was developed. According to this program, projects have been launched to establish libraries in the remotest districts and villages of our Republic.

A few years ago, in order to ensure the implementation of the Presidential Decree of the Republic of Uzbekistan dated May 12, 2018, "On the Organization of Reading Competitions among Youth for the Purpose of Broadly Studying and Promoting the Creative Heritage of Our Great Scholars, Writers, and Thinkers," competition called "Young Reader" was organized among the youth. Today, the "Young Reader" competition is being held on a wide scale across our Republic. It would not be an



exaggeration to say that such competitions are increasing the youth's love and attention towards books. Particularly noteworthy is the introduction of the "Young Reader Family" competition, which is held among young families. A child's love for knowledge and books begins and is shaped within the family environment. A family that makes reading a habit raises its cultural level. About this, Pavlenko said, "A family that does not make reading a habit is a spiritually poor family."

In conclusion, the more we young people read, the more we learn about what we don't know. In this world, the amount of knowledge we have not yet acquired is immeasurable. A book encourages us to become the possessors of such knowledge, to embody goodness, and to look at the world with a discerning eye. The love for books, the habit of cherishing them, and the desire to read have been ingrained in our people's blood over the ages. It is our primary duty to continue these ancient values. After all, a person's culture is reflected in their books.

Mary W. Wairimu

Bio -

Mary W. Wairimu
Republic of Poland

Content -

I WRITE

I write, yes i write
There is nothing like i am trying
Who knows the treasure in
writing
The casket of treasure it may
hold
I will write
Showing hiw rhythn is easy
When the letters read
I write
Just listen for the art to unfold

Read the letter that i write
A book full of words
But the pain of the workman
It is just a tool
You just think
All that i write; pain, romance
and love
I write
Just listen for the art to unfold

You can wonder
All that i write i weep
All the letters have syllabled
waves
And you take what you want
And my cost
I am just picking phrases
Like that of "lost paradise"

Don't mind my sense
It is just at zero when i write
But the words that run smoothly
Whatever it means
Read the letters that i write

These words are delicious
The sweetness is like a smooth-
er
It is fortune
Just read what i write
And wait for the art to unfold



BAKHRONOVA IRODA

Bio -

Bakhronova Iroda

Student of Navoi State Pedagogical Institute, Faculty of Uzbek Language and Literature

"Initiative reformer" badge holder;

Volunteer of "Sunlight" and "Golden Wing" free volunteer movement;

Winner of the regional stage of the contest "The Greatest, The Dearest";

Laureate of the international contest "Russian Talents";

Participant of the international Olympiad "Climate Science Olympiad-2022";

Author of about 100 publicist and about 60 scientific articles;

Author of the poetry collection "My dreams are more than you, stars";

His articles have been published in prestigious state magazines such as Turkey, Spain, USA, Germany, Belarus;

His works were published in US and German anthologies;

His work was published in the international anthology "Talented voices of Uzbekistan" published on the US Amazon website and sold in 26 countries of the world;

His work was published in the "Hilol" collection, which includes the work of talented young people across the country;

Member and Ambassador of "Iqra" International Foundation;

Participant of IV and V Nobel Fest;

"Student of the Year-2022" laureate of the institute stage;

Member of the International



Development;

A graduate of the online course of the US Institute of Peace;

Member of "GLOBAL FRIENDS CLUB", IFERP, Honor Society international organization;

Member of the international organization "NATIONAL HUMAN RIGHT AND HUMANITARIAN FEDERATION";

Participant of the International Scientific Forum-2022.

Content

EVENING

When the crescent moon rises at night,
On the opposite side of the sea.

That willow by the water
In a chest full of dreams.

The water waves are slowly shaking,
An example of emotional waves.

A bunch of flowers on the branch
I am fascinated by beauty.

This night calms my mind,

The willows are as tall as girls,
I comb her soft hair.

The moon lights up the night,
He will be accompanied by a star.

Sunlight men's day,
The tide is rocking day and night.

The wind is like a wave,
Joyful in the bosom of Nilufargul.

The waves reveal the secret of the night,
This is how the evening goes

MADAMINOVA MAHFUZA

Bio -

Madaminova Mahfuza a 2nd-year student of the Uzbek Philology Faculty of Urganch State University

Content -

Tell Me Less Than Which Boy, Daughter

The girl remembers her father at every step,
Nights and nights are ruined for him.
He sings of longing,
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.

If it's a boy, he remembers his father,
But she doesn't cry like a girl, she doesn't burn.
Even at night, he thinks without blinking
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.

When a girl is happy, the world is filled with light,
Happiness lights up in hearts.
Love the nightingale tones
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.

It shines in the house like the sun,
He thinks of his father in every breath.
If necessary, he will sacrifice his life,
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.

He called his father a sweet word,
He wished happiness and health.
Always giving endless love,
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.



A father with a daughter is happy in this world,
Just like the bright moon in the world.
Those who have achieved such happiness are a miracle,
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.
Your prayer is a light to my path,
When I miss you, my father said.

I repeat your name as my love,
Tell me which son is inferior to your daughter.
One star shines in every house, but
That star thinks about his father more.
Hearts full of love are brighter,
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.
You will enjoy when the girl

looks like a star.
You will laugh at your daughter.
Homes without daughters lie without light and without love,
Tell me if your daughter is less than a boy.
A hundred thousand sons could not be like your daughter,
Tell me which son is inferior to your daughter!

Wanjohi. P. Mugambi



Bio -

Wanjohi. P. Mugambi
The Weeping Onion

Content -

MY DREAM

It was a long time ago
I had almost forgotten my
dream

But it was there then
Infront of me
Bright like a sun it was
My dream

I saw how dark it was
And all the walls were reses
Roses which slowly by slowly
faded

Between me and my dream
They withered away
Until there were no more in the
sky

The walls were huge
The shadow was dark
Yet as black as they called me
I lied down in the shadow

No longer the light of my
dream before me
It was just below beneath

On the thick walls i cried
And the shadow kept over-
shadowing me
My hands

Yes my black dark hands
Eventually broke through the
walls
To find my dream

I am living it today
A black African i am
Shattering the darkness away
Smashing the light
Breaking the shadow
Into the thousand lights of my
dream sun
The black man dream

MUKHAMMADIYEVA SEVINCH

Bio -

Mukhammadiyeva Sevinch

Uzbekistan Tashkent

Content -

The Secret of Happiness

Once upon a time, in a small village, there lived a wise and kind old man. Stories of his wisdom and kindness had spread far and wide, and people from all around would come to visit him.

One day, a young man came to see the old man and said, "Wise old man, I've heard of your wisdom. Please, tell me the secret to being happy in life!"

The old man quietly looked at the young man and handed him a small stone. "Hold this stone in your hand every day and think about its weight," he said.

The young man took the stone and went home, trying to follow the old man's advice. Each day, holding the stone and thinking about its weight made him very tired. One day, he decided to throw the stone away.

He returned to the old man and told him that he had thrown the stone away. The old man laughed and said, "This stone represents your problems and sorrows. You can hold them every day, but if you throw them away, they won't come back to you. To be happy in life, you must overcome your problems and sorrows."

The young man was deeply moved by the old man's words and began to understand life better.



Daniel Ng'ang'a

Bio -

Daniel Ng'ang'a
"Danny the poet"

Content -

SOLITUDE

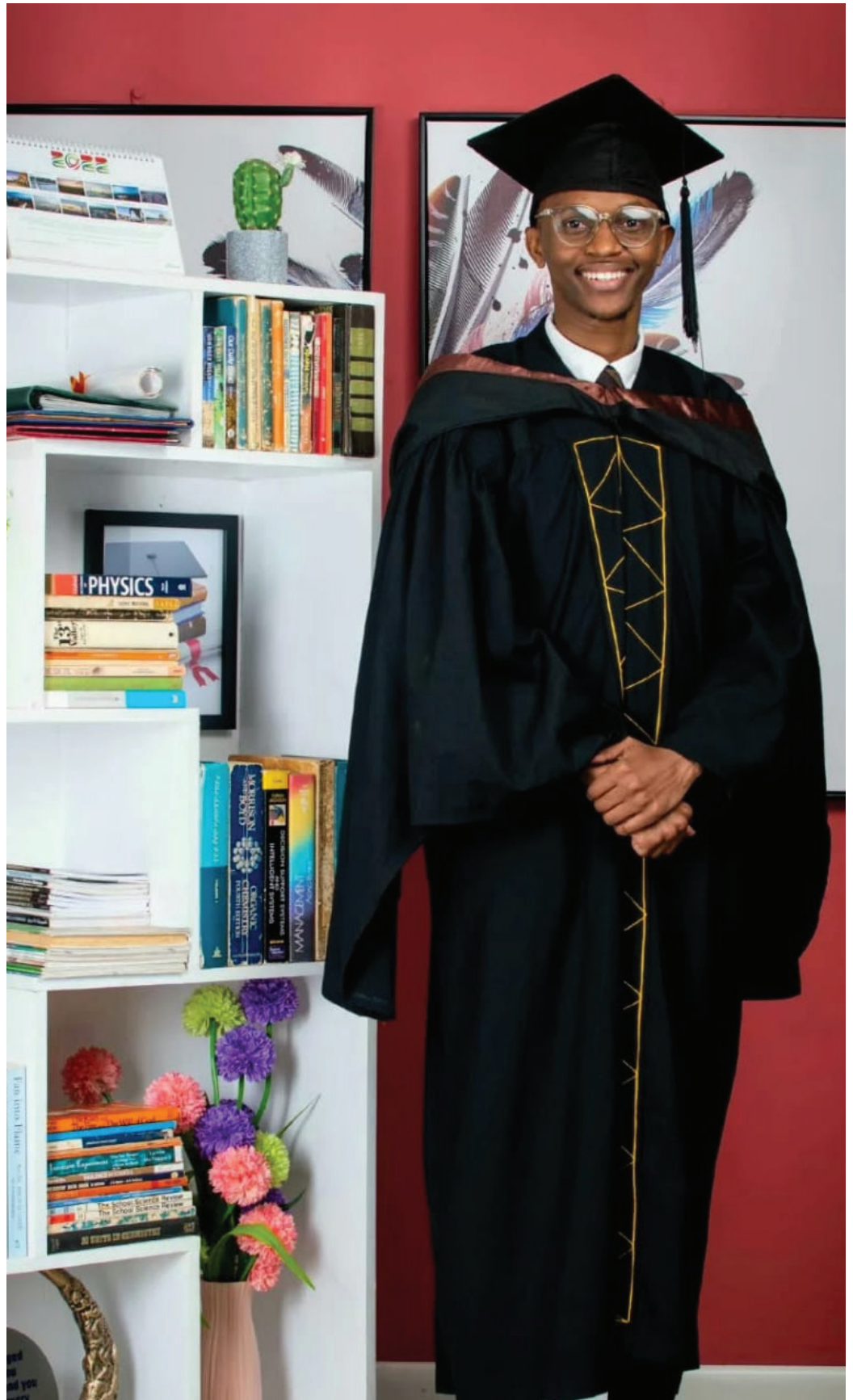
In solitude i understood myself
In solitude i understood every-
one

In solitude i was angry
In solitude i was happy
In solitude i was at peace
All the emotions
All the feelbgs
All at once

In solitude i learnt patience
In solitude i learnt poise
In solitude i learnt control
In solitude i learnt joy
All the madness of the world
All the calmness of nature
All at once

All by myself yet still surround-
ed
Alone in the midst of the crowds
Lonely even if in the arms of
my lover
Silence amidst intense conver-
sations
Conversations in my head
amidst silence

Amidst all the hate of self
Amidst all the doubt of self
Amidst all the insecurities
about self
Amidst all the questioning of
the wooth of self
I learnt all I had was self
All I would rely on was self
I got me, myself and I



MARJONA ABDUMALIKOVA



Bio -

Abdumalikova is the daughter of Marjona Gulomjon. I was born on April 9, 2006 in Uychi district of Namanagan region. Until the 10th grade, I graduated from the 38th general secondary school in Uychi district, and from the 10th and 11th grades at the NIS (Namangan International school) private school. Currently, I am a 1st-year (grand) student of the Faculty of Philology of the National University of Uzbekistan named after Mirzo

Ulugbek.

Content -

I'm tired, really tired
I miss you every moment
if you don't love my tongue is weak
My love is translating

When I close my eyes, you are gone
Memories fall like snow
Looking forward to your visit
This saddens me

I'm not happy at all
There is a void in my life with-

out you
I'm walking, I'm sleeping
Events are right next to me

Remember, my dear
Even if you don't me
At least be blind in your dreams
my head is straight

It was September, school time
The first meeting is in the classroom
We warmed up without batting an eyelash
As if this is a life book

Without touching hand to hand
We fell in love without speak-

ing
We didn't say a word
The world is silent on this...

Come back to my life my dear
Life together continues,
My dreams come true
I have a vision for you!

My life goes on, come on
The soul is hard to express
Come quickly before I die
Let's live together in heaven...

Written by: Marjona Abdumalikova

Bobonazarova Yulduz

Bio -

Bobonazarova Yulduz was born in 2006 in Gurlan district of Khorezm region. 1st year student of Urganch State Pedagogical Institute.

Content -

What is love?

Is it happiness or suffering,
He said: two hearts are a strange happiness?
No, this is suffering, said someone from behind.
Why does the heart suffer when love is happiness?

Why can't two hearts be together when they love?
Why can't they fight when they love? No: there is no real love.
Love can't go away, someone else says,
Even if I repeat my heart, it's a piece.

When he leaves and comes back,
He thinks that he will still choose me. No, don't think at all, it's just an illusion. Your faith will never come back.

There is no going back in this departure,
There is looking back - there is no looking at him,
On the day when you realize his value, There is moving away - there is no getting closer.



NAIMOVA OZODA

Bio -

Naimova Ozoda

Uzbekistan

Content -

My country

I haven't found your comparison in my country, never.

Face is the light that surrounds the world.
Your people are hospitable, well-behaved,
Your soil is golden, your fruit is rich.

Thank God, my country is at peace.
The hands of the elderly are always in prayer,
Trust your borders in the hands of the brave.
Your children are infallible.

There are many solemn holidays in my country,
Let's play together, my friend.
Let's sing to protect the country.
There is no such land in the world.

My country's evil eyed them,
They shed the blood of your innocent people.
For this dear Motherland,
Your children have passed away sweetly.

I'm lucky, I'm a male daughter of Uzbekistan.
I am the bright face of my parents,
Nadira, Zulfiya, I am an indelible mark,
Tomorrow is the future of my country.

The crown on my head is my parents,
I have a wise and wise head of state.
I study, I have the opportunity to search,
I live for you, I have a soul in my body.

May the sun of my country shine forever,
Let your flag fly high in the sky.
May your soul invite the world to you,
May God protect you my dear country.



Dr Daksha Udhani

Bio -

Dr Daksha Udhani

@dr_daksha_
Ahmedabad India

Content -

Five Senses of Love

Hear my screams at the cliff,
On a distant land,
Near the shore,
I'll be calling out my name,
And you'll hear your name in echo.

See my drawings at the sky,
A large blue atmosphere,
In the middle of the clouds,
You'll see yourself at the top,
With my reflection on the ground.

Smell my fragrance in the garden,
A lush green mirror,
Besides your favourite flower,
You'll be wearing your scent,
And be enjoying my perfume.

Talk about me in your whispers,
In front of your friends,
At the outstation trip that you planned,
You'll be missing my presence,
And will be getting my voice in your silent self.

Feel the presence of my touch
in my absence,
In your arms holding my back,
At your head resting on my chest,
We'll be planting a kiss,
Without even touching our lips.



O'RINBAYEVA DILNOZA

Bio -

I am O'rinbayeva Dilnoza, I was born in 2010 in Takhyatosh district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan.

I am a student of the 8th grade of general education school No. 1.

I have achieved various achievements since 8 years. I participated in "Dary ose ni", "Umnichka goda", "A.S. Pushkin" auditions, "Ana til-im-magtanishim" auditions, "Bakhru-bayt", "Turon" theaters and won the 1st place.

Currently, I am a volunteer of the "Intilish" EVX of the Republic of Karakalpakstan, a captain of school education. I conducted my projects at school, i.e. "Zakovat" in upper grades, and young readers' contest in lower grades.

Despite my young age, I try out different business ideas, and the most common of them is that I learned to order goods from China and opened my online store. Now I work at a place called "Magic Land".

Let me tell you about my family, I am the eldest child in my family and I have 2 brothers after me.

My parents are self-employed, my grandmother is a teacher, and my grandfather is retired.



Ibodillayeva Mushtariy

Bio -

Ibodillayeva Mushtariy was born in Piskent district of Tashkent region. Currently, many of her poems and articles are published in foreign magazines. She is a participant in many anthologies. Holder of international certificates.

Content -

Beautiful Heart

Life's mirror of happiness,
The beauty of flowers,
The star's shower,
I have a mother with a beautiful heart.

In any season,
Day and night,
My shining jewel,
I have a beautiful mother.

Indescribable word,
The flower is surprised, the sun is surprised,
Without community pride,
Be unique still.

All my happiness is without you
My joy and refreshment,
I haven't found someone like you
stay lucky
Mother with a beautiful heart!



OKTAMJONOVA SHALOLA

Bio -

Oktamjonova Shalola
11th grade student of school 26
Fergana region
Uchkoprik district

Content -

Today I thought, I thought.
I thought I was confident
A year has already passed
I understand that I am sorry.

Love, parting, and pain are listed in the
lines
I can't take advantage of the past op-
portunity
I say I'm a poet
I can't write a poem for my parents

My delicious basil that smells like heav-
en
Congratulations, madam
My blue sky will be narrow without him
I agree, my dear.

I always have a pen in my hand
I feel bad for some people
Faceless fakes make my body tremble
It's such a crazy world, man.

I took someone close to my heart
Interpret me as warm affection
More and more opportunities passed
I know who it is

I am glad that I am loved as I am
I'm easily fooled now.
I am simple, I am honest
My mother is full of jealousy.

Zabonim screamed
My motto is to live honestly
I put everything to God
You are by my side, what can I do?

I say I'm a poet.
I can't write a poem for my parents



Shoabdullayeva Ziyodabonu Bunyod

Bio -

Shoabdullayeva Ziyodabonu Bunyod's daughter was born on August 4, 2009 in Parkent district, Tashkent region. Currently, she is a 9th grade student of the 43rd general secondary school. His creative works were published in the German "Raven cage" and the Kenyan "Kenya times" magazines. Participated in more than 10 anthologies. The owner of the medal "Tafakkur gulshani Republican

Content -

Diyora Keldiyorova

A real Uzbek girl,
A follower of Zulfiya.
Successor of Tomaris,
Diyora Keldiyorova.

Asian champion,
The trust of all the people,
The support of the whole country,
Diyora Keldiyorova.

Wrote history, this day
The world recognized this day.
Gold medalist,
Diyora Keldiyorova.

He kept trying,
He conquered the milestones.
He achieved his goal,
Diyora Keldiyorova.



Bobojonova Rukhshona

Bio -

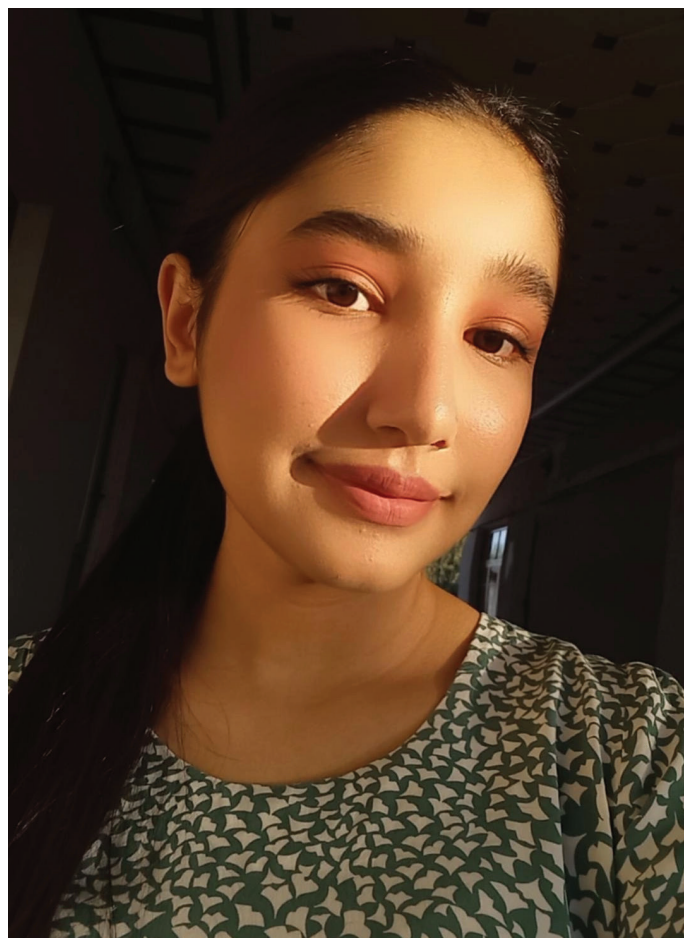
Bobojonova Rukhshona was born on October 12, 2006 in Okoltin district of Syrdarya region. First, he studied at the specialized school for certain subjects No. 8, and then at the Tashkent state alademic lyceum of Uzbek language and literature named after Alisher Navoi.

Content -

We can say that girls' interest in studying is the most important of the current and always controversial problems among people. In fact, wrong ideas are put forward that why in some families it is not necessary for a girl child to study. But there are such families, fathers and mothers, who are ready to give everything for their daughter's education, but why don't these families think that it is not necessary to educate a girl child, why don't they think that one day she will give it to the ground anyway, it is an excessive expense.

Nowadays, girls' desire to study is increasing. Our honorable president Sh. Mirziyoyev allocates various quotas for the education of our women and girls. He creates opportunities and conditions for the education of women and girls. Why don't some of these families educate their daughters and create conditions for them to study? In some families, their daughters are married off after graduating from school. I recently witnessed an incident, a girl who studied at school for 11 years with excellent grades, achieved a lot during these 11 years. Due to her interest in studying, they married

a girl who obtained various international certificates, but she she wanted to study and work on herself. Her daughter, whom her parents married because her husband would study, is now unable to leave the house, she is burying her dreams and desires in her heart. Why did this happen? Where did so much talent and talent go? Why didn't the parents try to talk to their daughter? If they had talked to the girl and given her an opportunity to study, she would have produced another great person who would make our country famous in the world. Actually it's not about that. Nowadays, there are a number of Uzbek girls and women who are always working on themselves, developing day by day, and introducing Uzbekistan to the world. We should be proud of them. For example, it is no exaggeration to say that famous women like Saida Mirziyoyeva, Shakhida Ibragimova, and Shakhida Yusupova are working hard for girls to study and find their own way. Most people understand only universities and institutes when they say study. But when we say that our girls should study, we don't mean only university or institute. We have daughters who love to read fiction books. But not all of them are always able to buy offline books. But they study when they can. They get it from a close friend or study online. In addition, courses are currently being organized to train girls in professions. They study there. Pilgrims, whether religious or worldly, try their best to acquire knowledge. "Would you be an educated person" and "What does a girl do when she studies?" In my opinion, it is beneficial for a girl child to study even in a



situation where there are wars, quarrels and disputes in families, because she knows what to do in that situation and when to speak appropriately. It was not for nothing that our fathers and grandfathers said: "A boy studies for himself, and a girl studies for the ummah." Indeed, knowledge is passed to the child from the mother. Children of educated mothers will achieve great success in the future. Studying, learning, and learning do not mean going to some tutors far from home, but also reading fiction books and developing one's thinking. I don't want to condemn uneducated girls with these words, in fact, I want to appeal to their fathers, mothers and relatives. Talk to your daughters, educate them. Educate so that it will not be difficult when you get married,

educate so that it will help you financially, and most importantly, educate so that you can educate a true Ummah. After all, the true ummah is guided to knowledge by the intelligence of its mother. In the past, not all of their children could be educated on the basis of a payment contract, especially their daughters. Currently, these girls are teaching me even if they have to buy everything so that I could not study myself. Such heroic fathers, loving mothers deserve the best things, the best respect.

As an example of this situation, 90% of those who give cars to their parents are girls. 80% of those who give Umrah tickets to their parents are girls. All parents are envious of these situations. You too. But why not educate your daughters?

Jakbaraliyev Zafarbek Ziyodbek

Bio -

Jakbaraliyev Zafarbek Ziyodbek, 8th general secondary school. Now he is an 11th grade student in school. He has a B2 level in English, besides he knows Turkish and Italian. Until now, I have been the "Laureate" of the "Rainbow Stars Art Festival" republic. At the same time, I am a participant of the republican stage of the "most exemplary school captains" competition. I am a participant of the regional head of the 2023 History Olympiad.

Content -

Today, Turkic-speaking peoples are spread not only in Central Asia, but also from the Sea of Oxoto to the shores of the Black Sea, from Siberia to northern Afghanistan and Iran, partly in Iraq and Eastern Europe, and the total number of speakers is more than 200 million.

The largest number of Turkic-speaking people are the Turks, that is, the people living in the territory of Turkey, their number is about 100 million, and most of them live in Germany. The second largest group is the Uzbeks, the total number of which is about 50 million, because about 8 million people of Uzbek nationality live in the geographical area called South Turkestan, that is, in northern Afghanistan. At the same time, I must say that in the Republic of Azerbaijan, more than 9 million people of Uzbek nationality live in the northern Ereon area, which is the unofficial name. About 15 million Azars live in southern Azerbaijan. As we mentioned above, Gagauz people of Turkic nationality live in Eastern Europe, that is, in the Republic of Moldova, and they have their own administrative territory and language. Currently, Turkey, Azer-

baijan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, and Turkmenistan are part of the United Nations. There are a few independent Turkic states, but the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus is partially recognized and there are also about 20 autonomous or separate Turkish states. For example, Nakhichevan Autonomous Republic in Azerbaijan, Gagauzia in Moldova, South Turkestan in Afghanistan, Eastern Turkestan in the PRC, i.e. Uyghurs, and many other republics in the territory of Russia: Bashkirstan, Tatarstan, Tuva, Yakutia, Chuvashia, Crimea, Karadino, Bulgaria, Karachay, Cherkessia, etc., and in the territory of Uzbekistan there is also the sovereign democratic republic of Karakalpakstan, and the population belonging to the Karakalpak nation lives here.

These peoples speak several languages belonging to the Turkic language family. We will divide them into 4 large and 2 small groups. The first group is the Kipchak group, this group includes: Kazakh, Karakalpak, Kyrgyz, Karaim, Bashkir, Karachoy, Nogay, Tatar, Crimean Tatar, the second group, Oghuz, Azerbaijani, Turkmen, Gagauz trills, and the third group, Qarluq. it includes the Uzbek and Uyghur languages, and then the big group is the Siberian group, which includes the Altai Tuva, Khakas, Shora, Yakut languages. The other two subgroups are the Bulgar group, which is grammatically and lexically slightly different from the Turkic languages, the only language of which is the Chuvash language, and the second subgroup is the Khalaj Gurhi, which includes the Khalaj language and the Khalaj language of Iran. used by the Turkish ethnic population.



Obale Aishat

Bio -

Obale Aishat
Nigeria

Content -

I wish I have a friend

I wish I have friend,
A friend to care for me till the end,
Even when I am mean, our love won't bend.

I wish I have friend,
A friend that will be my guiding light,
In the darkest night.

I wish I have friend,
A friend that will make me feel okay,
Even when I refuse to be okay.

I wish I have a friend,
A friend with a shoulder to lean on,
Whose word will soothe my soul, healing
the torn.

Now, who is willing to be that friend,
That friend with a sincere heart, so kind,
A friend like sibling, love as its bond.

Now, who is willing to that friend,
That friend, who bring joy to spend,
Whose support never suspend.

Now, who is willing to be that friend,
A friend forever ever, not pretend,
Our friendship for decades, we'll defend.

I am imperfect blend,
Thus, I don't want a perfect friend,
But a friend who will be my friend.

Are you willing to be that friend?





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