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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.

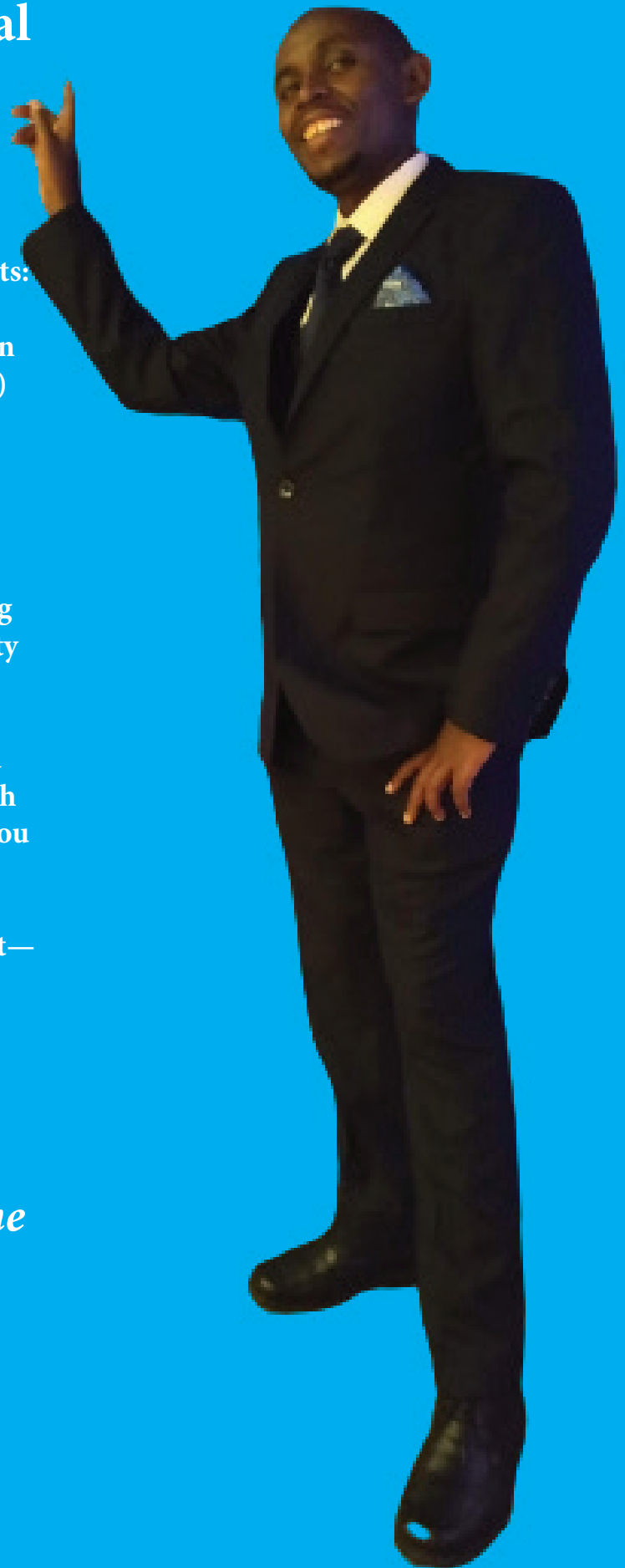
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

I APRIL 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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# TOLIBJONOVA DILDORAKHON KHAYRULLA

## Bio -

Tolibjonova Dildorakhon Khayrulla qizi, an 11th-grade student at School No. 3 specializing in certain subjects in Oltiariq district, Fergana region, was born on April 22, 2007. She is currently a certificate holder in the subjects of native language and literature as well as English. She is the author of a short story collection titled "Qalb" ("Heart"). In addition, she has participated with her creative works in prestigious journals and conferences of countries such as the United States, Italy, Indonesia, and Thailand.

## Content -

### Tush (The Dream)

"Hey, Akmal, what are you daydreaming about? Throw the brick!"

Startled by the shout, Akmal got up, and immediately realized every part of his body ached.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Come on, boy, it's getting late. Let's finish this section today."

Confused by these words, Akmal looked around. Dust, piles of bricks and sand, bags of cement. A jar, yellowed from repeated use, sat lidless on a makeshift table. The men around him were middle-aged, perhaps around fifty. A little further away, two men were stacking bricks.

When Akmal caught sight of himself, he was startled. The patch on his pants looked like something out of a fashion parody. If he dusted off his shirt, he might as well fill a sack with sand. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked up. It was the middle of summer, and the sun was directly overhead.

Just then, from a distance, a boy pulling a small cart approached, grumbling:

"So... are we combining lunch and dinner again today?"

This snapped Akmal back to his senses.

"Akmal aka, my sister-in-law called earlier.



You didn't answer her. She said you'd be in touch later. I think she was embarrassed to say more in front of me."

"Sister-in-law?" he thought. "But I... this isn't right. These aren't my dreams. At my age, I should be sitting in an air-conditioned office, not in a place like this."

But it wasn't just a thought — he'd said it out loud. He realized it only when his co-workers burst into laughter.

"The sun must've fried his brain," said the man who had earlier told him to throw the brick. "He's probably forgotten who he even is!"

The laughter grew even louder.

"Alright, enough joking," the same man said. "The boss might show up any minute — then we'll really have a laugh!"

Lost and unsure of what to do, Akmal bent down to pick up his cap. His eyes fell on

his phone. Three missed calls from a contact saved as "My Wife." And a message:

"Sorry, I didn't want to bother you while you were at work, but I had no choice. They sent our daughter back from preschool because we hadn't paid the fees. Her brother picked her up. If you get your pay today, could you please send some money home?"

Suddenly, a loud sound startled him — the warning chime before a game starts.

Akmal jolted awake.

It was 3:15 a.m.

He slowly got up, tossed his phone aside, and sat down at his study desk. The books were exactly how he'd left them the night before — wide open. He gently pulled out the chair and sat down.

"Thank goodness... it was just a dream," he whispered.

# KHUJUMOVA KAMOLA OBIDOVNA



## Bio -

Khujumova Kamola Obidovna

## Content -

### Two Tongues, One Wisdom

In English skies, the rain may pour,  
Yet still they say, "It's just folklore."  
In Uzbek thought, the clouds may cry,  
But wisdom still will keep lips dry.

"Kill two birds with just one stone,"  
Efficiency in every tone.

Yet Uzbek minds with quiet flair,  
Say: "Do two tasks with thoughtful care."

A cat may steal the English tongue,  
When silence grips both old and young.  
But Uzbek lips will softly tease—  
"Have you swallowed your voice with ease?"

To let the cat out of the bag,  
Means truth released without a flag.  
Yet eastern hearts with careful pace,  
Reveal the truth with softer grace.

When time escapes, they both agree,  
That minutes flee like winds at sea.

"Time flies," they say in London's street,  
While Uzbek sands slip swift and fleet.

"Break a leg" before the stage,  
Sounds like a curse, but masks no rage.  
In Uzbek terms, the words are kind,  
"May luck and fortune both align."

Through idioms, the cultures show,  
The thoughts they value, truths they know.  
Different sounds, but same intent—  
A shared world, wise and eloquent.

# Abdurasulov Nuriddinjon Sharofjonovich

## Bio -

Abdurasulov Nuriddinjon Sharofjonovich, English teacher, school 41, Sh. Rashidov district

## Content -

### The Work of Night and Day

In the cradle of dawn, where the sun starts to rise,  
Night whispers its secrets, bidding soft good-byes.  
The horizon ignites with a golden embrace,  
As day stretches forth, filling the vast space.

With every new morning, the world comes alive,  
The hustle, the bustle, the pulse to survive.  
Workers arise with the sun's gentle glow,  
Chasing their dreams as the warm breezes blow.

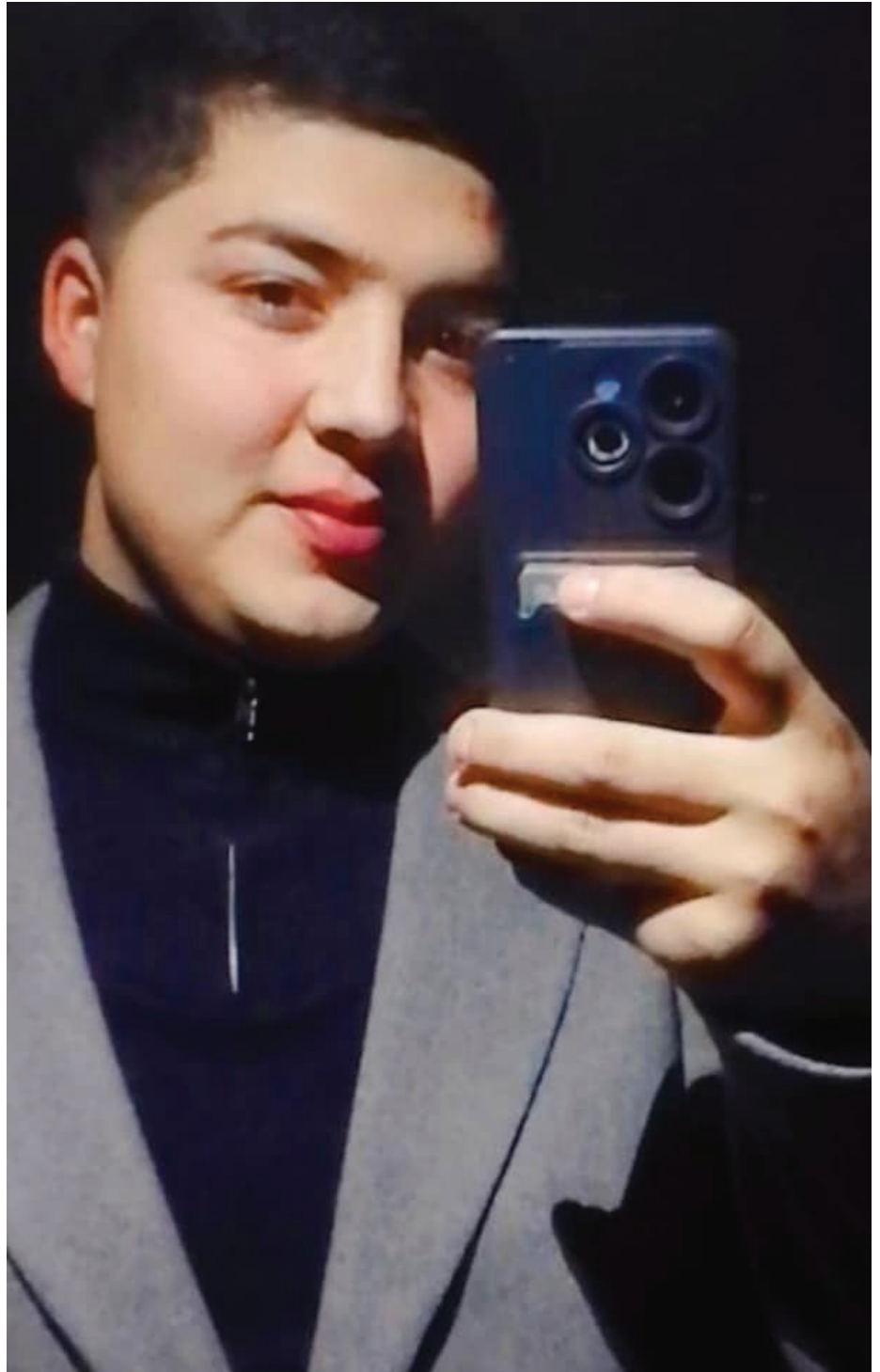
The day wears its colors, vibrant and bright,  
Painting the canvas with laughter and light.  
Children at play, their joy free and wild,  
While adults tend to duties, both tender and mild.

Yet as noon reaches high, casting shadows so long,  
The rhythm of life sings a laborer's song.  
The fields hum with harvest, the city streets buzz,  
In the work of the day, there's a beauty that was.

But as the sun dips low, and the sky starts to fade,  
Night tiptoes in softly, a cloak gently laid.  
Stars twinkle awake in the velvet of dark,  
While the moon casts its silver, a soft, glowing spark.

The world transforms under night's gentle hand,  
Where dreams take their flight, and the quiet expands.  
Creatures of shadow emerge from their hide,  
In the stillness of evening, where mysteries abide.

Yet the work of the night is a labor of peace,  
As the heart finds its solace, and the worries cease.



The poet may ponder, the dreamer may sigh,  
As the world slows its breath, and the moments drift by.

But soon comes the dawn, with its promise anew,  
As the cycle of labor spins on, ever true.  
For the work of night and day is a dance we all share,

In the tapestry of life, woven with care.

So here's to the rhythm, the ebb and the flow,  
To the balance of light, where the shadows will grow.

In the work of our hours, both fleeting and vast,  
We find our existence, a future, a past.

# BUZRUKOVA SHOHIDA MUROD

## Bio -

Buzrukova Shohida Murod  
qizi  
Djizakh state pedagogical  
university

## Content -

### Three Tips For Translating Proverbs From English Into Uzbek

Translating proverbs from English into Uzbek can be challenging because proverbs often carry cultural meanings that are not easily translated word-for-word. Here are three important tips to ensure accurate and meaningful translations:

#### 1. Find the Equivalent Uzbek Proverb

Many English proverbs have direct or close equivalents in Uzbek. Instead of translating word-for-word, it's best to find a similar proverb that conveys the same meaning. For example, the English proverb "Don't put all your eggs in one basket" has an Uzbek equivalent: "Barcha tuxumlarni bitta savatga solma", which conveys the same message about risk management.

#### 2. Maintain the Meaning, Not Just the Words

If there is no direct equivalent, focus on preserving the meaning rather than translating each word literally. For example, "Actions speak louder than words" could be translated as "Ish so'zdan kuchliroq", which keeps the essence of the original phrase while making it sound natural in Uzbek.

#### 3. Adapt for Cultural Understanding

Some English proverbs may not make sense in Uzbek culture due to different historical or social contexts. In such cases, it is better to use an alternative Uzbek expression that conveys

the same wisdom. For instance, instead of directly translating "When in Rome, do as the Romans do", an Uzbek-friendly version could be "Elga qarab elak tort", which reflects the idea of adapting to local customs.

By following these tips, translators can ensure that proverbs remain meaningful and natural in the target language, making them more effective for Uzbek speakers.



# Peshawa Kakayi

## Bio -

Peshawa Kakayi's Project (My Return to Africa). It was published with the announcement of the manifesto (Poetry of the People's Way Discoverer).

## Content -

My Return to Africa, the first volume of eleven books in a box, was published at the author's own expense by Karoo Press. The first volume has a total of 716 pages. Written and edited by Wishyar Ali and cover by Ibrahim Salih.

(My Return to Africa), the first volume is dedicated to all the nations, ethnic groups, peoples, tribes, clans and tribes of Kenya and at the same time the Kurds as being within their existence. The project works on the culture, mythology, history and geography of these peoples and nations in Kenya. The poet works on different languages, forms, techniques, poetic images and does not attach himself to techniques. The poet throws techniques within him and renews himself. The texts are multi-subject and work has been done on the genres (open text, poetry, new verse-poetry...). In general, the first volume of the book is a series of novels and poems, but if you read them one by one, the genres will be separated. This is itself a new revival in poetry. Yes, it is another burden on the genre of poetry that both overlaps and intertwines. The concern for language is a deep concern. The poet says:

(For five years from ((2018 to April 2022)), I have worked on

these projects (9 to 12) daily. I have read about the peoples and nations of Kenya and have been familiar with their culture, history and geography since childhood I wander through the stages of poetry for the sake of language.

Also, in my manifesto, (Poetry of the People's Way Discoverer), I have outlined twelve points that if one works on this agenda, one must observe these points and have excessive knowledge. I have worked on the art of language and the language of the art of poetry. Kenya has introduced forty-four peoples. I have worked on all 62 peoples, nations, ethnic groups and tribes there. The reader must read it very carefully and calmly to become familiar with the language, culture and background of the history of the peoples of Kenya.

It also discusses the languages of all the peoples of Kenya as belonging to language families in the margins. For names and places, I have relied on the first language of the Kenyan peoples and have worked hard to reach the reader of the poem. I have made you not read poetry alone, you read a long travelogue, you travel long distances without the reader going to the peoples of Kenya. I haven't actually entered Kenya until this moment (I will go to Kenya in the future, if I stay.) This is the dream that I can say I will be the first person in history to travel for poetry. It is this poem that, after its publication, makes my imagination and reading experience dig my feet and take me with it, where am I on this journey! An important point in this project is to say: [My job is to swallow my tongue and throw it back



to the world to give new air to language and thinking, not for the world to swallow my tongue and not throw me away!]

The second volume, which will be worked on in the future, will be dedicated to Uganda.



# SUVANOVA XAYRINISO BAHRIDDIN

## Bio -

Suvanova Xayriniso Bahrid-din qizi  
Djizakh state pedagogical university

## Content -

### Using Online Websites and Vocabulary Software in English Learning

Using online websites and vocabulary software of games. Internet consists of majority of online websites to learn English autonomously. Generally speaking, some learners do not have ability to know what they should do or learn for their improvement. At that time, websites can be helpful for them. English websites provide very essential and important words for English learners. In that websites, not only learners can learn new words, but can check their pronunciation too. Additionally, those websites have a great supply of useful tests, handouts crossword puzzles and so forth. Those websites do not demand to waste time and money to go somewhere; learners just sit in a corner of the room and can gain knowledge as the same with ordinary tutor classes. Some suggested websites are MyEnglishTeacher.eu on Facebook, Babble, and English Vocabulary Dictionary (created by MyEnglishTeacher.eu itself) Secondly, most of people have come up with different solutions and ideas which are a bit boring to expand vocabulary. But what about the joy of playing games in learning process? It has been proven by several experiments that playing games have their important role in learning process. Be-



cause when learners are bored in reading, writing words, they can play interesting games on their mobile phones even in crowded bus or taxi conveniently. As we know the objects which are remembered every day are more memorable (2). On the other hand, there are a number of advantages to play games in learning process:

- Learners do not get bored
- Learners can keep their time properly (instead of playing different games they play English games at the time they want to play something on their mobile phones)
- Speed and quality of learning process is getting better by learning from visual and audio materials.

- Learners can be motivated by relax able music, different pictures and funny figures of games.
- In fact, there are majority of games in Google play. Some suggested games are Learn English Vocabulary, Vocabulary Builder, Power Vocabulary Word Game, Volt Vocabulary

# Latofat AMIROVA



## Bio -

### Latofat AMIROVA

She was born in 1997 in Kashkadarya region, Republic of Uzbekistan

## Content -

### Wiser Thoughts Have Filled Your Mind

Wiser thoughts have filled your

mind,  
Life's lesson is the most difficult  
lesson,  
Your bosses have led you to  
mirages,  
Sometimes you sow wheat  
when you don't reap it!

You have been waiting for  
happiness from those who have  
lost everything,  
Your life has been tied to a  
long caravan of dreams,  
From those who have collected  
pearls in your eyes,  
Now give up hope and turn to

your destiny!

You will laugh at your bitter  
fate,  
Your loved ones who have fallen  
from your heart,  
Your tears that have dried up  
like the moisture on the tip of  
your eyelashes,  
Your ones that have burned in  
the chaos of times!

You are a fleeting fragment  
like a cloud in the sky,  
You pour out your heart to the  
rains,

While I connect my heavy chest  
to your heart,  
If only I could pick your sorrows  
like flowers...

# SITORA TOSHMURODOVA



## Bio -

Sitora Toshmurodova,  
1st-year student,  
Termiz State University

A shield and support for his  
cherished people.  
He spread the light to all Turkic  
nations,  
He is Navoi, the great of his  
time.

He is the architect of the pal-  
ace of love.

A guide leading the path to  
perfection,  
Justice and kindness—his no-  
ble slogan.

All his students honor and cher-  
ish him,  
He is the great Navoi of the  
Uzbeks.

A mighty figure in the world of

poetry,  
There is no equal to him across  
the globe.  
To us, his homeland is a sacred  
legacy,  
He is Navoi—the genius of po-  
etry.

## Content -

### GENIUS NAVOIY

He wielded his pen for the  
sake of justice,

Like Farhod, he shook moun-  
tains and stones,  
A savior of thirsty and barren  
deserts.  
Like Majnun, madly in love with  
the truth,

# Dilnura Yulchiyeva



## Bio -

Dilnura Yulchiyeva was born on July 13, 2009, in Zafarobod district, Jizzakh city. She is currently a 9th-grade student at the Hamid Olimjon and Zulpya Creative School in Jizzakh.

## Content -

### These Days I Long

## For Spring

These days I long for spring,  
The fire of youth no longer  
burns within.  
Like autumn, I wear a victorious  
face,  
Even the fruits have fallen from  
their limbs.

These days I long for spring,  
My restless heart yearns for  
the bloom.  
It beats only for you,

An ageless song echoes in my  
soul's room.

These days I long for spring,  
Winter's frost has bewitched  
my heart.  
The pen urges me to write once  
more,  
But my hands tremble, emo-  
tions fall apart.

These days I long for spring,  
Yet hope still glows deep in-  
side.

I chase after love, union, and  
dreams,  
May spring forever in sunlight  
abide.

These days I long for spring...

# ONGOROVA PARIZODA



## Bio -

Ongorova Parizoda

## Content -

### My country is my paradise

Witness the nights I wait for  
the day

Witness the words I sing you

know my prayer,God,make  
Hajj to my father,crown my  
mother

Saying prayers for his existence  
Every moment I rust God,when  
I am  
lucky ,I Will go to Mecca and  
do  
Hajj to my father,and crown mh  
mother

laughter befitting your face  
Sadness not failling on your face  
Ongorova Parizoda

Love is the greatest feeling  
Pilgrimage to my father  
Tajim to my mother

In the moments of Ramadan  
in the moments when dreams  
are burning  
in the great days of Firdays.  
pilgrimage to my father  
to my mother

# Toshbayeva Madina

## Bio -

### Toshbayeva Madina

Toshbayeva Madina daughter of Ravshan.

A 2nd-year student at the Faculty of Social Sciences, majoring in Applied Psychology, Termiz State University.

### My achievements:

In 2025, I was awarded a certificate by the Surkhandarya Regional Department of the Ministry of Emergency Situations of the Republic of Uzbekistan and the "Life Safety" Training Center.

This year alone, many of my creative works have been consecutively published in the "University Newspaper." I have participated in several scientific-practical conferences held at the republican level.

I am an active participant in the third stage of the "Best Student Reader" competition held in educational institutions of Surkhandarya region.

In 2025, a number of my poems were consecutively published in the "New Bandikhon" newspaper established in Bandikhon district. Many of my articles and theses have been published in The Multidisciplinary Journal of Science and Technology.

In addition, I participated in the scientific-practical online conference titled "Science and Technology in the Modern World."

Currently, I am a member of the nationwide "Golden Wing Volunteers" organization.

## Content -

### The Humiliated Mother

He constantly wore the same ragged clothes, and his need for alcohol increased day by day. After frequently humiliating his wife, he eventually left for his parents' house. As time passed, he became more and more like a beast. The only person who tolerated his behavior was his mother, who lived with him—not because she agreed with him, but because he was her only child, the one she had prayed for from God.

Seeing her son's actions tore his mother's heart apart. No matter how many times she advised him, her words were in vain. Days and months passed in the same sorrowful pattern. The kind, gentle mother—whose hair had turned gray, whose heart was shattered—found it harder and harder to move around. It was as if she was no longer a mother in that house, but just a worthless servant.

Today was no different. The mother gave her son advice again, watching his behavior in silence. But he seemed indifferent. He insulted and humiliated her without hesitation. After all those years, the mother finally spoke words she never thought she would utter:

"I wish you were never my child. I wish I had never given birth to you..." These words tore her soul into pieces.

Suddenly, her son came home and yelled, "Why isn't the food ready yet?" in a harsh and aggressive tone. The poor mother, even in her old age, still cooked for him. After finishing the meal, he angrily complained, "Your food is always tasteless, just like you! I can't wait to get



rid of you!" and began shouting furiously.

That was it—the last straw. The mother, who had remained silent for so long, finally spoke up.

"The heaviest punishment for a child," she said in a trembling voice, "is when their parents disown them. Don't you fear God? Don't you fear His wrath and hellfire?" she continued.

The more the mother spoke, the more enraged her selfish son became. In a fit of rage, he grabbed her by her collar and violently pushed her. She fell face-first to the ground, crying in agony, praying to God.

Without a second thought, he got into his car and drove away, as if he had done nothing wrong. Singing loudly to the music playing in the car, he sped away, feeling no remorse.

Suddenly, a dog appeared

in the middle of the road. He panicked and lost control. No matter how much he tried to regain control, it was too late. Fate could not be avoided. He didn't die, but he became severely ill and was bedridden for life.

God left him in that state as a lesson for others. Now, he tells his story to those who mistreat their mothers, warning them of the consequences. This incident continues to serve as a powerful reminder for families to live in peace and harmony.

# ZIYOYEVA IRODA

## Bio -

### Ziyoyeva Iroda

Uzbekistan

Master of Denov Institute  
of Entrepreneurship and  
Pedagogy

## Content -

### MY DAD

I fly without wings, wandering  
the wide world,  
I am a runner, I am the first in  
everything.

If my father were standing  
next to me, my dear child,  
They would say, these eyes  
would shine with happiness.

He gives without knowing his  
love, gratitude,  
And every moment he protects  
his chest.

I have not seen the work that  
he knows,  
And he even breaks the moun-  
tain for me.

When pain comes, his heart  
cries without facing it,  
He runs in all directions, look-  
ing for a solution.  
Yes, I only need you,  
He does not show his love, my  
heart is a bribe.

He demands without spending  
his life,  
He looks at me with tears in his  
eyes.  
Even if the whites fall on my  
hair, he caresses,  
Mother says, my daughter, and  
strokes my face.



# Orinbayeva Dildara

## Bio -

### Orinbayeva Dildara

was born in 2008 in the Turtkul district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan. She is a talented poet whose works are regularly published on international websites, in journals, newspapers, and anthologies. Her creative works are consistently featured in the international newspaper Mt. Kenya Times (Kenya), the journal Raven Cage (Germany), the international website Orfeual (Albania), the SynchChaos international platform, and several other websites, where they are also indexed on Google. She holds international certificates and serves as an ambassador for three organizations.

## Content -

### Your Story

Our eyes once met — a silent flame,  
I blinked... and saw a book of name.  
Its glossy cover caught the light,  
Your words, my tears — they both unite.

I flipped through tales, so raw, so deep,  
In hours where dreams forget to sleep.  
A voiceless love began to play,  
As spring was swept by autumn's sway.

You haunt my dreams, a longing face,  
Saying, "I waited" — wrapped in grace.  
Yet such a love, so frail, so blind,  
You pen "I didn't wait", to hide



behind.

You were the sky, and he — a star,  
I watched in awe from realms afar.  
He made you laugh, your heart would sing,

While I just learned accepting pain.

I opened up your grieving prose,  
It pierced my heart, like melting snows.  
Your end — so different from

my view,  
To me, it stopped with three dots... too true.

I burned myself on pages worn,  
Why did I find your book, forlorn?

# NODIRA JO'RAYEVA

## Bio -

Nodira Jo'rayeva, 4th year student of Bukhara State Technical University

## Content -

### You are the world

Sometimes a person enters your heart, slowly, like a bell. With his presence, the world takes on a different color. The sun is warmer, the sky is bluer, and the wind seems to have taken away the feelings in your heart without you noticing. I "found you in your absence." You taught me to love the world, to wait for every morning, and to end every night with a prayer.

You are the world. You are the peace of my heart. You are the life. The years I waited for you were silent mornings, prayers written on a piece of paper, and nights wrapped in a lifetime of dreams. When I walked the streets, every heartbeat beat with confidence in your presence. At that time, even my shadow was alone, waiting only for you...

He will come, he will definitely come, I would say. My eyes did not lie, my heart never strayed. One day, on an ordinary, ordinary morning, the sky was unusually calm. That day I saw you for the first time - in that sky, in my imagination. My heart said, "Here it is."

You smiled. And I fell in love with that smile for a lifetime. From that day on, everything changed. My breakfast every morning was not ordinary - now I have a desire to share it with you. It was late. The rain I loved was not cold, it was like your touch, your breath was as warm as a longing that came



true, as if. And the night sky... It was no longer alone, it reminded me of you every night. The stars began to whisper about you, in the warm twilight, as if they had hurriedly brought me your love letter, - it was awake and quiet. They said that life changes. Life really does change. With love, with hope, with faith, with vic-

tory, patience, with action. You are my eternal spring, my trust, my joy, my miraculous love. I am proud of you, even if you don't know it yet, even if your heart doesn't know me yet... But every evening, when my heart remembers your name, when it wanders in dreams, now it says it is my truth. Love is not just a word, it is action,

it is joy, it is patience, is loyalty. And I wake up every day to love you. Your laughter is a melody for me, your silence is as peaceful and quiet as the moonlight. Sometimes, at night, sitting by the window, looking at the sky, I imagine your steps under the sky. It's as if you are walking, into my heart, into my life, into my dreams...

# Shoxijahon Urunov



## Bio -

**Shoxijahon Urunov**

Student of Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute

## Content -

### Bold steps towards success

Every person lives with a dream on the path of life. Among these dreams, some are closer to the heart, and some are so strong that they completely change the course of life. Especially the years of youth are the most dreamy, most inspiring, most talented period. A student who works on himself and takes

bold steps during this period becomes a person who can change society in the future. Success never falls from the sky. It lives in waking up early every morning, studying at night, devoting his heart to science and creativity. A successful student is not only a person who has mastered his lessons well, but also a person who believes in himself and turns every day into an opportunity with a creative soul. It is gratifying that among today's youth there are such talented, versatile, and versatile creative people. They have a dream in their hearts, and fire in their eyes - this fire is capable of illuminating society. Being courageous is not always easy. The doubts of others, pressure from society, internal fears - all these can be obstacles.

But true talent overcomes all this. Courage is believing in yourself when no one else does. The root of any success is strong faith, hard work and dedication. Being a student today is not just studying, it is taking a responsible step for the future.

Looking at such talented and energetic young people, we hope for the future. Each of their steps is a bold step towards the future of the nation. May they not get tired on this path, may they not lose their dreams. Because every great achievement begins, first of all, with small but firm steps.

# JO'RAYEVA MARJONA BAXTIYOROVNA

## Bio -

**Jo rayeva Marjona Baxtiyorovna** was born on October 18, 2003, in the Termiz district of Surxondaryo region, Uzbekistan. She is a third-year student in the Uzbek language and literature department at the Faculty of Foreign Language

## Content -

### Life s worth...

Once given to a person, life,  
There's also something that passes  
without meaning.  
My tearful eyes look into the distance,  
What remains of you in this weary world?

Play, cry, pass your worries,  
Be a companion to knowledge.  
Avoid evil desires towards others,  
Always be a partner to goodness.

If concern remains, and hope fades,  
Lay your head on the moon's shoulder,  
Do not think of me, my weary face,  
Life is just one thing.

Grieve for others and do not be angry,  
Believe in the human spirit without regret.  
Let them learn from your courage,  
Never be heartless to humanity.

If one day life comes to its worth,  
Perhaps not life's value to a person.  
Goodness may not be remembered,  
Evil may be remembered in your heart.



# Elisa Mascia

## Bio -

### Elisa Mascia

Born in Santa Croce di Magliano (CB) - Italy. Poet and writer, Radio host, bilingual poetry reciter in Italian and Spanish. Photographer, Critic, Lecturer and Reviewer. Book reader and voice donor. Founding member and Registered in WikiPoesia and in Movimiento Poetas del Mundo. Author in the daily newspaper Alessandria today Magazine with over 1000 articles, blogger of nonsoloarteepoesiablog Magiche Emozioni dell'anima Promoter of art, poetic and literary culture in the world. Academic - Administrator - Director of Communication and Events - Coordinator of Italy at the Albap Academy.

Italy Coordinator of the Festival of the International Literature Panorama (PILF) 2022-2023-2024, Coordinator of the Art Festival 2022-2023-2024, and Member of the Writers Capital Foundation International. Responsible and leader of the International Biennial Agiography Iconography of the Writers Capital Foundation, Coordinator and Jury of the Italian Panorama Golden Book Awards 2024.

Since May 2024 she has been an official member of Ciesart elected by the president Dr. Lily Baylon Escritora, with the attribution of the number and recognition of Ambassador of Culture.

She has published the poetic collection "The Grater of the Moon", "Savage Wind" (poetic translation of the book by Asoke Kumar Mitra), "Magical Emotions of the Soul", "Painted Dreams", "Melody of Love" (2023), "Between the Infinite and the Imperse" (February 2024), "Mental Interconnection" (March 2024) "The Sublime Moon" bilingual Italian-Spanish (April 2024) "Red Sun" (May 2024) "The Wings of Freedom" (May 2024) "The Song of Pebbles" poetic translation of Song of Pebbles by Asoke Kumar Mitra (June 2024) "Breathing...with the Heart" Mascia Elisa - Fabio Petrilli (May 2024), "Elevations of the Soul" bilingual Italian-English, "Elevations of the Soul" bilingual Italian-French; "Perfect Circle", (February 2025) Elevations of the bilingual soul Italian-French ; Elevations of the bilingual soul Italian-English; Who

gives you flowers (2025); Everything is music ( aprile 2025)

## Content -

### 1- Let Happiness

You asked the sun to bring me a ray  
he showed up with the whole sun  
I appreciate the gesture and it is just a taste  
to demonstrate your sincere love.

Written note: "nothing is a mirage anymore"  
what will be contained in the thought  
from now on consider it your legacy  
when one day I will be with you on my steed.

Before spring your soul  
in every fold has flowered  
planting seeds of happiness on your face

canceling traces of sadness or tears  
he comes from far away to you,  
the beloved  
has transformed dreams into joyful reality.

Elisa Mascia 9-4-2025

### 2- Forward with your head held high

In the path of daily life  
among the thousand difficulties  
restorative dreams  
an angel of arcane attraction arrives  
perhaps a knight who promises treasures

from his being sweet perfume emanates  
offers kindness and flower petals to all  
silences a bell heart  
secludes himself and goes away with migratory birds

before being hit by the left-handed shot  
which at the age of majority is more dangerous  
does not risk and goes forward with his head held high

the one who loses is the innocence of the child,  
lived must be a wonderful memory  
dance and sing and the party begins.

Elisa Mascia 10-4-2025



### 3- In the shadow is born

Darkness two passionate faces surround  
awakening of long-dormant senses  
of the burning fire only now floods it  
kisses and warm intermittent breaths

dying on lips refreshing shore  
we are the two suns of the shining nights  
in the golden reflections on the top of the wave  
that celebrate our love the winds

of poetic verses, effects and literary styles  
they praise with music sweet melody  
of the eternal kiss both triumph

culminating in the tales made legendary  
to deduce their exclusive mastery  
sowing peace they invite everyone to love.

Elisa Mascia 11-4-2025

"When love deepens, the souls of lovers come closer, harmonizing with each other in the garden of the Beloved."

Kareem Abdullah -Iraq 12-4-2025

### 4-Roots

In the garden of plants and flowers I have created  
for when you come before me only for you exotic aromas oh beloved!  
pervaded delight and everything will be perfect

by radical anastomosis one welded to the other in an even closer embrace  
reflection is of the souls harmonized with the rainbow the beloved has arrived.

The roots sink into the fertile soil where undisturbed their love writes  
indelible footprints is on Earth the legacy

flowers with their gaze happily caress everyone in the world recognizes in them gift to be together of the cosmos the infinite.

# MUAZZAM NABIJONOVA

## Bio -

### **Muazzam Nabijonova**

Uzbekistan  
Uchkurgan district, Naman-  
gan region

## Content -

### **A unique book**

My heart solace,  
I don't know why,  
Throw your worldly sorrows  
aside.  
May it be shared by thousands  
of fans,  
Find me such a book, life!

Let the clouds cry in the sky af-  
ter reading it,  
Let the grasses bloom, taste its  
taste.  
Let all my worries be forgot-  
ten,  
Find me such a book, life!

Let the young trees find a sup-  
port,  
I know, you have the strength  
in you,  
See if you notice, I need it,  
Find me such a book, life!

If it's winter, let spring bloom  
with it,  
Sleep in my arms with a smile.  
Let the evenings speak, the  
stars are awake,  
Find me such a book, life!

My sorrows are poured out, my  
joy is overflowing,  
Let nature sing a song.  
Let it be filled with love, add-  
ing kindness,  
Find me a book like this, life!



# Abdurasulov Nuriddinjon Sharofjonovich



## Bio -

Abdurasulov Nuriddinjon Sharofjonovich, English teacher at School No. 41, Department of Preschool and School Education, Sharof Rashidov District, Jiz-zakh Region, Republic of Uzbekistan

## Content -

### The Tale of R and the Mystery of X

Let's start with R, a rolling sound,

It rumbles low and echoes round.

Say "Red" or "Rain," not "Led" or "Lain,"

Let your tongue curl, don't make it plain.

R is not like Uzbek "p", so clear,  
Don't tap it fast or pull it near.  
Let it vibrate, soft and slow,  
From deep inside, just let it flow.

Now practice words with R in place:  
"River," "Rabbit," "Run," and "Race."

Not "liver," "labbit," or "lun,"

you see,

The R must rise like waves at sea.

Now comes X, a tricky guy,  
He never starts with just one try.

X sounds like "ks" in "box" or "fox,"

A sudden burst like ticking clocks.

In "six," it hides at word's calm end,

In "exit," it's a sharper friend.  
Say "mix," not "mish," and "next," not "nesh,"

Let air explode — but keep it

fresh.

X is sharp, a clicking kiss,  
Don't make it soft, or you'll miss.

"Text," "flex," and "exercise" too,  
Each one shows what X can do.

So R rolls deep, and X clicks tight,  
One is bold, one quick and light.

Practice slow, then speed your pace,  
And you will speak with fluent grace.

# Normatova Aziza

## Bio -

Normatova Aziza is a Teacher of foreign language department of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University

## Content -

### The Teacher's Call

In the quiet hum of a new day's start,  
You step forward, carrying the weight of hearts.  
Within the classroom's sacred space,  
Dreams take wing, finding their place.

Each desk, a vessel of hope and thought,  
Each mind, a garden where lessons are wrought.  
You sow the seeds of wonder and trust,  
Nurturing spirits, kind and just.

Through restless questions and eager eyes,  
You watch as curious minds arise.  
With patient care and gentle tone,  
You make every lesson a stepping stone.

Not just bearer of books or facts,  
You shape the world through acts  
Acts of kindness, acts of cheer,  
Building bridges, year by year.

You are a guide, a steady flame,  
Who helps each soul to stake its claim.  
Through trials faced, through victories won,  
You teach them courage, one by one.

In your hands, futures unfold,  
Stories are written, dreams retold.  
Though challenges weigh, though days grow long,  
Your heart beats steady, your spirit strong.

For every setback, every sigh,  
You see the spark in each young eye.  
The quiet triumph of a child's success  
Is the reward that drives your endless quest.

Years may pass, faces may fade,  
But the marks you leave will never degrade.  
For in the hearts you've shaped and filled,  
Your legacy grows, your voice distilled.

You are a builder, a mender of souls,  
Guiding the young toward their goals.



Through every hour, through every chore,  
You light the path, you open the door.

So stand tall, teacher, in your might,  
For you are the beacon of learning's light.  
No greater honor, no greater art,  
Than touching lives, than shaping hearts.



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