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DILNOZA BAKHTIYOROVNA
DUSHAYEVA
P. 23

SEVINCHOY JUMANAZAROVA
P. 4

POLVONNAZIROVA MAHBUBA
P. 7

MARJONA JORAYEVA
BAKHTIYOROVNA
P. 9

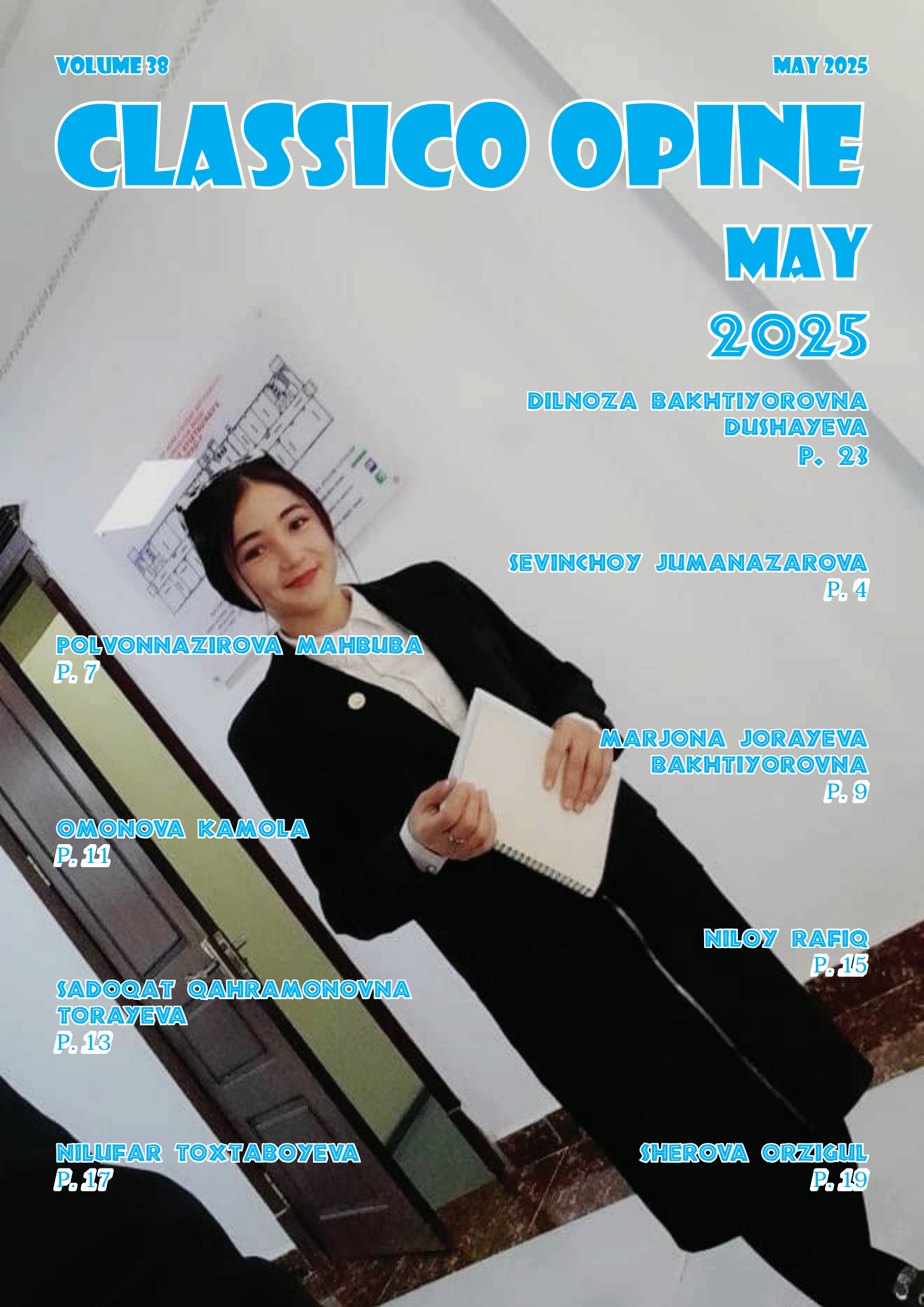
OMONOVA KAMOLA
P. 11

NILOY RAFIQ
P. 15

SADOQAT QAHRAMONOVNA
TORAYEVA
P. 13

NILUFAR TOXTABOYEVA
P. 17

SHEROVA ORZIGUL
P. 19



The Special Power of Global Experiences

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

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

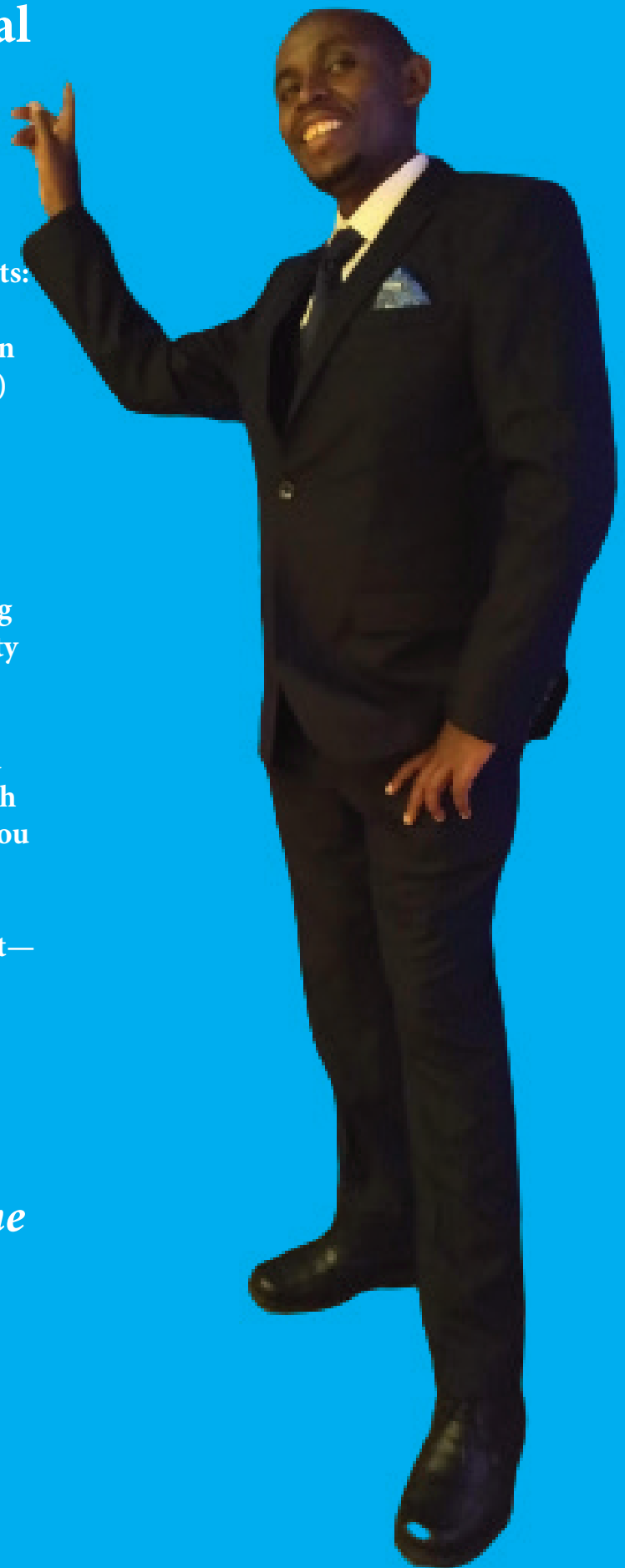
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

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

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

Dan Mwangi

Executive Editor, Classico Opine Magazine



THE TABLE OF

Contents

Abu Rayhon Beruniy 06

The influence of social life on human relations

Gulshoda Jo'rabekovna 08

The Gardeners of Knowledge

Dilmanova Dilnoza 10

Spring, Bring Joy To My Life

Rakhmonova Rukhsora 12

Truth and Deceit

Sadoqat Qahramonovna 14

The Sun After the Rain

Tuliyeva Sarvinoz 16

.Comfort the beloved heart

Rasulova Ruxshona 18

My Sisters



SEVINCHOY JUMANAZAROVA

Bio -

Sevinchoy Jumanazarova

Content -

Love

If you knew, I told your name to silent letters
My sun at night is the brightest star
I only praised you to those
You are the star I loved blushing

When you say go away, I know you are right
Your "come closer" is yours
I was surprised to believe one day
What will you do if I leave

Don't speak, I will love you in silence
I will find you in the loudest silence
Let silence be the sound of my heart
No, the sound of your gentle breath

When I miss you and tears come to my eyes
When my nights are ruined for you
Leave me alone, my love
When you visit my dreams without stopping

Hug me at least once
In my dreams, I will marry you, and I will
end with you
Love me once, for the last time
Into your embraces that my soul has taken

The intoxicating phrase when I was 18 me
Even my eyes that blinded me
Is it in your eyes or in your arms
Bury me next to my love

I don't know if I love you or not
It's hard to separate hate from love
Do you know what kind of love it really is
You can take your life while laughing.



YUSUPOVA FARANGIZ

Bio -

Yusupova Farangiz

Content -

Spring

Spring – New Life, New Hope. Spring is the season of resurrection. Spring is not just a season, but the beginning of a new life. After the cold, silent days of winter, nature wakes up again, the sky is clear, and the sun is kind. Green fields, budding trees, and melted snow flowing from streams signal the arrival of spring.

This season also awakens new feelings in the human heart. In spring, a person feels cheerful, cheerful, and refreshed. A person who walks in the gardens feels the smell of spring and feels warmth in his heart. Fresh fruits appear in the markets, and the hard work of farmers begins in the fields. Fields are plowed, seeds are sown, gardens are tended. Cleaning, renovation, and arrangement begin in every home.

Spring is the inspiration of poets and writers, the color of painters, and the soul of artists who create music. It awakens not only nature, but also the inner world of man. Spring is the most favorable opportunity to look at life with a new look, to give new impetus to old plans.

That is why we love spring. Because it opens the door to new opportunities for us, strengthens our faith in life and awakens hope in our hearts. Spring is a season of renewal, a divine miracle that testifies to the continuity of life.

We know that in spring, the ancient and sacred holiday of the Uzbek people, Navruz, is celebrated. This ancient holiday symbolizes the new year, renewal, purification, and kindness. Navruz is a national holiday and is celebrated on a large scale. There are parties, various games are played. Everyone from seven to seventy years old participates in this holiday. Various national dishes and the important dish of Navruz, "Sumalak", are cooked. Everyone around this sumalak wishes for the arrival of spring.

In conclusion, I can say that spring is a symbol of life, a symbol of beauty, a season of renewal and purification.



Abu Rayhon Beruniy

Bio -

Abu Rayhon Beruniy
Urgench State University
Faculty of Philology and Arts
Erkabayeva Shahnoza

Content -

The influence of social life on human relations

Before we discuss this topic, we must first understand the word social, and understand it well.

Social - the coexistence of people in interacting populations. This interaction is considered social, regardless of whether they know it or not. These influences - that is, the influence of people on each other and on those around them - occur within individuals, groups or society.

A person can never live alone. He lives in society, lives on the basis of social relations. When we say social relations or public relations, we mean the set of various social relations that arise in social interaction related to the position of people and the functions they perform in society.

Human relations are processes of interaction in which interpersonal relationships are formed and manifested. Interpersonal relations are actually understood as the process of interaction, communication and interaction that takes place between people. People exchange ideas with each other in social life, discuss their problems, and mutual understanding arises. This forms positive relationships between people, such as trust and respect. People who are active in society and lead a social life sympathize with each other's pain and provide support. This strengthens the desire to act as a team and strive for a common goal. Social life also influences people to adhere to moral standards. It encourages people to value values and maintain their nationality. This strengthens values such as justice, honesty, respect, kindness, and humanity among people.

There is a society where there are positive and negative, conflicting opinions. Through conflicting opinions or interests in social life, people learn to compromise, resolve problems peacefully, and honor their personalities. Social relationships allow people to compare



themselves with others, to evaluate themselves. This helps them develop personally, find their place in society, and become a person needed by society. Social relationships also teach people about etiquette and self-control. At the same time, social life calls people to learn and read. Reading encourages people in society to be good, honest, and pure.

The impact of social relationships on people is not always one-sided - these relationships can be negative and affect the psychology of people. In social life, psychological problems between people manifest themselves in various forms and make relationships difficult. Psychological problems between individuals in social life can arise under the influence of several factors. Among them are stress, violation of personal dignity, various cultural, economic and spiritual differences. People feel uncomfortable or lie in order to adapt to the opinion of the community.

In addition, changes in society, differences between different social classes and various

problems can also cause them. To solve these problems, it may be necessary to seek help through social psychology, psychotherapy or interpersonal communication.

The first psychological problem between individuals in social life is the breakdown of communication. Misunderstandings or lack of clear communication, the inability of people in some groups to freely express their opinions, lead to situations such as mutual conflict, misunderstanding, jealousy, or discrimination. Sometimes people can follow the group and act against their own decisions (for example, the influence of "public opinion").

In conclusion, social life is an important factor affecting the formation, development and strengthening of relationships between people. Their positive aspects develop society, while negative aspects cause some problems. Therefore, every person should contribute to the formation of healthy and positive relationships in society. Because a strong society is a society with positive social relationships.

POLVONNAZIROVA MAHBUBA



Bio -

Polvonnazirova Mahbuba is a 1st year student at Urgench State University named after Abu Rayhon Beruni

Content -

Spring is coming

Spring has come to my land
with green clothes,
Waters are rushing, and the
sound is as loud,
Birds have also come flying,
forming a row,

the sun shines in the blue, every
day has an early lunch.

Children are playing and singing
in Doshkazan,
Old people gather and make
good intentions,
Leaves in the sky fly high like
birds,
Fun is in full swing, everyone is
happy.

Nature is renewed, trees come
to life,
Human affection turns into love,
Hopes are attached to the
abundance of crops,
My beautiful country always
has a wonderful spring.

Gulshoda Jo'rabekovna Baxtiyorova

Bio -

Gulshoda Jo'rabekovna Baxtiyorova was born in 2004 in Bog'ot district, Khorezm region.

Content -

The Gardeners of Knowledge

The world is illuminated by the light of knowledge. Knowledge holds great significance for the progress of humanity. It is the most virtuous deed because it is the key to happiness in both worlds. Our teachers play a crucial role in helping us attain this key. Teachers are like our second parents. No matter how much we try to repay them for their efforts, we can never fully do so. Our great thinker Alisher Navoi expressed this truth in an immortal verse:

"Whoever teaches you a single letter with effort on the path of truth,

You cannot repay their debt with even a hundred treasures."

They nurture us like saplings, providing both education and moral upbringing. When we do not even know what letters are, they teach us to write, holding our hands and guiding us. Sometimes, they even give their students more love and attention than they give their own children. They are caring mothers and trusted friends in every situation. They do not just impart academic knowledge but also instill life lessons in their students' hearts.

For any person, the true hero in their life is their first teacher. When we talk about our first teacher, we do not only mean the one who teaches us academic subjects but also those who introduce us to a particular profession or an unusual activity that we cherish. For example, my first teacher was my grandfather. He taught

history and geography, but he also had deep knowledge of chemistry, physics, biology, language, and literature. In my childhood, our house was full of books. At the age of four or five, I would flip through them, admiring the pictures, wishing to read them, but I did not yet know how. Nevertheless, I would write words from the books on the walls of our house. However, instead of scolding me, my family would simply say, "Write on paper instead!"

When I was about to start kindergarten, I became very curious about Cyrillic letters on the back pages of my writing notebook, even though I already knew Latin letters. My grandfather then taught me the Cyrillic alphabet, and together, we read the words written in that script. Later, when I read a passage during one of my first Russian language lessons at school, my teachers were amazed.

However, my weakness was mathematics. I struggled with solving problems, so I would ask my grandfather for help. He would patiently explain every step of the process. After explaining, he would ask, "So, if your teacher asks you how you solved this, what will you say?" This was his way of checking whether I had truly understood. If I made any mistakes, he would explain again with great patience.

When I was in the second grade, I started writing poems, though they did not fully follow the rules of rhyme and rhythm. My grandfather would listen to them with great interest. As my talent developed, we began submitting my poems to newspapers and magazines.

Sometimes, when the electricity went out, our entire family would sit together in one room, and I would quickly become bored. I would ask my grandfather to quiz me on school subjects. He would ask me



questions about history, physics, geography, literature, chemistry, and biology, and I would try to answer them. Whenever I got an answer right, he would say, "Well done, my daughter!" His encouragement motivated me to strive for more knowledge. My passion for learning was nurtured by my grandfather's efforts and support. I will always be proud of my first teacher and strive to be a worthy student and descendant.

In hadiths, knowledge is compared to rainfall. Indeed, knowledge is like rain—just as rain makes the soil fertile and productive, knowledge brings goodness and peace wherever it exists. Those who seek knowledge, apply it, and tirelessly teach it to others are described as true believers. Our teachers belong to this category of people. They continuously learn new things and share their knowledge with hundreds

of students. Their tireless efforts in educating and shaping us into complete individuals deserve far more than just praise and respect—they deserve the deepest gratitude.

No matter how much we honor and respect our teachers, it will never be enough. Anyone who achieves success in life owes a great deal to their teacher. As our enlightened ancestor Abdulla Avloni rightly said, "The happiness of every nation, the peace and comfort of the state, depend on the proper upbringing of the youth." Only when young people are diligent, knowledgeable, and hardworking can a country flourish and take its place among the world's developed nations. For a bright future, our teachers continue to play an invaluable role in educating and nurturing the next generation.

MARJONA JORAYEVA BAKHTIYOROVNA

Bio -

Marjona Jorayeva Bakhtiyorovna was born on October 18, 2003, in the Termiz district of Surkhandarya region. In 2022, she was admitted to Termiz State Pedagogical Institute's Faculty of Philology, majoring in Uzbek Language and Literature, on a state grant.

Content -

Love

Love is a deep feeling of the heart,
A light transmitted from heart to heart.
Every glance, every yearning,
Is filled with love to the brim.

Stars sparkle in the eyes,
Smiles dispel sorrow.
Every moment with you is the essence of life,
Love is the true value of existence.

Both pains and joys,
Encompass their hearts.
Two hearts as one world,
Love is the most beautiful word.
[07:43, 4/12/2025] Jorayeva Marjona Bakhtiyorovna: Life

Life is a path, long and mysterious,
With a story at every step.
The days gone by are sometimes recalled,
They are the most beautiful moments of life.

Daily joys and sorrows,
Appear every minute.
Youth is the springtime of life,
The dream of adolescence.

Life is growth and adventure,
Gathering strength from each trial.
Until the last breath, each day,
A desire to explore the bright world.



Dilmanova Dilnoza Soatmurodovna

Bio -

Dilmanova Dilnoza Soatmurodovna was born on February 16, 2005, in the Surxondaryo region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. She is a student at Termiz State Pedagogical Institute and a member of the "Mushoira" club.

Content -

Spring, bring joy to my life

When my heart is filled with
sorrow's thread,
When all storms gather and
leave me misled,
The only wish my weary heart
has said:
Spring - bring joy to my life.

May sorrows' strings not pluck
my life's tune,
May no bitter pain linger un-
der the moon,
Be my single remedy, heal me
soon,
Spring - bring joy to my life.

Let tears not pour like rivers so
wild,
Let this strong head stand, firm
and mild,
Patience and strength within
me compiled,
Spring - bring joy to my life.

Before weary eyes ache from
the wait,
Before sorrow's chains bind me
to fate,
Life appears narrow, with a
closing gate,
Spring - bring joy to my life.

The moon seems dim in my be-
ing's night,
Dreams crushed under fate's
endless fight,
Can you hear me? Listen to my



plight,
Spring - bring joy to my life.

Words boil over in a flowing
stream,
Will these pains ever leave me

to dream?
My thoughts still reach for you,
it would seem,
Spring - bring joy to my life.

Let smiles never leave this face

of mine,
Break sorrow's walls, brick by
brick, line by line,
Let autumn's reign no longer
entwine,
Spring - bring joy to my life.

OMONOVA KAMOLA

Bio -

Omonova Kamola

Content -

The Realm of Knowledge A Woman's Caring Hands

As the evening sun sank into the horizon, Ra'no gathered her children close. Every day, she told them stories, instilling life lessons in their hearts.

"Tonight, I will tell you a story," she said, and the children listened attentively.

Ra'no began speaking in a gentle voice: "Once upon a time, in a small village, there lived a simple woman. She had a deep love for books, yet she had no opportunity to receive an education. But she did not give up. At night, by the dim glow of a candle, she read, and with every word, her heart expanded, her thoughts deepened."

Ra'no saw the spark in her children's eyes—the same spark she had felt when her mother held her close and whispered wisdom into the night. That woman's life had changed through knowledge. The more she learned, the more her heart grew, the more she understood. She did not seek knowledge only for herself but for her children as well.

Years passed, and her children became beacons of wisdom in society. They understood justice, grasped truth, and turned their dreams into reality. "My dear children," Ra'no said, "a woman's knowledge is light.



It does not only illuminate her own path but brightens the future as well."

Scholars affirm this idea. For instance, UNICEF highlights that a mother's education directly impacts the well-being of her children. Studies show that infant mortality rates are significantly lower among children

whose mothers have received basic education.

Additionally, Project Drawdown ranks girls' education as the sixth most effective solution to combat climate change, proving that empowering women through knowledge has far-reaching effects.

Ra'no looked at her children, feeling a deep truth within her heart: "An educated woman transforms her society. She illuminates her own life and gifts wisdom to future generations."

Rakhmonova Rukhsora Dilshodovna



Bio -

Rakhmonova Rukhsora Dilshodovna was born on December 14, 2006. She is a Prst-year student at the Faculty of Languages of Ter-miz State Pedagogical Insti-tute, studying in the Rus-sian language track (groups for non-native speakers).

Content -

Truth and Deceit

Friends, there are two paths before you—
Which one you choose, only you will know.
One is the way of truth and honesty,
The other — deceit and dishonesty.

If you choose the path of truth,
You'll surely reach your dreams
and goals in youth.
But if you step into the path of
lies,
Shame and regret will haunt
your life.

The honest path is tough, but
brings you peace,
Deceit is easy, but guilt will

never cease.

So think it through, friends, with
each step you take,
Your future depends on the
choices you make.

SADOQAT QAHRAMONOVNA TO'RAYEVA

Bio -

Sadoqat Qahramonovna To'rayeva was born on March 26, 2005, in Gurlan district of the Khorezm region. She graduated from School No. 23 in Gurlan district and studied at the academic lyceum of Urgench State University from 2021 to 2023. Currently, she is a second-year student at the Faculty of Philology and Art of Urgench State University named after Abu Rayhon Beruni.

Content -

Uzbekistan

My homeland is Uzbekistan,
A garden blooming with flowers and spring.
Loved and cherished by everyone,
Its sons and daughters are skilled and keen.

Each season is unique and rare,
Its fame reaches far, even there.
Fruits ripen fully every time,
Never left behind — always prime.

Your sky is clear, your gardens bloom,
Fields and plains yield crops in boom.
Your arms are open, your heart is wide,
Each home is filled with love inside.

The love for homeland lives in hearts,
My purest love for you imparts.
Where you are, there is joy and peace,
And stars in your sky never cease.



From your mountains let fresh water flow,
Let your orchards and fields overflow.
With loyalty in every child's soul,
They carry courage and

dreams as a whole.
We raise your flag with honor high,
For your glory, we live and try.
Uzbekistan — forever our land,

We'll serve you proudly, hand in hand!

SADOQAT QAHRAMONOVNA TO'RAYEVA

Bio -

Sadoqat Qahramonovna To'rayeva was born on March 26, 2005, in Gurlan district of the Khorezm region. She graduated from School No. 23 in Gurlan district and studied at the academic lyceum of Urgench State University from 2021 to 2023. Currently, she is a second-year student at the Faculty of Philology and Art of Urgench State University named after Abu Rayhon Beruni.

Content -

The Sun After the Rain (A Short Story)

Every morning, Nasiba would wake up at the same time. Morning tea, waking up the children, sending them to school — then, the sewing machine. The clothes she made were not only popular in her neighborhood but also in neighboring ones — especially her bridal dresses.

But beneath the hum of the sewing machine lay a lifelong silence. As a child, she was always praised for the pictures she drew at school. Colors were her friends, and paper — an earring of dreams hanging by her ear. But those dreams never bloomed. Her family had convinced her, “You can’t earn a living through art.” Then came marriage, two children, and a once-caring husband who later chose another woman — one after another, life weighed her down.

One day, as she passed by, a poster on the neighborhood

wall caught her eye:

“Free Art Classes for Amateurs of All Ages. Tashkent City Art Center.”

She brought the paper home and hid it under the table. She thought long and hard. “I’m too old... what’s the point now?” she tried to convince herself. But that evening, her son Sardor asked as he was heading out:

— Mom, what did you dream of becoming when you were young?

These words echoed deep within her heart. Without answering, without letting Sardor notice, she quietly pulled the paper out from under the table and stared at it. This time, she decided — she would not turn her back on her dream.

When the classes started, she went to the first session with her head bowed. The room was filled with young people, each with sleek sketchbooks, colored pencils, and watercolors. In her hands were pages torn from a child’s notebook and two boxes of basic gouache paints.

She quietly stood to the side and drew her world — a beautiful meadow, a small village house in the center, and an old woman sewing by the window. It was a reflection of her life, hidden within.

The instructor, Ms. Zaynab, stared at the painting for a while. Then she came over and said:

— Your heart speaks through your colors. You’re not just drawing — you’re expressing emotion.



Those words filled Nasiba’s heart with a warm wave. For the first time, she felt appreciated, valued.

Weeks passed. Now, every day, Nasiba devoted two hours to painting. Surrounded by colors, she felt like a child again. Each drawing awakened a forgotten dream.

Half a year later, an exhibition was held. One of her works, titled “Before Dawn,” was displayed. It portrayed herself — tired eyes, but a face full of dreams, holding a sewing needle, with morning light shining through an open window in the background. Many stood long and stared at the painting.

That day, the art school director told her:

— You can be an inspiration to us. Children will draw strength from you. Would you like to work with us as an art assistant?

Nasiba returned home that day, eyes filled with tears, heart full of pride. She smiled at her son and said:

— You know, dreams have no age limit. I truly believe that now.

And for the first time, she stepped toward a new life — not through the sound of the sewing machine, but in the colors of her paint, as a woman who had found herself.

NILOY RAFIQ



Bio -

Niloy Raḅq

Content -

Bodies are Flying in Smoke

There's a fire hood in the heart

of the sacred root
Today the fragrant garden is
shrouded in blood
Weeping ceaselessly in prayer
with folded hands
The bodies of my relatives are
flying in smoke.

The barbaric leader is a cruel
gobbler
Hateful dirt is woven into the

veins of his words
Nice people of the world are
spitting on his face
Where will he escape from the
court of nature?

The peace bomb of Palestine is
the light of humanity
A unity of rebellion lies in the
hearts broken by separations
The madness of the waves is

the scent of inspiration
The homeland-- the life of a
free bird-- is on the path to
victory.

Translator : Jyotirmoy Nandy

Tuliyeva Sarvinoz



Bio -

Tuliyeva Sarvinoz

Content -

Comfort the beloved heart,
Deceive that you will come.
I'll just stick to it
We will also go to the tulip
field.

The heavens know that I miss

you,
Rain falls from his forehead.
Patience tested on my shoulder
A vein is shooting deep..

My heart goes out to you,
Get over the longings.

Maybe today, maybe tomor-
row
Break the barriers.

NILUFAR TO'XTABOYEVA

Bio -

Nilufar To'xtaboyeva

Content -

Spring has come

Spring of Flowers has come to
our country again
Birds fly over the sky again
Trees gently Bud

Whispers the lawn above the
pool
As if tells me spring
Tulips laugh and scream in the
trench
Flying cranes also returned

Even the underground creature
Spring has come sweetheart
eyes
Melted snow seems to cry
End the words of anger.

Momo Sayar yor laparlar
Mother-in-law halim sumalak
Strange messages
Immaculate children flying
Varrak

Boychechak with a sad head
Breathes fresh air
Clouds Gar continuous age
spill
Striving for a colorful rainbow



Rasulova Ruxshona

Bio -

Rasulova Ruxshona

Content -

My Sisters

They stand by me in difficult times,
Giving their love every moment,
Wherever I go, they follow behind,
They are my sisters.

Kind to each other,
There's magic in their words,
Hardworking and harmless,
My beautiful sisters.

They always look after me,
They argue and make up quickly,
They never leave me alone,
My helpful sisters.

When they are by my side,
I am very happy,
For my sisters,
I would even give my life.



SHEROVA ORZIGUL

Bio -

Sherova Orzigul

Content -

Teachers

From the first day of nursery,
To the last day of college.
Teachers guided our path,
And filled mind with knowl-
edge.

From the first number and let-
ter,
To the way of our life.
Teachers try to being better,
To inspire and to motivate.

What is good and what is
bad?
Teachers tell us about it.
If you will be sometimes sad,
They can give you what you
need.

They also teach us about the
world,
What is right or what is wrong.
They always notice our weak-
ness,
And then make us very strong.



Marjona Baxtiyorovna Jo'rayeva

Bio -

Marjona Baxtiyorovna Jo'rayeva was born on October 18, 2003, in Termiz district, Surxondaryo region, Republic of Uzbekistan. She is a third-year student at the Faculty of Languages of Termiz State Pedagogical Institute.

Content -

The Book – the Jewel of the Heart

A book is a person's best friend, closest companion, and confidant. Books contain vast knowledge and bring together many destinies. There are things a book can teach that even some people cannot. Whether big or small, books can touch everyone's heart and contribute to the development of our thinking. Books help discover new individuals, people with high potential and broad perspectives. They reveal events we haven't witnessed in real life. They show the characters of people around the world and guide us on how to interact with them. Abu Rayhan Beruni said: "A person without knowledge is blind, deaf, and mute. A book is a treasure of knowledge." The happiest person is a reader. A reader keeps reading, and as a result, grows spiritually more than those who don't read. Exactly because of reading, they become richer than others. The more we read, the more we understand the book, ourselves, and our identity. Books heal our soul with their words and the remedies hidden inside. "Knowledge is the light that purifies the human heart, and the book is its source." (Iman Ghazali)

A good book is better than an ignorant person beside us. There are such books that, once read, can be applied throughout our lives or can entirely change our lives for the better. A true reader feels the book deeply and can compare it with the lives of others. If one reads a book, they will understand that it benefits not only themselves but also those around them. In a family, if one person starts reading, others will likely follow. A person who reads has a rich mind. Their view of others changes, and they can bring goodness and new ideas not only to the outer world but also within themselves. Through reading just one book, we begin to understand life; our words become sharper, our thoughts clearer, and our conclusions more complete.



To enrich our spirituality and reach the heights of culture, we must acquire knowledge. When we look around, we see successful people. Surely, they didn't reach their status by chance. They spent time among knowledgeable, capable individuals and learned a lot from them, while also striving on their own. Entertainment and wasting time give us nothing. If we want to achieve something, we must start now. Time will never wait for us. We must begin striving for our desired success from today. Let's be the kind of people who amaze the world with our intellect and wisdom. We are spiritually nourished by the books written by great minds. One day, we must strive to write books that will help future generations

distinguish between good and bad, right and wrong. Over time, worldviews change. To ensure that today's ideas are understood in the future, we must leave behind a rich legacy. Whether in the company of ordinary people or among scholars and politicians, there are those who can speak appropriately and clearly. They can convey their well-thought-out ideas in a way that listeners understand. Let us read books—be it scientific or artistic, the type doesn't matter. What matters is that we read for the sake of our nation, for the community. Especially our women must read. Because when a woman reads, she reads not only for herself but also for the upbringing of future generations. A single mother can raise either several unworthy children or several

Marjona Baxtiyorovna Jo'rayeva

educated and successful ones.

Reading is easy; understanding it is not easy for everyone. A book that is read carelessly gives no benefit. Learned knowledge, a book that benefits others — that is a true book. To understand the world more deeply, to analyze any situation in our lives, and to make the right decisions, the help that books provide us is invaluable. What if the street troublemakers had studied life through books—would they regret how their days are passing? If those begging for alms had once looked into books, perhaps they would have led a different life.

Just as there are good and bad people, there are also useful and useless books. We must learn to draw conclusions after reading a book. The best choice a reader can make is to select a beneficial book. There are authors who can embed great meaning into a short story. A reader benefits only when they discover and understand this hidden meaning. Abdulla Qahhor, a prominent figure in Uzbek literature, is one such writer who could fit profound messages into small-scale works.

Nowadays, with the advancement of modern technology and a decline in reading habits, some parents are giving their children phones or computers. Unfortunately, some children misuse them. They become accustomed to colorful games and short videos. Everything seems to be hidden in that “rectangular box.” A child accustomed to such distractions finds books unappealing—books have many pages, require time, and demand reflection. Compared to this, smartphones and computers seem easier to them. In doing so, we are unintentionally teaching children not to think, not to reason. A nation, a parent, or any noble person who thinks about tomorrow must put a book in a child's hand today—must give them a real book.

Those who soared in the skies,
Built golden palaces,
Ask “What shall I give?”
Give a book to the child!

The child is a swan, a white dove,
Unaware of the world,
Not yet touched by evil,
Give a book to the child!
(Zulfiya Mo'minova)

We must place our trust not in today's tech-



nology, but in the children who will create the technology of tomorrow! For that, we must make sincere efforts and achieve great results. By giving a book to one child, we can do immense good for one human being. Reading enriches a person's thinking, expands their knowledge, and improves their speech. Books not only provide new information and knowledge but also support personal development and help shape one's worldview. In today's fast-paced information age, a book remains a priceless resource that nourishes the spirit and encourages a deeper perspective on life. That's why every person should dedicate a special place for reading in their life.

In conclusion, becoming a reader is not an

easy task. The desire to read and gain knowledge is a gift that God places in every person's heart. If you are continuing to seek knowledge, know that God has not withheld His grace from you. Readers are our present, our tomorrow, and our future. They are respected and cherished everywhere. True joy lies in reading a good book — it gives us the feeling of having a sincere companion by our side.

Marjona Baxtiyorovna Jo'rayeva was born on October 18, 2003, in Termiz district, Surxondaryo region, Republic of Uzbekistan. She is a third-year student at the Faculty of Languages of Termiz State Pedagogical Institute.

Abdullayeva Elnura

Bio -

Abdullayeva Elnura

Content -

Overpopulation

In many urban areas overpopulation is causing several issues. The governments are now arguing the citizens and industries to move to countryside. Although, I know that this trend has drawbacks like decrease in the income of industries low standards of living, I strongly believe that it has more benefits such as reduction in air pollution improved health care.

On the one hand, moving some of the industries and people to rural areas can improve the city life in some ways. First of all this change leads to less air pollution, because when there is fewer pollution there will be less traffic which is the main contributing factor of air contamination. Furthermore, if there are fewer residents in cities, there will be more free spaces in hospitals which significantly improve the quality of the service. Additionally, when people stop living densely, the likely hood of pandemic spread decrease.

On the other hand, although I know that there are advantages of encouraging citizens to live in rural areas, I must acknowledge that this has a number of negative sides. Firstly, if business have to move they are likely to lose their current level of income. This is because, in villages the number of clients are usually low. In addition, the number of employers and personnel will not be the same as in cities which limits the amount of output they are manufacturing. Secondly, migratory to villages face undeveloped transportation system and fewer employment opportunities, all of which affects negatively to their



lifestyle.

In conclusion, when people move to rural areas due to overpopulation problems, they will encounter some inconvenience

like lower standards of living and business may suffer from decreased income. However, I am convinced that beneficial sides of this change outweigh the

demerits as the life in cities will develop in some ways.

Dilnoza Bakhtiyorovna Dushayeva

Bio -

Dilnoza Bakhtiyorovna Dushayeva was born on July 30, 2006, in Muzrabot district of Surkhandarya region. She is a first-year student at the Faculty of Languages of Termez State Pedagogical Institute, majoring in Native Language and Literature (Russian language).

Content -

Don't Say Goodbye

Let my heart be buried deep in the sand,
I'll lie beside it, as sorrow takes my hand.
The world may turn and leave me one day—
But you, just don't say goodbye, I pray.

Let the mighty cliffs within me fall,
Let the last hopes break beyond recall.
Even if shadows of grief fill the sky—
But you, for me, don't say goodbye.

If the last seed of kindness withers away,
If spring of joy turns to autumn gray,
Let misfortunes pour—I'll survive, come what may,
But you, just don't say goodbye, I say.

If you stay, I can bear every pain,
Don't ever turn to the false or profane.
I ask one thing, and in return I try—
That you, for me, don't say goodbye.

"Goodbye" is a word too heavy to hear,
My heart is a beggar—be its seer.
Be not Layli, nor Tohir, it's fine—
Just don't say goodbye, forever be mine.





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