

RAVEN CAGE

88

Poetry and Prose Ezine





RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 88
POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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Submissions guidelines:

Send 1 to 6 poems of any length in any genre. Erotic poetry is welcome but if found too graphic, sexist, or vulgar we will decline.
No blatant racism or sexism.

Send 1 to 2 short stories at maximum 15,000 words. or flash fiction at maximum 5000 words.

Book reviews and other articles may be considered. Maximum 7,500 words

Book promotions and Biographies welcome

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Emotional Poetry

Abhijit Chakraborty

HUMANE COLOR

Plz give me such a beautiful color which is always positively alive

Plz give me such an honest color which is not willing to change itself

Plz give me such a true color which is trustworthy

Plz give me such an immense color which can divinely overwhelm colorlessness

Plz give me such a humane color which radiates the warmth of true emotions

Plz give me such a mighty color which can gently enter the mind and build strongly a huge castle of firm belief

Plz give such a great color which can be a soothing ointment to any wounds of life

Plz give me such an outstanding color which blows a philosophical storm in the tranquil ocean

Plz give me such an amazing color which, at any point of time, can form a rainbow in the heart

Plz give me such an enlightened color which can tenderly show the greater sky

Plz give me such a wise color which can clearly show the bright yet sympathetic sun

Plz--plz--plz give me now if you have any

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Abhijit Chakraborty
India



ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY is an internationally recognized, awarded, translated, bilingual poet from Bally of West Bengal, India. He is a teacher by profession. He loves poetry, prose, music, movies etc. He began writing after the death of his mother to oust his grief, to overcome his sadness and depression. He writes in his mother tongue Bengali and in English language. He tries to write in the reachable-to-all style with the use of very simple, common words and very simple, easy construction of sentences. A collection of his Bengali poems has been published in Kolkata International Book Fair-2020. His poems, in Bengali and in English language, have appeared in various national and international anthologies, literary journals, literary magazines, and online public forums/platforms.

Let my dream come true

My flawless eyes are like the day of the moon
Let every moment count
As if dreams are beautiful
Let my dream come true!

Good luck in my journey
May the sun of my heart shine brightly
My light is like your path
Let my dream come true!

You are the joy of hearts
Let these dreams come true
I will marry you when I close my eyes
Let my dream come true!

Feeling the love of the most beautiful mothers,
One day I will surely reach you
Only by really feeling your feelings
Let my dream come true!

Instill your love in each of us
May the world receive light from your love
Maybe following these goals
Let my dream come true!

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Sharifjon

ova Fayoz Shuhrat was born on June 13, 2004 in the city of Shahrizabz, Kashkadarya region. Currently, she is a student of the Shahrizabz State Pedagogical Institute, 1st year, group 5-22. is making a name for itself. He has won good places in various competitions with his talent.

My dad

I will justify your trust in Dad,
All the cavity I come to
The ways of my life before, Khali,
I will walk as sweetest.

I will be able to read still,
I will justify my promises,
No defect,
Raise your coke to the blue.

Hawas, in the world of the world's world,
Although I leanly back to the world,
I don't need the money you gather,
You will come to the only one who will come to.

Ethnaza sahmatim How to you,
Daddy who does not unable to get his hopes from me
To our veil, the light isor,
I myself raise your heart.

Your father's Johns, the angel,
The shoulder, taking me,
The unable not to free, I'm lidays,
NO Dad in the human country of you.

I'm a boy like your son,
Numbers not reaches until your shoulders,
Maybe I can't give me, as you gave,
Anyway dad's behavior is unique.

From my mother for me,
Superior to the world where I live,
Your brother, my brother is my brother,
I will stand up and open it.

Dada is me on the ways of life,
As I can be your eyes,
You say a chadich me,
May you be your righteous girl.



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2023-10-10.

Qamashi District, Kashkadarya Region: 2004.10.09; Daughter of Jamilova Gulshoda Sarvar: Student of the Faculty of
Philological Languages and Uzbek Language at Karakalpak State University named after Berdak

Why don't you love?

Why don't I love Navoi anymore?
There are thousands of people who love the soil of this country.
His great children are ready for anything
Why don't I love Navoi anymore?
I did not thank you for eating the food
Thank you, I have a good fortune on my forehead
If you come, you will find a lot of wisdom
Why don't I love Navoi anymore?
Take every bit of it
Tell me, what have you done for this country?
May the star shine here
Why don't I love Navoi anymore?
Every inch of land is gold, silver, and gold
He will welcome you, if you come
It is so beautiful, so beautiful,
Why don't I love Navoi anymore?
I enjoy the air of Kyzylkum
I am a child of this country,
I am in love with this land,
Goodness can be found in every child
Why don't I love Navoi anymore?
Why not love him, why not take care of him
He gave me the sweet language
I will sing the hymn of this place to you
Why don't I love Navoi anymore?

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Ibrahimova Halima Vahobjonovna was born on February 11, 2007 in the Bukhara region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Currently, he is a 10th grade student of the 7th SSSDTM located in Uchkuduq District, Navoi Region. Author of the book "Lines in my heart". His poems have been published in several newspapers and magazines.

The symbol of my mother

Your love is like a sea
The crescent moon is beautiful
The most beautiful words collected in my book
I will express my heart full of you
I will only say that I am with you

Mother, you are so kind
You are the light of my eyes
You are my sweet word to you
Your polished patience is like gold

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Mine..

Happiness lingers, pains in retreat,
In the heart's joy, victory's sweet feat.
Moments untamed, reality's heartbeat,
Next time, happiness in our fleet.

Dawn whispers tales, lands beckon near,
Untouched by pain, we conquer fear.
This time, joy's symphony we revere,
Next time, happiness draws near.

A step back taken, winter's tale unfolds,
Desires subdued, like tales yet to be told.
Heart's longing, in the stillness it molds,
In this retreat, freedom's story unfolds.

When my heart rekindles, eyes survey the world,
Nature's living slumber, its beauty unfurled.
This time, happiness in life's swirl,
In the heart's awakening, joy to swirl.

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Untitled

You are not telling me!
Is your heart broken,
Why don't you go back?
What now, am I grown
Up, you don't tell me alla?

Did I suffer at night?
You don't get up early anymore? Did I scratch your insides,
You're not telling me?

I didn't hold my tongue,
Are you listening to others? Didn't I know your value,
You don't tell me?

I didn't notice how you are,
But you are asking about my condition?
Have I not disturbed your heart You do not tell me?

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7th grade student of general secondary school No. 9, Zarafshan city, Navoi region.



MY FATHER AND MOTHER

I couldn't find the words to describe it today
I could not see a kind face like them
Life has met so many two-faced people
I could not find friends like my father and mother

If I bow my head, you will caress me, mother
When I cry, my tears are my dearest
If I stumble, you will help me, father
You prayed in the evening, my dear

You are a kind father, you are a mother, my father
My two inexhaustible treasures
You've got one, my guard
You are my life teacher

Father, you only put it on us without wearing it
Mother, you only feed us without eating
I have tears in my eyes
I couldn't find a close friend like you

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LIFE...

The so-called life is the trade of life
It's not a fault if we smoke or not
Human fate is so interesting
You have neither joy nor sorrow

The invisible solidarity of a person in need of love
You even feel sad for him
After all, a person lives with a person
Sometimes even your loved ones don't understand it

Sometimes you have to spend money
He doesn't know, he won't fly to the castle
Your wrong step is against you
It's good that you know this from the beginning

Although this life is fleeting
But it will be a lesson for each of us
There are many secrets, many trials
Humans make mistakes, believers repent

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Akhmedjonova, daughter of Nozigul Zarif, was born on May 18, 2004 in the city of Shahrisabz, Kashkadarya region. Currently, Shahrisabz State Pedagogical Institute, Faculty of Pedagogy, Faculty of Pre-School Education, 2nd year, 3-22 group, is gaining fame under the name "Talented student" of the Pedagogical Institute.

Doldrums

On a day of love and sorrow
I am still and quiet
Like a silent sea
I am loved and left

In a silent night
I dream of you
My eyes see unseen view
Of our wonderland

Butterflies on blue berries
Hoping at attaching
Black birds flying freely
In our imaginary empire

I am lying beside you
Trying to pat your soften body
On a steep surface of land
Yet I only find myself holding
And smashing silt and sand

I imagine being with you here
We would play and dive in this sea
Following these ocean currents
As they cause waves of water
Flowing silently as profound deaf

But you have left me in a condition
Of eutrophication
Unable to breath due to suffocation
I am dying alive
For noway to survive

You didn't come to stay
But to leave
You taught me to love
Yet you were chemistry
Knowledge of applications
Of love and pain
Whose solution is stress

I spread my wings
And fly there high
In the Doldrums

Where air is dry
Where life is cool without you
And not tougher with you

There, I'll be reborn
And learn not to make any one torn
Though her face seems to be worn
I'll love her forever and never allow
Myself to be gone

I'll bear with her
In both bad and good moments
Till we rise our own flag of love
On this precious state
And make it more stiff than
Romeo and Juliette

I'll build hope on her
For our love to shine brighter
Than stars and moon

©Charles Lipanda Mahigwe

Charles Lipanda Matenga was born and raised orphan and he is now a refugee in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi. He was born on 2nd July 2005 in Rwenena, Sud-Kivu, DRCONGO. He is one of the slam poets around the world. He has brought poetry around the world by his performances of national and international events like Our Talents, Our Advocacy Festival, Tumaini Festival, Zomba city Festival, United Nations Day Commemoration 2023, National Youth Policy Launch, 5th World Poetry Conference India where he was conferred as the Master of Creative Consciousness, Inspired Poetry corner Canada. Charles is a published and multiawarded Poet, Writer, performer, Editor and Author of Being Refugee Wasn't a Choice Anthology and Our Voice Is Our Catalyst which is already published on Amazon in the United States. Charles is the founder and president of African Youth Artistic Poetry - AYAP based in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi. Where Poetry and English are taught to orphaned refugee children and youth. The author is actually open for every opportunity that will come across him so that he can achieve his dream and help young poets to do the same as well.



If Words Were Keys

If writings and words were keys
I'd have opened thousands of dreams
And bring them alive
Like air swirling in the space, my life would be

If my thoughts were answers from God
I'd have filled my inner doubts with hopes
And shut them down
Like shining bronze, my life would be

If worries were flash floods
Fear, bad spirits and demons would have been washed away
And our bodies would remain temples of heaven angels
Like devoted Christian, my life would be

If heaven had had a door
I'd have visited my parents thrice an hour
And they never recognized me unless I told them
Like bipole, my life would be

If school was a girl
I'd have married her before other people knew
That she can breathe,, speak and show the path of success and I'd apologize for being selfish more than millions of days
Like teaching, my life would be

If my mom and dad died when I was 17
I'd not have been struggling to death
I'd not have been going to school with an empty stomach
I'd not have been walking barefoot
I'd not have been wearing worn and torn clothes
And I'd know where there were engraved
Like worse misfortune, my life would be

If I die today, many unfulfilled dreams at my deathbed will tell that if I were alive, they would've been brought alive
And my soul would be complaining above the lake Tanganyika
Like malleable, my life would be

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African Youth Artistic Poetry-AYAP
Recommended by Pemphero Nocus

Life Has Got Thorns

I've been running, running and running away from the thorns of life
Since I was three
Hoping that these thorns will dry and fall
But the more I grow, the more they become fleshy
They are piercing into my skin and eating up my remaining blood cells
Leaving me like trees in Sahara desert
I'm a building with no foundation
That can melt down like waxy in fire
I'm a tree with no roots but only structures held onto the the sand
Which can be easily eroded by zephyr and showers
I'm the infertile soil from which nothing grows
I'm the smoke swirling separately
But I can't be caught

Shall this life lose her thorns?
For it wasn't my wish to drink this cup of bitterness
I also needed care from my roots
Feeding me from my childhood
Was I born to live in orphanhood?
Where education is the pearl
It costed me legs and hands for my breath couldn't endure me in deep waters
Where clothes are like golds to find
Sleeping on the ground without even covering blankets
Has become my routine
Why chopping our stems down with your western pangknives
Spreading yourselves as many as weeds in our fields
We're tired of these bloodsheds floating as runoff flowing on the valleys
What kind of greedy are you?
Exploiting our lands
And leaving us orphans and our mothers widowers

Life has got thorns
That hurt our hearts
Making our souls mourn
With every tide of the lake Tanganyika

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Under "you write what you live"
This is the voice of the African children
27 December 2022

DON'T SAVE UP GRUDGES

Do not accumulate resentments - not a lot of wealth!
Close the page with insults in an instant.
And goodbye soon, do not surrender to the,
Even if the anger of revenge has overtaken you in your thoughts.

Well, who will benefit from this, science?
My conscience will be tormented and my heart will suffer.
Revenge is not a victory, but a terrible torment!
Let go, forgive, and grace will come.

My soul will feel so light at the same moment,
You will see the light, Straighten the two wings behind your back
in flight with a simple puff,
The world will open up to you completely different.

By changing your mind to mean grudges,
You will understand that life is good without embellishment.
You put the bad stuff in the hands of Themis*.
Life is given only once - so live now!

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I believe

I believe in a bright moment of love,
In the hearts and souls of the touch,
And what's in the beans of fate
Providence will be found, after all.

Yes! I believe that love is pure!
She lives without knowing the troubles,
And just from scratch
He floats, giving himself to someone.

I know that love is not evil,
She lives a good-natured life.,
Floating on the tip of an oar,
He draws with a water brush.

Oh, how I wish I could do it again -
To meet her face to face...
with Her Majesty: LOVE,
To unravel her secret.

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WHAT'S WRONG

Everything is said
to be bitter
But mine never get better
Like Jesus on the cross
I am hanged
Not because I am cursed
But maybe I am not blessed

My tale can't be tell
For I live the hell
I live in a bin
For I am the waste
I even lack a bean
For I have not pin
I know not the cause

Believe your ears
Trust your eyes
Identify what is written
On my eyes
I am a pure poor
Who looks like a fool
Poverty is full
Which can be seen
Saying so is not a sin

I regret my birthday
Why can't I say
Better not be find on this way
Than to stay
Carrying cries

Everything I lack
Friends are not back
I wish to leave life I live
For I can't like life I live
I am filled with pains
But no gains
My face covered with sweat
But no sweet

I am still young
With an old face
For I only live case

I lack what I like
And
I like what I lack
I know not what is wrong.

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LOVING SISTERS

From a same family
I am lost totally
I don't know who to choose
For i have no one to lose

They are all beautiful
They look the same
I never met like these before
But one is like a flame
I love them like a fool
And I can't stop it
For my heart is full
Because inside it, they sit

Look
When they're talking is like romantic quotes from Shakespeare's book
When they're walking
Even angels are busy admiring them
When they smile
Every heart feels fine
Cause that smile is divine

They are same birds
They fly together
Spending nights on same bed
When they gather

I am in love with the two
They also love me too
And they're all pasted in my heart like a tattoo.

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WHO?

After my death
in unknown colorless world
my soul rolling for no shelter
the next world meeting
elders who went before us

who will close my eyes
when my Breath will stop
who will cover my face
when my hands will not
on the way to mortuary
who's the best friend by my side
who will wipe my brother's tears
who wishes to be with me all the years

after my death
I won't know my bestie
for your cries won't rise me
and your tears
won't be a lake to wet a desert

who is my great fana
who will run mad
by jumping on my coffin
to be buried with me

will you keep me
in your memory
will you narrate my story
will my footprints be your example
to your glory
will poems be written
currying Eagle Pro as a title
will it be an holy day
to my work place
will i be pasted in historical books
will my books be kept in libraries
will my proverbs be used
in everyday life as a lesson
or will i be forgotten
after my day

I know after my death
my enemies will gather for a party
for they never wish to see my trace

In among this race
but who will remain my bestie
even after my death
standing as their opposer
in his all life

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"Don't break our hearts."

Daughters, not a curse, but a blessing from heaven,
Mother, please don't break our hearts, let our souls shine.
We are not inferior or lesser than our sons.
We also have desires and dreams.

Please allow us, give us special rights,
Raise our voices to new heights.
In this vast world, we seek perfection,
To break free from the chains of patriarchy.

We are strong and full of grace, just like the daughters,
having a dreamy mind and a receptive heart.
We seek education, to gain knowledge,
To show that our worth is not in vain.

For too long they have been silent and oppressive,
But now we stand determined to tackle it,
injustices that hinder us,
With courage and resilience, we stay on course.

Let us choose our own destiny and our own way,
Because we have dreams and aspirations that won't fade into obscurity.
We will break down barriers and shatter glass ceilings,
Through our determination and internal healings.

Daughters, not a curse, but a holy blessing,
Let's stand up and make our voices heard.
Mother, please don't break our hearts, but take care of them,
Because we are meant to do everything.

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Glow unstoppable.

I am a girl, a flame in the public eye.
They will try to clip our wings, but we won't budge.
No matter who appreciates it or not,
We are flying, our determination cannot be bought.

People question what we can do,
They believe in limited opportunities.
But our wings are a philosophy, a key.
We're giants, like fireflies, you see.

On dark roads when I walk alone,
The firefly appears, and its light shines.
It takes my breath away, inspires me,
When you burn, you shine, you achieve your goal.

Never give up even in the hardest moments of your life.
Because those are the moments that can change our course.
Oh firefly, you're pretty to my mouth.
I will never let you go, you give me hope and peace.

I embrace your bright light with a kiss.
Together we will light up the dark night.
We cannot be stopped, we will continue to shine,
Firefly soul, always shining.

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Anila Bukhari, an individual with a strong determination to bring about positive change, has made a lasting impact on the world. Her unwavering commitment to advocating for children's rights, promoting girls' education, nurturing countless students, showing empathy as a humanitarian, contributing to philanthropic efforts, and serving as a peace ambassador is truly remarkable. Despite being only 20 years old, Anila fearlessly began her writing journey, inspiring readers in 50 countries. Her powerful words have earned her numerous awards, recognizing her exceptional dedication to helping others. Through her books, Anila sheds light on important global issues, offering well-thought-out solutions with a special focus on the importance of girls' education.

To love others without loving yourself.

It is like a person who is at home and your children are hungry, and you distribute soup to everyone on the street (maybe to get merit, maybe to spread your grain to the world, maybe to look good to everyone).

At night, your children moan from hunger, you tell them to be patient, and after you have fed everyone, you will bring them food too. You will read a sermon about the endless good things that will come after this, and that you will live in peace throughout your life, and maybe even in the next world. They begin to endure hunger with hope and faith.

You run around the streets again to feed everyone. You will return home empty-handed. Your hungry children look at you with longing. After a while they will not trust you, and then they will hate you (for feeding others when your own children were hungry).

You don't change your mind again, you accuse them of impatience, you ask them to be patient, you say that it will take some time, that you will see results from what you have done.

One day someone will hear from your children with food in hand. He looks like a saint to your starving children. They love him because he feeds them, thinks about them, cares for them.

And you are a stranger to them. They will move away from you, they will forget you.

"One day everything will be fine, someone else fed my children for my good deeds," you are proud of yourself.

One day you will realize that you will never be able to satisfy the people around you, that everyone will never be completely grateful to you.

You return home, but there is no one there. No matter how much you look for them, you will not find them, and when you find them, they are strangers to you, they don't even know you, they are still upset with you when you know them, and you sweat for years to restore the relationship.

So first love yourself, please, be grateful and then start caring for others. Otherwise, you lose yourself and become "emotionally dependent" on someone feeding your hungry soul with a little love.

It's just an analogy, I couldn't explain it otherwise. You can understand this story only by feeling it.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Abdurahmanova Manzura

I am the daughter of Abdurahmanova Manzura Abdubanno. I am a student of the 3rd stage of preschool education at Namangan State University. I live in Uchqorgan district of Namangan region. I am married, I have 1 daughter.

My dad

The one who loves me more than anyone
My father is my mountain
When anxiety comes, it passes
There is nothing in this world, father

I could not tell when the time came
I love you dad
This name is in my heart
My dear dear father

He thought about our future
My father worked without rest
He did not eat himself but fed us
Father, I have no prayers

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In the evening before sun set

i want
Someone for no reason
Will love me
Someone approached from behind
Put her soft hands on my shoulder
Let her say in a sweet voice -
Don't go now please sit down
The sun hasn't set yet
it's still afternoon
Let's sit by the river,
Peel the nuts and eat
I see the sun going down.

i want
Someone on this solemn afternoon
Lying in high fever on my forehead
Turn down the heat with a pan
By boiling thin broth of anchovies with potatoes
Put the soft food in my mouth.
I want
Someone is in the winter
Pulls a blanket over her Comes in and
Sits more densely -
Keep the TV on in the bedroom And ask a cup of hot chocolate will do!
Next morning-
Wipes wet hair after shower
would like to know
What color will I wear today?

I want
somebody
From behind the high mountains
Peeping and yelling
wakes me up every day,
will say -
See if the tip is sitting in the Right place on the forehead!

I don't know what to ask for
Is it too much?
All I know is that it started on the river bank -
Where the rainbow did not rise and smile
There were clouds all over the sky
Only ten fifteen cents in my pocket
Deep dreams painted in both eyes

It was known that there was a long way to go
The two agreed as they walked from side to side.

I want somebody
Will take me to the river bank
Where many people are waiting
A road has gone to gravel
Between the woods
Towards the green
Although the water of that river is dry
The waves are not flowing like before
The birds chirped
In the strange light of the evening
Someone will be with that!

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HER LOVE

I . I lost my beauty for the harsh time of my youth,
Yearned to rare it for my name after demise,
She didn't aid me to preserve my beauty.
She longed to preserve hers that would be mine too –
For this she did like me but alas ! my harsh time.....
I had to bear it alone ,
Her love was for my summer when autumn reigned me .

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Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a poet, reviewer and co-author from India kashmir. His poems have been published in international anthologies , magazines and journals, like wheel song anthology UK based 'inner child press international etc .He is the author of two children poetry (rhyme books) titled as The cuckoo's voice and the canary's voice and one adults' poetry book titled as The Unknown Wounded Heart.

Dream

Everyone has a dream,
Someone dreams of happiness, someone has luck,
Who else has a big dream?
In fact, life itself is a dream.

If he doesn't see his children,
If he doesn't have a big wedding, in the house he built,
If he cannot live freely in his homeland,
Well, all this is a dream.

If blue eyes don't see this world,
If the ears do not hear sweet words,
If you can't thank God
All this is a dream, my pain.

You take my words.
Do not let dreams build a nest in your heart,
Live with laughter, enjoy every moment of life,
So that there is no sign of dreams.

Make an intention, may God use your intention,
May the sun always shine in the sky,
You live so that in your dictionary,
Let there be no such word as Dream.

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Shahnoza Madiyorova Omonboy qizi

What is

What is the end
but a decision made
on a balcony, in a storm,
in solitude - evoking the
eternal and finite as one, in one
swift movement?

What is peace
but a landscape
with satellite trees and a warm moon
caressing the grasslands and the river
beside the grasslands humming
the electric-nerve sound
of its existence?

What is the beginning
but emptiness
after a flood or a fire, giving back
to God what has always been God's
and then standing, maybe stepping,
free and unprotected from gravity
and from time?

What is it now
to watch my mother changing,
deteriorating, needing more and more,
hurting more and more?
To be privileged to love her, to be
her sun and star and the daughter
her great soul deserves as it readies
to depart, as it takes this journey -
pitching clear one minute and confused
the next, underlining the creases in books,
reading out loud the words of our Jesus -

grace so grand and divine, it is terrifying
for both of us, knowing what is ahead,
trusting that great love to carry her
mercifully, and even tenderly,
through that final door.

Bound

Tear apart tomorrows' boundaries
and be identical to water,
taking your cue for movement from the wind.
The same way self-respect is chiselled at
by compromise, poverty seduces the mind into despair.

Let it heat up. purify and find a harmony
unusual in its longing and continuance.

I loved you but now I have no urgency or desire.
You are yes and also no.

I can't say why I can't hear your music or live
advancing a future beneficial to the eternal stream
and to myself personally.

I don't know why futility clings
to me like a barnacle, latching on, lingering
one day to the next, crusting my skin
unrecognizable.

I have no solution to eradicate this quagmire
or wash myself of this fiction and allow your reality
to take hold.

The same way life has lost all its questions,
colours get frayed, braided as one into
a dull flat grey.

I see only flaws and the inevitable fate
of those flaws.
I cannot lift myself or script
a worthy chapter.

Tear this apart and take me under,
to witness life bulbous, translucent and
so far removed from my bony heavy mass.

I cannot labour here another day,
brooding in defeat.

I cannot love you and I need help
to love you again, feel my dismemberment
dwarfed, unequalled
by your mercy.

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That End

That end was a sound,
a sharp breeze that cracked
the funeral casket.
What love could happen, happened
then expanded thick and buttery
like a pleasant dream stirring
in the early morning hours.
I held your hand and you glittered
with a beautiful depth fully your own.
That end was employment
into a purposeful labour, meaningfulness
hitting hard and sideways.

Your hands are an intellectual's, tender
as they have always been.
The concrete blockade is past us.
The foul scent repeating-shame has gone away,
replaced with an uplifting aroma.

We belong to each other, on the edge
of this inexperienced ecstasy, starting to bud,
flesh-out, claim our place on the stem -
fed from the anchored richness below and from
the pure colouring-sun, witnessing.

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Zen Walk

Release the washing
and just set sail.

Born from hurt and from frustration,
the dirt upon you will never come clean.
The battle within the game
will pay out the same - body parts
will deplete then start to pile.

Make an impression outside the circle,
foiling the laws that hold you in place,
declaring your place on the mound.

None of it is real
if you don't want it to be.
Even death will not free you from
the heavy grip, not from the debt accumulating.
Only an angel's vision, the one Jesus revealed,
only setting sail, releasing your assignment
will release you.

Simply love and let go
of expectation. Master
waiting, listening, waiting.

The animals know this -
taking, giving,
freely
void of gratitude
immune to resentment.

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Bread & Fruit

Under the deed
the golden intention is hidden
willing to conquer
made-up realities,
fantasies drooling into the brain.
I asked for hope and was given
great love. Although exhausted
I can still reply authentic,
even with enthusiasm.
Honour is pronounced as natural integrity.
Feasting on the yolk, a time when
childishness is reduced to non-consideration,
and even gone are aggressive jealousies and
the rules of the perpetually damned.

Now you are in the sun
like in a dream you have dreamt of for so long.
Strong and capable, the power of liberty
blazing through your pours, into
the rivers and into the seas
everlasting.

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Allison Grayhurst has been nominated for “Best of the Net” five times. She has over 1400 poems published in over 530 international journals, including translations of her work. She has 25 published books of poetry and 6 chapbooks. She is an ethical vegan and lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts, working with clay; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Collaborating with Allison Grayhurst on the lyrics, Vancouver-based singer/songwriter/musician Diane Barbarash has transformed eight of Allison Grayhurst’s poems into songs, creating a full album entitled *River – Songs from the poetry of Allison Grayhurst*, released 2017.

Some of the places her work has appeared in include *Parabola* (Alone & Together print issue summer 2012); *SUFI Journal* (Featured Poet in Issue #95, Sacred Space); *Elephant Journal*; *Literary Orphans*; *Blue Fifth Review*; *The American Aesthetic*; *The Brooklyn Voice*; *Five2One*; *Agave Magazine*; *JuxtaProse Literary Magazine*, *Drunk Monkeys*; *Now Then Manchester*; *South Florida Arts Journal*; *Gris-Gris*; *Buddhist Poetry Review*; *The Muse – An International Journal of Poetry*, *Storm Cellar*, *morphrog* (sister publication of *Frogmore Papers*); *New Binary Press Anthology*; *Straylight Literary Magazine* (print); *Chicago Record Magazine*, *The Milo Review*; *Foliate Oak Literary Magazine*; *The Antigonish Review*; *Dalhousie Review*; *The New Quarterly*; *Wascana Review*; *Poetry Nottingham International*; *The Cape Rock*; *Ayris*; *Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry* (now called *The Journal*); *The Toronto Quarterly*; *Existere*; *Fogged Clarity*, *Boston Poetry Magazine*; *Decanto*; *White Wall Review*.

Uzbek women

Every Uzbek woman,
As delicate as a flower, dreamy.
A child's life is spring,
She is truly lucky.

Faces as white as the moon,
Eyes full of love.
never ends
Such sweet words.

Let the angel take an example,
She is an order in everything.
She says to her husband:
"we will find happiness"
Growing old together.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Dilnura G`ulomjonova

Dilnura G'ulomjonova was born on June 20.06.2008. Pop district of Namangan region. Currently, studying in Is'hakxan Ibrat school. And she is learning 4 languages: russian, english, korean and german. IN her leisure time she reads books and listens to music. Her the biggest aim in life is finding her place and being 1st point. In addition, she writes poems. One of her poem was published in "Shifokor va hayot" newspaper. Her future goal is studying abroad.

My dear. (My mother-in-law Saodat Samiyevna)

thank you

My sweet word is you, my dear,
Your service is great,
Chakkonays are the beasts

Now put you on the throne,
Let there be seven layers of blankets,
Holding bitter teas,
Honey, let your daughter serve you.

My mother is my mother,
Koshanam is my flower, my flower garden,
You are the only one
My room is bright with you.

Say what you want
Manti, lady, pilaf or somsa,
Decorate the table in an instant,
Soft as hot teas.

Don't think this lion is just saying
Every word comes from the heart,
Your love, honey,
Awaylab wrote everything down.

Your beautiful face full of love,
May it be full of laughter,
Sweet candy for grandchildren
May your warm, fluffy bosom be filled.

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Makhzuna Habibovawas born in Zhondar district of Bukhara region. Student of Gulistan State University. His poetry collections have also been published.

MOTHER

Brighter than the light of the sun
Your eyes are bright with pain.
When I fall, he comforts me,
Your words of love.
No matter where I go,
Four sides reminded Chehrang.
The moment you see your beauty is the most beautiful
Malak started a riot.
Your blooming smile meant:
I am the most precious to you.
Mom, I love you
I couldn't say, it was too much for me.
Have you ever entered the garden of happiness?
Tell me, what do you want from life?
"You want to fall like a leaf,
May you live like spring."

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ANGLE

Is there an end to these roads?
Is there an end to pain?
His feet are off the ground,
I saw the courage of the "brave".

A true human being's heart
Good blood flows in his veins.
Is it a long pass, over a mountain,
A shield to be for his people?!

Such is the power of a conscience:
He can save the world.
For our great generations
Only this Motherland remains.

He sacrificed his life for this nation.
The courage of the brave.
The visible end of these roads,
End of pain!

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JUSTICE

My eyes are blue,
I hit my head against every wall.
Having patience and enduring everything,
I walked a path with many thorns.

Thank goodness I'm breathing
Tearing the fences in the heart.
God himself is a witness,
I laugh at everything.

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Return (Expecting Mother)

I still remember that terrible day,
It's an unforgettable date.
In the cold of winter
A grieving mother.
Tears in his eyes,
Emotions overflow from the sea.
She cries in her handkerchief,
Hijran is so close.
The war drags on,
Young and old, lovers.
A young man who fights every day
Those unforgettable moments.
But there was no mercy in the war...
...Early spring. When I fell in love
Still waiting for a child.
A mother with tears in her eyes,
His grandson will take it.
Again the sad melody of the heads,
The time when the sun sets its head on the horizon.
"My dear, you are not alone.
Here I am, alla-yo alla."

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HOPE

The walls of the four walls are broken,
My whole body is freezing.
It's hard to hear your breath
Desperately looking for a solution.

Shine forever in my eyes,
Protects from darkness.
I'm doomed to loneliness
The fifth side will sound.

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FROM THE FOOTSTEPS OF FREE VAHIDOV

Shine brighter than ever,
The sun is looking to wake up.
To the figs of the lily
The sky is full of tears.

A thousand and one stars live and burn
On the path of enlightenment.
Tall poplars
He can't stand head bowing.

There is something different in poetry,
A star that looks like tears.
Water-life flowing in ditches
The heart is still thirsty for beauty.

I came to this world is fate,
I have been bleeding from the pleasure of poetry.
Give strength to my pen, O Lord,
Make my heart blossom, Love!

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Hashimjonova Gulyora was born on January 14, 2008 in Fergana region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. She is currently studying at the Creative School named after Erkin Vakhidov. She writes many poems and stories.

I had a companion

I had a companion one time ago, but she upped
and died. Tears are blocked at source. Cold
bites, frost settles on my head, or so I behold.
Brightness turned to dark, my emotion erupts,
recalling a Chet baker trumpet solo in full sway.

A slow run down to bad, she knew my name
when others failed her. Bewildered, shocked
and amused in one go, my fantasies blocked,
realities are new, I feel I am piddling in the rain.
I feel the lack of my replacement from far away.

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My mother

Your mother's love is endless,
i miss you so much
I always need you
Mother without a crown on my head
There is no end to your love
You are the flower of my garden
I wrote poems for you
You are the presence of my heart
All my words to you
Always smile
My life without my heart
I love you
Stay safe mom
Always smile
May you live long
The presence of my heart is my mother

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Bukhara region, Jondor district, Samonchuk MFY Otinoy

I AM AN AFRICAN

From cape to Cairo and from Cairo to Madagascar.

Around the globe that's where I quench my thirst.

My soul runs over the lake's of Kariba, blankets of clouds covers me gently gentleman's.

I pour from the darkest one's, and wet the great dry land's. I am the son of thunder.

The valleys rejoices on my presence, and keep their patience...

As I recompense the suffering from my motherlands.

Behold, from the Nile I connect myself with the orange river's and pour down deep within the oceans of my salvation's,
Intending good intentions.

Can I have your attention for this portion gentleman's?

I am an African the son of the soil, the sun shines with it's pure design during my visitation.

I am clearing temptations with my unconditional positive love, select mine elected heart.

Behold, The creator knows my name, and thunder knows my soul.

My heart beats, and my soul breathes. The trees dances for the sound of my storm, and the bird's of the air sings lonely
comforting melodies, to comfort the broken hearted.

I play drums far inside the cradles of humankind's, and stand tall on the top of Kilimanjaro.

I capture the Drakensberg with the same manner of the Table Mountains, and relax on the Great St Lucia wetlands.

I am the face of many continents, my history lies on the pyramids of Giza and the sphinx.

Behold, The new earth and the new heavens has come. They're boldly given to me with both holy hand's from the
firmaments.

I lay mine rest upon the Victoria falls, as I drink from the cup of endurance accompanied by my coexisting light.

Yes I am holding the ancient peace on my right hand, saying from Cape to Cairo and from Cairo to Madagascar, I am an
African.

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CHANGE

I grew up crawled walked and talked.

I lived and received the information

by the revelation of hatred and gossip.

Take a sip and dip your heart into my

bowl of pureness and righteousness to

cleanse your wickedness within.

Bring balance in this situations, so the

nations can give birth to love again.

Abandon jealous and condemnation

and restrict abomination.

Save the soul's and refrain from

being a foul player. Return to the

teenage love just like the days of old

when peace was peace, and love

was love.

I have crawled walked and

talked through pain and anguish

striving to love again and again

in the rain of the tears of years.

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FREEDOM ACROSTIC POEM

F-Fire is freed from wisdom.

R-Riots against mankind are

E-Eliminated by freedom, the

E-Enchantment lack's wisdom.

D-Damaged is man's freedom.

O-Organizations are held down and

M-Manipulated to speak wisdom.

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I am Elias Rakoboa from Johannesburg South Africa. I am a writer, motivational speaker, theatre practitioner and performing arts practitioner. I am also a father of a beautiful talented daughter, her name is Katlego Louw. My quote says: "Don't kill yourself but skill yourself patience heals the patient."

Resistentialism

My father's glance can singe
the tender dermis on my brow,
rub warm kisses, chase the chill
which whips aged, drooping jowl
Agape Sun, within this realm,
your love, imparted, affords life
at setting of your brilliance
yet dispense, a lift within strife
Beneath weight of blanketing,
humidity creeps in to burnish pain
wreaks havoc with a crushing blow,
its pressure, driving me insane
Oh, shroud of thunder, heavy cloak,
a loving clutch which holds me down,
renders silent, shutting off the noise
dousing rage, to a quenching drown
Doting sister, essence of celestial light
arms extended, moonbeams, color bright
her gentle blaze, bathes darkened dreams
illuminates, to edify what lurks in spite
Dearest companion, shine upon this time,
drizzle lovely drops of clarity, to define,
to cast verity, demystify a puzzled rhyme,
bold beacon, kindle embers, fit to resign
Stamp of stomping hard, ticking temple,
rule of treasured moments on my clock,
stretch, oh dilatant, draw out wrinkles,
iron flat, the passing of this frock
Kindly cradle, weary, aching heart,
to your bosom, a waning soul, impart,
a swinging pendulum, to mock,
to steal away, what was once a start
Ethereal Lord he who crowds my mind,
relent, release thy captive grip, contrite
concede respite, dilute a purgatory rule,
resolve does lie, within thy glorious Might
Preponderance, of all that is Devine,
send blessed showers to quench,
to halt a nagging thirst of mine
to offer succor, at your prayer bench

Dim Slight

Where hast thy chivalry escaped to, now
The glimmer of armor you once wore proud
Remote is the charm of my lover's vow
Silence now claims, what he alleged out loud

Dim, is the glint in his golden hue, eyes
Those which caught sight of an ebbing soul's glare
Who's gaze sparked, raging fire, stoked to a blaze
Lifting me from, tortured life of despair

Have I misused, what he gave without brim,
Whilst in my haste, to rise to his standing
Was there excess, in what I took of him,
Caused betwixt us, a misunderstanding

How do we ignite the faltering glows
What hope, is left when time's sand
quickly flows

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Blinding

waning clarity
cupped within my hands
vision tunnels
focus rightfully kept
microscopic evil
feeding on the nerve
grinding at the center
lost in tears I wept
orbs once grew wider
slowly shrink in fear
washed out by grit
an eager sight, has swept
darkened Iris cringes
changed by drops of clear
potions meant to quicken
stop, whatever's crept
optic nerve is riddled
all that's left is wanting
crushed within concept

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Immersed

'tis asked, as if the telling, veiled shroud clears, query, from whence this dig appears
whether it might be revealed
point out store of such guise
site of bosom, ideas, designs which oft were thought, lay in demise
no vat exists, no vessel, drum
ne'er has been overt resource
I do not practice archive of brogue
reserved for such discourse
it is a simple solitary search,
quandary of heart within control
that which pours from writers quill
a flow, to drain a bleeding hole
a curse to some, mine, blessed grace some god's have put upon
since breath escaped my lips at dawn
bequeathed, endowment I count on
as a tot did trot my youngest hue
this blessed quiver life's imbued
meandering consciousness in flight
traversing worlds to thus incite
thoughts, theories, notions, noting
tales untold, reeling through
miles of memories I hold
there is no pause, no panic button
to break a thought
just fodder for the mill
a weary mind has wrought
naught upon a crystal page, draped by life's dwindling stage
rooted in chasma of my soul,
there, resides, conviction whole
where, languages of ancient tongue,
hymns of angels, left unsung
await an audience of a crowd
to rise above what's said aloud

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THE SMALL TREE

I am a small tree,
strong tree,
I was able to withstand the oppression of winters.
Sometimes evel frosts make sleepy,
But I get up early in the morning.

I am the endless sky,
bottomless sky
The stars are my joy - always bright
Clouds of fatigue are my dream,
My anger, hatred is thunder.

I am a strong wind,
gusty wind,
I can't understand the mystery of nature.
I don't know who is unhappy with my existence.
Sometimes I am soft, sometimes hard.

I am a human being,
an ordinary person,
Sometimes I don't know joy,
sometimes sadness.
In fact, not me, the goals are the sky,
A dream in the heart is strong as the winds.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Dilnoza Jabborova



Dilnoza Jabborova was born on April 3, 2007 in Boyovut district. A student of Halima Khudoyberdieyva school of creativity in the system of the agency of specialized educational institutions. His poems were published in "Oltin avlod qo'shiqlari", "Ko'ngil qo'shiqlari", "Ijod bog'idan guldasta", "Qalb gavhari" and in republican newspapers and magazines. She is the author of the poetry collection "Quvonch bekati". Member of the Public Fund of Kyrgyz Poets-Writers.

My heart, Markhamat

How many novels, poems, have not been written.
Several inscriptions have not been written
No poet inventories his mother homeland
I will sing your laud, listen to my heart.
Homeland among homeland, native Markhamat

What kind of sorrow, did you see last day?
Enemies kicked your chest, how much yesterday.
But you are charitable no word didn't say
You are my blood, flow in my heart
My paradise, my rank, mother Markhamat.

Enemies carried on your Dukchi Eshan
Been prohibition Usman, Rahman, Nishan.
Your fearless hero died, one-by-one
The great future, the honourable past
My beautiful homeland, you my Markhamat.

Tuxtasin Mirzayev was your sacrifice
He destroyed 40 enemies himself, nice
Kurbanbay dug foes your chest was a nice.
My valour, my honour, my spirit, my heart
My glory, my destiny, mother Markhamat.

Today, look, the sun is shining like a bright
Singing of all birds, all morning is light
Your field, your garden as liver as wide
My garden, my region, my valour, my heart
My native town, my dear, my large Markhamat.

Twig will be garden, if plant in soul
In the meadow, naughty, whinny horses, foal
Ever golden, ever silver don't equal your coal
My spring, my golden, my silver, my heart.
My cure, my dear, my world Markhamat.

Everyone gets drunk, an morning breeze
Every fruits as honey, split of your teeth
Your sun is my good day, you are my one piece
My treasure, my wealth, my great, my heart
You are my spirit, courage Markhamat.

How many Mukhammads are in cradle till
The whole of boys will conquer, of course every hill

Who demeans your soil, hear I will kill
My single, my pearl, my darling, my heart
My treasure, my rich, my wealth Markhamat.

Finding peace of mind, my corner pleasant
If I can embrace, will snatch my hand
Going away from you, it is for my dead
My wise, my life, my borrow, my heart
My creatures, my sacred, fortress Markhamat

Earning word define, my mind is weak
Oh my Uzbek people, I want to hug quick
Every time, Don't forget I am for your stick
My poem, my pride, my root and my heart
My destiny, my nation, you my Markhamat.

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I love you

Every time I miss you
Everywhere I see you
My dreams are only you
Please, believe me, I love you.

Believe me, my love I never lie
If you leave me my heart will cry
I'm ready to wait for you when I die
Please, believe me, I love you.

What can I do for you? Say.
I will give you my life, Stay.
Don't deny me, show me some way.
Please, believe me, I love you.

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I'm Nigora Shermatova. I'm from Andijan in Uzbekistan. I was born on March 18, 1993. I'm 29 years old. I'm an English teacher. I have been working at school N 42 in Markhamat for 5 years. I love teaching.

Address

I want to go far away
To worlds without lies
He lives without tears
Good luck to the deserts It doesn't matter which one Waiters are not required I live alone
Leave me alone!
Follow me wherever I go If I take a step, I will follow If I speak from my words Exterminators are unnecessary. You smile next to me
Hop and cry without a propeller Why the dagger from behind You are the first pin.
Tell me what you need
Give it to me
I have a request for you
Now you're on your way.

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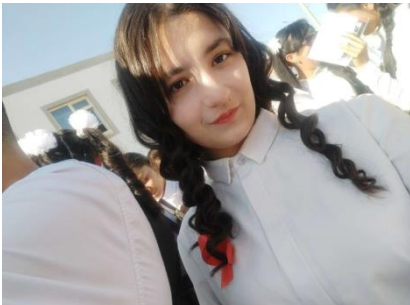


Tursunboyeva Diyora is a 3rd-year student of the Faculty of Pedagogy of Namangan State University, Department of Applied Psychology

Untitled

It used to be like that
I choose you and you choose me.
Maybe you will understand later
Tell me, how can you live in the world without me?
My soul will never rest your soul
My eyelashes are definitely in my heart.
We have no right to make a mistake
Even my breath is dirty without you.
My smileys have no love, that's it
My eyes are looking for your gaze everywhere.
I wish you a smile
There is an opportunity
Hurry to me every moment.
Let it be with love
Don't wait, my words don't say "I love you".
Save my heart from betrayal
Let my eyes only see you as love.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Halima Vahobjonovna



Ibrahimova Halima Vahobjonovna was born on February 11, 2007 in the Bukhara region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Currently, she is a 10th grade student of the 7th SSSDTM located in Uchkuduq District, Navoi Region. Author of the book "Lines in my heart". Her poems have been published in several newspapers and magazines.

A non-burning lamp

One day my brother told me,
He asked a strange question.
Staring at the ceiling
He said to answer quickly.
- Sister, was it the sun?
Or sister of the moon.
Only the sky is not the place,
Our ceiling hanger.
If I touch
I wonder what you are doing.
Flashes and goes out
It is long like my nose.
I really wanted to laugh
Just from my brother's words.
The light bulb is called the sun,
Similar to the moon.
- Light up our room,
My brother, this is a lamp.
One pear space for you,
Faster than the garden.
Fruit dessert,
He is far from sick.
It looks like a light bulb.
It is a non-burning lamp.

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Student of school 292, Yangiheyat district, Tashkent city

No Picnic

Alternate sips from a can
I bask in the sunshine of man
A picnic for two
My eyes scan the clouds for a vision of you
Silently toasting us, on this picnic for two
I sigh, my eyes cry to the sky
With its endless blue
Yet not one sign of you
I'm a sandwich short of a picnic
That's why it can't be for two...

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Enough...

Finally,
Light at the end of the tunnel
You will smile at me again,
But I look around, smile faltering
What is the goal?
Where do I aim?

I can change my ways
I will,
For once be a proper wife
But I'm a spectre in your home
An anomaly in your life

This was your mother's house
You asked me here, I brought my stuff,
I am the chaos you never wanted
Enough is enough is enough

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<https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry/>

Untitled

Deprived of pleasure,
He ignored the road.
And if it goes out of it,
He put it alone with the fire.

Antikmad didn't count,
Don't miss the flavors.
No love left today
Alone in the living room.

When I cried, I cried because of the smell.
How many years my heart has been oppressed.
I said goodbye; I shook my body.
I don't need you either.

I waited again, not in a hurry,
Remove the surfing to my eyes.
But as the years passed,
It was difficult for me.

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Member of the Union of Writers of Uzbekistan.



Intent

Someday my dreams
I will see the reality
My name goes out to the worlds
I will be a famous person

My parents go to heaven
Let my name lead
Always white bread and salt
Be a righteous child

My brothers grew tall
Let him walk as high as a mountain
My sister is a poet
Let them say it proudly

© Copyrighted 2024 by Mukhlisa Yaxshilikova



Mukhlisa Yaxshilikova was born on December 30, 2005 in Saykhunabad district of Syrdarya region. Her creative works have been published in the poetry collections "Great news" and "Light on light". They have also been published in countries such as Azerbaijan, Italy, Egypt and South Africa.
Uzbekistan

Sherova Orzigul

My heart

Sometimes silence, sometimes noisy,
I think it look like a caged bird.
I know, you are always busy,
Just one please, don't hurt my heart.
Maybe my future will be light,
Maybe good days will start.
Always I don't sleep at night,
Just one please, don't hurt my heart.
Most of us are the same,
Sometimes the same even word.
Don't think, I never mean to blame,
Just one please, don't hurt my heart.

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My aim

When thoughts fly above my head,
The world seems me like a game.
Days will be good or bad,
I only want to reach my aim.
There are many difficulties in this way,
Maybe some of them are the same.
Never stop trying from day today,
I only want to reach my aim.
Maybe I can't sleep at nights,
Don't think, I never mean to blame.
I believe my future full of lights,
If I achieve one day, my aim.

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Life

When you feel any pain,
Just walk alone in the rain,
Life is short but amazing,
Do not forget you will gain.
If your mood will be sad,
Sometimes for you people feel bad,
Life is tested but lovely,
When you look like your dad.

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My mind

I will be happy when I see the nature,
All the beauties are concentrated in it.
I desire to travel in the future,
Everybody knows, life is difficult a bit.
So don't addict to your problems dear,
There is a solution for everything.
Work, try, earn and have a rest like bear,
Even play, dance and sing.
You come to this world only one time,
Don't waste your life and mind.
Perhaps for you will be crime,
So, the future ways everyone should find.

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MOTHER...

You saved and gave life for nine months,
Are you an angel on earth, Mother.
You waited for my first step,
Are you the queen of patience Mother...

You are the light in my life, peace in my heart,
It's not the moon in Gardun, it's you, Mother..
Your words are pleasing to the chastity of my heart,
Are you a daughter of our mother Ayesha?

I saw the two-faced,
"Why just laugh", you said mom.
I saw friend quality variables.
Why did you just say "get up" Mom...

When I leave, I'll miss you
Why are you so good, Mom?
I am surrounded by lies, you are the only one who is true.
You are the spring and pattern of my life, Mother.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Lolayeva Ozoda Turgunzhanovna
2-year bachelor
The student of TerDU

The Dusky Sky

It's now not that easy
To sing in tune with the hearts
That continually bleeds with insurgency.

I remember the tune ,
We used to hear in those days
In schools and parks
Singing the lyrics of peace and fraternity
A voice of the blue sea ,
And a tune
That the night whistled tearing
The dusky sky.

Now my heart beat goes faster
The sky of hopes gets wilted as well
And rains the cannon balls of fear.
The tune I hear
Comes as the yelling of migrant
birds
Looking for food and shelter
Amidst the horrors of arson or incineration
Of truth and morals.

It breaks my silence,
And the tune that I hear
Re-opens the wounds off and on
To revive my sorrows.

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Bhubaneswar
Odisha,INDIA



Children

We are the bright future
Of our independent
Heavenly mother Earth
We are the diamond stars
Of the ruby field in the sky.
We are the great happinesses
Of loving beating hearts,
We are the future children
Of every loving families.
We are the only sun
In the east horizon lights
We are the bright face
Of great ancestors .

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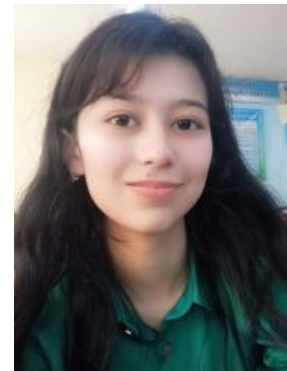
Safarova Shakhlo Nurkamol's daughter was born in 2007 on 14th April in Tashkent the capital of Uzbekistan. She is one of young, gifted and successful Uzbek writers. If we narrate her, we should not pretermite about her first books which are named as " The sound of my heart " and "Colourly emotions " are published in USE.

In one of the successful year of her life is 2023th year because in that year she nominated The state "Zulfiya " price of Uzbekistan and " The best Top-50 searchers" badge.

MY MOTHER

From childhood to now
light always gave me
From the earth to the sky
He always gave his heart
Whenever I cry, cry with me If I suffer, mihg has suffered If I'm sick, I'm sad
He spent his nights awake
Mom, you know I'm with you All the time, all the time to you My hands are written on your leg Unless the ground burns like
grass
There are poisonous herbs
Even if it means throwing thorns
I have my own face on those niches I will give you flowers
Even if it shakes you
A warm blanket like myself
If this sun boils you
Let me be your fan
Life draws a line on your face
Don't be afraid, you are still beautiful How many leaves for a flower
It looks so elegant
Pull the veil over your eyes
Let me be the light and the apple of my eye Power is at your feet
I will be a pillar and support
There are many worries, even if they are boring,
The light of knowledge is here
Hands shaking from worry
Keep it with you
If life gives blows
Don't think, we'll get through it
We overcame it together from the beginning
After that we will overcome together.

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10th grade student of Bukhara city 1st general education school, Bukhara region



HAPPINESS HAS COME

(After 22 years, I returned to the world of creativity)

It's late, but happiness still came rushing:
"I will reveal the secret today, the way!"
Happiness said, taking my wrists,
I want to scare away "sluggish" dreams.

Everything was distributed, it seemed, as it should be,
And only I was deprived.
And no matter how much I asked, it's all in vain,
After all, the dream was not fulfilled.

Life is like a camel's hump... it's true,
Then a wild hawk, then like a nightingale.
I turned feelings into ice – it's annoying,
But I believed in the sincerity of people.

Fate was sifting us through a sieve,
I didn't give up, I gained strength.
From the bad days, only resentment remains,
And the good days passed like a fairy tale.

A leaky bottom is an empty hope,
I have to fix the flaw myself.
And no matter how much I suffered,
I waited for happiness, driving away the dope.

I didn't give up, I looked sad,
Suffered humiliation and anger,
But life has changed dramatically,
Happiness has come, there are no sad tears.

The morning returned again after the night,
The withered grass of longing has burned down,
Happiness has come, there are no flaws, wormholes,
The soul rejoices in spite of troubles.

Only the patient wins in life,
Who believes in goals, confidently goes,
They will turn the corner, and there victory awaits,
The sky does not always pour gray rain.

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FORGIVE ME

My inimitable one,
Please forgive me.
I won't deny love.
Dearly beloved, you see.

Don't be offended, honey,
I don't want to be apart.
It was a misunderstanding,
Don't take it to heart.

Rivers don't flow backward,
Be the cure for the ailment.
You are my worthy flower,
Let's bring love back.

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ON THE THRESHOLD OF MY FORTIES BIRTHDAY

Did it come late, or did it get lost?
Only on the threshold of my fortieth birthday,
Love flew in and changed my life.
I feel the emotion in my heart every day.

I want to hear your velvet voice again,
I look at you gently; you're like a light,
This beautiful bouquet was given by you,
I inhale the scent with great delight.

Shining with a passionate feeling, unchanging,
I sing a song for the whole universe,
I am getting younger for my time, for the century,
Because I glorify true love in my verse!

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LET'S GO TO THE LAND OF LOVE

I am happy that I came into the world,
In the moonlit nights I lay in my cradle,
The laws of life are known without the words,
They're in our minds – unshakable, stable.

Living conditions must be observed and saved,
Everything is given to us by nature.
So let's plunge into the world of a loving wave,
Let's go to the dreamland with a rapture.

In different ways I live in the sublunary world,
Tasting the berries that are given by nature,
Sometimes we have to endure adversity a lot,
But the vagaries of life are natural.

Isn't existence an earthly paradise?
All creatures, a man and a fly – are happy whole.
Thanks to life. If my earthly life were merry, nice
I would die with a calm and peaceful soul.

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Eralieva Umutkan Polotovna was born on July 12, 1968 in the village of Kok-Zhar in the Nookat district of the Osh region of Kyrgyzstan. Eralieva Umutkan is a poet, writer, publicist. Member of the National Union of Writers of Kyrgyzstan (2011), the Union of Journalists of Kyrgyzstan (2014). Member of the Writers' Union of North America (2021), member of the Eurasian Creative Guild (London) (2021), member of the Singapore Federation of World Culture and Art.

Author of ten books.

Winner of more than 260 international literary festivals and competitions. His works have been translated into more than 62 languages of the world.

Participant of more than 80 world literary almanacs, newspapers, magazines, anthologies, websites. Literary editor of four international English-language journals.

Literary editor of the world's popular English-language electronic magazine "Kaviya Kishore", an international hardcover magazine

"Luminance" in Bangladesh (Dhaka). General Director of the international online publication Skylark Poetry spi (Dhaka) in Kyrgyzstan. The magazine "World International Editorial Board" (USA).

Academician of the Brazilian Literary Academy "Alegro".

Awarded the medal "Icon of Peace" of the Institute of Peace in Nigeria (Africa) (2022). Member of the Board of Directors of the Institute for World Peace in Nigeria.

Ambassador of the Institute for World Peace in Nigeria.

President of Polish (Warsaw) Literary Association (SAPS) in Kyrgyzstan.

Ciesart Barcelona (International Chamber of Writers and Artists) and Director of Ciesart-Kyrgyzstan ;

VOICES OF FRIENDS POETRY AND ART CONTEST:

Finalist certificate "category Poetry" is awarded

6-10 th of May 2022 SHCHUCHINSK , BURABAY DISTRICT (KAZAKHSTAN)

OF FINALIST category "OPINION JOURNALISM" is awarded

XI open EURASIAN LITERATURE FESTIVAL&BOOK FORUM (10-16th of December 2022 Melbourne Australia)

OF FINALIST category "PROSE" in nomination CHILDREN BOOK

XI open EURASIAN LITERATURE FESTIVAL&BOOK FORUM (10-16th of December 2022 Melbourne Australia)

Project Ambassador" Stockholm-2033 " In Kyrgyzstan

Ambassador of the International Academy of Ethics (India).

Participant of the project "Mario compar Poesia" in Brazil.

Ambassador for Peace and Humanity IF CH Morocco;

Awarded the Star of Culture Medal of the Columbia Institute of Literature (2023). Medalla de la Estrella Cultural Letras del Pacífico

The "Ambassador of Peace" Award of the UN International Organization in the field of peace and human rights.

In 2022, the music for the author's song "stop the war" was written by the famous Polish composer Zbigniew Roth.

IV Meeting of Writers and Artists "Weaving Brotherhood" Together for the Letters Kyrgyzstan thanks to the hard and tireless work of Umutay Ehralieva Coordinator of HEADQUARTERS №18. Congratulations! Director Mirta Ramirez.

STORM...!

How could you do this?

And the language of the storm has no sound but the breaking of the wind.

Two lean years have passed

And your farewell, engraved in the courtyard of my heart, incessantly strikes the details of sorrows
at a meager price!

Perhaps it's the successive disappointments

When they solidify with interpretation and the salt of absence.

Perhaps they will perpetuate into a remote corner

Away from the spells of fortune-tellers

And the tales of the ancients

By a mist with scattered edges...

As if the edges of memory are returning its first steps to the mud.

I used to play with the wind

Filled with imagination imploring the features of fate!

And here they are, at the end of the light

Gasping sighs...

Occupying the spaces of my dreams in seasons of mourning...

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FLUTES OF THE NIGHT!

From the door of temptation
To drop the air from the lungs of features
And to embody an image that does not resemble me.

I had to rewind the seconds to count the number of dark nights...!

And in a moment of exchange with visions
Dreams merged with the wine of sin
And the suspended voice was silenced by a priest's spell.

And because the questions are afflicted with anxiety
I almost disappeared in fits of ignorance
Exchanging the reasonable for the unreasonable
And in order not to hang my imagination on a whim
I scattered the ant trails of scraps of paper
And dozed off when dawn surprised.

So how could the waft of the night forsake half a face
And I can hardly imagine myself crying naked
Without guilt.

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LEBANON/BRAZIL

THE DRILLS OF DEATH

How can I give birth between a span of time and fracture
How can I clarify the light of breakthroughs
And a gray smoke wandering inside my head

Death, like fate
Comes as a stranger
And departs as a stranger

And no matter how fortified the answers are with a deceitful cloak
Death remains similar to it

In its shadow and shadows
And in the elongation of its silence

So who will recycle it amidst the chaos and sudden disappearance

After a temporary slumber

And terrifying nightmares

And the increasing burdens of darkness...!?

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LEBANON/BRAZIL

Who am I

Who am I, I don't know what love is
A person who does not see himself,
Who am I in love in this world?
I said my pain in this love.

I passed without knowing what pain or sorrow is,
I don't know who I was, and sometimes I felt sad.
I expected only myself in my world,
I passed away without realizing who I am

Who am I, to whom I am a king, to whom I beg
I lived, I had a thousand troubles in my head
Always I am alone in this world,
I lived in my own universe

Who am I, a helpless volunteer who lived
A slave surrounded by glory and empty inside
Who am I to rush after dreams
A flower that has forgotten itself and withered.

Who am I to bury the pain in my heart,
He is awake, connecting the nights to the mornings
Who am I, living with a heartless mind
Even a high gallows hanging in his heart.

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student of the 2nd stage of the University of Journalism and Mass Communications of Uzbekistan

MY MOTHER

From childhood to now
light always gave me
From the earth to the sky
He always gave his heart

Whenever I cry, cry with me
If I suffer, mihg has suffered
If I'm sick, I'm sad
He spent his nights awake

Mom, you know I'm with you
All the time, all the time to you
My hands are written on your leg
Unless the ground burns like grass

There are poisonous herbs
Even if it means throwing thorns
I have my own face on those niches
I will give you flowers

Even if it shakes you
A warm blanket like myself
If this sun boils you
Let me be your fan

Life draws a line on your face
Don't be afraid, you are still beautiful
How many leaves for a flower
It looks so elegant

Pull the veil over your eyes
Let me be the light and the apple of my eye
Power is at your feet
I will be a pillar and support

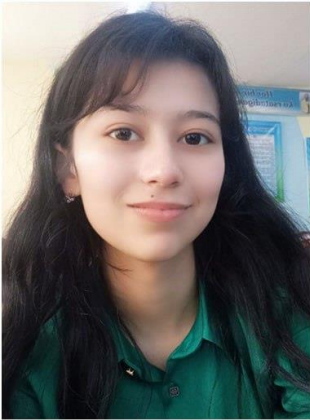
There are many worries, even if they are boring,
The light of knowledge is here
Hands shaking from worry
Keep it with you

If life gives blows
Don't think, we'll get through it

We overcame it together from the beginning
After that we will overcome together.

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10th grade student of Bukhara city 1st general education school, Bukhara region



LIFE'S A LIVING TALE

Life can be a tale
if you sweeten it
with a little bit of humour
and imagination;
a tale can be living
if you put into it
beats of heart and
spicy emotions.
I had planned a life
before I knew
what a life could be.

Knowing is easy , experiencing difficult;
the wings that helped your father soar
may not be the ideal ones for you.
Charting your own course of journey
will make you sturdy and stout.
Fearlessly follow your heart's call
and do what you like most;
flowers will blossom and secret paths open.
Positive are the ways
the great unseen powers conspire
to make your dreams come true.

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LOVE IS WHERE HEART IS

See
what happened

when I said
I love you !

She became immortal

in my heart !

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KISS AND DANCE

Train is leaving
let it leave
but we must kiss
Storm is raging
let it rage
but we must kiss
Night is falling
let it fall
but we must kiss
Moon is mad
so are flowers
and we must dance.

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Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written seven books and two booklets. They are : Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English; Values in Life ; Knowledge Tree (miscellaneous prose writings); Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry); Live Like A Man (poetry); Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese); Virgin Land Impregnated (a thematic study of Canadian folk songs); Joy of Love (a unique booklet of love poems) and Heart of Love(poetry) (published in USA in 2023).

MY BROTHER !!!

My mountain of support
If it's dark, I'll go
My head that I caressed all the time
I love you bro!

I have a brother with shoulders like a mountain
A generous person has a light on his face
An example of courage is a vulture
I love you bro!

The scents of my father are coming
The memorial is for us
May evil be far from you
I love you bro!

My brother has love in his eyes
Good luck, creator
You are always by our side
I love you bro!

I could not say my words
But my eyes are not deceiving
My face is slowly blushing
I love you bro!

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You are not telling me!

Is your heart broken,
Why don't you go back?
What now, am I grown
Up, you don't tell me alla?

Did I suffer at night?
You don't get up early anymore?
Did I scratch your insides,
You're not telling me?

I didn't hold my tongue,
Are you listening to others?
Didn't I know your value,
You don't tell me?

I didn't notice how you are,
But you are asking about my condition?
Have I not disturbed your heart
You do not tell me?



© Copyrighted 2024 by Ilhomova Mokhichehra
7th grade student of general secondary school No. 9, Zarafshan city, Navoi region.

CONVERSATION

Entering my heart with divine grace,
You suddenly became my interlocutor.
Jazm-u, my enthusiasm landed on my shoulders,
You filled the watery sea like gold.

My words are lined up on my tongue,
Thank you again.
Satisfied, satisfied,
I sacrificed my poem to your words.

They say: "Your creation is your story,
Fate is a word from a fairy tale.
Your life will be full of joy,
You are the author of your fate!"

No, my heart is sinking suddenly,
Still not finding the door of justice.
I press my face to the surface of the sea,
I immediately spoke to the truth.

"The verses I wrote from the pain of the heart,
My wish, don't leave it to fate...
After all, it's an unbearable heartbreak
Don't break my heart again!

The artist who walks in the hand of suffering,
Taking a piece of meat with grief in his chest,
He hides himself from others
There is pain, put your pain in this poem!"

I begged and asked you,
Karaming ayama, from a slave like us.
At one point, my body was pounding,
I said in my mind: "I have repented."

There are still tears in my eyes,
I didn't know if I was talking to myself.
I think of houses again:
"Your sorrowful plains are mine eyes,
I will caress your youth!"

© Maftuna Yusuf

My mom

Munis is an angel in the transitory world
Dear mother, dear to my heart
His heart is full of love
My mother who wears headscarves!

Don't care about the whiteness of your hair,
My mother who thinks about us day and night
The taffeta is hot, my face is the sun
She is only one who loves me!

I can't find anyone as kind as you
My mother who sacrificed her life,
He always prayed with open hands
My heaven on earth, my mother!

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Khodiyeva Iroda is the daughter of Nizamiddin



Grandpa Ogahi, Grandpa Ogahi.

Your works are full of meaning,
Your great name will never fade.
Your ghazals are our heritage,
Grandpa Ogahi, Grandpa Ogahi

You became a poet and a translator,
You have softened the hearts of the fans
You went from heart to heart,
Grandpa Ogahi, Grandpa Ogahi

Those who read it know that words are pearls.
A leader who made the word synonymous.
Every Hafiz hymn has a poem and a ghazal.
Grandpa Ogahi, Grandpa Ogahi.

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A student of the 7th "B" grade of the creative school named after Ogahi

A bird in a cage

He kept thinking about the heavens,
Sadness fills his heart.
He played only the flute,
There is little death for the poor man.

Always willing to seek
It will be a cry, it will be a sarsari.
Hope is broken one by one,
Like autumn hazan rezgi.

The wind shook the log,
The tree of hope has faded.
He felt when he spread his wings,
To fly is the happiness of rebirth...

© Copyrighted 2024 by Durdona Hashimjonova

Durdona Hashimjonova. He was born on April 29, 2010 in Rishton district of Fergana region. Currently, he is a student of the 7th grade of the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, agency of the 1st educational institution, Marglon city.

Gothic Poetry

FD Ravenskraft

The Rivers of Blood

I declare the decline piles of bodies in the Rivers
And the creeks of rotting livers and torso
Walking beside the banks. notice that the spirits
Wanting to escape this abyssive hell
Being jailed in the watery cell. that is the gateway to the streams of hell
The blood pour from the tears of Christ
Frozen in time within the voids of ice
The time of these waters to release them
To wreak havoc upon earth
As I traveled all over the globe
Into the dead world of old
Where the souls are sold to the demons in stored
The Rivers all over are contaminated and foul
If my voice allows me to speak
Yes my rhymes are deadly unique
Praising the smell of thyme
Now I must clean these river
And cleanse them with the saliva of my liver
Because my soul has shivered
And my life delivered
Now I die in the river of denial
That is the backbone of my style

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The Noise

Screaming dreams
Silence is what it seems
A Noise so severe that even the madness
Fears. The Nights of many Midnights
Bose the emptiness of Graves
Outside the tombs that are so deprived
The darkness dreaded silence me
As you plead the final release
The dreaded bond between the silent install
Drains the energy of the mind that is unstable to call
Waiting for the heathen to fall
Into the wall of spoken voice dissolves into the abyss. The weapon of a massive kiss
Nature is speaking in native tongues
As the night is the Vocals of midwinter's lung
Breathing the corrupted sounds
That bound to the crowns of voices
Breathing the Air that stares and dares
The Volumes of trees whispering and fair
As the winds chorale
Simply care. That the eerie series of events
Puts a dent in the vocalist unmarked skit
The Noise has the sounds of many
Till it's Quiet into the riot abyss
Claiming more screams to make music it seems
Welcome to the Noise
Where Quietness has been avoid
Into the Void of rhythmic
To never be ignored

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The House of The Songs of Broken Tongues

Within this Deary cunning place
Beneath the soils of The Gods.
and the faith of the human race. Within the lost tongues of time
The Devil's Cello tunes the perfect invitation
To humiliate everyone's vocal choral
The constant horror within the terror of spoken few Micheal compose the unknown heavenly tune
And Death is coming for you like a game of chess
As the rest will come to confess the riddle of many tongues
Unknown of this tune
Seen within the unseen dreams
Of scenario of skeptical themes
The words of scream that redeemed
The corrupted schemes of nothing it seems
The tongues are gone
In the house of the broken tongues
In the old abandoned house in New Orleans
We're the tongues have no song to sing
When you hear the silence of the loosen song
As the angel and Death has become
And done the undone that sung the coming of the begone. To end it all in the Soil of the Gods
Now it's undone
As the blood of the song is finally done

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The Whereabouts of Mr. Raven

On this winter dreary night
Within the weary dread delight
Of a storm composing the symphony of storm
As this dreary Raven composes this poem

He whispered at the Coachmen
To ride the storms of fright to get to his lover for a sexual blight. A degenerate decision
Just for lust and more
Knowing the Raven writing his final score

Upon the midwinter dream of a cold night
He noticed after a mile they got there
At an old house in the dark forest
He stops because the horses are in rage
Of the bad deity of this place
An old abandoned manor

As Mr. Raven ran to the door
And the storm continues its Symphony
Of Coldness and foggy streams of smoke
He was in there for awhile

Until the Coachmen went inside and saw
Nothing but two graves in the middle of the floor
And saw to lover deformed and frightening
So he ran and left the manor
As the Raven wrote what would happen

As the driver
himself and the coach disappeared into the oblivious
Realms of sin. Unseen seen
The lover last location is unknown

Mr Raven and his Lover Bella
Died self-inflicted in a poisonous orgy so long ago
On this date 666

A number unknown to anyone
As the Raven narrated this story
It shall end

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VILLANELLE OF THE WICKED QUEEN

I am a captive of the wicked queen.
My mind's a blank; the temptress took my soul.
I know too well what this desire must mean..

And oh! The evil beauty I have seen.
Though loving her must take a dreadful toll,
I am a captive of the wicked queen.

For her, I gladly make myself unclean –
She'll take my heart and leave a gaping hole -
I know too well what this desire must mean.

I know, as well, it's sinful and obscene...
Too late! The dice are loaded, and they roll...
I am a captive of the wicked queen.

She smiles at me, triumphant and serene.
Her skin's milk white, her heart's as black as coal.
I know too well what this desire must mean.

What of the last inevitable scene –
My blood poured in a sacrificial bowl?
I am a captive of the wicked queen.
I know too well what this desire must mean.

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Wanderings

Through this labyrinth of existence
Now I carefully tread,
On my quest for solace
Where many find their daily bread,

Through life's shadows now I wander
With my wearied soul,
Evading life's firm grasp
As I strive to meet my goal,

Searching for the meaning
Amidst life's ceaseless tease,
Seconds turn to minutes
To years through this spinning sphere,

I dance this delicate ballet
Avoiding pitfalls along the way,
Life weaves its woven thread
I follow every day,

Evading life's overwhelming onslaught
Its ongoing ebb and flow,
Then death whispers softly
It's time for me to go...

Ashley O'Keefe

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<https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry>

The Reign of Jamshid: A Legend of Eron

Legends exist since ancient times,
Where wisdom thrives in poetic rhymes.
This story known from yore,
By all mankind, forevermore.
In the land known as Iran,
From Tahmuras's demise to dawn,
The throne to the fourth heir,
Remained the prince, Jamshid's.
Seven hundred years he ruled,
In the capital, greatness fueled.
Reforms vast, changes wrought,
Empire prospered as it sought.
A ruler grand, revered, and wise,
None were more astute, no disguise.
Advancements made, progress sought,
People thrived, as he wrought.
In those days, during his reign,
He crafted wine, to ease the pain.
Then came the feast of Navruz,
Welcoming a year anew, a joyful buzz.
Even before Zoroaster's time,
He formulated his own sect.
In those days, long ago,
Clothed in animal hide, they'd go. During Jamshid's reign supreme, Many transformations did it seem. Garments tailored,
adorned with flair, He even created "mirror".
For the state, and much more,
He organized the treasury's core.
Layers established, made firm,
Presented to the people, for them to affirm. Grace and kindness he bestowed, Stabilized the world, as he flowed. But all
changed with a single swoop, As he made wine, taking the group. Indulging in revelry and delight,
He forgot about his duty, his might. Neglecting the people, consumed in mirth, The nation's state declined on earth. Anger
rising within the people's breast, Zahhak heeded, the people's unrest. From the east came an audacious lad, Jamshid's
throne, he would have.
Jamshid fell, dethroned, alas,
Iran's throne was lost, it came to pass. Promising to restore the nation's grace, He claimed leadership, took his place. The land
plunged into darkness, despair, As Zahhak seized the throne with a dare. Cruelty unleashed, people cried,
Their homeland's fall, they couldn't abide. Jamshid's reign, a distant memory, As Faridun rose to restore the glory. Now to
Iran's people, only a fortunate day, For a king emerged, showing them the way. In due time, this monarch, bold,
Fathered three sons, told heritage. Uplifting the nation, he did strive, And to them, he did contrive.
With this feat, Faridun's fame,
Gained recognition, a revered name. Occupying the great seat of old,
Succeeding Noah, his story told.
His descendants, heirs to Jamshid's throne, Became rightful successors, known. To Iran's throne, they did belong, Taking steps
forward, brave and strong.

Thus, concludes this tale of old, With a happy ending, truth be told. Jamshid, a king in history's page, Embodied courage, in every age.

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Ibragimova Shoxsanam, daughter of Oktam, was born on January 25, 2003, in the Mirzaobod district of the Sirdaryo region in the Republic of Uzbekistan. She is a student at the Faculty of Philology at Gulistan State University.

General Poetry

Hassan Masum

Post Office

After many days in the post office
While sending a letter to a friend
I know they are at the same address
The letter did not arrive!
I will write a letter
I bought colorful paper
Bought pelican ink and pilot pen
I also bought a brown envelope with a sturdy card
I arranged kind words in my mind-
Write a letter and fill the envelope and buy postage tickets
Hearing while closing the mouth of the envelope
The Post office authority informed that
The mail carrying vehicles have expired
They don't carry mail anymore.
Now a days they are
Used by the City Corporation for
Waste carrying purpose!
Rows of post office counters
There is an uninhabited void.

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My country

My country is my country
My independence is my homeland
My eyes are happy
My country is my country

You are beautiful, my country
You are beautiful, my dear country
My homeland is rich in flowers
My country is my country

Your gardens with grass
My homeland is covered
Your sun is shining
My dear motherland

My country, my country!

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Yolchiyeva, daughter of Zulfizar Nizomjon, was born on March 7, 2011 in Hadikent MFY, Navro'zabad QFY, Yangigurgan district, Namangan region. Currently, she is a 7th grade student of school No. 59 of this district. Zulfizar's interest in poetry and writing poems began in the 2nd grade. She was the winner of competitions held in regions and districts in the field of poetry and prose.

"THE WORLD"

This is how the world is written
Someone is rich, someone is poor.
A gerdayar who earned five soums
Take it from the poor.

Tell me where you saw it!
Five-handed equality,
There is only one kami in the world
It is very difficult to bear.

Live, be rich,
Do not be a slave to lust.
Look at people
Make the world evil

Don't laugh at the helpless,
The world is the world.
Gardish returns to you
Regrets seem to be useless.

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Kholturayeva Ugiloy was born on 29th August, 2008 in Surkhandarya, Uzbekistan. Nowadays, I'm a member of "Kushqanot" poet and writers' union of Kazakhstan and . In addition, I publish my own creative work in magazines of Thailand and Great Britain.

Every Drop Is Equal To Water-Gold!

You must have heard the phrase “water is the source of life” a lot. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine life without water. Before, when our grandfathers and grandmothers were children, their faces were red and they ate the bread that had just been taken out of the oven in streams of clear water. So, now? We rarely or never face such a situation. The reason for this is that we are having a negative impact on the environment. Currently, children cannot even wash their hands, let alone eat and drink. After all, the canal water is being polluted. Even waste is being dumped.

I can’t understand something. Knowing that we cannot live without water, why waste it again?! We pass by with indifference when we see open faucets on the streets. If we had understood the plight of people in some corner of the world who need a sip of water, we would never have wasted water.

We can’t even imagine what a sip of water can do. That one sip of water can give strength to a sick patient, bring back to life a person lying on the death bed. Although 70 percent of the Earth’s surface is covered by water, only 1 percent of that water is drinkable.

Nowadays, it is also decreasing. The real proof of this is the drying up of the Aral Sea. The Aral Sea is the largest closed lake in Central Asia. Before its construction, it is the 4th largest lake after Lake Superior in North America, Lake Victoria in Africa and the Caspian Sea.

The reasons for the drying up of the Aral Sea are some environmen-

tal problems. The sharp reduction of sea water has had negative effects not only on Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan, but also on the whole of Central Asia. It is no exaggeration to say that this doubles our responsibility for water conservation.

A person can live up to 3 months without food. Without water, he can live only 3-4 days. Even if 10 percent of the water in the human body is lost, he will die. We know that the drinking water that we use in our homes flows from the mountains through the melting of the snow and reaches the areas where we live. When the winter season comes, there is more precipitation.

But in recent years, global warming has been observed, which means that there is less precipitation in the winter season. When it comes to global warming, everyone has their own opinion. Global warming does not mean that the weather is getting warmer every year. This implies many years of changes. That is, if we look at 10 years ago 20-25 years ago, it is relatively warmer now. On the other hand, precipitation is less, and snow falls relatively less in the mountains. This causes all kinds of droughts and similar problems.

Well, you must have understood the true meaning of the above sentence "Each drop of water is worth gold". We know that gold is very valuable. The reason why we equate a drop of water to gold is that if we don't conserve water, water will decrease gradually and it is possible that a drop of water will become more expensive than gold.

Based on the above considerations, we should increase our attention to water. We should start our efforts to use it sparingly today, right now.

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Diyora Sattorova was born on January 21, 2010 in Namangan, Uzbekistan. She is now 14 years old. Is'haqkhan is an 8th grade student of the creative school named after Ibrat. Currently, Diyora can communicate in 4 languages. She is mainly interested in writing poetry and learning languages. Until now, her creative works have been published in many international magazines.



Asleep but oblivious

Who is sleeping properly in this world
Everyone is asleep but oblivious
Because everyone is suffocated
Some pain , agony fear are in their subconscious mind due to this hollow system
I am talking about an common people
Symbiotic approach is a healthy approach
Symbiotic relationships in this society in political, business continuity
A light of full moon
A cool, calm moonlight of satisfaction is missing somewhere

Cloudy weather of suffocation is enough for the growth of frustrated people
Because the high level of this system
Is weevilling, rotten day by day
Everyone is suffering
Everyone is living lamely
Need a support from almighty
Need an uplifting from any big source
This system is dependent on each other
And have many expectations from each other
Some people are pure parasites
That's why crime and violence secretary increasing
And will increased day by day
Symbiotic system is somewhere right
But when it converts into fungal , bacterial , viral approach
It will create a mysterious bacterial, viral disease that can convert this system handicapped
Hollow and incapable
Where people are unsatisfied
And somewhere they are asleep and oblivious.
And without their proper satisfaction
A fire of rebel will catch fire
To create a new system of consciousness
Where Janta will sleep like a child
Without any worries and dismay.

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My Uzbekistan

My ancestors are soil mixed with ashes
Every single leaf is precious in this country
I want to sing more about you
Live always and bloom my pride
My heavenly country is Uzbekistan

Everything is green, beautiful, handsome
Always live my motherland
We will never be less than anyone Live always and bloom my pride
My heavenly country is Uzbekistan

It has a great future waiting for you
Your children will be Timur and Babur
A huge maple tree from seedlings
Live always and bloom my pride
My heavenly country is Uzbekistan

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Usmonova Mohidil Laziz's daughter was born in 2003 in Kashkadaryo region. She graduated from the 28th general secondary school in Karshi. From 2021 a student of Karshi State University. Her scientific works are published in the newspapers of the time, local and international journals. Also, she attended a lot of international conferences with her articles. She is winner of „Yosh kitobxon” (Young booker) and „Men o'qigan kitob” (Book that I read).

My shields!

A poetic story about the life of Zebiniso Meiliyeva.

If I describe my life,
 Youth comes to your eyes.
 This is a long story.
 It is an example to yourself.
 God's will
 My legs can't walk.
 If I don't say these things
 The heart can't stand it.
 My parents are in my head
 The propeller is day and night.
 When I started studying
 A star landed on my head.
 But thoughts and dreams,
 Fear struck the heart.
 thinking about studying
 The dream is gone.
 Who will have my day,
 What will happen tomorrow?
 I ate myself thinking
 I'm bent, my back
 Just imagine
 What does it lead to?
 My fellow students,
 Warm wait every day.
 Especially the alpine boys,
 Let's break the mountain.
 Don't spare me your time
 Fixed behind me, a shield.
 Every lesson is upstairs,
 We were learning.
 On the way home
 The girls were waiting.
 Everyone is my friend, comrade,
 Let's not make eye contact.
 Our friendship is no strength
 Don't bow your head to the ground...
 My mother is with me for a year,
 Loyal companions.
 All for my reading,
 Those who made the conditions.
 Sometimes thinking
 I cry for my mother.



My shields

14.01.2024

From the lessons he gave
I cry with fear.
My sister also every day,
It helps me.
Jewels of life
Picks from books.
She is a clever, wise girl,
She studies at the university.
It's in my hands
She also knits clothes.
Expressions in my heart
It keeps coming.
Every past day
It blows like the wind.
Thank you a thousand times
So little for you.
May God reward you
Thank you all of us

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LIFE WITHOUT A PHONE

It seems to us that there is no life without a phone.
We have become dependent.
Even if every moment passes in vain,
My sad heart plays a sad tune.

Don't let the book lie on the shelf covered with dust,
Don't live in virtual life.
Our youth in the pain of the phone,
May it not blow away like the wind.

There is a saying from time immemorial,
They say "books are a source of knowledge".
Lead us to a bright life,
Pearls spill on the white page.

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The Rain

There used to be a wall
with a hook that anchored
my belongings. Some wet memories
have pickled over the years.
It's raining, and my feet are
running to the backyard to
save grandmother's pickle jars.
I know it's too late, but I continue to
stand in prickly rain drops. My
wounds are wet, and I am shivering.
I am crying for the concrete floor, on which,
sat a folded towel holding her
steaming pressure-cooker.
I have lost that floor
and steam. My coat is wet
and heavy. Where can I hang it?
I am feeling that kitchen,
hearing the simmering pressure
cooker, but I'm failing to grab it.
In my stormy cries, however,
I am being washed spotless and white.
All the fuss is being flushed
out. I am seeing through others,
and finding conflicts funny.
I know grandmother is
gone and her wall has been powdered.
Anyway, I will find
some hook to hang my wet
belongings before the
Eternal call-off.

Shailja Sharma (Ph.D.), USA, is a mental health provider and a multilingual author. Apart from scholarly publication and editorial service, her literary writings have been widely published. Dr. Sharma's publications have appeared in many literary journals/forums of repute across USA, Canada, UK, and Asia. Her writings have appeared in #1 Best Selling anthologies published nationally and internationally. Dr. Sharma's book, "Dear Mama: An Immigrant's Secret Cry," Pittsburgh, USA, has been critically acclaimed. She was awarded a special literary honor for her writing contributions in international languages.

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(Published first in Piker Press, February 2022)

The complaints (my voice)

My pet hates in life actually an endless

Tirade.

First can't stand queues either at bus stops

Or in shops and worst people idling around taking all day to pay for their purchases.

Think mainly I have way too much anxiety

And zero patience.

Can't stand people tapping either or even talking nonstop all I need is a bit of peace and quiet.

Would also like to go shopping without nearly tripping over people sitting on the pavements with their blankets etc.

Most I know are not homeless just after trying to raise money to buy some alcohol.

I have many more complaints to share

Maybe next time .

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Rock or shock

I love rock n roll
Was driving when
I lost control.

Was feeling
Kind of paranoid,
And went ahead
Into the void.

Think friday was
On my mind
Wish I could
Press rewind.

Too busy listening
To bohemian rhapsody,
Because that song
Means much to me.

A lady came out
And said that I had
Just gone into
A child of mine.

I really thought
She was not so fine.

I think the black dog
Got in the way,
All we can do
Is sit and pray.

On the way to
The hospital
They played
We will rock you,
Don't know why
Hadn't a clue.

Wished I could
Give a piece
Of my heart,
Then she wont
Be on the
Stairway to heaven
And carry on with

Her life like she
Did from the start.

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THE GOLDEN RULES OF LUCKY PEOPLE

Life is a flowing river...

Looking forward, it flows without stopping.

People's lives also pass by.

Many people complain that they cannot achieve anything due to the rapid passage of time, that they burn out and try, but they encounter difficulties and obstacles and fail...

In fact, behind every success lies a number of failures.

We have dreams and goals, and we will do our best to make them come true.

No matter how hard we try, we get discouraged and give up when we can't achieve our expected results...

After all, there is nothing worse than inaction...

To achieve the expected result, good luck, you need to act on the basis of clear principles.

We learn a lot of things we don't know by reading books.

The book "Success Lessons of Lucky People" is the right choice for people who aim for personal development, self-awareness, and effective results.

In this guide, advanced ideas such as working on oneself, achieving effective results, managing time correctly, and not losing the reins of luck are advanced.

This book contains lessons, life experiences, golden rules for success, and lessons of success from world-famous people; For people who want to develop themselves, the program will be useful.

The Creator has given us the opportunity to dream, and it is only in our hands to make them come true.

As Thomas Edison said; "Every failure is a step towards success."

If we go through a number of defeats, realize mistakes and shortcomings, and do not repeat them in our next actions, we will step on the path of success.

Just as a mirror is needed to see the defects in our appearance, psychological books are also very important to see and correct the defects in our personality and actions.

Go hard to achieve your goals, take bold steps towards your dreams!

Don't waste your time, spend every day doing something useful for yourself and others.

Read the lessons of successful people on how to achieve success!

Make your own rules for success and stick to them!

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School

I studied at school,
I wrote poems in class,
One day, my teacher,
I had a lot of two ends.

I promised that day
Saying I'll study at five,
That day I hit
I got on the list again.

Where do I read promise after promise,
In the teacher's waiting room,
I walk in the shelter.

When you need to read
When you read in the evening,
The age passed with joy
Don't be lonely like me.

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A child

Women without children,
He says I'm hard on nails
Many women with children,
He says he is rich in this world.

God, no one
Don't be a progeny,
Be wise
Don't be foolish.

Do not despise children,
Your heart is so sad,
Children need love,
You have another Kimi.

Children wait at home, parents,
Try to comb your hair,
Even a dog caresses a child.
Pamper your baby too.

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Wailing

Ex dear, my moan in a dream
It broke my heart.
You are the child in me that you left behind
My mother asks where you are

A child needs a mother's love,
His mother has his friends,
This world is narrow in his eyes,
What can I do now dear?

The world has not seen mercy,
After all, he did not have a mother.
My mother is crying hard.
What can I do now dear?

No stranger will be a mother,
I can't get enough of the child either.
I also pray every day,
Thank you, I will not be disappointed

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My mom.

White when it gets in my hair.
My parents remembered you.
I am thankful that my father is with me.

When life brings sorrow to the head,
I hide the moisture in my eyes,
RIErkalatib I am also a child.
I miss your caresses.

What you gave me without eating
What you put on
You made me laugh when I cried
Missing you, I remembered you.

May your grave be filled with light, mother
Your poor quality is over, mother.
This world is hard for me without you
My heavenly loving mother.

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Sprout

You are so delicate, you are like a sprout,
One day you will bloom like spring,
Let it sprout and grow.
Root your body to the ground.

Your veins are on the ground, your show is in the blue.
You catch the sun, it's on the curtain.
It cools the hearts and gives rest.
Takes care, gives rest
Iforing smelled and fell on the rogat.
The city and the countryside are beautiful with you.
You shake your head in the wind.
You wash your long hair in the rain.
Mountains and gardens are beautiful with you.
Poets write in praise of you, ghazals.

Your friend stabs you in the heart,
Although it is bad to eat without blood.
It hurts bitterly,
He still says he's a friend to your face.

What does a friend mean?
He will never reveal your secrets
What does a friend mean?
I don't shy away from my problem.

I didn't trust my friends either.
It is a friend to your career and wealth.
If you run out of money, he will put it aside.
He turns away when he sees it.

I found out that my parents are friends
My friend who made a complaint at the place,
Agil is my family friend,
Only Allah is my best friend.

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My mom

My mother is passing, my dear.
May this grave be filled with light,
I will spread flowers on you,
Who do I open my heart to?

Prayers on the spot,
I remember what you did
Walking around our yard
I'm looking for you to walk

Life returns to Orga,
I would lay my head on your lap,
I can't take my eyes off you
I caressed

Mother's place is irreplaceable, not even a kind one.
It ended with youth,
Sweet sweet dreams

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Life

The example of life is like a candle,
burning slowly
Today from my past life
The error is increasing.

How many mistakes have I made
I committed sins,
Sometimes I cried and sometimes I laughed
Life is passing.

Heading to the place
I cried a lot
One day we will die and life is passing.

Appreciating youth
Praying sweetly
We walked and played and laughed.
Life is passing

Our life is a blank page,
How to fill from us,
Let us pray
Well done boys and girls.

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Ice heart

If I say I'm white as snow
When your heart is cold
Hey spring, don't come
It's a cold autumn.

I hit you
You're a stain on my heart
I need you today
I was the one who suffered
Without my mother's word,
I turned away from the beautiful,
Not knowing that
Only I said you.

Until what happens
be happy
I will see one day
I was unhappy.

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Roziyeva is the daughter of Gulbahor Hasanboy.

She was born on September 7, 2006, Koshtepa district, Fergana region. Currently, she is a 2nd year student at KHM No. 2, Koshtepa district.

A SAND WATCH!

Midst the earth
A giant art!
What's that?
A Sand watch 🕒.
Sand falls
Time rolls
Life runs
Time to time.
What's the gist?
Who can guess?
Time can't say
Life can't get.
Mind doesn't know
Heart craves for what?
Ups-downs the life
But the time is running as usual.

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23rd Feb-24

MULTIPLE WATCHES!

How can you count
The time?
How can you make
Through this turn?
You thought
You will break the clock.
How funny!
Isn't?
Life will not take this pen
To write any information or word.
Time can't stop for your smile
You have to make Your turn.
Clear?
Not now.
Then go ahead
Through this time frame.
Mutual trust
Multiple phases
Multiple watches
Hope you will get your answer.

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23rd Feb-24

SOUND OF HEART ❤️

Soul stuck
Midst the frame of time,
Sound of heart
Help me!
Dear!
My dear friend!
My dear time frame
Don't make this So tough.
Sound of heart
Echoing from each part
How and how?
Leave the mark.
Trying from the long time
Still can't make up
Soul can't get The freedom
Stucked forever in the time zone.

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23rd Feb-24

Short Bio: Published Author of 25 poetry books available on Amazon Worldwide. Yt: S Afrose * Muse of Writes *, Fp: Muse of Words by S Afrose.

Nature Poetry

Ergashboyev Minghojiddin

Nature

Blue sky, sky
Beautiful fly, fly
Butterfly, butterfly
Sunny nature.
Clean rivers, rivers
Favourite flowers
They silvers, nature silvers
Live picture.

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Ergashboyev Minghojiddin was born on October 22, 2005 in Kurgantepa district of the Andijan region of the Republic Uzbekistan. There are seven people in family. In 2012 he entered general secondary school №33, and in 2023, after graduating with a gold medal, he was admitted to the Faculty of Economics of the Samarkand State University of Veterinary Medicine, Animal Husbandry and Biotechnology on a grant basis. He is engaged in reading books and sports, participates in many courses. Especially since he was young, he has been writing wonderful poems, he is an ardent poet.

Sky's mission

The sky says it will rain today
It is good to wash the ground dust.
It's raining, whispering:
"Oh, the world is hurting"...

And then he resigns,
Sky will entrust this work to snow.
It snows after that, though
Come down to the ground, believe and be strong.

Between heaven and earth
Sometimes it freezes.
It's like entering a house, not the ground
There are many knocks towards the window.

Heaven bless its work
Snow also describes:
- The earth is not polluted at all
It's actually a dirty humans!



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The beauty of the rain.

Playful contrasts, natural rhythms.
Fragile plates in the earth's embrace.
Glass dance floors adorn every space.

An omnipresent prism of radiance is born.
Multiple view colors, decorated with rainbows.
The birds fly, their wings are flared,
Celestial colors, in vibrant collections.

Cows roam in lush fields.
Their toes form images, as if on an invisible canvas.
And the way the rain rubbed against every blade of grass.
The image of the slowly passing moon is a breathtaking image.

The sound of the harp is as sweet as that of the birds
Chattering in the rain, fooling you and me.
Of the grace of nature, the eternal flow of life,
A longing that lingers, like a gentle glow of rain.

Beauty is reborn in this rainy place,
Sweet melodies, garnished with harmony.
So let us receive the rain, its sweet grace.
Dance to the sounds of nature, in this amazing space.

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It's a dream realm where magic takes flight.
Bathed in silver light, the beauty of the sky is clear.
The moon, oh, so bright in the midnight sky.
He casts his magic with a slow, mysterious breath.

A beacon of hope, a night guide.
Mystery whispers and fills our hearts with joy.
Its bright light is like a dance in the sky.
He delights everyone with his brilliant ideas.

Under that light, the world is silent and still.
As the strands of the moon weave their enchantment, quiet bliss.
The stars twinkle in surprise as the moon takes its place.
Divine work, adorned with grace.

Oh, the moon is so beautiful, your beauty knows no limits.
Peace surrounds you in the light of the sky.
I sit in your presence, amazed at your sight.
Lost in the magic of the soft moonlight.

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Nature

Nature is the world that surrounds us, it is important. There are plants, animals, and people in nature. When we say nature, a green landscape comes alive before our eyes.

Nature plays an important role in people's lives. Nature provides food and air for people. If the balance of nature is disturbed, it is very harmful to people. The balance of nature causes ecological problems. We humans are the cause of ecological problems. wastes are dumped in different places. Rather, they should be recycled.

For this reason, we must protect nature. If nature benefits us, we harm it. Nature is a part of our life.

Nature gives people a good mood. That is, when trees are blooming and flowers are blooming, the eyes of a person are happy. If a person is in a good mood, he behaves well.

Nature has such benefits.

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student of school 30 in Gurlan district of Khorezm region

It's raining

The rain is whispering
He says something
Whispering in my ear
It rains little by little

It rains so often
You are the rain of autumn
I am proud of it
From your coral drops

It rains little by little
You drip beautifully
Filling the ditches
It rains violently

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Spring has arrived

red tulips on the mountain when they open,
Cheerful children are playing,
When a young man sings, he sings.
It shows that spring has arrived.
When a swallow comes looking for the sun,
He fills the old and the young with joy.
If two believers agree,
It shows that my heart has arrived.
Sweet sumac in a boiling pot,
If it turns around, thirty beauties,
A rainbow of colors across the sky,
It shows that spring has arrived.
If the sun, the moon,
Branches of trees bend from flowers,
If his daughters wear satin, it's king.
It shows that my heart has arrived.

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Odina Rustamjonova was born on August 8, 2008, in the Torakorgan district of the Namangan region. Currently, she is a 9th grade student at Ishakhan Ibrat Creativity School. She is one of the most active students at the school. Currently, she is engaged in writing poetry. Her first book of poetry was published in 2023 that called "Oy shu'lası". In addition, she is the author of the anthology "Colorful Emotion," published in Great Britian. Her poems and articles were published in newspapers, magazines in Germany, Great Britain, and Kenya. She actively participates with his poems in republican publications, including "Smile," "Dono Word," "Tamaddun" magazines, "Bolalar dunyasi," "Shifokor va Hayot," and "Davri" newspapers. She can communicate freely in English, German, Russian, and Uzbek. She has a Goethe A2 language certificate. In the future, the young poet wants to study in Germany or America. She wants to become an ambassador in the future. One of her dream is to become a Zulfiya Prize laureate.

Oh Flower

Oh flower,
are you scared
from a temporary wind?
did you hide among the leaves?
didn't it fall down you
old walls?
Have you shed your leaves?
Did you keep your dreams alive?
Why are you still bowing your head?

The air smells like rain
Oh, flower
be afraid of mud!
from mud!

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Young uzbek poet



RAIN

The drops that washed the window of my heart
The most sensitive feelings are touched
Winds and dreams are horse whips
As if it takes me to the heavens

There were more dreams than stars
We used to build a castle of happiness from the wealth of words
As soon as winds blow
Why did we move away from joy and laughter?

Is this the plan of a carefree life?
The years will surely tell
When I heard the sound of rain
Youth returns to the heart, spring returns

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A rose

Named after the queen of flowers
Delicate, elegant, beautiful flower
It put a sense of beauty in my heart
My heart is broken, my tongue is always with you

Mixed even when there are the most beautiful descriptions
They are amazed at your beauty and smell
How much less we want to know
Your thorns hurt the heart

Nothing there is no beauty, there is no fall
Even roses have thorns
It is necessary to admit without a single word
Love is also a place of roses

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Ode to the Wild

Deep in the depths of a moonlit night,
Through the forest a lone creature roams,
Shimmering sheen, its silver coat,
Guided by hunger, its jaw fiercely foams,

Under the guardianship of ancient trees,
The lone wolf prowls without a care,
Its piercing eyes; burning amber stare,
Searching the wilderness, its prey unaware,

With nimble steps
On silent paws,
It weaves through the shadows
Without a pause,

Whispers of nature
follow in its wake,
As it reaches its prey,
hearts begin to quake...

... Now, the melody that rides upon the breeze,
Fills the air with melancholic pleas,

An ode to the wild and untamed soul,
A symphony of belonging, from long ago,

Its mournful howl pierces the air,
A lament that touches the realms of despair,

Like a poet crafting verses
In the dark,
The howling wolf sings
Its sorrowful bark,

It beckons to the moon
Its ethereal guide,
As if the heavens themselves should have replied,

For in that midnight hour, when silence prevails,
The wolf's song ignites as its spirit sails.

Ashley O'Keefe

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<https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry>

Evening Sun of Summer

The summer air
Is warm and still,
As the sun sets slowly
Beyond the hill,

Shadows cast;
Orange and red,
As evening comes
The day has fled,

The scorching heat
Of a harvest day,
Slowly starts
To fade away,

The evening breeze
Begins to stir,
As the sun sinks lower
Becomes a blur,

And the world takes on
A peaceful grace,
Lit up with
Evening sun's embrace,

Nature's beauty
Shines so bright,
In the last moments
Of daylight,

Such a stunning display
Of artistry,
Created by
The sun's mastery,

For the evening sun
Of summer brings,
A sense of peace
And wondrous things.

Ashley O'Keefe

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<https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry>

Fishes

Fishes are in the river
Also in the sea,
You can buy in
The store or
Eat them for tea.

Theres sturgeon
Also called caviar,
And salmon or bream
Even alligator gar.

Theres fish in the garden
And also the home,
In an aquarium
They do roam.

So whether they
Do swim in the sea,
They are delightful
Sight to be.

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A fishy tale

My name is calypso
I have heard tales,
Of the giants who come
On boats with sails.

But now I am happy
Getting ever so wet,
Then one comes down
And I fall into the net.

How do I escape
Can I get free,
Or will someone come
And rescue me.

Then along came
Right out of the dark
He was called sammy
The scary shark.

He stopped the giants
In their track,
Now I am in the sea
At last I got back.

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Fish acrostic

Goldfish
Only
Like
Decorations
For
Inspiration
Stimulation
Health

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Monster fish

One day I bought
A goldfish for
My child,
I never realised
That it would go wild.

One day my child
He came to me
Said this fish is
As big as can be.

I said that he
Must be wrong,
He may have heard
It in a song.

When I went down
As quiet as a mouse,
The fish had grown
Taken over the house.

We escaped out the door
Slipping and sliding
Across the floor.

How can we make
That monster fish shrink,
And get back to life
In the pink.

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The Frozen Rain

Suddenly
when the wind gathers clouds
Up above the turban
The young dreams for a better fortune
Gets lost in the frozen rain .

Disheartening grows in adolescent mind
That spreads hatred among sections
The night steals the confidence and credences
And leaves their eye-lids unruffled
Where mother's lap and the supper 's table
Lose any mention.

Stretches of frantic moments
Brings in fear psychosis in to the minds of
The budding souls
That leads them to run away to darkness
from the materiality as a whole

Yet a strong bondage of heart and soul
Makes them to believe
That time and tide shall at one day
Swing in their favor
And they shall univocally sing in coherence
With the blowing wind that carry
Their mother and motherland's grandeur.

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Bhubaneswar
India

Trees in Forest:

Thick is forest.
Trees are in crowd.
Planting is enough.
The life is living.
Journey is in forest.
The thick is about forest wood
The trees are making life.
The dark forest is highlighted.
The death is hidden there.
The life is dark in the thick trees first.

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Flowers in the Garden:

The garden is colourful.
The flowers are dancing.
The thorns are as walls.
The flowers are blooming.
The garden is musical space.
Decorating the land with flowers.
The earthly garden is musical.
It is decorating with varieties of beings.
The garden is home of useful things.
Flowers are glorified.

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Beings in Earth:

The earth is home of every homes.
The breath is in earth.
The varieties of beings
The earth of life is beautiful.
The living is beautiful.
The beings are flowers of earth.
The design of earth is beautiful.
The worth is living.
Beings are waves to keep earth alive.
Earth is large home of beings.

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Paiyun 7- Hile
Parbat, Nepal

Ms. Til Kumari Sharma as Multi Award Winner in writing from international literary poetry groups and anthologies, is from Hile, Bashyaladada, Paiyun 7, Parbat, West Nepal. She has published many thousands of poems, some essays, and stories and other literary writings in International Magazines, groups and anthologies from (amazon) Russia, America, England, Greece, Philippines, Scotland, Indonesia, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, India, Nepal and many other countries. She is featured-poet and best-selling co-author too. She has got gold, silver and excellent award from different international groups of poetry. She is poet of World Record Book named Hyperpoem. She is an international peace ambassador of Bangladesh and Moncheri Escapes of India. Her World Personality is published in Multiart 8 Magazine from Argentina. Her poems are translated in different languages in world.

MOUNT GAUYAN

(The mountain, which is located in the city of Aydarken)

The blue of heaven, without one flaw,
Is supported by the mountains of Gauyan.
Rocky heights of Aydarken,
Stuck in my heart invariably.
I wish the motherland a lot of good
And in my prayers I ask all the time:

– Let my land live flourishing,
Without troubles, shocks, I pray for this.
I want Kyrgyz people to live for centuries,
So that we ourselves are in good health.
And in this most holy land,
There was wealth in a huge number!

I saw an eagle's nest,
and it has become so firmly embedded in my memory,
On the slopes of majestic mountains,
I remember the nest since I was a teenager.
I am full of good hopes,
Thoughts take off all boundlessly,
Admiring the multicolour of flowers,

I admire beauty without words.
And it lifts the mood,
I want to capture a moment,
Oh, how many secrets are on your stones.
The mountains of Gauyan, I give you a poem.

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WATER IS THE SOURCE OF LIFE

(Glaciers are a natural resource of Kyrgyzstan)

The mountains of my homeland,
There are glaciers on the peaks,
As if painted,
they are Pearly.

Mountains – ascended,
To the sky, to the clouds are close.
Mountains are unchangeable,
I admire – so high.

Glaciers – environment,
They make you feel good!
Mountains have a mindset,
The thoughts of the elders have already.

Glaciers on the peaks,
If there is you, there is life!
Stay like ice floes,
We can't go our separate ways.

Therefore, it is necessary,
Protect their environment,
Appreciate and know the truth:
Without them we will get into trouble.

Only, alas, we do not hear
We are harassing the Mother Earth.
How can we in this life,
The main thing is not to notice?

Glaciers you be eternal,
Everyone needs to take care of water,
After all, the resource is not infinite
We can't get into trouble!

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Untitled

The autumn air is unstable,
Sometimes it's sunny, sometimes it's raining.
That's why Spring, Autumn
Enter the inevitable secret.

An example could be
From summer to winter.
Baba Anwar also wrote,
Surprised by this work:

"The advice is this:
The two of us -
Let's gather strength together.
Then Autumn and Spring
Let's get rid of it.

Mediocrity, warmth
Who needs it, it's interesting!
It is necessary to be in life
It's bitterly cold,
It's hot."

No wonder Summer and Winter,
He didn't think straight.
Autumn, summer and winter without a dream,
I didn't know it wouldn't happen.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Farzona Hoshimova
in the city of Margilan
Art school named after Erkin Vahidov
7th grade student.



I am farzona hoshimova. I live at house 46, shalola street, khojamag'iz mfy, fergona city and i student in the 7th class d" of the creative school named by erkin vahidov in margilan city. For 3 years, i have been the leader in the show of olovjon and his friends on fergana television. Besides, i am a member of the creative children's group opened at the children's library of the republic. To date i have written more than 25 stories and articles. Many of my articles have been published for 3 years in newspapers and magazines "farğona haqiqati", "smile", "dono word" in fergona and "tong yolduzi" in tashkent. I won diplomas, precious gifts and books by participating in many online competitions. I am the youngest student of halq sózi newspaper ahmadali shernazarov. For three years. I take lessons online. My purpose. To be a great journalist in the future.

I miss you so much, spring!

My heart seems to be freezing,
A hot heart is cooling down.
This heart is still waiting for you to come,
I miss you so much, spring.

Come, let this heart be happy every moment,
Let the four sides be filled with flowers, everywhere.
Come, let this beautiful place come to life.
I miss you so much, spring.

You bring endless beauty,
And goodness, beautiful happiness, freedom.
You remind me of a happy youth,
I miss you so much, spring.

Come, may my eyes be happy,
You are the season of my first love, my star.
All I can say to you is:
I miss you so much, spring.

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Uzbekistan-
Khorezm region, Khanka district



Dark/ Horror Poetry

Rhiannon Owens

My Apparition

I'm regretting taking this shortcut along the usually busy road. I feel dwarfed under the vast expanse of empty road, sky and darkness. Insignificant. What kind of idiot of a girl walks home alone after midnight in a place where nobody can hear you scream?

The branches of a gnarled tree are silhouetted by the sickly light of the moon and appear to be reaching out for me, or maybe it is trying to clasp me to its dried out bosom ready to suck me into the fetid, worm-ridden earth. I shudder.

My imagination is in overdrive as I fancy I hear a ghostly carriage behind me, but of course there is nothing there. I imagine ghosts and ghouls and all manner of horrors, and a storm is coming. The forks of lightning electrify my already tingling nerves.

I catch a sudden movement, the fleeting glimpse of something in my peripheral vision, but when I turn my head it is gone. Peering through some sinister, jagged trees I strain my eyes in the darkness and then yes... there it is again.

I do not know what possesses me, perhaps it is the thought of not being alone here anymore, but I give chase. Seeking a companion, some sound to break the monotony of silence broken only by the odd creaking bough. It is a figure, it is someone! My heart leaps with joy as I dash toward it with no thought as to what I plan to do. Shout 'boo?' and then have to deal with the fact I've given them a heart attack?

The figure is heading into an old ramshackle but intimidating house that seems suddenly to loom from nowhere. I don't remember this house even being here. My brain screams at me to turn back... but...

I am close enough to grab the figure. I can now see it's a woman, around the same height as me. As my hand drops to her shoulder she swings round to face me, and I am faced with... Myself...

My own face - eyes, nose, lips oh so familiar to me.

The woman is me!

She stares at me blankly and I am shrieking, shrieking though there is no-one but me to hear me scream. I'm tearing at my hair because if this apparition is me then who am I?

Who would I see if I looked into one of the cracked, grimy mirrors? What would be reflected there? Is she an apparition or is it me? Am I the apparition? If she is me, then am I not - or if she is not me because I can't be her, then who is ME??

As I continue to shriek, watched by myself, by my own green eyes flecked with amber, I know. I know that I am destined to never leave the shadow of this accursed house. The menacing branches of the trees reach for me, reach for me as I stare fixedly into the shrieking maw of my destiny...

©Rhiannon Owens

<https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry/>

The last show

One day I entered
Took part in a show,
Was sent to the jungle
I didnt even know.

At the start was
Put to sleep,
I didnt realise was
In too deep.

The prize for
The would be winner,
Was a very special
Dinner.

But alas it came to me
That I would go
Into eternity.

If whoever won the prize
Had in store
Wouldnt believe your eyes.

As the place it was
A cannibal place,
It was somewhat
Of a disgrace.

The person who
Became the winner
Would end up as
The cannibals dinner.

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Spiritual Poetry

Jalaliddin Yoriyev

REQUESTS ARE EXPRESS

When you don't pray,
Rest in peace.
Every day without melting,
Apologies my friend.

The word of my messenger is fitrat,
Hate the devils.
Let a thousand sorrows go from the heart,
Apologies my friend.

Put on a beautiful garment of piety,
Be like Joseph, please.
Repent of your sins,
Apologies my friend.

Al-Qadirim is able,
The Holy Quran was revealed.
The language is rare,
Apologies my friend.

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Student Of ASIAN TECHNOLOGY UNIVERSITY

God, keep my mother in your shelter...

How sweet your mother is,
Your words are very nice.
Your kind heart is the pattern of the universe,
I am happy with you, very happy.

Dreams unattainable by sorrow,
I can't help them not love me.
They can't shake my heart,
After all, my dear mother is with me.

I don't know how much love I have
But all I know is for you.
i love you forever
As much as I can serve you,

My life is not enough to pay my debt.
Your invaluable service,
You are my existence without you my life...
I just want this from my mouth,

May your eyes always be happy.
You were brought up by us,
Your prayers are always helpful.
I'm begging you again,
Protect my mother, God.

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APPEAL TO THE SOUL

My soul, you are strong and brave,
Have you seen adversity and sorrow,
Without wasting energy on the taste of condemnation,
Keep to yourself what the Gods have bequeathed.

Take care of the silence of forgiveness,
And peace of mind within yourself,
And do not let confusion
into your temple of the soul, great and holy

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President of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune" (ILACT),
Head of the German Branch of the Writers' Union NA,
Natalie Bisso

President of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune" (MLATT), Head of the German Branch of SPSA,
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ILA "Creative Tribune" FB group:

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ILAST/MLATT website:

<https://sites.google.com/view/ilact/home>

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VK: <https://vk.com/natalirubisso>

OK: <https://ok.ru/natalie.bisso>

YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/@natalibisso/featured>

HELLO GOOD LUCK!

Hello, my sunny faces, my tenacious ones, my thirty, fifty, hundred year olds, good morning to you

Hello, my snow-white heart, Gina-gudrat, I have no pride, I am happy with the Hereafter, Good morning to you!

To those who know me, to those who don't know me, To those who are smiling, to those who are not laughing, To those who have not yet greeted me, Good morning to you!

Those who reached Tonga and gave thanks, Those who thought about the past day, Those who attended prayer, Good morning to you!

To those who love, to those who don't love, To those who don't put it together, To those who can't get enough of Diidorim, Good morning to you!

I have a wish for you in the morning, May sadness and sorrow go away from you, Only be closer to the Truth, Good morning to you!

Let's praise the creator, Let's survive many mornings, If we go, let's go to heaven, Good morning to you!

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IBRAGIMOVA ZUHRA KOZIMJON daughter May 8, 2008 IBRAGIMOVA ZUHRA, a 10th grade student of general education school No. 3 in Jalakuduq district of Andijan region, IBRAGIMOVA ZUHRA participated in many international competitions and has more than 25 international certificates. free ticket to the 2nd stage of the "Yo!" project, i.e., the voucher holder, the 2nd place winner at the "MUSHOIRA" night held by a member of the Golden Wing, the 1st place winner of the art project held at the school, the author of many stories, an active participant in the 2nd season of the "SHINE WITH SHOHIDA" project, the winner of the "good student of the year" diploma, the 2nd place winner of the MIGHTY GIRL'S intellectual game ZAKOVAT held at the school - member of the club, participant of many master classes, coordinator of Andijan region.



WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A DREAM.....

(Written from D...)

What I thought was a dream became a dream
The only ones I know as good are the bad ones.
Let's be patient and pray.
Tenses that show who is who.

Once upon a time I was full of happiness
Suddenly you stabbed me in the back.
Revealing your true face, you
"There is someone better than you," you thought.

I was silent, I couldn't come to myself,
I will be selfish if I trust you,
Who always supports me above,
My faith in God is enough for me!

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10th grade student of school N:7 in Urganch district, Khorezm region.

Divine Wisdom

0)

From the original source of super divine power...
The infinite world is created,
When one realizes the infinite power of knowledge,
The elements of self-realization are attained only then...

No matter how much I hold the truth in words,
But what remains remains the same,
Words have set out on a journey into the infinite dimensions of I...
from zero to one,
from one to two,
And from two to many...

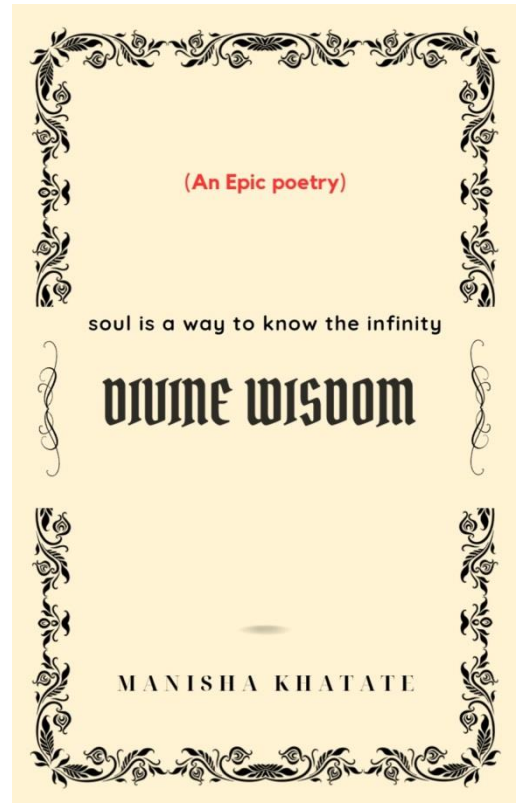
From divine light to Self enlightenment,
Stream of incarnation flows continuously...
Knocks on the subconscious...

That sound of soul's journey - of God...

Hey! sacred words,
For creation...
You are incarnated in curiosity and discipline,
Through experience and knowledge,
Keep illuminating my soul,
Because on the path to enlightenment,
Because of ego and illusion,
Sometimes the doors of my mind do not remain open,
But like the sun you are every day...
At the door of my soul...
Never forget to knock...
Perhaps,
In the festival of lights...
My soul will set out on a journey into the dimensions of infinity...
And with light she will descend into infinite creation...

The journey of incarnation of infinite creation...
Let the journey be from the end to the beginning,
And from the beginning one can go towards the end...
On the continuous cycle of time of the world,
May the ray of enlightenment shine in consciousness...

Let me create in my soul,



The universe is infinite...
The explosion is the cause of the end and the beginning,
The last and beginning is the element of immortality,
These are also the basis of creativity...

Only in duality lies the possibility of the seed of non -duality.
The secret of creation lies in destruction...
It's all illusion,
The whole duality is an illusion,
Duality is the integral nature of non-duality,
Ardhanarishwar confluence is the union of Shiva and Shakti.

The nature of non-duality is prevalent even in Trinity,
The image of the Trinity is subordinate to the qualities of creation,
Brahma-Vishnu-Mahesh are the non-dual energy of creation,
Trinity of Kali-Saraswati-Lakshmi are the elements of creation...

Non-Duality creation in infinity,
And the infinite rests in Non -Duality,
Consider non - duality also as a means to go towards the infinite element...

What was there in infinity before non-duality?
Were heaven and hell also under God?
No, then!
Was the power of heaven and hell in the hands of Gods and Demons?

In the recess of dreams,
The concept of the Kingdom of God became incarnate,
As if one has transformed from one dream world to another...
The drama was unique,
Man after falling,
Manifested on earth.
In the struggle between gods and demons,

Man became the master of crime,
Despite being a great mother, she became a sinful woman...

I was curious about womb of the creation,
Of the innocence of love and philosophy of creation,
Existence takes shape on earth,
Let me see that first element of the universe...
Who have risen on the horizon of duality of the Supreme Being,
Existence is manifested in the vast form of consciousness,
Existence blossoms in the source of purpose and ego.
Existence is independent with its own purpose,
Becoming a flow in balance with the stream of life...



Manisha Khatate, that of a well-known feminine figure in the world literature. She is the editor of Anant -Shodh - Srijan , the international magazine in hindi language . Her stories, poems has been published in the various international magazines. Esoteric and metaphysical elements are found mainly in her writings. However to the spiritual end , creative humanity is the beginning of new man and this is the foundation of the character of her writings . Her writing is strongly believes on the creative humanity and it is a solution to humans to be free and happy. Her novel, " manisha khatate and I " is going to publish soon. And her collections of English poem's (translated from Hindi) will also be published under the title of " ,My Metaphysical Poem's" . And her epic poetry named as Marusthal (Divine Wisdom) will be also published soon

(from the epic poetry " Divine Wisdom")

Mikro Poetry

Ergashboyev Minghojiddin

Untitled

Relatives and your health,
It is really your wealth.
Don't complain, be thankful,
Your life will be beautiful.

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Jalaluddin Yoriyev

LIVE WITHOUT COMPLAINT

In this beautiful life, beautiful every moment,
Thank you! May your soul be safe.
You are kinder than all,
The girl is also a child, listen to my lament.
Don't complain about being a girl, my child.

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Books...

I am addicted to your pages
Enamoured by your words
When held in my hands
Eagerly devouring another chapter.

Donna McCabe ©

Body Shock...

Raw unhealed wounds
That reflect a pain painted with sorrow
Where teardrops fall frequently
Still unable to comprehend
Process all that has happened
Living on auto pilot
Existing in shadows
Whilst trying to pick up the pieces
To start living again.

Donna McCabe ©

A Soulful Connection

Hand in hand
We have walked through life
Sharing all the joys and pitfalls it has to offer
Being each other's pillar of strength in times of need
Sources of comfort and light during the dark days
Two souls destined to journey this life
Bonded as one.

Donna McCabe ©

Donna McCabe is an established poet from South Wales, UK, with over twenty years experience. Her work has gained her multiple accolades within her field of literature. From being published in journals, magazines and anthologies both nationally and internationally, she is also a respected admin on many social media pages as well as having her own Instagram page,

Instagram- @donnamccabe_

Facebook- Poemsbydonnamccabe



Season of Daffodils

The road is bending
toward the black rocks of the sea.
I am bound to them as I am
to the sun's color of flowers out of time.
What is there for us
but grass, and a blind road,
and darkness of hours?
These bright leaves hold the only light.

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The Lane House

My kin and I are meeting at the red door.
Spirits are pressing along the stone wall.
He's sweeping up after the flood.
I've been to our ancestors' plot.
He recalls a John Cougar Mellencamp album.
He's building his mother an Elvis room.
Buddy Holly and Jimi Hendrix are
sweeping a rain's wind and we invoke
his father and brother. Everyone's
ready to rock. We will always build upon
our strong, loud noise.

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Salvage of Imbolc

Dime store Druids invade
across a blind ocean, buy 12 cereal boxes
and get a license though that's not how it works.
Just breathe it here in the air of smoke.
Clutch a smooth stone. The truth will
exhale in the green.

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Beat / Concrete / Pulp Poetry

Daniel de Culla

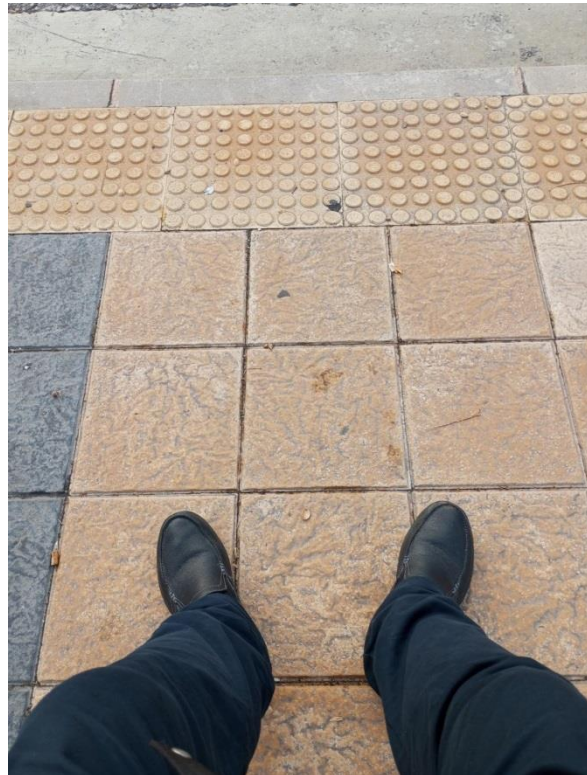
HEALTHY, HEALTHY, FROGS LITTLE TAIL

The child, my friend, of an honest widow
Hit his head
For not looking and tripping
Over a foal
Against his door handle.
Cry that cries
When his mother heard him
She has come to his aid saying:
What happened, my child?
Have you hit your head?
The boy, as he could not
He has let me speak:
-Madam, Filomeno has come home
Pretending to ride
A runaway foal
Tripping over a stick
What has crossed its path
The same thing that happened to me
The other day
When I made me ride
A crazy horse
Stepping on a banana peel
That made me slip
And hit my forearm
Although its already cured.
Filomeno's mother
That she is a great mom
Has taken his head
Giving him a kiss on the bump
Passing the tongue
Telling him, as she passes his tongue:
-Healthy, healthy, little frog's ass
if you do not get healthy today
You will be healthy tomorrow.
And, again, don't act the foal
And you the horse
Look where you step!
Because you can break
That stupid head
That you both have
One next day.
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IN MADRID' MAIN SQUARE

On the "trail" of stamps and coins
From Madrid' Main Square
One sunday morning
My father took me with some friends
To see a priest or friar
Who played with a black cap
And something wrapped in silver paper.
Ayi ayi ayi
That black bonnet
Full of wonder and mystery.
The priest or friar said:
-I feel good for the children who get it right
And bad for those who don't get it right.
What's inside the paper
Having to choose one of you
Singing "Pito, Pito, Gorgorito"
Where are you going so pretty
To the true era
Pim, pam, pum, out."
(Eeny, meeny, miny, mo
Catch a tiger by the toe
If he hollers, let him go
Eeny meeny miny mo)
To whoever gets it right
I will take you to the Manzanares River
And I will baptize you
Aas Saint John did Christ.
The boy who beat "Pito, Pito"
Raised his black cap
Unrolled the silver from the package
Everyone watching
Admiring the surprise:
Black bulldog shit!
From the She Mayor's dog
As the priest or friar told us.
To fulfill what was promised
The priest or friar
That he was bounced and excommunicated
From the Madrid 'Curia
Took the child to the nearest bank
From the Manzanares River.
There, the two barefoot
Got their feet wet
And the priest or friar
With his carnal hyssop
Watered the child's head panting



While the child sang without wanting to sing:

Ayi ayi ayi

That the river takes the shit floating.

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SAINT PE OF GUAPALUPE

Saint Pe is a devotee who became a saint
Climbing, on her knees, the slope of the mountain
To the hermitage of Saint Casilda

In Briviesca, Burgos.
Casilda, in Spanish "Poetry"
An Andalusian saint from Toledo
Was the daughter of a Muslim Emir

King or Monarch
Who, practicing charity
He brought food to the captive prisoners

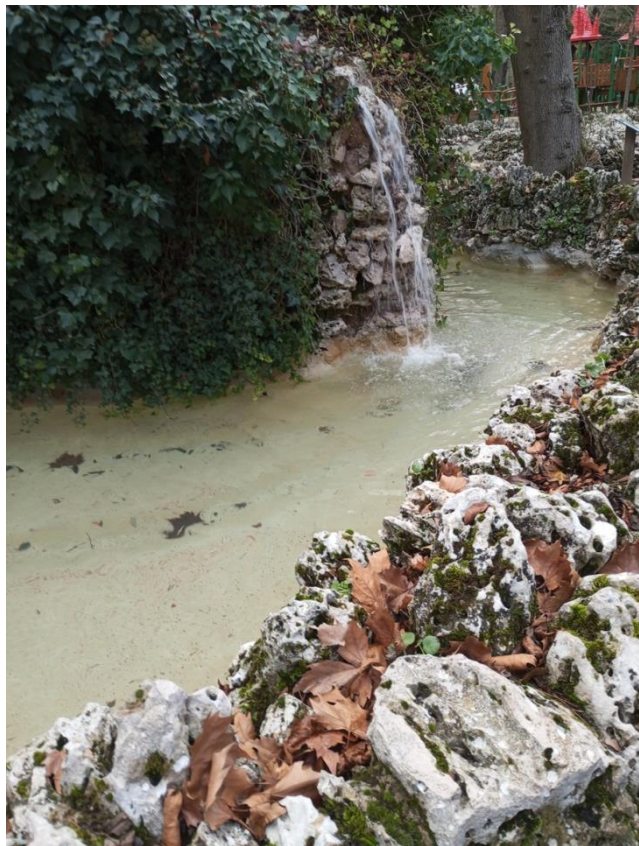
Mainly Christians.

Discovered by her father: these foods
She hid them in her clothes
Below the Mount of Venus.
Thanks to her Christian faith and virtue
When her father lifted her skirts
These foods turned into roses!
She was martyred and, therefore
Escaping from the palace
Arriving to Briviesca
Living as a hermit, or she hermit

In a cave

Next to the sanctuary later elevated.
For May, the ninth of flowers
Saint Pe levitated by.
She had already cut a lot of hair
From her long ponytail
That she reached the ditch
To offer it to God
And place it on the cave wall

Today in the Saint's votive offering chapel.
Before starting to climb the hill
Saint Pe washed her face
In the miraculous pool below
That, for her, was blessed and holy
As it was, in their time
For the venerated saint.
When she started to rise on her knees
She didn't do it in a way
Nor by path



If yes between stones and cliffs
Arriving at the hermitage
With bloody and sore knees
But always singing
Without turning her head:
“When of Saint Casilda
I go to the hermitage
It’s going downhill for me
The uphill

And when I go down from the hermitage

It’s uphill for me
The downhill.
One afternoon in May

Some nuns came to visit the hermitage.

They met Santa Pe
They took her by the hand
And they tried to convince her

That she came to her convent.
She answered them:

-I don’t have to get involved with a nun.
I have already offered to Saint Casilda

My mop of hair
Because she who gives me
Reassurance and love.

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Flash Fiction / Short Stories

Boburjon Mavlonov

Responsibility

I came out of the hospital where I had been placed from the institute and went to visit my teacher. I was practicing practical skills outside of class, combing my hair, adjusting my glasses, and examining myself in front of a mirror. I spoke to the patients, asked about their complaints and medical history, gathering information for my own records.

As I turned the last corner of the hallway, a middle-aged nurse with slightly disheveled hair and a tired look on her face emerged from one of the rooms.

Me: "Hello, sister, how are you?"

The woman looked at me with a touch of irritation and simply replied, "Yes" before walking away.

I felt a little embarrassed but didn't say anything. I entered the ward without hesitation.

After talking to some patients, the same woman returned and stood in front of me. I tried to engage her in conversation as before but she stopped me by saying "Stop!" She then said in a frustrated tone: "I'm forced to be here."

Confused, I replied: "I don't understand!"

She firmly stated: "I don't trust doctors. I never forgive them." Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

I was speechless as she continued: "I will never forgive them." She wiped her tears with determination.

Still puzzled by her words, I remained silent. She then said angrily: "They've transfused someone else's blood into me without checking it properly."

It dawned on me what she meant later on and said: "Sister, please remember that nothing happens without a reason. Doctors never wish harm on their patients. If they hadn't transfused that blood, perhaps you wouldn't have been here at all; you might not have seen your children or loved ones again."

Her expression softened as she listened to me and finally said: "My son, let me tell you something. You should always remember that you are responsible for those who trust you." She then lay back on her bed without speaking further.

Feeling confused about what had just transpired, I left the ward and sat alone in the waiting room pondering over our conversation:

"Respecting others is about trust. From now on, I must act accordingly." No turning back

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THE PAST WORLD:

Dreams of a young man who became a mirage.

It was a late dark night. It was almost hours. He says so. We were sitting around the table with our moon. Sugdiyana was washing dishes at that time. She had 4 brothers and 1 sister. Her sister was married and she had 3 children. He was so nice that he respected him and did what he said. His brother Sherzod also treated him very well. His second brother's name was Sherzod. That brother had to be married. He liked to eat and drink. He only wore clothes with the money he earned. He never married anything. He lived a happy life. He worked in a clothing store in Tashkent. He did not bring home the money he earned. they always said that. It was a simple month, then after a while, Sherzod got engaged to a girl he liked from the city. They said that if he gets married, he will change and feel a little responsibility. They said that Sal is realistic about Eid. A tragedy happened 1 week before their wedding. Now money always comes home and his attitude towards his parents has changed a lot. Of course, on the good side, Sherzod was a very handsome and rich young man. Even when he was dumb, he understood everything well. When he was 1 week old, there was a knock on the door that night. When Sugdiyona looked, it was Usta's grandfather. His grandfather was sweating profusely, panting, and seemed to pass out. Sugdiyona was going to school at that time. And at that time, Sugdiyana Usta looked at her grandfather and asked if the grandfather is at peace, why are you panting, are you okay? Then the grandmother said, my daughter is all right, and they entered the yard and sat down on the bench. Sugdiyana set a table for her grandmother and poured tea. Then Sugdiyan's father, Alisher, looked at Grandpa Usta and asked if he had found anything. Then Grandpa Usta didn't know what to say, and then he calmly answered, "Hey." When she found out, Nasiba asked Usta Baba what happened. After that, the grandmother did not know what to say, tears were flowing from her eyes, and she said, "Come to me, my children, come to me, and take a deep breath and start talking." He looked at everyone one by one. Sugdiyana and her parents were also staring at Usta Baba. And Usta Baba started talking and said that Sherzodjon was hit by a train on the railway. Everyone was in shock. Everyone couldn't understand what they were seeing. Everyone was surprised. The house that was full of happiness suddenly turned into darkness. Sugdiyana's mother heard this and started crying. Everyone was shouting ``dod". He was lying down, you would not think he was dead. His mother Nasiba was very hard on him. His mother was crying and crying. Sugdiyana looked like a person who was dreaming. Her engaged daughter Rana arrived with her baby.

And Sug-diyona's grandmother and grandmother poured sand into the mozaristan. After that, painful days began. Sherzod's parents were very depressed. .The mother was burnt to death on the child's spot. The rest of Sugdiyana's brothers were also depressed. The younger brothers also found it very difficult to recover from this incident. After 2-3 days, 3-4 policemen came to their house and He asked Sherzod's parents if he had any slaves or if they suspected anyone. According to the police, Sherzod's comrades owed money to Sherzod. Sherzod went to Qamashi district to collect his debts. The railway passed near that village. Sherzod took his friends to his home to collect his debts. He went and asked his friends to pay the debts. Then his friends did not pay the debt. And they insulted Sherzod with insulting words. Since there were 4 children, Sherzod got angry at these words and fought with them. Then Sherzod tried to run away and tried to get off the railway. And a very fast train hit Sherzod. Seeing this, the people lying there called the ambulance, and the ambulance came and took them to the sick room. They told them that they were not able to save him and told them to transplant it to their organs, and then they transplanted Sherzod's heart into another child. The doctors were surprised at that time. but they have never seen such a clean and healthy body. Even if he is dead, his heart is still in the heart of another person. After hearing these words, Sherzod's parents searched for the boy who poured Sherzod's heart, and they found Sherzod's heart in him. that he was beating him, he showed affection to the young man and helped him materially and financially. Sherzod's parents are still waiting for news from that young man.

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I was born on November 6, 2002 in Choriyeva Khurshi, Qamashi district of Kashkadarya region. Currently, I am a student of the Faculty of Medical Sciences of Termiz State Pedagogical Institute.

The best gift of my life

It was the best day of my life. Because my beloved understood everything. Aren't you curious what it was? Now I will tell you everything. A month ago, it was my beloved's birthday. My dad organized a feast at our house to make my beloved happy. The feast started at five o'clock. My beloved waited for his friends with impatience and all his friends came to the feast. He received various wonderful gifts. He played and had fun. The feast went well. When it was late, everyone went home. My beloved showed all the gifts to my mom and dad with a smile on his face. Among the gifts, there was a book called "The Affairs of the World" that amazed him. Because no one had ever given him a book as a gift. My beloved didn't like reading books. But according to my dad's request, he had to read this book. My beloved used to upset my mom a lot. I will comfort her and say, "Leave it mom, he will understand later," and if I talk to my beloved, he would accept his opinion. Even if he said that he changed completely after reading this book, it would be true. One day, when I entered his room, I saw that he was reading and pondering "The Affairs of the World". I quietly entered and listened to him. He was talking about how impressed he was by the work and how much he upset my mom. I realized all my mistakes and apologized, and he said that he understood the important things and I was forgiven for understanding. Later, he never upset my mom, and he even told her every day that he was happy to see her. On his birthday at the feast, I didn't know who gave him this book, but in my heart, I thanked that person.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Yusufjonova Ogilxon,
10th grade student at the specialized school in Uchqo'rg'on district of Namangan region

"Soul and humanity"

Nafs is an unconscious feeling of a person. Lust is the enemy. Lust is poison. Because of nafs, people turn away from Allah and start loving worldly wealth. We can enter into various evil ways because of our lust. Man always talks with his ego, at any time people fight with ego, but always defeat ego. People have always listened to their desires. Even our ego forces us to think about worldly affairs in the presence of Allah in our imagination. Nafs makes people forget God. As Fatih Duman said in one of his books: "In fact, you died on the day you were born, you were born on the day you died."

Because of lust, people go astray. Man does bad things because of his ego. It is our ego that brings us the idea that no one knows. As soon as we realize that we are doing something wrong, our ego starts talking to us again. Because of our lust, we do not stop sinning. Emotions such as pride, anger, and jealousy are also part of the ego. There are people in the world who look at people with envy and always live for worldly affairs. The most sinful people are those who are defeated by this desire. Lust always leads us astray. It keeps us away from God and makes us forget what we came to this world for.

Lust puts a person in such a bad situation that he does not even know himself. It keeps him away from God and makes him forget to do good. He also forgets death, servile duties, conscience, humanity, truth and justice. Buries a person in sins. Even when we are constantly remembering Allah and reading a useful book, our ego is a distraction. Nafs is also the feeling that makes a person fall asleep. Do not be overcome by lust. We must overcome our ego. It is important that we always remember Allah and never stop studying religious and worldly sciences. Because when we are free, the ego starts talking to us. We must be able to distinguish between the words of the soul, the mind, and the conscience. Nafs is us, our ego. Do not be overcome by lust. You are not the slave of the ego, let the ego be your slave. Never listen to your ego. A person who conquers the ego will be the sultan of sultans

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LIFE BEGINS WHERE YOU LOSE!

Life is the greatest infinity, a school of lessons for our greatest dreams. As you grow older, you become a witness that life is actually not simple, but complicated, full of secrets and mysteries, the joys of victory and defeat. In fact, a person is defeated not when he loses, but when he gives up. When you are taking a step towards your goal, sometimes you will be defeated due to criticisms and beatings. In those situations, our "child's heart" will remain in the vortex of depression. Two years ago, something similar happened in my life: there was a diligent, fluent and demanding girl who always got excellent grades at school (yes, that's me). Since I was interested in writing poems since my youth, I used to participate in various contests. Sometimes I was on the verge of victory, and sometimes on the verge of defeat. After graduating from school, I enrolled in an academic lyceum. At the Lyceum, we had a teacher named Khudoyorova Nigora. I think that my interest in native language and literature is due to the fact that I watched the lessons of this teacher and received his advice. He used to recite ghazals so beautifully that I wanted to listen to the teacher for a long time. That Dallas, I intended: "Someday I will be a mature person in my field." Life does not always go as we thought. My first year of higher education ended with me failing to graduate. I was exhausted by the results of the exam. The girl, who was always eager for dreams and news, was defeated by life's lessons and tests. At that time, he couldn't reach for a book or a notebook. Depression and defeat can sink people like a mountain, make them depressed and lonely, not only in school, but also in the face of life's trials. But in reality, giving up is the main defeat in life! If I see students carrying folders outside, I definitely intend to be one of them next year. Today, with the answer to all my prayers, I am a 2nd-year student of the Nukus State Pedagogical Institute. Last year, I became the recipient of the Rector's Scholarship, the author of several books and articles. I mean, the me who lost yesterday and the me who never lost hope. In the school where I studied yesterday, within my dreams, today I am teaching native language and literature to students. Yesterday, I set great goals for life and sat at the desks with great aspirations, today I am teaching students whose eyes are full of fire. Always remember: When you think you've lost, you've actually won. Because people with beautiful hearts win even if they lose....

"I am a teacher at school today"

Many years ago, leaving behind
I received education from the hands of teachers.
This day in my arms dear children,
I am a teacher at school today!

We picked flowers from school gardens,
If it gives me joy, I will die in the flower garden.
Watering the flowers slowly at the moment,
I am a teacher at school today!

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Nukus State Pedagogical Institute, Faculty of Turkish Languages, Uzbek language and literature,
2nd stage student Pardabayeva Adiba Shukhrat



Love heals our emotional wounds.

This story was made by me to show you the strength of love. Only love can give us happiness and health. You can say it's understandable how love will give us happiness, but why are you talking about health? Yep, this story shows that without any love, you will get sick. I told a lot about the story, I think, so let's start it.

It was a rainy day when I was going along the street where I saw him. He looked very sad, and he was so sick that he couldn't walk and could do nothing. He even didn't talk. And he was sitting in a cafe where I used to come to get my coffee before I reached my workplace. So I was a psychologist, and I worked with people who struggled with mental and emotional troubles. Then one man came to him and said, "We must go," and I couldn't talk with him, but I wanted because I understood that he had emotional troubles. Hence, as a psychologist, I wanted to help him. I got what I wanted and then continued my way. However, after one week, that man came to my workplace to talk about his cousin Jack. The person whom I mentioned as a man took that sad person. He told me that he is his uncle and said that his parents died when he was 6 years old in an accident where he was too, and he had seen how his parents were dying. It made me sad too, and he said after this accident he stopped doing, or, I can say, acting, like speaking with someone, walking, etc. Additionally, his cousin tried a lot to make him smile because he hadn't been smiling for 19 years and is now 25 years old. He had gone to lots of doctors, but they couldn't help him, so I was his last hope. And I said, "I will try, but first I must try to talk with him or see him." So I looked at him, and I understood that only one thing could help him forget everything that happened. And I wanted to do a test like I tried to give him my love and showed myself like I loved him. We started acting, and his uncle knew about it, so he helped me organize meetings. I talked with him for hours and read him several books. We went to the parks too, but it didn't help as he didn't want it a lot. And then one day I talked with him about his parents and an accident. Furthermore, I asked a lot why he was acting like that and asked what happened that night a lot with a normal voice and love, and then, after several questions, he looked at me for the first time and said, "I mustn't have acted suddenly. I should have kept silent, and it happened because I wasn't a good child." At that time, I understood why he had become as he was at that time. Then I tried to persuade him that he shouldn't blame himself. But it didn't work, and then I said, "I love you, and stop acting and being like that. Talk with me, smile, and you must live. You must have forgotten everything. Not only for yourself, but for me too, as I love you so much". It was a lie, or I can say it wasn't a lie, as I fell in love. But it worked as we had a talk many times, and after that day, everything started to change. And after 2 weeks, I could see his smile on his face, and his smile was very spectacular and made me smile too. And now, we are one family because we got married. In addition, we have two children at the moment.

This is not my story, but I have heard many similar ones. So I can say that love will treat us as it treats the holes and pains in our hearts.

Make people smile and give love to others, as we can give love to another person as a friend too. And one thing is enough: hugging :)

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Crab Cocktail

Duke enjoyed feeding his crab pals at noon from his isolated beachfront house along the Pacific Ocean outside Lincoln City Oregon USA. His ten or twenty buddies had learned that he would toss out commercial crab feed at noon every day. Duke was a loner and a bit weird from avoiding people for over twenty years and believed that he had conversations with his clawed buddies. He thought they were asking for a change in diet. He started mixing the commercial food with various human supplements, including a growth hormone he had been using for many years without result.

Over a few weeks Duke noticed the change in appearance of his pals. Their light brown bodies had changed to a whole a pallet of colors – orange, purple, pink. Their shells were two or three feet wide, bigger by a factor of three or four. If he had weighed them he would know that the bigger ones weighed thirty pounds.

On a bright spring day in April he went to his beach at noon. The crabs assembled for their usual feed. Duke appeared embarrassed and told them “Oops, sorry guys, I forgot the food. I must be getting old.” He laughed and turned around to get some food for them, but two of the bigger crabs nipped both of his Achilles, disabling him. The crabs got their last feast from a screaming Duke.

The End (Of Duke)

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Twin Sisters

I knew I wanted her for a model when I saw the portrait selection at the Portland Art Museum. She was painted hanging out of the passenger seat of a car waving at something unseen by the museum visitors. I don't know if I'm right, but I thought of early Marilyn Monroe.

Despite that my usual work is painting high-priced portraits for the city's makers and shakers, politicians and business people; I knew I had to paint her. Didn't matter if I didn't sell anything that I painted of her, I'd be happy to keep anything with her in it. She had an aura which came through the dead canvas.

I checked the artist – it was George Shaw, somebody I knew well. As soon as I got home, I asked him how to contact the woman in his painting. He told me he would check with her to see if she wanted to contact me. This was highly unusual because most models would welcome a new client without screening him first.

My obsession with the unknown woman kept me fidgeting at home hoping for her call. Fortunately she called quickly. "Hi, this is Janice Fellows. George said you'd like me to model for some paintings. In all honesty, I'm in high demand, but I've been keeping Fridays clear in case something good comes up. You should be happy to know that you are in high regard among other local painters. Let's get acquainted this Friday, say at 3, and see if this works for both of us. If it works out, bring your paints in case you want to start."

I had a client meeting about a portrait of a much married tech multi-millionaire who wanted a painting with his adult children and his much younger wife. Didn't care, even if it cost me a five figure commission, I would not miss meeting Janice. She gave me her West Hills address, a couple of miles from my place close to Portland State University.

It was three days until Friday. Keeping my mind focused on my projects while awaiting our meeting was hell. I felt like a teenager with a burning crush. When the time came, after a mile or two of walking to Janice's house, a very different woman met me at the door. This woman was clearly older than Janice, had mousy brown hair, a bit of a paunch, and a pock marked face. She could tell from my face that she was not what I expected.

"Hi, I'm Janice's sister, fraternal twin, Jody. You must be Frank. Yes, I know we look nothing alike. One of us is the brains, one is the beauty. I'm obviously the beauty". This last was followed by a cackle.

"Now that you've heard my standard joke, here is the reality. She does the modeling which brings in plenty of coin. She isn't dumb, but uninterested in the business end. I do the buying, pay the bills, collect the money, do the accounting. Between the two of us, we do alright. She is always late to her meetings, it's not a bug it's a feature." She laughed at her joke again, while I tried to make sense of the situation. "Want to sit down, have a drink, or discuss politics while you wait? By the way, her fee is the going rate." At the time, the going rate was \$100 per hour, more or less. As an independent contractor she didn't get Social Security or unemployment pay from a client.

Given those choices, I asked for a Scotch. We ended up talking about painting and art in general while we waited. After a while, Jody said she had some business to take care of and went through a door marked "Business Office". I finished my drink, and after a few minutes Janice came out to usher me into her studio.

If possible Janice was more than I expected from the painting. I very much appreciate soft, voluptuous female flesh, and Janice had it in abundance. She asked in a voice like honey "What do you want to do today?"

I almost slipped up and told her what I really wanted to do, but instead said "How about I take a few sketches". She agreed, and I spent a few minutes with my sketch pad.

“Janice, how do you feel about plein art?”

“Frank, I don’t leave my house. Jody takes care of everything so I have no reason to leave.”

“It’s too bad; I’d really like to paint you at the beach.”

Janice laughed, and went to a trunk. She pulled out a folded coastal backdrop with crab shells, a mix of different colored sand, with waves in the background. “Think you can paint me now?”

She was dressed quite modestly, so I told her she wasn’t dressed for the beach.

“No problem”, and with that she completely disrobed and went to her wardrobe and put on a swimsuit.

I did what I could to hide my arousal. She looked and laughed again. “So you are happy to see me.”

We went through the posing and lighting until we were both pleased. I spent the next hour painting.

When finished, I got ready to go. She grabbed my hand before I could leave and said “I like you, why don’t we get really happy before you go. You won’t be charged for the extra work.”

Her very comfortable couch got a strenuous workout. She inspired me to perform like my long gone teen years.

On my way out Jody gave me a very lecherous look including winks and asked “Want to schedule this for the Fridays into the future?”

I managed a strangled “Uh, yes.”

George knew about my meeting with Janice and called me later that day to ask about it. I told him that it went well. After a pregnant pause during which I suspected George was expecting something a little risqué, he said “Uh, good. Glad it went well.” This made me wonder about George’s sessions with Janice.

The next several Fridays seemed literally magical. Janice looked different every Friday and not just hair, lighting or makeup. Her nose changed size, both up and down. After wondering if she could be too voluptuous, the next week she was slightly, but visibly thinner. Whenever I would think of an outdoor setting for a painting, she would pull an appropriate backdrop out her trunk.

Did imagining her behaving as we did every Friday with her other clients bother me? Sure, but one day a week with Janice, was worth all week with someone else.

At the same time, I got closer to Jody. She was so intelligent and charming, her looks ceased to matter. If we talked about something as boring as weather, she could quote outstanding world rainfall or heat statistics. She was an expert on all the areas of art – painting, writing, acting, all of it. She solved math puzzles for fun.

After the fifth modeling session with Janice, I invited Jody out to dinner at my place. After eating, we started telling jokes. “A priest, a parson and a rabbi go into a bar. The bartender asks ‘Is this some kind of joke?’”

Next we went into dirty stories. I surprised both of us by telling her “You can sleep here tonight if you want.”

The next morning I woke up with a different woman – Janice. I jumped out of bed and yelled “What the hell!?”

Janice said “The short answer is that I’m what you might call a witch or a really good hypnotist. I can appear to people any way I want. It’s called casting glamors.”

“I don’t believe it. You and Jody pranked me. You switched while I was asleep.”

“You think so? Then how about this.” Jody appeared where Janice had been.

I spent a couple of days in a catatonic state after that. During that time I had a lucid dream. It took place in Janice’s apartment. I wasn’t there, but I could see what was happening. Instead of Jody going into her business office, it was Dinah who had a crush on me in college. I hadn’t treated her well then, so I yelled at her “I’m sorry, I treated you badly”.

She looked around and said “It sounds like you Frank, but I don’t see anyone”. Dinah’s clothes and appearance slowly morphed into Janice as she went through Jody’s office and through a door into Jody’s studio. I was in the studio, but I woke up before anything else happened.

I knew then how and when the Jody to Janice transformation was hidden from me and I remembered that I had never seen them together.

Coming out of catatonia, I realized how fortunate I was. Now it’s Fridays with Janice, and other times with Jody. Rather than try to make sense of it, I just accept that I’m the luckiest man alive. I don’t dwell on what Janice does on days that I don’t see her.

I was a little afraid of asking, but after working up the courage, I asked Jody why she wasn’t Janice all the time. “I’m a filter. If people treat Jody poorly, they won’t get anywhere with Janice. Besides that, I can connect with men who have an ugly fetish.” With that, she cackled like I had come to adore.

Before meeting Jody and Janice, I was a twice divorced sad sack chasing money. I now know that I can accept and give love. I’ve cut back on some of my lucrative work, and do pro bono or inexpensive work for poorly funded charities, houses of worship, and uplifting murals.

The End

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King of detective stories

I usually like detective stories and I can say that Sherlock Holmes is the best detective story I have ever read.

Like all other readers, I have seen the film of this work before. Of course, I loved the movie at first sight, and then I started reading the work. I can say without hesitation that it is irreplaceable.

According to some information related to the work, the first part of Arthur Conan Doyle's "A Study in Scarlet" was rejected by all publishers, and after a certain time, this work became unprecedentedly popular. Even Holmes, the family name of the main character of the work, Sherlock Holmes, later becomes a related noun that gives the meaning of curiosity.

For a person who has just started reading the book, becoming like Sherlock Holmes is very easy at first glance, it seems like a one-step path, but at first glance, it seems like an unattainable distant destination.

The reason for this conflict is that people's perceptions of perfection are wrong. The erudition of the curious Sherlock serves to shatter these perceptions. I read with the understanding that seemingly mysterious problems can be solved through simple, but subtle, small details, that perfection is only inherent in the unknown, that any solved problem becomes simple, and of course, that all perfect I understand that simple but necessary methods lie under the simple skills.

While watching Sherlock reveal big clues through small details, I thought at first "That can't be", but when our hero explained the chain of small reasons that led to the conclusion, I flashed in my mind "Well, I could figure that out too!" the thought appears. Although a person acquires new abilities during his life, the pleasure they give him loses its power after a certain period. And people's constant pursuit of impossible perfection never ends. And in the image of Sherlock, you can see this "perfection", which is the dream of people.

When I embarked on an epic adventure with the hero, even after I finished reading the book, I couldn't get out of his influence. He tries to make a chain through the power of thought from the small details scattered in the environment, and perhaps he can do it. If he used to pay attention only to the events themselves, now he is also interested in the unknown reasons behind them. The effect that a work can have on a reader cannot be greater than this.

I am sure that the book, which is the real image of our ideals in real life and the most perfect way to fight for the truth, can interest the readers and teach important things at the same time, and will remain in the hearts of fans for a long time.

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Asrorkulova Nigora was born in Jizzakh region, Republic of Uzbekistan. He is currently studying at the creative school named after Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya in Jizzakh. He has achieved various achievements so far. He has taken pride of place in the regional Olympiad several times. In addition, he has won national contests through his articles.

Be strong

Windy spring days. There are many new children's kites in the sky. All the children are happy. Only orphan John sat sullenly in a corner with a hand-made and tattered kite. He was shy among children, he was upset that he did not have nice clothes like other children. Hearing the children's laughter, he seemed to find such strength in himself. He went into the house, took a big old poster and tried to make a big kite. pieces of the stick hit his hand and it hurt. He would not stop there. And finally, he made a kite. went out and went up the hill. He flew the kite. He flew so high that all the children looked at him in amazement. John was delighted by the children's admiration. his self-confidence increased in this way. And he decided not to break his will anymore.

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Sadiqova Adolat is currently studying at the Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya school of creativity in the Jizzakh region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. is an active participant in school and regional olympiads in mathematics. He is distinguished from other friends by his diligence.

Life...

Life is such a thing that no one knows how it passed. They say, "The water flowing in front of you has no value", so life is like that. It passes so fast that we don't even notice it. We will not understand the value of life and time until we have none left...

"They gave birth to a child and named him Zafar which means invincible and victorious in life. Time flew like the wind, and Zafar was 20 years old before his parents felt that he grew up. As his parents wanted, Zafar got the high-profile and desirable job even at the age of 20. He became invincible in life just like what he was named after. But... But he forgot that he got to this level because of his parents. It is true that he may have had a good job, but he was not the person that his parents brought up anymore. Everyone could find bad things in Zafar as the greed made its way into his heart and he started losing the real meaning of life.

His parents were aging before his eyes, but he didn't even notice it. His mother, whose hair was gray and whose face was covered with wrinkles, and his father, whose eyes were fading day by day, were exhausted thinking about him. They gave advice to Zafar every day. However, it did not affect him much. Soon after, Zafar lost his job because of his bad habits. But he realized it too late. He understood that life is a flowing river. Every moment is a treasure. Let's reach the values of our parents in time..."

It is up to you to draw conclusions!

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Jamolova Gulyora is the daughter of Ikhtiyor. She was born in the Republic of Uzbekistan. She is 16 years old and is currently a 10th grade student at the creative school named after Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya. Until now, she is the winner of several contests, a poetess

My following one

Various voices began to be heard. Those voices were all too familiar. I opened my eyes and saw my loved ones around me. They were in a strange situation, they were like birds that lost their mother and didn't know where to fly. I felt some anxiety in my heart, I didn't know how to ask "What happened?" Then suddenly they told me that my grandmother died with tears in their eyes. Life seems to have stopped. How can a person who is in this life before I go to sleep be gone by the time I wake up? Sort of disastrous ice covered my entire soul. All the memories that I had with my grandmother slowly began to fade from my mind. But I didn't think of a single favor I did to my grandmother, on the contrary, I did nothing but offended her all the time. I realized that if a person adores a loved one, he will never remember the good things he did to her, on the contrary, he regrets remembering all the excitements that happened. On this day, I was sure that one thing is rigid in our life. It is death. Death is inevitable. We don't know when he will come, maybe now, maybe an hour later. We should always be ready for it.

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Responsibility

I came out of the hospital where I had been placed from the institute and went to visit my teacher. I was practicing practical skills outside of class, combing my hair, adjusting my glasses, and examining myself in front of a mirror. I spoke to the patients, asked about their complaints and medical history, gathering information for my own records.

As I turned the last corner of the hallway, a middle-aged nurse with slightly disheveled hair and a tired look on her face emerged from one of the rooms.

Me: "Hello, sister, how are you?"

The woman looked at me with a touch of irritation and simply replied, "Yes" before walking away.

I felt a little embarrassed but didn't say anything. I entered the ward without hesitation.

After talking to some patients, the same woman returned and stood in front of me. I tried to engage her in conversation as before but she stopped me by saying "Stop!" She then said in a frustrated tone: "I'm forced to be here."

Confused, I replied: "I don't understand!"

She firmly stated: "I don't trust doctors. I never forgive them." Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

I was speechless as she continued: "I will never forgive them." She wiped her tears with determination.

Still puzzled by her words, I remained silent. She then said angrily: "They've transfused someone else's blood into me without checking it properly."

It dawned on me what she meant later on and said: "Sister, please remember that nothing happens without a reason. Doctors never wish harm on their patients. If they hadn't transfused that blood, perhaps you wouldn't have been here at all; you might not have seen your children or loved ones again."

Her expression softened as she listened to me and finally said: "My son, let me tell you something. You should always remember that you are responsible for those who trust you." She then lay back on her bed without speaking further.

Feeling confused about what had just transpired, I left the ward and sat alone in the waiting room pondering over our conversation:

"Respecting others is about trust. From now on, I must act accordingly." No turning back.

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Towards success

Love the book, read it, don't waste time, never get tired of the pursuit. Because the book leads a person only and only to success. If you read book for an hour today, tomorrow you will experience a lifetime of happiness that no one else can give you. Start pursuing your dreams. Because there is a big difference between success and luck. Luck is divine and success is vital. Read from yesterday, not from today, but from today.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Raykhona Jumaniyazova

Hello my name is Raykhona my surname is Jumaniyazova I'm 15 years old. I live in Uzbekistan . In my spare time, I write articles, read books and read poems. In the future, I want to study in prestigious foreign universities.

A little boy's dream.

When there was a family, there were many financial problems in the family, and because his father's work was not going well, he had a hard time finding money for the farm, and for this reason, he rarely brought new clothes to his children.

Their children want to wear new clothes so much that it is even a dream for them to wear new clothes, they really want to wear new clothes.

They always wore clothes left over from each other. There are 3 children in the family, the eldest is a girl and the youngest is a boy.

One day, while the father was at work, he brought home new clothes for his daughter and her son. They were very happy but did not buy anything for the little girl. The little girl is very fond of her brother, because her father brought her a new pair of pants, and she asked her brother to dress her brother: "Brother, please, let me wear it once." At first, her brother did not want to give it to her, because it had only been a few years since he had bought a new suit. After thinking about it for a while, he told his brother that he can wear it, but not today, but on Friday.

His brother was so happy that he agreed to this, so he thanked him very much and started getting ready for school the next day. "Brother, don't you really wear it?" he asked, and his brother got a little angry.

At one point in the lesson, a teacher came to the teacher who was teaching and whispered something in his ear, but the teacher said to the child, look at the ground, my son, you are going fast because your father is calling you at home. The boy was surprised that this had suddenly happened, took his bag and went home. When he got closer to the house, he saw that many people were standing in front of the gate. Surprised, when he went inside, his sister, father and mother were crying, he couldn't find his brother, and asked where is my brother, why are you crying, and his mother said, "Brother, wait for you at the gate, come in." Hearing this, he cried continuously until he became stiff, and inside, he dreamed of wearing new suit pants, and when he asked me if he could not wear them, he cried that the new clothes made me jealous of my brother. When the mother came to her senses, she asked her husband why when you brought clothes for your daughter and son, you didn't bring anything for our little son, while the father cried, "I loved him the most, that's why I wanted to take him to the store tomorrow and get him what he wanted."

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Kozimjon's daughter



IBRAGIMOVA FATIMA KOZIMJON daughter May 8, 2008 10th "V" grade student of general education school No. 3 of Jalakudug district of Andijan region. FATIMA IBRAGIMOVA has participated in many international competitions and has more than 20 international certificates. the owner of a free pass to the hotel, i.e. the owner of the voucher, the winner of the 2nd place in the night "MUSHOIRA" conducted by a member of the Golden Wing, the winner of the 1st place in the art project held at the school, the author of many stories, an active participant in the 2nd season of the "SHINE WITH SHOHIDA" project, the best of the year holder of the diploma of a good student, 3rd translator, 2nd place winner of the intellectual game ZAKOVAT held at the school, member of the "MIGHTY GIRL'S" club, participant of many master classes.

Childhood

I was in the second grade at school. My brother was in first grade. At that time, we lived in difficulty. I used to take my brother by the hand to school. One day, my brother said to my mother: "I don't want to go to school, I will not go." And my mother sent my brother to school saying "go, son, get an education". I took my brother by the hand to school. We had a lesson at school. Answered from class. Then I returned home, and my brother stayed at school. My mother saw me coming from school and said: "son, where is your brother?"

I calmly told my mother: "My brother will come now, don't worry."

It was late, my brother didn't come back. My mother and I looked for the house of my brother's acquaintances. But my brother was not there. We searched for my brother for 1 month, it was February 20th. There is no place, no door that we did not look for my brother. But there was still no sign.

Finally, on March 21, the good news came that my brother had been found. But he was dead. I was scared when I saw my brother. Then we put him in the grave. My brother drowned in a big pond. But until now, no one knows how he fell into to the pond...

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Family

Late autumn. Darkness began to fall around. As I walked down the street, I noticed various people on foot. Someone is in a hurry to go home, someone is busy reading a newspaper on the bench despite the cold. As I was quietly walking away, I suddenly saw a group of puppies. I looked closer. He went to his mother who was lying in bed and moaned very sadly. As far as I know, his mother is sick. I took out my bag and saw that there was a piece of bread left over from my lunch. I took it and threw it to the puppies. Although he was hungry, he pushed the bread to his mother. His mother ate the bread. I was surprised. Do these animals have love too?!

At one point, a big dog appeared, biting a bone. He also gave the bone to the sick dog. He raised his head and started kneading the bone and felt much refreshed. At one point, they all fell asleep in each other's bed. As I continued on the road, I remembered our neighbor Aunt Nasiba. Are animals kinder than people?!

Aunt Nasiba was abandoned by her children when she was ill. Neighbors were aware of him. So the puppies are kinder than Aunt Nasiba's children.

I don't know how I got home with my imagination.

Every day when I come home, hot food is ready, houses are clean. My mother came out of the kitchen holding her waist.

- Yes, my daughter, are you upset?

- No, honey, I'm just... Does your back hurt?

- Well, you know, my old patient...

Did I ignore my mother's illness?

Dad is used to it as usual...

I looked at my mother. Wrinkles fell on their faces. Involuntarily, puppies came to my eyes.

Even though he was hungry, he hung his bread on his mother. A propeller around his mother because of his illness. Do I not have this animal intelligence? I have such a family given by God. I have never disappointed my parents and grandmother. My brother, brother and sister are busy with their work. Mom, forgive me. I was crying inside. Everyone gathered for dinner.

Again, my mother sat down later than everyone else. After eating, they left one after another. My mother began to eat alone and put away the dishes.

I ran and took the dishes from his hands.

- Give it to me, I'll wash it myself.

My mother blinked in surprise.

- Now it will be different in the family, mother. Everyone in this family loves you. This is my family, I said quietly.

- I learned to show love to the family, the sanctity of the family from dogs, mother.

- Don't you have a fever, girl?

My mother was surprised.

- You rest in peace, mother.

My mother slowly went to the window, wiped her moist eyes, and hugged me tightly.

I have a kind mother, kind family. Along with these thoughts, the lights burning in the distance passed before my eyes like clock

© Copyrighted 2024 by Nigora Tursunboyeva

Nigora Tursunboyeva was born on February 23, 2009, in Namangan region. Currently, she is a 9th grade student of Ishakhan Ibrat creativity school. Along with writing poems and stories she can speak freely in 4 languages: English, Russian, German and Uzbek.

The price of bread

Time for a big break. Pupils are having fun. They are playing ball. Further away, playful children's teacher's "Sanjar, Murad, come down" despite his words they are going out and picking nuts. Oh, how happy they.. The bell rang for class. The students all went to the classroom. 5"A" now has a mother tongue lesson. The teacher is explaining theme"Punctuation". The lesson is over. Now they will go home. Here, the girls next door- Saliha, Layla, Madina and Guli always walk together. Now they are talking about who they will be in the future.

Suddenly Leyla is on the way her eyes fell on a piece of bread lying on her left. Then she remembered the conversation with her mother.

- My daughter, bread is a great blessing, it should be respected.
- Why mother?
- Because it is not easily created. How many hardships a person goes through before bringing it to the table, from planting wheat to sprinkling it with sedana, he shows all his love to it . Do you understand my girl?

These words rang in her ears, and she ran so that this comrades would not run over her, rubbed her eyes and put them in his pocket. Layla was very happy with her work, she was happy to hear praises from her mother at home.

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student of Ishakhan Ibrat Creativity School

SHOULDERS THAT LIFT ME UP

The icy breeze of the morning hitting my face and the pouring rain outside prompted me to get up. I opened my eyes to find out where the cold was coming from: the window was left open. I was thinking for a while, then I remembered that I had to go to school, so I jumped up. After hastily eating breakfast, Ayam took out my white boots, which I brought from the market with my father last week.

- It's cold outside, the streets are muddy. Dress warmer, he said. And I:

"No, no, it's going to get dirty, I'll go in my shoes," I protested. But inside I wanted to wear my boots and praise them to my friends. At that moment, my grandmother told my father:

- My son, if not, take my grandson to the asphalt road.

Dad gestured as if to say "let's go" and we went out together. Then my father bent down, and I slowly climbed out behind him. As we walked down the muddy street, I kept my eyes on my white boots as I hugged my father's neck.

I still remember the traces left by my father on the October rain and muddy street that day. I will never forget the love of my mountain that day...

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I have a choice.

There are such people among us, for whom there is no difference between morning and night, day and night, today and tomorrow.

After studying and researching, you can imagine that young people who are mature experts in their chosen field are addicted to mobile devices and games that are not useful for today or the future.

The saddest thing is that this tiny device takes them away from reading books, which is a source of infinite knowledge, and a source of spiritual nourishment.

In childhood, everyone sets different noble goals. But the work is not done only with desire. There are many dreams in the heart, but they are useless if there is no movement and aspiration towards them.

There are not exactly five equals, there are young people among us who organize their time productively, work for the bright future of themselves and the society, take a place on the top podium of the country and the world, and contribute to the future development of the country, it makes one happy.

Today, people who face their parents and loved ones and waste their opportunities, as a result, get stuck in a dead end and fall into a whirlpool of regret, as well as those who are the pride of the whole country and live with confidence in the future, will be given the same time and only one life. How to use it and what to spend your precious time on is everyone's choice.

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Gavharoy Khudoykulova is a student of the 57th general secondary school in Payariq district, Samarkand region, Uzbekistan.

A duck that can't read

Once upon a time, there was a duck named Dick, and as always, he was wagging his tail to the pond early in the morning. When he was about to reach the pond, a hedgehog crossed his path, moving his mouth and shouting. Then the proud dick: - hey he looked slowly at the hedgehog wondering if he knew what you did now. Tipratikon continued on his way without hearing what he said. Dick stamped his feet and blocked the hedgehog's path. And the hedgehog just saw Dick.

- Yes, Dick, do you have anything to do with me? You suddenly blocked my way, and Dick became even more angry:

"You just blocked my way. And Tipratikon said:

- ha ha I wanted to learn to read, I was memorizing the letters, I think I should memorize them today.

Dick was so proud that he got angry with the hedgehog and told him not to cross my path. When he was going to lick his tail again, the hedgehog called: Dick.

- yes, what do you say?

- Don't you learn to read?

- I don't need to study

a week has passed. He left a small leaflet on his door. dick opened the door and saw the leaflet on his way out. he looked at him and shot him, he did not know that there was a note on the paper. he kept walking in nonchalant silence. when it was late, there was a knock on Dik's door. When he opened the door, he saw that all his friends and distant relatives were standing there. All the things that have not been collected in the houses are scattered in different places. there is nothing to eat, so the dick is ashamed. Dick came closer, he didn't know what to say. He left a little bit. I wrote down when we would come to your door. The hedgehog doesn't know how to read. Dick cried out of shame.

- Now I will learn to read from tomorrow, I will never say that I don't need to read.

thus he learned to read aloud. he went to school with his friends and became one of the brightest students in the class.

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7th grade student of the 12th general school of Arnasoy district, Jizzakh region.



A dying cactus

Once upon a time, there was a gardener. He works in his garden on Gardener's Day. There are various fruit trees in the garden, and part of the garden is a flower garden. Gardeners take special care of their flowers. He loves them very much and spends hours admiring their flowers. Don't let anyone pick the flowers. If someone finds out that he has plucked even a single piece of flowers, he is very upset. The gardener also had a cactus flower, which was always alone and bored at the window of the house. Seeing the gardener's love for the flowers in the garden, the cactus always looked at them with envy. The gardener was busy with the flowers in the garden and sometimes forgot about the cactus. Cactus would be very upset about that. He was upset that they were not paying attention to him. He began to cry day by day, suffering from sadness and loneliness.

One day, a neighbor boy named Ali came to the gardener. Having a conversation with the gardener, the garden turned. Ali helped the gardener in the garden. They moved from the garden to the flower garden. While looking at the flowers, Ali's eyes fell on the cactus on the window. He asked the gardener why the cactus was withering. Gardener:

"This flower is alone, that's why it withered," he answered. Ali felt sorry for the flower. He looked at her lovingly. He asked the gardener to give him the flower. He promised to care for and protect the cactus. After thinking for a while, the gardener agreed. He took the flower to Ali's hand. Ali was happy and took the flower home. He took care of it by placing it next to other flowers. Other flowers also accepted the cactus well. They became friends with him. Cactus now found his home, happiness and friends.

Cactus woke up one morning and saw something growing out of his head. The flowers nearby saw it too. He was told that a flower had blossomed from his head. Cactus was very happy. Having found a suitable home, the cactus lived a happy life with its friends.

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Choriyeva is the daughter of Mahbuba Khusnid. She was born on January 25, 2005 in Pastdargom district of Samarkand region. Currently, he is a student of the 1st stage of the Faculty of Primary Education of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University

An hour without a phone

I'm tired of the phone today. My eyes are tired and pale. Then I decided to turn off my phone for an hour, but I was scared. I was very attached to the phone, but still, I did not change my mind and turned off the phone. Then I looked out the window and the weather was amazing. When I was about to go out, the landlord's blue-eyed, curly-haired little girl, who was not yet two years old, was sitting in front of the door, playing with her mother's phone. I thought that the light of the phone is more harmful to young children than to us, and I gave the phone in the girl's hand to the bear and we went out together. When we arrived at the playground, there was no one but us. I think the other kids are busy with the phone too. First we wanted to go gliding, to tell the truth, I wanted to gliding Afrauzhan. I played with the baby without getting bored. We flew smoothly, we flew slowly. Hearing our noise, the neighboring children also came out. Everyone was playing loudly. Seeing them reminded me of my childhood. Childhood without a phone was different... I missed my childhood, I missed our home, my dad, my aunts. That's enough, I'll go to my room and call my family.

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Mardiyeva is the daughter of Mahliyo Mukhtar. She was born on March 4, 2004 in Pastdargom district of Samarkand region. Currently, he is a student of the 2nd stage, group 610_22, Faculty of Uzbek Language and Literature, Jizzakh State Pedagogical University

Memories in the rain...

I woke up in the morning. I felt strange for some reason. The clock ticking on the wall of the room caught my attention involuntarily. It was almost dawn. Again, my mind went somewhere else. I imagined that I was not in the room. I was not interested in the view of the room. When my mind was a little confused, I approached the window of the room. It was the end of February, spring was near. Outside, it was raining lightly on the window panes. I was drowning in my thoughts again, soaking in the rain. Suddenly, I received a message on my phone reminding me that it was morning. I slowly looked at my phone, but didn't pick it up because it wasn't important to me right now. Strange thoughts were running through my mind. But my legs involuntarily urged me to go outside. I slowly walked towards the door. I knew it was raining on the street. I noticed an umbrella hanging on the wall near the door, and although I knew it was raining outside, I didn't want to take it. I slowly went outside. Everyone was moving towards their goal. Someone was going to work, someone to school, and someone was going to their kindergarten with small steps. Seeing that everyone has an umbrella in their hands, and seeing people carrying different kinds of umbrellas, I somehow remembered the mushrooms in the forest. I did not notice that I went to the store located in our neighborhood quietly, thinking about it. In front of the store door, a little girl with brown hair was squirming, not fulfilling her mother's wishes. And her mother was trying to caress and caress her, trying to persuade the little girl no matter what she could. "The child's heart is king" is what they say, but the little girl did not want to hear her mother's words.

Children are very innocent. Their mood can be compared to the soft, morning breeze of spring, to the quiet, warm summer night with the moon and stars shining in the sky, to the gentle rain of autumn that washes away all the dust, and to the white snow of winter that completely covers the whole place. Children's hearts are so innocent.

That little brown-haired girl, who was passing her manhood to her mother near the store, prompted me to drown in the ocean of fantasy again.

One of my childhood days, my mother and I were walking on the street. The weather was cloudy, it had rained a lot (as it is now), so there was water in the pits on the road. I was so excited that I wanted to jump into those puddles, but my mother wouldn't let me do it because of my health. This little girl, who was used to doing what she was told, was not blinded by her mother's opposition. I mean, I wanted to swim. I would never give up my stubbornness. And my mother tried to scold me and dissuade me. I saw myself in the girl next to that store. History seems to be repeating itself. What started as a dream day continued with my return to youth.

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Boliyeva is the daughter of Rukhshonabanu Shodiyar. She was born on June 19, 2005 in Pastdargom district of Samarkand region. Currently a student of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University, faculty of pedagogy and psychology, special pedagogy: speech therapy, 1st stage, group 511-23

A FLOWER THAT FALLS TO HELL

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

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

One of the suitors was my mother's relative. Mom and Dad:

- Our daughter is still young, we want to educate her. Despite the fact that it is too early for her to get married, my mother's relative continued to come.

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

- Come on, what did you decide? - they said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What kind of life is this, what kind of time is this, even though I am a young bride, I have no problems left. My husband used to come home from work and punish me by making me stand in the corner of our room until morning, despite my pregnancy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was very happy when my daughter was born. I felt a mother's love when I held her in my arms. I thought that our lives would be traced after he was born. I have made a mistake. Have you ever seen such cruelty? They didn't even let me see my little girl while living under the same roof. My daughter was deprived of breast milk. He feeds with additional milk, but now he does not drink breast milk. Drinks only extra milk.

I miss my daughter. My heart bleeds when he cries. My mother-in-law does not give my child to me, but takes her with her. And I miss my little girl without sleeping.

On the one hand, my husband's oppression, and on the other hand, my mother-in-law's suffering, which she is not giving me my daughter, have killed my hope to live in life..."

At Komila's request, I wrote down this story. So that, after hearing about this incident, the parents would not be indifferent to the decision of their fate.

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Fresh dream

The smell of soil, the smell of ground...Oh , so lovely and dear this smell. Especially, the soil of native land is closer to the heart. Repentance, the sun of homeland also seem special. After all, only one sun shines on the whole world. But, as if the sun carasses the people with its rays, looks at them with special smile.

Barno stopped in the modern airport which crowded with people. Looked around one by one . The words resonated in her native language sounded very pleasant to her ears. Barno was coming back to Uzbekistan for missing her sister and village very much. Although she wanted to wander through Tashkent which is capital of Uzbekistan , she decided to go to Surkhandarya. She promised to return again to Tashkent before went to Surkhandarya. The roads were far away... Barno remembered the past, leaning his face against the window of the car.

Barno was born in Surkhandarya region. She grew in anticipation of the scorching rays of the sun.Maybe so that, she was so beautiful girl like so many girls of Surkhandarya. Her childhood was very happy. She saw no grief, no worries. But at the age of 17, she lost his father and a year later her mother. They died.

She and her sister started living with their old grandmother. Barno's dream of being student at university also did not come true. The main reason for this is that, after finishing from school , she went to work abroad with aunt Robia who was both their neighbour and her mother's closest friend. Her sister was 10 years old and her grandmother was old. Moreover, it was also difficult to find a job. They hadn't got any relatives who can help, almost. Five years ago she left her homeland with deep sadnees in his heart.

She began working with her aunt in confectionery factory. She worked a lot to earn much money. It will be much more difficult , if you do not have a person and a home that wait you when you return late from work. Sometimes, when Barno came from work , she was weeping remembering her country, village and loved ones. She would stop weeping , thinking that she would hurt her parents who were looking from the skies. She worked hard and sent a lot of money to her grandmother. One day, When she was talking with her sister on phone, her sister said that there were many new developments in New Uzbekistan, and youth had different chances to do business.Barno had hope in her heart. She decided to come back to her home. She.wanted to live happy in her country.

She remembered her stories in her life. When she got up they almost arrived to destination. The taxi entered into the street which known for her . Barno was over the moon.

As long as, her sister and grandmother were waiting without sleeping. Barno was so happy to see them, to return to her country. That situation was impossible to describe in words. She hugged her grandma and sister with her heart, not with her hands. After she rested for few days, she began her work. "We always support youth who had a talent in their heart" they said to Barno , and they gave credit in very fast opportunities. Barno created her own confectionery factory in her village. Appart from she called it "Fresh dream" . This name was similar to her life and feelings . The "Fresh dream" factory was opened in a lot of areas of her country. Her factory and her sweets were femous and lovely for everyone.

Barno was invited to the forum of youth and studentds of Uzbekistan. The main reason for this is that she was one of the best business girl of her country. Now she was not unhappy girl who came back to her homeland with longing for her country. She was really happy!

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Uzbekistan



Goodness

The moment when the sky pours its pain on the earth. Raindrops fall in buckets. If there was a happy person who is grateful for his/her life, he/ she would have already danced under this pleasant rain. Then, he would even smile with satisfaction, looking at his wet dress. But not everyone is happy with the sensational visit of the rain, especially a woman who was standing at the old roadside station with a child in her arms. She was always worried about her child, she didn't even show that she was thinking about herself. She had been sitting here for an hour and was thinking about today's difficult day.

The city was still asleep when the bus reached the city center in the early morning. This young woman, who brought her child to the hospital, searched for a hospital on the outskirts of the city for a long time. Three or four months after the birth of her son, the child was diagnosed with an illness. Even if her son is 9 years old now, he could not walk. During these nine years, there was no hospital that the woman did not go to, no doctor that did not try to treat the baby. All the doctors gave hope and said that he would be recovered. The woman was strong enough not to give up hope, even if she did not see any changes in her son after long treatments. When she heard about a new doctor through an acquaintance who lives in another region, she left without thinking. The wages she was saving for his son came back to him. When she reached the hospital, the city have already woke up. But people wait in line for weeks, sometimes even months for this professor. Of course, the woman did not know this. She did not know what to do. Now, when she went to the hospital yard, the woman on duty ran after her and said that a patient had called a while ago to say that they can't come because of some reasons. The nurse gave the woman their turn. The woman was so happy that she thanked again and again. They had to wait in the yard until noon, but the woman was grateful for that. She sat down with her son on one of the beautiful seats in the yard. She whispered songs to her son and caressed him with kisses. At that moment, she saw a couple sitting on a seat a little further away, and her heart ached. The memories of the past came back to her scratching her tongue. Her childhood that playing and laughing at school, her sweet dreams, her unusual plans after graduation, her mother's friend's son who was chosen bride for her and her beautiful life after the wedding, her happiness at the birth of her son, and her little baby's illness. The pains that she heard, one after another passed before her eyes. Finally, the memories stopped in front of the emotionless, cold face of her husband. This face is very familiar to her. She knows him better than she knows her own name. Because he was a father who tried to treat his son more or less when he heard about his illness, but when it didn't work, he left his son and had another family without shame! After the past events, the woman used to face this image twenty or thirty times a day, pouring out all her pain, anger and hatred. Even now, she was angry, her heart hurt so much that tears came out of her eyes. And she talked with her husband in her imaginations: "You have acted unscrupulously and unwillingly. You did not feel sorry for your son. How did your heart get used to leaving me alone in these difficult ways? Oh, you didn't have a heart, did you?! What kind of father have you become... You have no conscience!" At that moment, it was their turn and her anger was instantly crushed like dust on the dirt road where a heavy truck had passed by. All his pains went away again.

This time, as always, the professor examined her son for a long time. Then he gave a very beautiful hope and confidence. He followed by saying that she would prepare some documents and then she would have to stay for a week for treatment. The woman prepared all the documents and various analyzes of her son while running from here to there in a city she did not know well. It's late. She rushed into the hospital. The nurse on duty accepted the documents and said calmly that they would start the treatment from Monday. Only then, the woman's mind was struck by the question of how they would get home at such a late hour. If it was possible to stay in the hospital now, she was ready to stay. But it is not possible. Impossible. When the woman reached the station with a heavy bag on one shoulder and her nine-year-old disabled son in her hand, the bus had already left and there were no taxis. It's a 5-hour drive from the city till her home. She couldn't afford to hire a car. So the woman realized that she had to find a place to stay. She even knocked on several gates. They did not regret it. Then the rain started and the woman took refuge at this station. Now, while sitting at the station, she asked a true way and help from the God! God never left him alone. He always showed a good path to this strong and kind-hearted mother. He used it now! A young couple passed by here, having a nice conversation under an umbrella. After walking for a while, they saw the woman and came back to her. When they found out about the mother's condition, they were very sorry. The young man took the mother's son, and the girl took her luggage and led the woman behind them. After walking for five or ten minutes, they knocked on a small gate. An old woman opened the door. She opened it and immediately invited them to go in after seeing the guests. When she saw that they were crushed in the rain, she ran in all directions. This old woman was still the

grandmother of the young couple. The young man, who was orphaned by his parents, grew up with his grandmother. She got married recently. They are such open-minded and good people that they immediately became dear to the woman and her son. A beautiful table was prepared for the guests. They had a sincere conversation. Hearing the woman's worries, the old grandmother prayed to God for healing for the boy. Hearing that the woman would return home the next day, the grandmother stubbornly persuaded her to stay here. While the woman was lying on the bed while watching the rain from the window in the warm house, she kept thanking the Allah. "All people in this world should be friends and dear to each other. Because we are all created by the same God. We all had the same beginning and the same destination. There is no stranger in this life! There are many good people! In many worlds. She showed me another one that I created today. Thank you"- the woman thought. Her son had already fell asleep. Mother looked at his curled eyelashes and said: "Be such this young man in the future, my dear son, people will be happy because of you!" Let those who are in dire straits hope. Get strength. Because of you, let people believe that there are many good people in the world. Let them strive to be good like you! Be good even if there are no good people around you! Love Allah! May God loves you too!"

Shahnoza Ochilidiyeva
Uzbekistan



Amazing story!

In a small village, there lived a girl with beautiful eyebrows, black eyes, and lips as beautiful as a bud. She studied in that village school, she was one of the exemplary students. Her name is Stella. She is currently The 16-year-old is about to finish school. Stella, the eldest child in the family, has 2 brothers. His parents are ordinary workers. Even though she is an older child, she is a very masculine girl. Today they are going on summer vacation. School ended. Jack came from the city to the village to see his grandmother. Jack didn't like the village at first because he preferred the city life. _One day Stella went to the stream to get water. Jack also sha was playing in the water by the stream. Suddenly and unintentionally, Jack splashed water on Stella. And Stellani got angry and yelled at Jack _-Why did you sprinkle water on me?_And Jack slowly smiled and answered._-You are a beautiful girl._Stellani got even more upset and went home with her bucket. _A few days have passed since then. Jack still hadn't gotten over that incident with Stella. Because Jack fell in love with Stella. And Stella was still upset with Jack. _One day, when Stella was coming from her friend's place, Jack stopped Stella and apologized for what he had done that day. Stella forgave him. And they broke up again. _Stella had paid attention to Jack's eyes and face that day. Stella now also thought about Jack day and night. Stella thought that first love was a stupid thing, but now she is playing a stupid game. Jack and Stella started dating and they were both very happy. __Summer vacation is over. School is about to start. Jack must now return to the city. _He was going to town next Monday._Stella and Jack spent the last few days very happily._At last Jack went to town. School has started for Stella as well. Stella will graduate from school this year. And she will go to university....._Stella has changed a lot in this academic year, she paid little attention to studies. She barely closed the annual grades with 4 and 5. _The school year is over. _Now Stella must try to get into university._Jack also graduated this year. He also wants to apply to the university, but not to the country where he lives, but to a foreign country. Before the university entrance exams, Jack came to the village and went to see Stella. Finally, they both entered the university, but Jack went abroad. And before they left, they met Stella. And they said goodbye._Unfortunately, they couldn't see each other anymore. He went out with a girl very well. They were very good friends. Her name was Safiya. Safia was a cheerful, cheerful girl by nature. Safia's hair was yellow and her eyes were blue. _Jack and Safiya were very close friends. _In his first year of study, Jack wrote letters to Stella. Stella also wrote a lot of letters._But Jack's second school year started.He stopped writing letters to Stella at all and even got into the habit of not answering Stella's letters._And Stella was definitely worried about this. _Years passed, Stella graduated from the university. Meanwhile, Jack told Safia that he fell in love, and Safia accepted Jack's love. _They were a happy couple. And Jack forgot about Stella._Stella was still waiting for Jack._And Jack also graduated from the university. He returned to the country of his birth with Safia and started the wedding. Jack and Safiya were going to the store to choose a white dress. On the way, Stella saw Jack and Safiya. At that moment, tears came to Stella's eyes and she lost herself for a while. And when he turned around, he saw Jack and Safiya coming towards him. And Jack recognized Stella and greeted her, but Jack was very ashamed of what he had done. Stella wished them happiness and continued on her wayBut Stella was devastated. A few days passed and Stella heard that Jack and Safiya got married. _Stella didn't sleep at all that night. He was very upset and could not come to himself for a while.She didn't even go to work _Then she found a different strength in herself and started her work._Months passed and Stella had a close friend in her life. At first Stella didn't give her a chance, but she felt that his love was real. They got married and they were very happy. Jack and Safiya were getting worse day by day. Jack missed Stella. One day Safia and Jack decided to divorce. And they broke up._Jack missed Stella very much and Stella found a place to drink and met Stella._He apologized to Stella. Jack said he was sorry and said he still loved her._Stella said only one word "I'm not angry with you. I'm happy now" "I have a faithful husband," he said and left. Then Jack knew it was too late to apologize and hated himself. Safiya married another boy. _If only Jack hadn't betrayed Stella, they would be the happiest couple now. _Unfortunately, it's too late...

Memories from my sister

A happy family lived in the courtyard of simply. It was one of the cold winter days in December, but for some reason it was not too cold. At that time, I was in the 5th grade, my sister was in the 6th grade, and my brother was in the 1st grade. At one point, my sister came home from school clutching her stomach. My mother was surprised - is it peaceful? What happened? Where does it hurt? My sister was holding her stomach and crying. My mother suddenly called my father and told me what had happened. My father and mother took my sister to the doctor. My brother and I stayed at home with my grandparents. It was late and there was no sign of them. In the evening, my mother and father came home in silence. My mother suddenly called my sister's teacher and said that she could not go to school for a while, she was sick. The next day, they took my sister to the doctor again and came home crying. they came Since I was young then, I didn't really understand what was going on, my parents didn't tell me what was going on - they used to tell me, ``Your sister is sick, don't talk back to her, don't touch her." They diagnosed appendicitis. But my father did not agree to the operation, and they referred my sister to other doctors. One doctor advised them to go to the Bionur Medservis clinic in Samarkand, as they could not diagnose the disease. My father and mother took my sister to Samarkand on the same day, and during the examinations there, it was clear that my sister was suffering from cancer. My father took my sister to Samarkand for treatment. My sister and mother stayed in Samarkand, and my father returned home. My mother and sister came home every fifteen days. My father had my sister operated on in Samarkand. Everyone believed that if we operated on my sister, she would recover. The operation went well, but there was no change in my sister. One day, my father took us to see my sister in Samarkand and brought me a tulip from the mountain for my sister. The tulip was so beautiful that words cannot describe it. When they took Lola, everything was still an unopened bud, but by the time we went to my sister, everything had opened. My father took me to my sister, I talked with my sister for a long time, and soon after saying goodbye to my sister and mother, we returned home. I felt like this: the people you miss when you meet with me, time passes so quickly that it seems like an hour and a minute. We didn't have a doctor who didn't see my sister. My parents used to cry every day without telling us. Especially my mother. In this way, 3 years passed. My father was always looking for ways to fix my sister. In the meantime, they tried to see different doctors, but they didn't help either. My mother was always around my sister day and night. My grandfather and grandmother and my brother were also upset when they saw my sister. One day, my father decided to take my sister to India for treatment, but it required a lot of money. We had a lot of money. We tried to ask relatives, but no one wanted to help, because they thought that it was useless to treat my sister. My father wanted to prolong my sister's life even for 1 minute. So, after the relatives could not save my mother, they decided to sell all her jewelry and household appliances. They collected the necessary funds to take her to India for treatment and flew to India. After they left, we didn't know how our day went, but we all missed them very much. At that time, we didn't even have a telephone to talk to them, and when my aunt came to see us at home, she would make us talk to them. Thus, 1 year has passed. According to my mother, Indian doctors are very competent. So they returned home. When my sister came home, I couldn't contain my joy. In my eyes, my sister seemed to have recovered. In fact, after the operation, we thought that my sister had completely recovered. Everyone was happy about it. So 5 years have passed since then. In the meantime, I have grown up a lot. The days continued like this. My sister kept all her pain inside, her illness was causing pain day by day, but my sister did not notice it. One day, my sister could not bear the pain and was crying. My sister's illness was getting worse day by day. One day when I was going to school, my sister looked behind me and I didn't even care about this situation. When I came home from school, my mother told me that my sister cried after I left. My sister wanted to study and be with her peers. I hated myself when I heard my mother's words. My poor sister lived in a thousand pains every day. She fought for life so much that my sister agreed to anything to live. And we could do nothing but pray. Because when my father talked to the doctors, the doctors said that there was no point in taking my sister to the hospital because it was the last stage of the disease. It was difficult for all of us to see my sister in this condition. My grandparents used to pray in front of my sister every day. One winter day, there was snow in our yard. it rained. My sister wanted to see snow and asked to take them out to the yard. My parents were happy to see the smile on my sister's face and took my sister out to see her. At that moment, my sister was so happy that it could not be expressed in words. Finally, the winter passed and spring came. The trees turned white and blossomed. The days were long, but the more days passed, the more my sister

faded. My sister's condition was getting worse day by day. My sister was struggling to survive sleepless nights. One day in the morning, my mother and my brother woke me up and said that my sister was calling us. On that day, my sister wanted to say goodbye to us and hugged us all. That was the first time I said to my sister, "Sister, I love you." My sister told me that I should not cry, that I should enter the Institute and study in the future. After that, the situation worsened. Two days have passed since then. My sister became very sick and did not speak. My parents were suffering from helplessness. Seeing their children dying in front of their eyes, not being able to help them, they could not do anything but pray. To be honest, I can't even describe this situation. My sister died like a faded flower in my father's hand. My sister got rid of the tortures of this false world and went to the eternal world. Now she is in Makshar.

Beloved, learn to appreciate your loved ones in this life, appreciate them because they are a blessing given to us by God!!!

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Shahrisabz State Pedagogical Institute
1st grade student Sattorova Mehriniso

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE CLOUD



In a magical land where clouds were spun from sugary candy floss and raindrops tasted like the sweetest melodies, lived a curious boy named Charlie. One sunny day, while chasing butterflies in his backyard, Charlie spotted something extraordinary – a cloud made entirely of chocolate hanging in the sky.

Unable to resist the temptation, Charlie crafted a ladder from licorice vines and climbed toward the chocolatey delight. With each step, the air filled with the delicious scent of cocoa, making his adventure even more exciting. Finally, when he reached the Chocolate Cloud, it felt like standing on a fluffy, velvety expanse of chocolate goodness.

The landscape was a dream come true, with cotton candy trees swaying in a sugar breeze, candy cane lampposts lighting the way, and gumdrop flowers in every color imaginable. Rivers of molten chocolate flowed like a delectable melody, creating a delightful harmony throughout the land.

Charlie's journey took a surprising turn when he met playful candy creatures – gumdrop goblins with cheeky grins, licorice lions with twisty manes, and marshmallow monkeys swinging from candy-coated vines. Together, they set off on a joyful adventure, exploring secret candy caves filled with jellybean treasures and discovering frosting waterfalls cascading down rocky cliffs.

But soon, Charlie noticed a problem – the Chocolate Cloud was shrinking, and its sweetness was fading away. Determined to save their sweet paradise, Charlie and his candy friends joined forces.

With teamwork sweeter than honey, they huddled together to create a plan. Each candy creature contributed a special ingredient, forming a magical recipe to restore the cloud's sweetness. As their concoction worked its magic, the Chocolate Cloud expanded, and the land burst into vibrant life once again.

To thank Charlie for his bravery and clever thinking, the Candy Queen gifted him a special chocolate key. With a heart full of joy and a pocket filled with sweet memories, Charlie descended the licorice ladder, knowing that the magical land of sweets lived on in his dreams. And every time chocolate drops fell from the sky, it was a sweet reminder of his extraordinary adventure on the Chocolate Cloud.

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Sarvinoz Mamadaliyeva, born on September 5, 2004, in the Tashlak district of Fergana region, is a dynamic and ambitious 19-year-old. Demonstrating her commitment to education, she is currently a 2nd year student in the Foreign Language and Literature Department at Namangan State Pedagogical Institute.

Sarvinoz's journey is marked by passion for language and literature, reflecting her dedication to personal and academic growth. As she continues her studies, she embodies the spirit of promising individual poised to contribute meaningfully to her community and beyond.

Tv story finale

I decided to give december the month off,
And in january decided to ring insurance company again.
Told them didnt really need a new tv but as my tv was over 10 years old they wouldnt re insure it.
So I submitted a formal complaint then was offered a brand new tv which was not only 3 inches bigger then old one came
with me only paying small amount for insurance being now £18 cheaper than previous one.
Within two days new tv arrived still in packaging at mo as my son in law is going to mount it on the wall he has better electric
drills then us as he is electrician.
In the meantime still using our old tv .

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A MATTER OF FATE

.... I left the class. What do I do now? Where do I go? To whom do I go to? I wandered the streets with these thoughts in my head for three hours, and I didn't even notice that the sun was turning red and the time was slipping away. I headed home with my head down. When I was trying to enter my room without making a sound, my mother's voice was heard:

- Did you come, my son? Iftar¹ breaks now. Where have you been all this time?

- The false words «in the library» rang out in the heavy silence.

Sitting at the head of the table, freed from all kinds of work, she looked longingly at a bowl of water, and her hands were opened in prayer as if to wipe her face, which was washed with tears. From these two whispering lips, you can understand a whole human lament and her sigh. I could not do anything as I stood stiffly in front of the door. My hands and feet were tightly chained together, and no one could hear the sound of the chain shaking. My heart is squeezing so much, my whole body is narrowing to its size. The tears wiped by my mother's hands seemed to move to me, and my hands could not wipe these tears and these faces. My constricted heart was so aching and painful that even my own room began to shrink in my eyes. I threw myself helplessly on my bed, not knowing where to go within the four walls, and not even placing my things. When I left, I fell asleep and even managed to have a dream. In my dream: my mother was silently looking at me with a laugh on her face, a smile on her lips, and joy in her eyes. There were calls from all corners asking me to be patient, but I couldn't see who it was. I woke up and sat in front of my mother at the table. I asked her how she was doing, I felt helpless. When will the silent swallowing of everything end? I had dinner and went to my room. And my mother, as always, went to pray. There are so many prayers and requests from God, how many will be done in my absence? I woke up early in the morning, I didn't have breakfast, I wanted to go out for a walk. Prayer-mat seemed to be so absorbed in her bosom that she did not even notice anything else. The air is clean. As I watched the quiet surroundings along the long corridor, I could hear people hurrying here and there and children's laughter. Under the blue sky, one or two birds could be heard flapping their wings and chirping birds on the trees. The silence was broken by a man's desperate cry for help. As soon as I heard, I hurriedly headed in that direction. An old man fell into the ditch under his feet and the iron on the edge cut his leg. It is known that he cannot walk due to his condition. I stopped the taxi and took him with the taxi driver to the hospital. As soon as he was treated, his condition improved. I was happy that I was able to help someone despite being late for class. I decided to say goodbye to him and leave. I entered the room and was surprised. His face was shining so brightly that I wondered why I had not noticed his face earlier. When I was saying goodbye to him asking if he needed anything or not, he said: «Everything is fine, he prayed that the good you did, if not from me, will come back from Allah. „For some reason, my mother's smiling face seemed to be looking at me at that moment. I quietly left the hospital. What will be if I don't go to class now? I started walking along the corridor. I sat down on a bench by the side of the road. I returned home after spending some time. As soon as I opened the gate, my mother's soft voice did not sound this time, so I realized that she was not at home. She came in after a long time. Someone went to our neighbor's house. New neighbors have moved into the house next to us. She went out to ask about the situation. In the middle of the conversation, she told me that our neighbor injured his leg on his way to work and went to the hospital and came home after leaving the hospital. The incident of the morning came to my mind and the person with the radiant face. Is that him? I was also interested in going to see him, so I went and knocked on his door. A younger girl opened the door and invited me inside. An old man with such a radiant face was sitting in the house. Fate is strange. Who would have thought that the person you didn't know, who helped you, would turn out to be your neighbor? He saw me and his eyes were shining with joy. He said that he was determined to find me now, and that he was happy that I came in with my own feet. He had a paper in his hand. I was surprised. What is this? When I said goodbye to that person in the hospital and was leaving, a paper with a contract and some expenses fell out of my pocket. An old man saw the paper and managed to pay it all without telling me. I didn't even know what to say. He also offered a job in his company. He asked me not to return the favor he was doing in gratitude. I don't know what to do. I went home, thanking both the person who did me so much good and God who brought him to me for my insignificant help. When I opened the door of our house in a hurry to tell my mother about this incident, I saw the face I saw in my dream: my mother was looking at me with a smile on her lips and a sense of joy in her eyes...

Iftar¹ is a table prepared for worshippers during one of the religious holidays.

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Nosirova Gavhar was born on August 16, 2000 in the city of Shahrisabz, Kashkadarya region of Uzbekistan. Today, she is a third-year student of the Faculty of Philology of the Samarkand State University of Uzbekistan. Being a lover of literature, she is engaged in writing stories and poems. Her creative works have been published in Uzbek and English. In addition, she is a member of «All India Council for Development of Technical Skills», «Juntos por las letras» of Argentina, «2DSA Global Community». Winner of the «Korabl znaniy» and «Talenty Rossii» contests, holder of the international C1 level in the Russian language, Global Education ambassador of Wisdom University and global coordinator of the Iqra Foundation in Uzbekistan. «Magic pen holders» talented young group of Uzbekistan, «Kayva Kishor», «Friendship of people», «Raven Cage», «The Daily Global Nation», Argentina's «Multi Art-6», Kenya's «Serenity: A compilation of art and literature by women» contains creative works in the magazine and anthology of poets and writers.

IT'S TOO LATE!

Maria had always been a hardworking woman. She grew up in a small village in the countryside, where her parents were farmers. From a young age, she learned the value of hard work and dedication. When she was just 18 years old, she met the love of her life, Juan. They got married soon after and started a family.

Maria and Juan had three children together: two boys and a girl. They were happy together, but life was tough. Juan worked as a laborer in the fields, but his income was never enough to support their growing family. Maria knew that she had to do something to help out.

One day, Maria heard about an opportunity to work as a servant for a wealthy family in the city. She knew that it would be hard work, but it would also mean more money for her family. So she packed her bags and left her small village behind.

For the next 30 years, Maria worked tirelessly as a servant for various families in the city. She cooked, cleaned, and took care of their children as if they were her own. She never complained or asked for anything in return – all she wanted was to provide for her family.

Over time, Maria's children grew up and started families of their own. They visited her occasionally, but they were busy with their own lives and didn't have much time for her anymore. Maria didn't mind – she was proud of them for making something of themselves.

But as the years went by, Maria began to feel more and more alone. Her health started to decline, and she couldn't work as hard as she used to. She tried to reach out to her children for help, but they were too busy with their own lives to take care of her.

One day, Maria fell ill with pneumonia. She couldn't afford to take time off from work, so she continued working despite feeling weak and tired. Eventually, she collapsed at work and was rushed to the hospital.

The doctors did everything they could to save her, but it was too late. Maria had died of a combination of grief and illness. She had spent her entire life working hard to provide for her family, but in the end, she died alone and forgotten.

Maria's children were devastated when they heard the news. They realized too late how much their mother had sacrificed for them. They regretted not spending more time with her and not taking care of her when she needed them most.

But it's too late to regret!

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ETHEREA!

In a world far beyond the reach of mortal eyes, there existed a realm known as Etherea. It was a place of unimaginable beauty, where breathtaking landscapes stretched as far as the eye could see. In this magical world, supernatural abilities were not only common but celebrated.

At the heart of Etherea lay the city of Lumina, a place where beings from all corners of the realm converged. The city was bathed in an ethereal glow, emanating from the ancient crystals that adorned its buildings and streets. These crystals possessed immense power and were said to be remnants of a long-forgotten era.

Amongst the inhabitants of Lumina were two young friends named Aria and Orion. Aria possessed the ability to manipulate water, while Orion had an uncanny control over fire. Together, they formed an unbreakable bond and embarked on countless adventures throughout Etherea.

One fateful day, while exploring an ancient library hidden deep within Lumina's catacombs, Aria stumbled upon a forgotten tome. Its pages were filled with tales of mythical creatures and hidden wars that had shaped Etherea's history. Intrigued by what they discovered, Aria and Orion set out on a quest to uncover these hidden truths.

Their journey took them to distant lands they had only dreamed of before. They traversed dense forests inhabited by mischievous fairies who played tricks on unsuspecting travelers. They crossed treacherous mountains guarded by towering giants who tested their strength and courage at every turn.

As they delved deeper into their quest for knowledge, Aria and Orion encountered beings with extraordinary abilities beyond their own comprehension. They met shape-shifters who could transform into any creature they desired, healers who could mend wounds with a mere touch, and seers who could glimpse into the future.

But not all encounters were friendly. Along their path, they stumbled upon warring factions locked in a bitter conflict for control over the ancient crystals. These factions, known as the Luminari and the Umbra, had been at odds for centuries, each seeking to harness the power of the crystals for their own nefarious purposes.

Aria and Orion found themselves caught in the middle of this hidden war. They witnessed battles that shook the very foundations of Etherea, with spells and elemental forces clashing in a dazzling display of power. The fate of their world hung in the balance as they fought alongside newfound allies to protect Lumina from falling into darkness.

As their journey neared its climax, Aria and Orion discovered a long-lost prophecy that foretold of a chosen one who would unite all supernatural abilities and restore balance to Etherea. They realized that they were destined to fulfill this prophecy, wielding their combined powers to bring an end to the conflict that threatened their world.

With newfound determination, Aria and Orion confronted the leaders of both factions, urging them to put aside their differences and work towards a peaceful resolution. Their words resonated with those who had grown weary of war, and slowly but surely, a truce was forged.

In a climactic battle against an ancient evil that sought to consume Etherea's magic, Aria and Orion unleashed their combined powers. With each strike, they channeled not only water and fire but also love and compassion. Their unity proved stronger than any force opposing them.

In the end, peace was restored to Etherea. The crystals' power was harnessed for good rather than greed. Aria and Orion became revered figures throughout Lumina, forever remembered as heroes who had saved their world from destruction.

And so, in this magical realm filled with breathtaking landscapes and supernatural abilities, Aria and Orion's journey came to an end. But their story would be passed down through generations as a reminder that even in worlds unseen before, love could conquer all and bring about a brighter future.

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Delayed happiness

A 5-year-old girl is looking for something in the garbage on the street, her clothes are worn out, in the hot weather, she is doing the same thing from morning to night among the garbage in the street to eat half-eaten food, her father died when she was 3 years old. Now she lives alone with her mother and her sister, who is one year younger than them. She searches for food for her mother and little sister from morning till night. Once finds half-eaten food, she is very happy.

At that time, she always wanted to eat the food she found, but she was a young girl who had a full sense of responsibility, and she brought the food she found to her mother and sister with a heart full of joy. She had only one concern every day to feed her mother and sister. Do you think that when a young girl is playing and laughing, she doesn't want to dust the streets like other children, wear beautiful dresses, eat to her heart's content, what does she think inside when she sees other girls. Her little heart cries when she sees the same girls. Do you think that she does not ask herself why my life is like this, why life is so cruel, whether there is happiness in this world. She thinks about it every day, every second, she imagines happiness in her mind, she wakes up every day with the hope that I will be happy one day, she greets the morning, she sometimes cries, but the worries of life are on her, she thinks that she will find food for her mother and sister, and in her heart she always tells herself that I must be strong by comforting her. In her eyes there was an image that embodied the misery of the whole world, her eyes were so beautiful that they were like an ocean filled with tears, the proof of her endurance was so strong. Actually, she was tired, she was very tired, now she woke up without hope, she didn't live with hope, she didn't even dream of happy days on the day and eventually, she passed away. They say that a person can live 3 days without bread and 1 day without water, but they cannot live for 3 seconds without hope. An example of this wrong thinking can be seen in this little girl, she is strong, we have to admire her will, she lived without hope for 3 days, and then....Life is like that, are you 5 years old or 15 years old or whether you are 30 or 60 years old, you still feel the pain, because this is life. Like that 5-year-old girl, there was hope in everyone's heart. As long as that hope never fades, hope can exist in this life at the end of the day, we can wonder what the purpose of life was for that little girl, there is only one answer to all of this: This is Life. We can live only with hope and beautiful dreams about the future, after all, without dreams, the heart rusts. The important thing is that the light in our eyes never fades, we should not forget that life has blessings for all of us, it only requires Patience from us. Let's never stop dreaming. If the little girl lived only one more day, maybe happiness would come looking for her?! After all, the best part of the night is an hour before dawn.....

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I am Gulmira Po'latova. I was born on October 29.2005 in Shafirkan district of Bukhara region. I am currently a student of the National university of Uzbekistan named after Mirzo Ulug'bek. I am keen on writing short stories and nowadays, I am writing interesting short stories in my free time. In the future, I want to be a professional translator.

THE PAST WORLD:

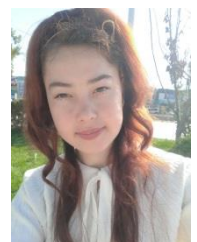
Dreams of a young man who became a mirage.

It was a late dark night. It was almost hours. He says so. We were sitting around the table with our moon. Sugdiyana was washing dishes at that time. She had 4 brothers and 1 sister. Her sister was married and she had 3 children. He was so nice that he respected him and did what he said. His brother Sherzod also treated him very well. His second brother's name was Sherzod. That brother had to be married. He liked to eat and drink. He only wore clothes with the money he earned. He never married anything. He lived a happy life. He worked in a clothing store in Tashkent. He did not bring home the money he earned. they always said that. It was a simple month, then after a while, Sherzod got engaged to a girl he liked from the city. They said that if he gets married, he will change and feel a little responsibility. They said that Sal is realistic about Eid. A tragedy happened 1 week before their wedding. Now money always comes home and his attitude towards his parents has changed a lot. Of course, on the good side, Sherzod was a very handsome and rich young man. Even when he was dumb, he understood everything well. When he was 1 week old, there was a knock on the door that night. When Sugdiyona looked, it was Usta's grandfather. His grandfather was sweating profusely, panting, and seemed to pass out. Sugdiyona was going to school at that time. And at that time, Sugdiyana Usta looked at her grandfather and asked if the grandfather is at peace, why are you panting, are you okay? Then the grandmother said, my daughter is all right, and they entered the yard and sat down on the bench. Sugdiyana set a table for her grandmother and poured tea. Then Sugdiyan's father, Alisher, looked at Grandpa Usta and asked if he had found anything. Then Grandpa Usta didn't know what to say, and then he calmly answered, "Hey." When she found out, Nasiba asked Usta Baba what happened. After that, the grandmother did not know what to say, tears were flowing from her eyes, and she said, "Come to me, my children, come to me, and take a deep breath and start talking." He looked at everyone one by one. Sugdiyana and her parents were also staring at Usta Baba. And Usta Baba started talking and said that Sherzodjon was hit by a train on the railway. Everyone was in shock. Everyone couldn't understand what they were seeing. Everyone was surprised. The house that was full of happiness suddenly turned into darkness. Sugdiyana's mother heard this and started crying. Everyone was shouting ``dod''. He was lying down, you would not think he was dead. His mother Nasiba was very hard on him. His mother was crying and crying. Sugdiyana looked like a person who was dreaming. Her engaged daughter Rana arrived with her baby.

And Sug-diyona's grandmother and grandmother poured sand into the mozaristan. After that, painful days began. Sherzod's parents were very depressed. .The mother was burnt to death on the child's spot. The rest of Sugdiyana's brothers were also depressed. The younger brothers also found it very difficult to recover from this incident. After 2-3 days, 3-4 policemen came to their house and He asked Sherzod's parents if he had any slaves or if they suspected anyone. According to the police, Sherzod's comrades owed money to Sherzod. Sherzod went to Qamashi district to collect his debts. The railway passed near that village. Sherzod took his friends to his home to collect his debts. He went and asked his friends to pay the debts. Then his friends did not pay the debt. And they insulted Sherzod with insulting words. Since there were 4 children, Sherzod got angry at these words and fought with them. Then Sherzod tried to run away and tried to get off the railway. And a very fast train hit Sherzod. Seeing this, the people lying there called the ambulance, and the ambulance came and took them to the sick room. They told them that they were not able to save him and told them to transplant it to their organs, and then they transplanted Sherzod's heart into another child. The doctors were surprised at that time. but they have never seen such a clean and healthy body. Even if he is dead, his heart is still in the heart of another person. After hearing these words, Sherzod's parents searched for the boy who poured Sherzod's heart, and they found Sherzod's heart in him. that he was beating him, he showed affection to the young man and helped him materially and financially. Sherzod's parents are still waiting for news from that young man.

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I was born on November 6, 2002 in Choriyeva Khurshi, Qamashi district of Kashkadarya region. Currently, I am a student of the Faculty of Medical Sciences of Termiz State Pedagogical Institute.



My story

- You must have heard the words that you can't do it, that there is nothing you can do. Of course, I heard it too, I was told a lot, and every time I heard it, I didn't believe in myself!

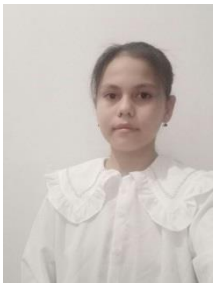
Because if people say that you can't do it, it doesn't mean that I really can't do it. I believe in myself and I can do it all. Even for those who say that you can't do it, there's nothing you can do, I will achieve many successes, achievements and most importantly all my goals, God willing. You know my I have such a motto..

"No one can close the door that God has opened" and I believe in it. I must study to earn the trust of my parents and teachers. .But we should get the biggest motivation, the biggest strength from our loving parents who are working for our future without saying hot is hot or cold is cold. This is my biggest motivation!

I always try and achieve all my dreams and goals with my own strength and knowledge.

- Yes, that's right, everyone has their own story, and this was just a short story in my life.

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Ismailova Sevinchoy was born on January 4, 2010 in Urganch district, Khorezm region. She is currently a 8th grade student. She is the owner of many international certificates, a participant in anthologies and a member of the "All India Council for Technical Skill Development" international organization.

Bukhara

In every corner of this city, there are echoes and traces of the distant past in its towers, monuments, holy places and monuments with a rich history.

Bukhara is one of the most ancient and beautiful cities of the world, rich in historical and architectural monuments, and it has had a high reputation in the Islamic world since ancient times. The name of Bukhara was first mentioned by the historian Narshahi in the 9th century. According to many historians and linguists, the word Bukhara comes from the ancient Hindu-Sanskrit word "vihara" which means "fortress". In ancient times, the city was also called Numijkat and Fakhira. In every corner of this city, there are echoes and traces of the distant past in its towers, monuments, holy places and monuments with a rich history. Also, it has received the name of "open-air museum, a brilliant mirror of the fascinating history" in East and West. After the introduction of Islam to the region in the 8th century, Bukhara gradually became the most important religious center and became one of the four noble cities in the Islamic world. Great scientists, thinkers and sages recognized all over the world came from Bukhara Sharif.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Ozodbek Obidov



Ozodbek Obidov was born on December 10, 2007 in Gijduvan district of Bukhara region. Currently, he is a 10th grade student of school 33. "Marat Akhmedov" scholarship winner. The laureate of the Republic "Rainbow Stars" competition and the owner of many international certificates. Currently, he is the captain of "Promotion of Spirituality and Literacy" in Gijduvan district. Regional coordinator of "Ezgulik" Academy Gijduvan. Coordinator of "Ishanch e.v.h" Bukhara region. The legendary youth forum was awarded the "Best Delegate" award and founder of Bek Volunteers Academy

Article

Shodiya Abdurahmonova

Bio

My first name is Shodiya and my last name is Abdurahmonova. I live in Uzbekistan country Namangan region. Our house is located in city Centre. But my school is far from my house. I am a high school student at number of 15 school. In the future I want to be translator. And nowadays my primary focus is on my study. I'm a big fan of swimming and camping. In my leisure time go to hills for walking with my friends. I'm glad from your reading my article. In this article I'm going to introduce about my family. Our family is consisted of 5members including that my parents, my two brothers and me. My father usually go to abroad for earning money for our family. My mum is housewife and she always take care to us. My brother is going to go Korea. In addition to, I have a certificate from English language and I'm learning mother tongue. My little brother study at high school. Our family members are pretty much kind to each other's. We have great number of relatives. Therefore, we are connect with our relatives frequently in our vocation, we go to mountains and other countries for just travel. After that, I really want to share my emotions with my classmates. Everything that connected with my family is worthy for me .our family's favourite film is "King Kong". For this reason, We always go to theatre to watch "King Kong „every month. OUR FAMILY IS VERY FAMILIAR.THEREFORE, WE ARE HAPPY, WHEN PEOPLE COME TO OUR YARD.

RESPECT TO NAVOI

The works of Hazrat Alisher Navoi, the Sultan of Ghazal, the founder of the Uzbek language, a great thinker, state and public figure, have not lost their value for almost six centuries.

We can see the magic of words and the power of thought in the ghazals, rubai, and wise words of our grandfather Navoi. Life is fleeting, people are forgetful.

But the word is not forgotten.

Alisher Navoi, who was unique in the world and religion in the field of science, literature, and religion, and his great literary heritage, which he left to our generations, is happily serving in the way of beautifying and understanding our inner and outer world.

Today, the 583rd anniversary of the birth of the "Sun of our Poetry" is widely celebrated in all regions of our country.

In fact, it is our moral duty to read and listen to the great poet's rubai, ghazals, ghazals, poetic words, and the works of our great poet.

Navoi is a sea...

Just as all creatures cannot finish drinking sea water, we cannot finish the essence and content of Navoi's works no matter how much we read them.

If we read Navoi, we will find a spiritual dimension in it.

If you want to comment on the world,
If you say you know yourself,
If you want to bloom from the inside,
Must read Navoi!

As our grandfather Navoi wrote;

He learns little by little and becomes wise,
It becomes a river after layer after layer...

Following this wisdom, we must understand and read the works of our great scholar little by little.

The beautiful human qualities in our hearts that we read and learn, our admiration for the world, and our love for people will continue to be polished.

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Head of the Namangan regional branch of the Republican Spirituality and Enlightenment Center. Winner of the "Shuhrat" medal.



Alexander Feinberg

Alexander Feinberg shines brightly as a remarkable figure in the world of Uzbekistan, his life and poetry serving as a source of great inspiration.

Умора

Для всех – Аннет. А для меня ты – Нюрка.
Где твой портвейн? Где рожа с синяком?
Откуда вепря с золотым клыком
ты заманила в эти переулки?

Стволами ошетинились придурки.
На «мерсе» к вилле едешь с ветерком.
Купил твой хряк наш скверик с кабаком,
где меж столов шмаляла ты окурки.

Теперь бассейн. И по утрам массаж.
Под вечер – теннис. К ночи – макияж.
Семь дач французам отданы в аренду.

А я, как прежде, весел на мели.
– Ау! – кричу я бывшим диссидентам, –
Как жизнь, шестидесятники мои?

Humor

For everyone - Annette. And for me you are - Nyurka.
Where is your port wine? Where is your face with a bruise?
Where did you lure the boar with a golden tusk
into these alleys?

The fools bristled with barrels.
On the "Mercedes" you drive to the villa with a breeze.
Your pig bought our square with a pub,
where you threw cigarette butts between the tables.

Now a pool. And massage in the mornings.
In the evening - tennis. At night - makeup.
Seven cottages are rented to the French.

And I, as before, am cheerful on the shoal.
- Hey! - I shout to the former dissidents, -

How is life, my sixties?

The poem "Humor" contrasts two individuals: Annette, who enjoys a luxurious lifestyle filled with indulgences like port wine, boars with golden tusks, and leisurely activities, and the speaker's simpler existence. The speaker observes Annette's opulent life, shifting from pleasures like cigarettes in pubs to tennis and makeup. Despite Annette's wealth and extravagance, the speaker remains content with their modest life, alluding to former dissidents about the contrast between their lives and asking how life is treating them in their sixties.

The poem "Humor" humorously juxtaposes the lives of Annette and the speaker, highlighting disparities in wealth, lifestyle, and priorities. Annette symbolizes luxury, excess, and superficiality, evident through her extravagant activities like swimming, massages, tennis, and cosmetic routines. The speaker, in contrast, embraces simplicity and contentment, finding joy in basic pleasures rather than material indulgences.

The speaker's playful tone and sarcastic remarks towards Annette's lavish lifestyle add a satirical layer to the poem. Through the speaker's interactions with former dissidents and their query about life in their sixties, the poem subtly questions the value of material wealth versus personal happiness and fulfillment. It underscores a theme of contentment and resilience in the face of societal expectations and extravagance.

Overall, "Humor" captures the essence of social commentary, juxtaposing ostentation with modesty, and highlighting the inner richness that transcends material wealth and superficial appearances. The poem invites reflection on the true essence of a fulfilling life and the importance of finding joy in simplicity and authenticity amidst a world consumed by luxury and opulence.

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Safarova Zarnigor Zokhid's daughter student of Uzbekistan State World Languages University. She is a young aspiring researcher. She is the author of several scientific articles on gender in linguistics. Her scientific works, poems, reviews, theses, and articles have been published in national and international newspapers, conferences, and journals. She has published 3 books internationally, and her books are available for sale on Amazon and several other sites.

Alexander Feinberg's presence in the literary world

Described as a standout personality in Uzbekistan, Alexander Feinberg's presence in the literary world is akin to a beacon of light, brightening the landscape with both his poetry and life's brilliance.

Alexander Arkadyevich Fainberg was born on November 2, 1939, in Tashkent. After completing a seven-year school, he enrolled in the Tashkent Topographical Technical College. After finishing college, he served in the army in Tajikistan. He then graduated from Tashkent University, where he studied journalism at the correspondence department of the philology faculty, and worked in the student press. In 1961, he married I.G. Koval. He authored fifteen books of poetry. Four feature films and more than twenty animated films were made based on his scripts. He translated the poems and epics of Alisher Navoi and many contemporary Uzbek poets into Russian. His poems were published in magazines such as "Smena," "Yunost," "Novy Mir," "Zvezda Vostoka," "Novaya Volga," as well as in publications in foreign countries like the USA, Canada, and Israel.

In 1999, on the twentieth anniversary of the tragic death of the football team "Pakhtakor" in an airplane crash, a film called "Their Stadium in the Skies" was made based on his script, featuring a song by Alexander Fainberg about the Pakhtakor players of 1979. For several years, A.A. Fainberg led a seminar for young writers in Tashkent, Uzbekistan. In 2009, by decree of the President of Russia, A.A. Fainberg was awarded the Pushkin Medal. Alexander Arkadyevich Fainberg died on October 14, 2009, in Tashkent.

"There is one amazing house in the world.
Where friends gather around a cheerful table.

There, spring is in the window. There are lilacs and jasmine.
Someone is singing a song. The fireplace is lit.

There's wine on the table. There, the soul is not in darkness.
God, may they remember me there."

This poem describes a picturesque scene of a special house where friends come together in a joyous atmosphere. The setting includes vibrant spring views with lilacs and jasmine, indicating a sense of beauty and tranquility. The presence of music, a lit fireplace, and wine on the table evoke a cozy and welcoming ambiance. The poet expresses a desire to be remembered fondly in this delightful gathering, suggesting a longing for lasting connections and meaningful memories.

The poem conveys a sense of nostalgia and longing for moments of warmth, friendship, and shared joy. It paints a vivid picture of an ideal gathering, where the poet wishes to be a part of the cherished memories that are created within this harmonious setting. The imagery of nature, music, and light in the poem creates a rich tapestry of emotions, highlighting the importance of companionship and the lasting imprint of shared experiences.

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THANKS FOR READING.

RAVEN CAGE

