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# CLASSICO OPINE

## AUGUST

## 2025

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# The Special Power of Global Experiences

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

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

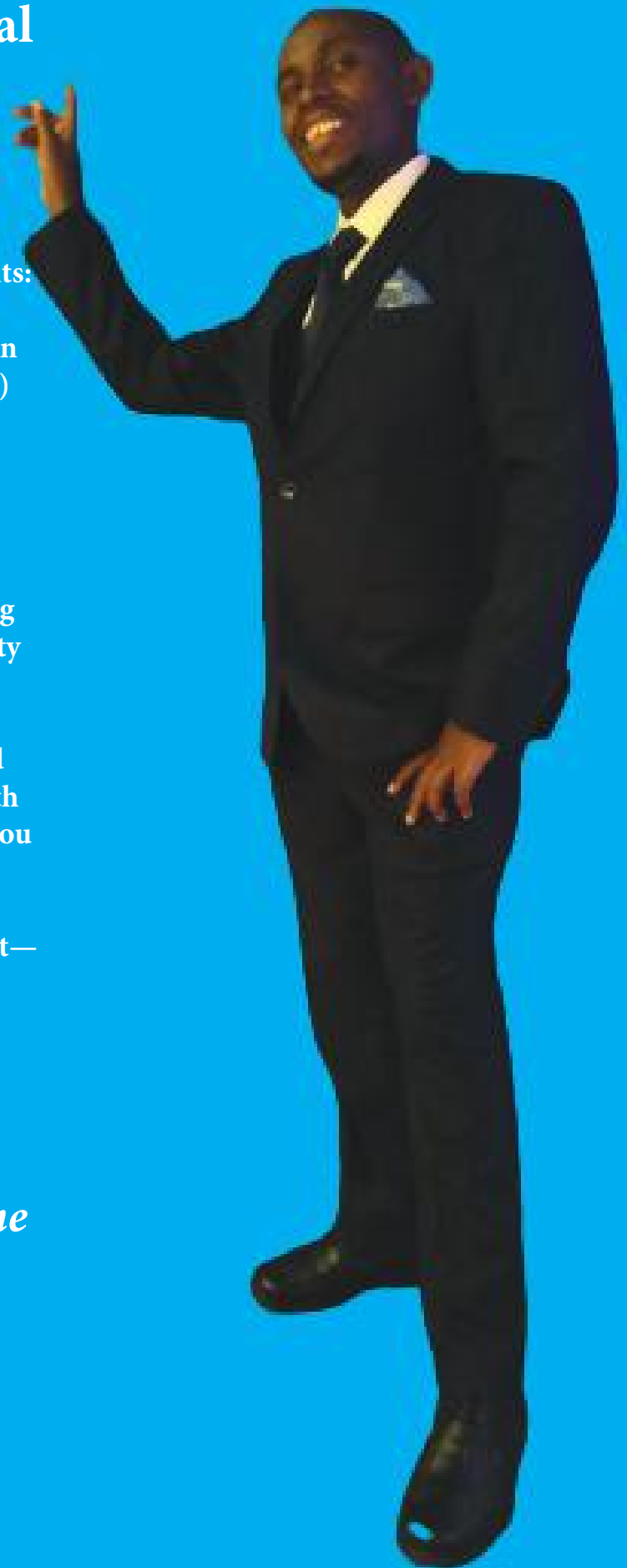
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

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

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

*Dan Mwangi*

*Executive Editor, Classico Opine Magazine*



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# ABDURULOV NURIDDINJON



## Bio -

The English Language Science Teacher of the Republic of Uzbekistan Abdurulov Nuriddinjon, English Science Science Teacher of School 41, Out of Preschool and School Education of the Republic of Uzbekistan

## Content -

★ I Will Achieve Every Dream ★

I do not grieve the life I live,  
For I have gained what dreams can give.  
Once a student with quiet flame,  
Now I stand with honored name.

Yesterday, I learned with hope and grace,  
Today, I teach and take my place.  
Where wisdom grew, my roots now lie,  
And stars once distant, crown my sky.

I have walked through doubt and trial,  
And now I stand with purpose and smile.

My pupils shine, they call me "guide,"  
Their trust in me, my truest pride.

They raise me high with grateful eyes,  
In them, my legacy shall rise.  
This is my joy, my destined theme—  
That I shall reach each noble dream.

From spark to light, from page to pen,  
I journey on again and again.  
To shape, to serve, with love supreme—  
Yes, I will achieve every dream.

# NIMATJONOVA MUBINAXON OMONJON

## Bio -

Nimatjonova Mubinaxon Omonjon qizi was born on November 14, 2006, in Uchko'prik district, Fergana region.

She is a student at Mirzo Ulugbek National University of Uzbekistan.

Holder of a Multilevel B2 certificate.

Actively participates in university-level "Talented Students" competitions and has repeatedly achieved honorable places.

An official member of the "Golden Wings" volunteer organization.

She has been awarded certificates and diplomas for her participation in the 3rd Republican Scientific-Practical Conference on the topic "Quality Education – the Foundation of Development," as well as in contests such as "Literature Garden" and "Mega Quiz."

## Content -

### My Homeland

They've written legends in your name,  
But words fail me, they're not the same.  
To some you're cheap, a fading flame—  
Such thoughts bring sorrow, grief, and shame.

So many poets sing your praise,  
Before you, humbly, hands I raise.  
Your beauty blinds my longing gaze,  
Your past I ponder, lost in maze.

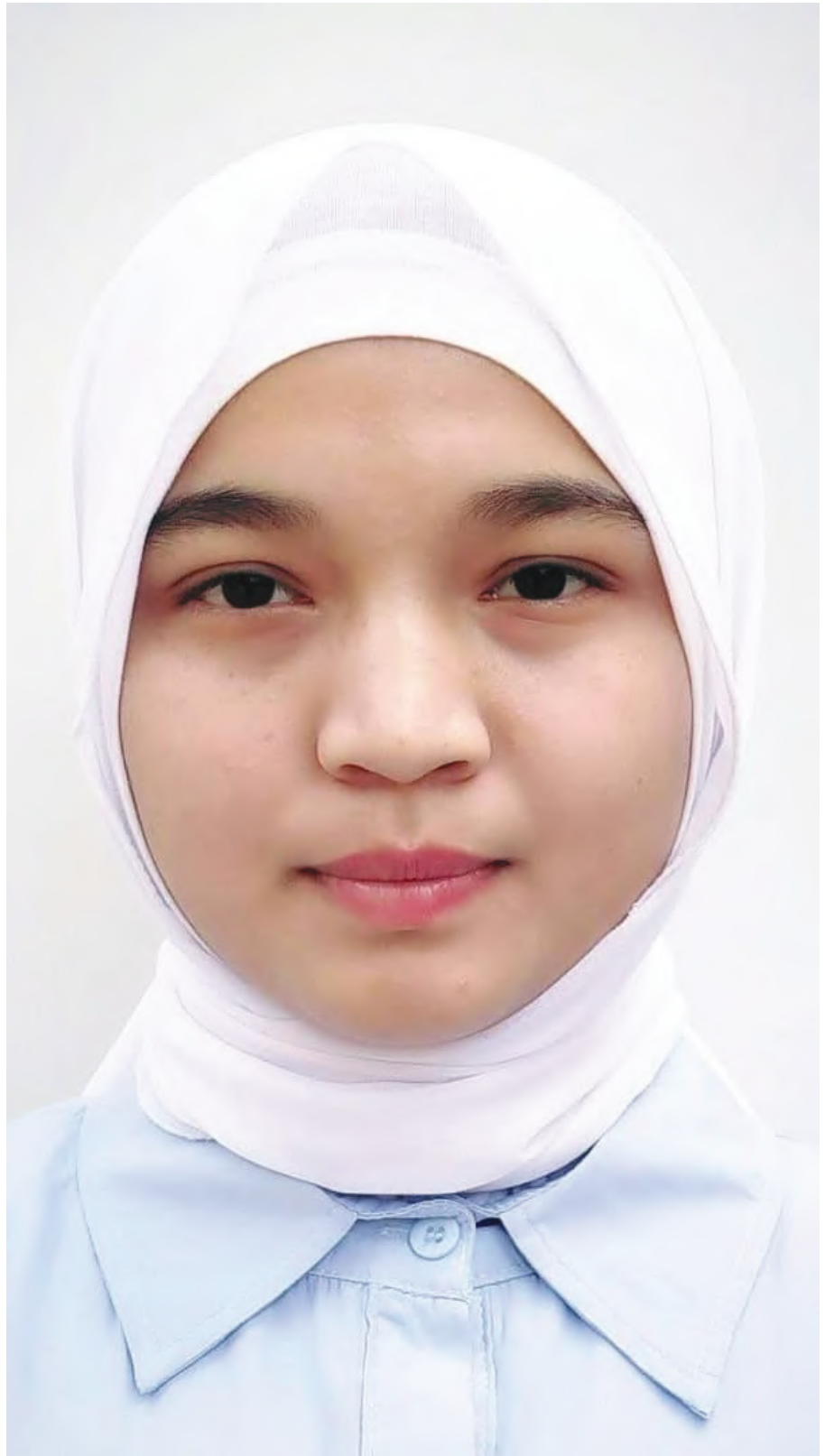
Your valiant sons, both brave and wise,  
Once spilled their blood beneath these skies.  
With golden words and works divine,  
Alisher made the world align.

Temur's ring held a sacred line—  
Its blessed words in heart are mine.  
Babur's longing, filled with tears,  
Now echoes deep within my years.

The world once bowed to brave Tomyris,  
A warrior queen the world can't miss.  
When I trace your ancient thread,  
My tears like rivers softly spread.

When I read your Cho'lpon's cry,  
I feel the sunless, shadowed sky.  
From Genghis' sword and ruthless reign,  
Your heart has soaked in crimson pain.

To sing your praise with perfect rhyme,



Would take me more than endless time.  
Your love is what I've breathed and worn,  
And sweat for you each early morn—

My Homeland!

# Otabayeva Khusniya

## Bio -

Otabayeva Khusniya was born in 2004 in the Khar'ka district of the Khorezm region. Currently, she is a 4th-year student in the Primary Education program at Urgench State Pedagogical Institute.

## Content -

### The Dearest One In My Life

The Dearest One in My Life  
You are the dearest in my life,  
To you, my head is always bowed.  
May you always stay in perfect health,  
My shining sun behind each cloud.

Oh dearest mother, all you've done,  
Your endless care I see today.  
Thanks to you, I've reached so much—  
I cherish each and every way.  
If only I could see your smile,  
Lit with joy, so warm, so true.  
May you stay with us forever,  
As we grow, rejoicing too.  
To earn your joy — my greatest goal,  
For that I strive each passing day.  
You dream of me, my future bright,  
And think of me both night and day.



# WANJOHI. P. MUGAMBI

## Bio -

Dr Wanjohi. P. Mugambi is a dedicated teacher, counselor and therapist, Associate lecturer in the department of swahili Mount Kenya University.

Currently working with the ministry of Education Muranga County and a columnist at Mt. Kenya Times Magazine.

Wanjohi. P. Mugambi has won many hearts with his literal work of art. He is an author. He has published: Kilele cha Mambo, Mapenzi ya Mwanaharamu, Siri ya Mapambazuko, Barua kwa Moyo wangu, Kitumbua cha Mauti, Kaa la Moto, Koriya, Sauti Redioni, Jehanamu Yangu, Whispers of Shadows, Blind Journey, Haidhuru, Ufunguo wa Uhuru, Malenga Wa Afrika, Sheshe ya Ushairi, Mazoezi sufufu ya Insha.

He has won many awards including A community Service Award and Best Fiction Writer.

He is the CEO of Maisha Mema Foundation and Managing Director of Spirit of Giving Organization.

He is a dedicated fellow in youth ministry and he has been appointed as the International Youth Change-Maker Global Ambassador 2025/2026

## Content -

### Cries Of The Departed

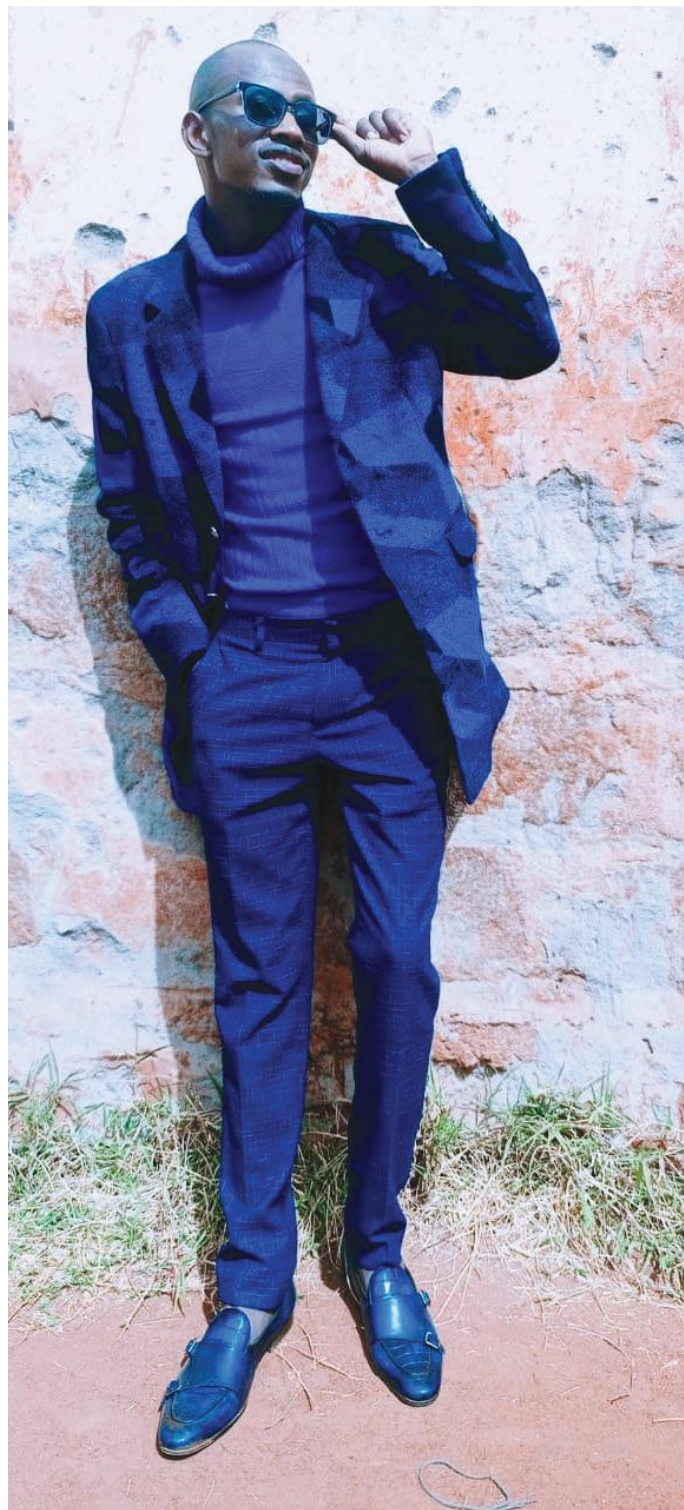
I bring you the cries og the departed  
Mighty and louder they have become  
Not letting the living to rest  
Filled with agony and bit-

terness  
They cry  
Crying day in, midnight and when night falls  
They are louder and require to be heard  
The cries  
Cries of the departed

Not everyone cries  
The cries belong to the few that died  
Died in an execution i may say  
Execution caused by our political differences  
Yet their time wasn't over yet  
But the slash of that panga found them  
Declaring them dead  
They cry  
Crying yet nothing can bring them back  
Louder they cry because we never learnt  
The cries  
Cries of the departed

Another group cries  
Crying yet asking themselves to be quiet  
How? How can this possibly be  
Yes they ask their voices to shut  
Because they died of hunger in a fruitful nation  
They are embarassed to even cry  
How could the nation betray its own  
Leaving them dead yet food was plenty to others  
They cry  
Abadoned to cry but pleading themselves to be silent  
The cries  
Cries of the departed

Other cry out of what they see  
Departed but for them they left  
Crying for the souls of the living  
From the pullpit to the mud-house  
From the clergy to the begger  
From counsel to the mayor



From the ruler to the ruled  
Nothing seems to have changed  
They cry  
Crying to see can the tears change  
Unfortunately not

The cries  
Cries of the departed  
Poet: Dr Wanjohi. P. Mugambi  
Weeping Onion

# Madaminova Makhfuza

## Bio -

Madaminova Makhfuza

## Content -

### Longing

When the heart cries out  
Every fiber trembles.  
After all, I am also a human  
child  
If it has passed, how few mis-  
takes have I made.

A voice echoes from the heart's  
web  
Okay, if it comes and says:  
Awlida!  
My heart is burning - I am a  
slave  
Let the world be, I am a beg-  
gar without you.

My heart is full of sorrows,  
I love you forever, forever.  
I will wait for you patiently  
My patience is a throne to be  
happy!



# ALFRED LOBAWOI

## Bio -

Alfred Lobawoi ni mwanahabari ambaye amejikita katika masuala ya Afya, Elimu na hata masuala ya Jamii. Ameshiriki katika uendeshaji wa vipindi vya Kiswahili kwenye idhaa ya NIBS FM, akiendesha kipindi cha Msingi wa Kiswahili, Mbwembwe za Jioni na Mile ale ya Spoti.

Isitoshe, amekuwa akiendesha kipindi cha Msasa wa Magazeti ndani ya NIBS TV, kitengo cha taarifa; Shina la Habari na hata kuwa mhariri mkuu wa Runinga ya NIBS. Kando na uhanahabari Alfred, ni mwandishi wa safu kwenye gazeti la Mt. Kenya Times ambapo yeye huangazia watu mbalimbali katika jamii, kuhamasisha na kuandika Tahakiki. Ameshiriki pia katika utunzi wa diwani ya mashairi kama vile; Dagaa na Mashairi mengine, Utando wa Ushairi, Lulu za Ushairi, Tasnia ya Ushairi, Malenga wa Kenya gredi ya 1,2,3, Mtoto wa dhahabu na Hadithi nyingine, Glasi iliyovunjika na Hadithi nyingine miongoni mwa kazi zingine. Hivi karibuni alishiriki katika utunzi wa diwani ya Mashairi Pendwa ambayo iliidhinishwa na shirika la ukuzaji mtaala nchini KICD kwa manufaa ya wanafunzi wa gredi ya 9 na wapenzi wa fasihi ya Kiswahili.



## Content -

### Tufanye Nini?

Dunia yenda upogo, kwani nyinyi hamuoni?

Kwetu litakuwa pigo, ituzidi tafurani,  
Tushushe huu mzigo, tutembea kwa amani,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu?

Tujengao nchi yetu, kwa mawe na mato-fali,  
Sisi kwa vifaa vyetu, jengo madhubuti kweli,  
Tusiruhusu wenzetu, kuliangusha si dili,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu?

Kwako ewe kiongozi, uwaye wetu na-hodha,

Usijitie ajizi, ukatupatisha adha,  
Wewe ndiwe muokozi, kwa zile zote gha-midha,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu?

Ingawa yetu mashua, vishindo vyasikika-na,  
Tusichoke omba dua, shuwari tupate ona,  
Mawimbi yapate tua, tupige kafu tena,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu.

Yatokeapo mabaya, tuwe tayari kusema,  
Wala tusione haya, ikatufika nakama,  
Tupunguze njia mbaya, kuharibu na kuchoma,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu?

Tukiandamana sote, kisa na sababu gani,

Ni wajibu tujikite, jibu liwe maanani,  
Tusilie tu kwa kite, kuivuruga amani,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu?

Amani ikiondoka, wapi tutakimbilia  
Tukapate muafaka, viongozi na raia  
Sote tutataabika, hapapo pa kutulia  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu

Twahitaji mataifa, Amerika na Yemeni?  
Waje na yao kaifa, Russia hata Ukreni,  
Turejeshe yetu sifa, tumekengeuka ya'ni,  
Tufanye nini jamani, tuokoe nchi yetu.

Mtunzi: Alfred Lobawoi  
Lakabu: Mweledi Chipukizi

# Polvonnazirova Mahbuba

## Bio -

Polvonnazirova Mahbuba  
Uzbekistan

## Content -

### Youth

Oh, innocent youth, where have you gone?  
Leaving me alone, what have you become?  
If just a small chance to return to your light,  
I'd give my thanks, with all of my might.

My hands can't reach you — you're far from my way,  
No path leads to you, however I pray.  
With endless regrets that burn in my chest,  
A thousand times death may seem like a rest.

My eyes search for you with longing and pain,  
Each morning I wake, I whisper your name.  
That youth is gone — it's clear to me now,  
When I see my shadow on the wall somehow.

I live with the hope that one day you'll rise,  
And quiet my heart from all of its cries.  
I'll hold you again with these very hands,  
And reach you, dear youth — just as I planned.



# KOMILOVA MAFTUNA



## Bio -

Komilova Maftuna

## Content -

Unfaithful... how happy you are today  
Now, on your side, the sun will never set

My state is clear, my fate so frayed  
Could it be — no dawn will rise in my sky again?

Unfaithful... your eyes are brimming with joy  
While inside, a burning coal consumes me whole  
Alone I am — what am I to do?  
Sleep has long since left my

soul  
Unfaithful... the weight of longing is heavy  
My heart is full of nights burdened by regret  
Without you... without you — how shall I carry on?  
Now on my side, sorrow won't forget

Unfaithful one, let me say my final word:  
Forget me, as I shall try forgetting you  
From all my weeping, my eyes are stained with blood  
But those moments — they won't return, it's true  
My love, how happy you are today...

# Mrs. S. Sumathi



## **Bio -**

Mrs. S. Sumathi, M.A., B.Ed.,  
Graduate Teacher (English),  
Sri KGS HSS,  
Aduthurai.  
Thanjavur dt.

## **Content -**

### **Focus On One Thing**

Focus on one thing  
Spread your wings,

Don't be distracted  
As restless streams,  
Chase your dreams  
Never take it for granted.

Choose a suitable path  
Move with steady stride,  
Control all the wrath

Let patience be your guide.

Fix your heart and will  
Pursue it with skill,  
Do it with perfection  
Everything will be done.

# G. SARALA

## Bio -

G. Sarala

## Content -

Speak kindly, even in a  
position of authority:  
No chair is permanent  
for anyone:

The powerful sun radi-  
ates equally  
The big star moon re-  
flects chillness equally  
But why man irrespec-  
tive of his attitude  
Stays with a poisonous  
tongue-rude  
Sitting on throne wear-  
ing (weighed by) crown  
Unrealising one day he  
may fall down  
None dares to lift re-  
membering     striked  
words  
Suffers with unhealing  
wound.

G. Sarala.  
Creative writers  
Chennai  
Tamil Nadu India



# Sathiya V



## Bio -

Sathiya V  
English B. T assistant  
GHS Themmavur Pudukkot-  
tai district  
Tamilnadu .

## Content -

### There Is Always Pleasure In Hard

## Work

Work hard always to make  
your dreams true  
Hard-work can help you to  
play through  
If you summoned all your thun-  
der as hollo  
The success will be always your  
read through

I'm grateful to my parents for  
their support

Deep inside proud of hard-  
work and effort

They worked as dogs but lived  
as kings in court  
They always say hard-work  
and sweat never distort

Around us we have many com-  
munities  
But still the world is filled with  
opportunities

We are gifted with immortal  
intelligence  
Show your power of prodigy

and prove confidence

Hard-work certainly gives you  
name and recognition

It pays all your toll for dignity  
and designation  
It keeps you lively to be busy  
with hard-work

And make you find even in  
dark

There is always pleasure in “  
Hard Work “

# R. GAYATHRI



## Bio -

R. Gayathri  
Teacher  
Dharmapuri Dt

## Content -

Let s be good to  
people for no

## reason

Everyone have their own problems  
A smile from us change the moment forgetting difficulties  
Judging each and everyone deviates our mind  
When we do so, no one good we can't find

Known or unknown, relatives or friends

Whenever we cross,speak good always  
Spreading positive feeling in hearts  
Make others to live long for years

Let's be good to people for no reason

As your pure soul may console their situation

Let's not be the reason for someone's pain  
When you can't help though they are in vain

# Dilnoza Islamova



## Bio -

Dilnoza Islamova

## Content -

### My Mother

My dearest, sweetest mother,  
My paradise, my purest treasure.  
May your sweet smile  
Shine on forever.  
May you never face pain —  
For I am the cure to your sorrow.

You are the kindest in this world,  
Always ready to give your all for me.  
And if I ever make you sad,

Your heart forgives, though it breaks quietly.

May your smile never fade  
From your lips, from your radiant face.

### My Little Cat

How adorable you are!  
My beautiful little one.  
Your voice is so sweet,  
Your charm pulls everyone toward you.

Your eyes are like beads,  
Your figure is graceful.  
When you meow loudly,  
It becomes clear that you're hungry

Do You Have a Problem, Dear Human?  
Perhaps you do, perhaps you're in pain.

Then take ablution right away,  
And begin your prayers today.

You might think, "There's no use,"  
That's the whisper of Satan, trying to confuse.  
But never fall into his deceit —  
Recite tasbeeh and dhikr in peace, complete.

Call upon the names of Allah with a sincere heart,  
If you feel like crying — let the tears start.  
Pray as beautifully as you can, without fear,  
And you'll witness miracles, truly near.

# XOLIQULOVA HUSNIYABONU

## Bio -

Xoliqulova Husniyabonu  
Born in Qamashi district, Kash-  
kadarya region  
Student of the Faculty of Foreign  
Languages and Literature: En-  
glish at Tashkent City University  
of Science and Technology

## Content -

### “Who am I... tell me, life?”

Though my heart is filled with sorrow,  
it still smiles,  
I ease the pain in my heart, I try to  
reconcile,  
Yet, you walk like a stranger, un-  
aware,  
Who am I... tell me, what am I to you,  
life?  
I wish to shine like a star,  
My soul shattered, a thousand times  
scarred,  
I remain silent, trembling within,  
But still, silence holds more value  
than all my sins.  
Laughter hides a silent cry,  
In my eyes, a burning regret, a sigh,  
You are unseen, salvation's afar,  
On my side, a broken heart, a pain-  
ful scar...  
I've asked many times, tell me, life,  
If silence carries truth, then I speak  
with strife,  
Who am I, what is life if not pain?  
What words hold meaning when  
they break the chain?  
If your existence is a formless stream,  
Who am I for you, just a passing  
dream?  
Unseen, unknown, a tiny speck,  
You pass by, and with the dawn, I am  
left to trek.  
If I open my heart with the dawn,  
Each day, I'll find joy where it's gone,  
Within my heart, an eternal compas-  
sion,  
As long as you smile, I live, life, with-  
out exception



# Sherova Orzigul Alisher

## Bio -

Sherova Orzigul  
Master's degree student in Webster university in Tashkent. Author of many pubitsistic and about 10 scientific articles. Her articles and poems were published in prestigious state magazines such as Turkey, Spain, the United States, Germany, Belarus and the United Kingdom; The United States, the United Kingdom, Argentina. Member of many forums; International organizations. She has more than 60 certificates and more than 10 diplomas. She is the author of some books, such as "Dream's World", "Endless feelings", and "My diary". The organizer and author of many anthologies.

## Content -

### Poem: What is love?

Love is rose, love is life,  
Being unique, being a wife,  
In this wide testing world,  
Love is being a sharp knife.

Love is flower, love is attention,  
Love is feeling, love is nation,  
In this fake testing world,  
Love is unstoppable motion.

Love is the sun, love is the moon,  
Love is morning, love is noon,  
In this fake disloyal world,  
Love is being near you soon.

Love is beauty, love is a play,  
Love is white, love is gray,  
In this dark unreal world,  
Love is for him telling pray.

### Poem: You make me

You make me happy  
When I want to cry,  
You make me live  
When I want to die.



You make me shine  
When it comes night,  
You turn my life  
From dark to light.

You make me smile  
You change my mind,  
You make me lucky

You make me kind.  
You make me diamond  
With your belief,  
Love you more than  
You can conceive.

You make me happy  
Every night and day,

You make me brave  
With your endless  
pray.  
You make me unique  
In this our way,  
And I hope my life  
With you for away.

# SABINA NAFASOVA

## Bio -

My name is Sabina Nafasova, and I was born on May 22, 2008, in Shakhrisabz district, Kashqadaryo region, Uzbekistan. I am currently a senior student at School No. 74 in my hometown. I am actively involved in the SMORM project, which focuses on social awareness, media literacy, and responsible digital behavior. In 2025, I was selected for the third round of the MGIMO-Tashkent Model United Nations (MUN) conference as a delegate representing the UNESCO committee. Participating in MUN has strengthened my leadership qualities and broadened my understanding of global issues.

## Content -

### **Mother, Let The Nightingale Sing At My Funeral**

By Sabina Nafasova

I walk, lost in my own thought,  
Believing my life is still so long.  
Mother, I beg of you, one request—  
Let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

My loved ones will grieve always,  
Thinking of me, remembering me.  
And every time, I would only ask,  
Mother, let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

You will cry until the coffin departs,  
Searching for me in your memories.  
I know I will stay in your heart,  
Mother, let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

My final words I say to you,  
Place a gravestone for me.  
My last request, my final plea,  
Mother, let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

The song of the nightingale soothes my soul,  
When I think of it, even the sun sets in the sky.  
My shining star will fade away,



Mother, let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

I am but a simple thought for you,  
Do not grieve, for I remain alive.  
I will always be beside you,  
Mother, let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

With my last breath I wrote this poem,  
My heart aching, tears in my eyes.  
Please, fulfill my final wish,  
Mother, let the nightingale sing at my funeral.

# Abdurulov Nuriddinjon

## Bio -

The English Language Science Teacher of the Republic of Uzbekistan Abdurulov Nuriddinjon, English Science Teacher of School 41, Out of Preschool and School Education of the Republic of Uzbekistan

## Content -

### I Am Proud of My Profession

I am a teacher — this title holds weight,  
The future rests upon my shoulders, its  
flame innate.  
Each morning I rise with the break of  
dawn,  
To gift my student seeds of hope, drawn.

A notebook, a pen, silence within the  
class,  
In these humble tools, knowledge shall  
amass.  
I offer not just facts or skill,  
But nurture hearts with moral will.

They ask me sometimes: “Why this road  
you chose?”  
Because I know—within this room, to-  
morrow grows.  
I am proud, I live with care,  
Though trials come, I still give flair.

Each question they ask — a spark, a  
light,  
Their answers bring me joy and might.  
Each student is a star, a world unique,  
Lifted with patience, attention they seek.

Then one day they'll rise—doctor, poet,  
engineer,  
A leader, a builder, chasing dreams sin-  
cere.  
I'll stand in silence, smiling wide,  
Saying, “That was once my student,”  
with pride.

I am a teacher—my honor, my path,  
Chosen by belief, not fortune's math.  
With head held high and dreams un-  
bound,  
I teach with love — on sacred ground.



# XO'JYOZOVA DILDORA

## Bio -

Xo'jyozova Dildora

## Content -

Every morning, youth whispers  
in my ear,  
It says with a smile that I will  
not leave you.  
But sadness pursues me,  
It takes away my dreams.

From beneath my lashes, my  
eyes take a peek,  
With a lightning glance, they  
scan the world so deep.  
When I step into a garden,  
through flowers I stray,  
And turn into someone else  
along the way.

The fiery-red roses,  
The trembling voice in the  
twisted petals.  
The nightingales, lost in their  
sight,  
The immortal tenderness in the  
faded flowers.



# Mokhichehra Sulaymonova

Bio -

Mokhichehra Sulaymonova

Content -

## A Girl's Fate

Mother, I may have never felt  
The depth of sorrows you have known,  
Yet my heart, it quietly burns—  
Alone.

You don't know—your daughter now  
Lives far from your embrace,  
Bowing her head to cruel souls  
In a foreign place.

A girl's fate is heavy—so hard to  
bear,  
She's a thousand roles at once, ev-  
erywhere:  
In another's home, in another's land,  
She's a bride, a lover, a mother on  
demand.

You always say, "It's fate, my child..."  
But today, my tears fell like pearls  
in a pile.  
Your once-spoiled girl, your playful  
dove—  
Today was bled without a knife, with-  
out love.

Even my beloved casts blame and  
scorn,  
If this is love—I'd rather mourn.  
Yet I won't bow to people in shame,  
I've swallowed pain, embraced the  
flame.

Even food feels like stones I bite,  
My only hope—God's mercy and light.  
Though I know it's sin to cry aloud,  
They dragged me low, stripped me  
proud.

There's justice, I know, for every lie,  
Death isn't an end—it's where truths  
amplify.  
Maybe the world has forgotten me,  
But your home, mother—  
Is heaven to me



# Brinda. D



## Bio -

Brinda. D  
CREATIVE WRITERS  
GRADUATE TEACHER,  
GOVT HIGH SCHOOL,  
MELPATTAMPAKKAM  
CUDDALORE,  
Tamilnadu India

## Content -

Just Focus On One Thing

Just focus on one thing,  
with hope and confidence  
Without a single doubt in your heart,  
Concentrate with attention will give you a  
sure win  
Don't divert your attention  
Success is sure for you

Aim for one goal, with earnest dedication,  
Work hard with passion, and undivided at-  
tention,  
Give your very best, with every single try,  
And you'll be crowned, with success that  
touches the pinnacle of glory

One who puts their hands, in many places,  
Is sure to fail,  
Because no man can serve 2 masters  
But one who dedicates, their heart and soul  
will win,  
They will surely reach their goal.  
So pour your heart and soul, into one thing  
With full dedication, and a focused mind

# M. SURESHKANNAN



## Bio -

M. SURESHKANNAN M.A, B.Ed.,  
GRADUATE TEACHER - ENGLISH  
GHS SHOLURMATTAM  
THE NILGIRIS

## Content -

What Refreshes My Mind

The heart feels light when someone is happy because of you  
Our vision becomes bright when someone is energetic by you  
Helping selfish giants without any expectations in return  
Where the heart smiles 😊

Innocent heart never knows to

hurt

God never leave you abandoned  
Selfish giants are all around true  
heart never get defeated  
People may play you wisely your  
purity will never be betrayed  
Where the heart smiles

Your efforts may get annoyed  
Your faith may treat you ignored

Your purity may get tested  
The Almighty ever be with your  
soul  
He never allows you to feel un-  
armed  
Where the heart smiles.

# S. Mangaleswari



## Bio -

S. Mangaleswari  
BT Assistant,  
Government Girls' Higher secondary school,  
Kovilpatti  
Thoothukudi district  
Tamilnadu, India

## Content -

**Speak kindly even in a position of authority**  
**No chair is permanent**

In this world, nothing is permanent; then what about an authoritative position?

Pin it in your mind to speak kindly and pay attention.

No chair is permanent for anyone.  
Show your humanity in your tone.

Avoid judgmental shouting; speak politely and calm

Provide kind gestures to hold them in your palm.

Promote clear communication and active listening.

Remote control is love that brings the season of spring.

Win hearts by being empathetic, with clarity  
Login with a smile and improve integrity.

Lock in the presence around you with ac-

countability.

Within the premises, spread fragrance with sympathy.

Now-a-days, authoritative people don't shout aloud.

A show of respect can be used to cheat and uproot the whole.

They wash Genuineness and honesty away like a burst of cloud.

They squash hearts and drill hard to spoil their role.

Offer genuine apologies even if you're at fault.

Foster trust and belief to stay strong.

# KUMARESWARI S



## Bio -

KUMARESWARI S  
CREATIVE WRITERS  
Graduate Teacher- English  
VKGHSS AYYANKALIPALAYAM  
TIRUPPUR TAMILNADU

## Content -

### How We Live Matters

It doesn't matter where we live,  
The love and care that we give,  
In abundance, is what we receive.

How we live is truly prime,  
Wherever we dwell changes with

time.

Let peace and joy rejoice with  
the chime.

Luxury and space don't set the  
pace;

A pure heart makes any home  
the place.

Let us be grateful in life's race.

Life is not a game to chase,  
It's a journey we must always  
face.

How we live truly matters—  
And that is life's grace.

# Rajesh Kanna B N



## Bio -

I am Rajesh Kanna B N  
B T Asst,  
From Government Model High School, Tirur.  
Tiruvallur District.  
Tamil Nadu, India.

## Content -

**Be like the lotus, rise no matter  
what surrounds you**

You never change your qualities  
Don't allow others take influence on you  
Be unique with your attitudes

Dazzling as a diamond in the crown.

Wherever you go be a leader.  
Whenever you act be a hero.  
What ever you have done is the greatest.  
Whoever reads this you are the best.

# K.A.Santhoshi



## Bio -

K.A.Santhoshi,  
8 - D,  
Government Model Girls Higher  
Secondary School,  
Komarapalayam, Pallipalayam  
union, Namakkal, Tamilnadu, In-  
dia.

## Content -

### Rise beyond darkness

Rise from the dark,  
Be the spark.  
You can be the light a candle  
brings to shadows,  
Or the guide to those emerging  
stars.  
Behold the Indian national flower,  
Serene in its silent grace.  
In the limelight, even when born

in muddy waters...  
That is its courage, its unwav-  
ering face.  
Refuse to be caged by the weight  
of the past,  
Let yourself define who you truly  
are.  
No matter where you came into  
existence,  
Be the flame that leads the  
dreamers, until even failure bows  
away!

Turn your gaze to the dreamers  
who fought on.  
Though born in poverty's quiet  
village,  
Or a distant, forgotten tribe.  
They did succeed,  
Through the velvet cloak of dark-  
ness.  
They did succeed,  
Through the heavy labyrinth of  
depression's trials...

# Manimozhi Albert



## Bio -

Manimozhi Albert

## Content -

### Why do we need friends

Friends are our soulmates  
They're the ones who defend from our check-mates,

They stand by us in times of our ups and downs  
And provide strength in all our breakdowns.

Value the friendship most  
With whom you can enjoy roast and toast,  
They are the source of enjoyment  
Where there's not much space for resentment.

When you have a friend  
Your ways have more chances to mend

As long as you be true to your companion  
You'll be rated high in others' opinion.

We need friends in times of struggles and hardships  
During the moments of joy and laughter  
When we are lost and alone  
Finally and particularly in days of our senility.

# Raddhika. M



## Bio -

Raddhika. M  
Creative Writers  
Content Writer  
Pepper Content  
Sivakasi  
Tamilnadu India

## Content -

A Problem Is a Chance For You  
To Do Your Best

A carbon becomes a diamond  
under high pressure,  
A caterpillar becomes a butterfly  
after breaking the cocoon,  
An oyster becomes a pearl after  
being irritated by sand,

A piece of clay turns into a pot  
after being baked in the heat.

A problem knocking at your door,  
Can be the cocoon you are meant  
to break,  
Sand particles, you are meant to  
bear and face,  
The burning heat and high pres-  
sure to embrace.

Don't panic when you are put  
into a test,  
It could be a blessing to shine  
above the rest,  
And a chance for you to give  
your best,  
So, just smile and continue with  
your quest.

# T. Vasugi



## Bio -

Everything comes at correct time,  
Good things take time to grow and shine.  
Patience is the key to unlock success,  
Don't rush the clock, just wait and see with calmness  
Don't pluck the fruit before it's ripe  
It takes time to sweeten with each passing  
ripe.

Believe and trust, and have faith too,  
Everything comes when the time is true  
With patience, you'll reap what you sow,  
And harvest the rewards that you've been  
waiting to know.  
Trust the timing, and have faith in your plan  
Good things will come at a right time in  
your hands.

## Content -

**T. Vasugi,**  
B.T Assistant  
Kamaraj Matriculation Higher  
Secondary School,  
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Thoothukudi district,  
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