

Collection of the Literary Competition

Journey of the White Jaguars

Moscow. 2026

WINNER



Iliyan Rehber, age 7, Abu Dhabi,
United Arab Emirates.

Iliyan was born in Pakistan and is currently in first grade at Islamia English School in Abu Dhabi. He goes to the children's library with his parents, where he reads books and plays. Iliyan loves reading in English more than anything else, and his favorite subjects are English and math.

In his free time, he not only plays soccer but also bakes pies.

Iliyan is very hardworking: he's used to achieving everything on his own and never giving up until he succeeds. *"I like to see things through to the end," says Iliyan. "And I believe that a successful life lies ahead of me."*

Winning the "Journey of the White Jaguars" Competition was a pleasant surprise for Iliyan. When he found out, he was overjoyed and felt truly happy. *"I really liked everything I read and saw about the 'White Jaguars,'" Iliyan shares, "and I tried very hard to make sure everyone would like my poem."*

Iliyan hopes that as many children as possible from all over the world will participate in this unique contest. His wish for all the kids is to believe in themselves and in victory!

"Try, Try Again!"

When I play and miss the ball,
Or when I trip and take a fall,
I don't cry or say "I am done!"
I stand up tall and try again.

Just like ants who climb up high,
And birds who learn to touch the sky,
Little steps help me to grow,
That's how big kids get to know:

Trying hard is how we win,
Not on the first, but somewhere in.

Moral: keep trying and never give up, even when
things are hard.

Iliyan Rehber
7 years old. Abu Dhabi

"Me and Ronaldo"

Essay

My name is Aalihan Rehber. I am 5 years old. I love football because of Ronaldo. Ronaldo runs fast and scores goals. I want to be like him. I play football every day. I kick the ball like Ronaldo. I fall down but I do not give up. Football makes me happy.

Moral: Ronaldo is my inspiration.

Aalihan Rehber
5 years old. Abu Dhabi

"My Dad is my Hero"

My dad is my Hero!
He's brave, kind, and dear to me!
He'll always protect me,
He'll hug me and cheer me up.

Together, we'll build cars,
With wheels, an engine, and we
won't forget the tires.
Let's set off on our journey quickly,
It's more fun with my dad!

Vladislav Listopad
5 years old. Angarsk

"My Hero!"

For me, my Hero is my brother!
He's a juggler and an acrobat!
He'll tell me a bedtime story,
He'll explain and show me everything!
He'll make me laugh and take me for a walk,
He adores me!
My protector and my support,
He'll move mountains for me.

Elina Minulina
5 years old, Angarsk

"Kolobok in search of friends"

Fairy tale

Once upon a time, in a Russian hut, an old man and an old woman baked a kolob-kolobashka—a small round loaf of bread made from leftover barley flour and scrapings from the dough trough. The resulting Kolobok was fluffy, soft, and rosy. The old man and old woman placed Kolobok on the windowsill to cool and went to rest before dinner. But the loaf got bored lying alone on the windowsill. He jumped onto the soft grass and rolled down the path, looking for friends.

Kolobok rolls across the Russian expanses, singing a song:

I am the Russian Kolobok,
My side is rosy.
I am scraped from the bin,
Swept from the bin,
Kneaded in sour cream,
Cooled on the windowsill.
I went for a walk,
To look for friends.

Suddenly, he sees a small, round, crispy-cruste flatbread rolling toward him. "Hello," says Kolobok. "I'm the Russian Kolobok-Ruddy Side. And who are you? Where are you from and where are you going?"

"My name is Sakhalyy Lappieske. They gave me

such a long and beautiful name in Yakutia—the
Sakha Republic in the Far East. Listen to my song:
I'm a Yakut flatbread
To others, perhaps a crumb
And my clothes are modest.
But I need a little:
A small bowl of flour,
A spoonful of milk and salt.
Here's a hearty meal!
I went for a walk, to look for friends.

"Let's go for a walk together—to look for friends,"
Kolobok called to her.

The friends rolled along the path together. As they
rolled, each sang their own song. Suddenly, they saw
a round, fried pastry appearing towards them.

"Hello," says Kolobok. "I'm the Russian Kolobok, the
ruddy side. My friend Sakhalyy Lappieske, a Yakut
flatbread from the Far East, is with me. What's your
name? Where are you from, and where are you
headed?"

"My name is Tertpek, the unleavened bread of
the indigenous peoples of Siberia: the Shors and the
Altai. Listen to my song:
I'm Tertpek, Siberian bread,
Everyone who eats me is healthy and strong.
They boil me in water,
And fry me in ashes.
They eat me morning, noon, and evening,
They want more.

I went for a walk, looking for friends.

"Let's go for a walk together, looking for friends,"
Kolobok called out.

The friends rolled along the path together. As they
rolled, each sang their own song. Suddenly they see
a fluffy, airy loaf of bread appearing towards them.

"Hello," says Kolobok. "I am the Russian Kolobok,
the ruddy side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy
Lappieske, a Yakut flatbread from the Far East,
Tertpek, the unleavened bread of the indigenous
peoples of Siberia. What is your name? Where are
you from, and where are you headed?"

"My name is Nyan", the traditional bread of the
peoples of the North: the Nenets, Khanty, Komi, and
Mansi. Listen to my song:

I am Nyan' – look at me!

A gift from the North.

Baked with water and flour,

Baked in a chum hut,

Preserved with reindeer fat,

Kept in a birch bark bag.

I went for a walk, to look for friends.

"Let's go for a walk together – to look for friends,"
Kolobok called. The friends rolled along the path
together, each singing their own song. Suddenly, they
see a dark brown rye bread appearing towards them.

"Hello," says Kolobok. "I am the Russian Kolobok,
the ruddy side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy
Leppieske, a Yakut flatbread from the Far East,

Tertpek, the unleavened bread of the indigenous peoples of Siberia, and Nyan, the bread of the peoples of the North. And what is your name? Where are you from and where are you going?

"My name is Ikmek, the national Tatar bread. Listen to my song:
I am Ikmek of rye,
Not just any bread.
I am a hero to the Tatars,
Recognized as their main food.
Made from hop cones,
With honey leaven.
I went for a walk, to look for friends.
"Let's go for a walk together – to find friends," Kolobok called.

The friends rolled along the path together, each singing their own song. Suddenly, they saw a very thin, slender, beautiful loaf of bread with golden spots of glaze appearing towards them.

"Hello," Kolobok said. "I am the Russian Kolobok – the ruddy side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy Leppieske – a Yakut flatbread from the Far East, Tertpek – the unleavened bread of the indigenous peoples of Siberia, Nyan – the bread of the peoples of the North, and Ikmek – the national Tatar bread. And what is your name? Where are you from and where are you heading?"

"My name is Lavash – the wheat bread of the peoples of the Caucasus: Chechens, Ossetians,

Avars, Lezgins, and many others." Listen to my song:
I am Lavash-milash,
Caucasian round loaf.
Mixed with wheat flour,
Rolled thin with a rolling pin,
Baked in a tandoor oven,
Called a cultural heritage.
I went for a walk, looking for friends.
"Let's go for a walk together, looking for friends,"
Kolobok called to him.

The friends rolled along the path together, each singing their own song. Suddenly, they saw a round pastry appearing towards them, artfully decorated with dough figures in the shapes of ears of corn, flowers, plants, and animals.

"Hello," Kolobok said. "I am the Russian Kolobok, the Ruddy Side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy Leppieske – a Yakut flatbread from the Far East; Tertpek – an unleavened bread of the indigenous peoples of Siberia; Nyan – the bread of the peoples of the North; Ikmek – a traditional Tatar bread; and Lavash – a wheat bread of the peoples of the Caucasus. What's your name? Where are you from, and where are you traveling?"

"My name is Karavai – the ceremonial bread of the Slavs: Russians, Ukrainians, Belarusians." They bake me for name days, weddings, housewarmings. Listen to my song:
I'm a sweet, fluffy loaf,

Serve me with tea!
They always bake for holidays,
I'm the best attribute there.
Decorate with dough patterns,
Welcome guests with me.
I went for a walk, looking for friends.
"Let's go for a walk together, looking for friends,"
Kolobok called to him.

The friends rolled along the path together. As they rolled, each sang their own song. Along the way, they met other friends: Kshi, baked right on the oven floor in Mordovia; Hapartu, a fluffy wheat loaf from Chuvashia; Bortsog, fried in boiling oil from Kalmykia; Tupasai, a ball-shaped loaf from Bashkiria; Shanga, a flatbread from Buryatia; and many, many others. Each had something to sing about themselves. And most importantly: together they were not afraid of any hungry, evil or cunning animals.

Evgeniya Gordienko
8 years old. Leninsk-Kuznetsky

"The Fantasy Forest"

Fairy tale

Once upon a time, there was a magical forest called Greenwood.

In the forest the trees could sing sweet songs, the flowers glowed in the dark like little night lights. The river was made of yummy pink strawberry juice, a little girl named Flora lived near the forest, she had a tiny pet dragon named Sam, Sam was small as a kitten he could not breathe big fire yet, he could only blow warm, shiny bubbles. Once sunny morning Flora and Sam went into the forest to play suddenly, the singing trees stopped singing, the forest became very quiet.

"Look Flora" ! Sam squeaked.

He pointed his little claw at a big tree a beautiful fairy with sparkly wings was trapped in a sticky spider web, her name was Rosalina . She was crying tiny, glittering tears.

"Please help me", Rosalina said a mean beetle put me here, if I do not go home, the flowers will lose their glow!" Flora ran to the web she tried to pull her sticky strings but they were too strong. Her hands got stuck too "

"Oh no"! Flora said "what do we do?"

Sam knew what to do. He flew up

to the web. He took a deep breath. He didn't blow fire. Instead, he blew a giant, hot bubble right at the sticky web.

Pop! The hot bubble melted, the sticky web away. Flora and Rosalina were free!

Rosalina laughed with joy. She flew in a circle around Sam "Thank you, Brave Little Dragon"!

Rosalina waved her magic wand.

A cloud of gold dust fell on Sam, suddenly his wings grew bigger and stronger. now he could fly super fast, the tree started to sing again. The flowers glowed brighter than ever.

Flora, Sam and Rosalina danced together under a happy sun.

Fajar Umair
7 years old. Abu Dhabi

"My Secret Treehouse"

I have a little treehouse high up in the green,
It is the coolest secret fort that you have ever
seen.

I pack a bag of crackers and a juice box
in my mitt,

And invite my fluffy teddy bear to come
and help me sit.

We watch the busy ants march by upon
the brown tree bark,

And listen to the singing birds until the sky
gets dark.

No grown-ups can come up here, it is
a kids-only zone,

Just me and bear and ladybugs inside
a house our own!

Saba Ahmed
8 years old. Abu Dhabi