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BETWEEN DOORS (ON THE CROSSROADS)

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There is a such a saying among people , "between the truth and the lie is four degrees of latitude." I wonder why there are four latitudes, not more or less.

The thing is the distance between the eye and the ear is four latitudes. Believe what you hear not what you see... That is the goal. I have seen many people in this book myself. I talked with several of them, some with himself, others with their soul...

I wrote down what some of them told. Some of them I had to write what he thought, not what he said. (Alas, not everyone tells the truth. But the lying person still thinks the truth inside.) So, these contemplates and recalls passed away and have been going on for many years. Judging them is a reference to you...

I can't help saying on the tip of my tongue but say one more thought.

Perhaps you said that there are more tragedies in this book you will imagine. First of all, life is not always consists of celebration . War is not a game. World War II abolished and razed fifty million people. Twenty million of them are our people.

Our dearest, most worthy people. Besides, the war is not only for the soldiers lose their lives in the trenches, but thousands of miles away also people were tempted by the war. Faith in difficult times, the lives of our parents and siblings who saved their humanity

The author

Introduction or previous chapter

STORY BY THE HEAD OF CONSTRUCTION-INSTALLATION BRIGADE

MUZAFFAR SHOMURODOV

BAD NEWS

Thursday is a day we get salary. A car named "Zill" came into the construction yard barely surrounded by a wooden wall after noon. It came to a screeching halt in front of the joint wagon on the sidewalk. Opening the cabin door, the cashier girl, Faya, with a black bag under her arm, jumped out. Climbing the cab stairs with grace, shouted:

- Guys come on, get paid!

Concrete worker, Safar bro, was the first to walk like a bear towards the wagon. Then welder Ikrom bro. And then rigging worker Erkin... hardly had passed through the platform where the hottest summer sun heats ruthless and the sand, the concrete mixture powder is scattered underfoot, I stood under the small wagon's shadow. I'm downcast, noticing there would be heartbreak. The builders are delicate. As soon as the salary decreased considerably, the builder immediately applies "of his own free will" and moves to another "unfinished" estimated object. There is a lot of construction in Tashkent. True, our guys aren't like that: thirteen people have been working together since the earthquake: it's been twelve years. We have all become brothers. I was promoted as brigadier six years ago. To date, I have not paid less than ten sums on average. But this time... It was all caused by that damn panel with "<A-1" reinforcement. No, it is not about the panel, it is about the Cobra! Shavkat Kudratovich is the head of our department. The world was in a frenzy when this man delivered a reinforced panel "A-2" instead of "A-1" from the house-building plant. Will I die from the threat again?! Three days ago, he came with a Moskvich (a type of car) ... The guys in the brigade called him "Cobra". Each "eye" wears a glass like a bowl. When you look, it looks like a two

bowls have been overturned on both sides of a white porcelain plate. In fact, who wears glasses is their own door! But Shavkat Kudratovich's behavior is strange: he loves his chair so much that Safar aka says that he has glued his back to that chair with at least " five hundred" cement: if he moves, his skin will peel off. He needs one thing: to get the portable Red Flag, no matter what the plan. If something goes wrong, he blames the foreman and the brigadier, and he goes to the sidelines. If you go to the reception, he greets kissing but as soon as you go out he gossips you... So, three days ago he arrived at Moskvich (a type of car). The boys were playing dominoes on the third floor, and the shouts could be heard to ground floor. Shavkat Kudratovich suddenly went pale.

- What kind of championship is this? he said, gesturing upwards. I stood in silence. Let's see! People are sitting idle. There is no required panel. I explained to the foreman, asked the precinct chief, and went to his reception. He tapped me on the shoulder.

- Who is she? Shavkat Kudratovich glasses glittering. "What is your last name?" What did I say, what did I not say? After the non-material blood... He understood everything from my silence. "It seems that they are involved in the decontamination, comrade Shomurodov?" He said, turning his lips. Has the brigade's load become heavy? I didn't say anything. In the end, he lost his temper. "Is there a language?" he said shaking his head. Quarterly it's over. From the first of July, makeup artists should start working. Who will install the fourth floor? Who will cover the roof? I said calmly - "the makeup doesn't work yet." Shavkat Kudratovich was so angry. - You are in heaven, young man! The thing is: install the fourth floor and close the roof in three days. What should I say? What should I do? The stairwell panel exactly an inch shorter than the project do we mount? Well, by making the fittings triangular I can connect. But "A-1" is a thin armature. - Do you remember, Shavkat aka, that not a single panel house collapsed during the earthquake, but there were houses with stairs. If they do not provide the standard panel... We waved his hand as if to say, " you are idiot." - The

earthquake happened twelve years ago, boy. It will not return. If you weld with "Vannochka"(a type of steel), it does not move. I got it. The "vannochka" means that the steel is cut lengthwise, placed between the plate reinforcement and the wall reinforcement and welded "thick". Then concrete is poured into the remaining "Cracks" on both sides. That's it! Recently, however, the stairs of a house in the Black Reed neighborhood collapsed on their own. There was no earthquake, no one through the door didn't jump out the stairs. A one tone concrete slab simply broke off the seam without lifting its own weight, covering not one, but three layers. Fortunately, it was night. If this tragedy happens in the morning, when a child goes to school or in the evening when people returning from work... My father told me one thing a lot : "From yourself don't be rude even if an adult says something wrong, explain politely" I also explained "politely": - Shavkat Kudratovich, you know. «Vannochka »does not help ... No! He did not even want to hear me.

- "You ... you ..." he said, his lips trembling. "You're a little man!" You don't care about the state! There are people who have been waiting for ten years to come in this house! Mothers, children. Invalids of the Great Patriotic War ... Do the task! If you said nothing, he will get it from "political side"! I said "ok". - please, write that "A-1" armature panel can be mounted... with your own... The "Cobra" shuddered. Even two of his cheeks swelled. - You - he whispered. - You are deliberately hitting an ax for a common purpose of our advanced board. We will see, what can you say, if your installers get paid of "nos" (a kind of snuff put under tongue). Then... we think about giving up brigadier like you... We have enough facts for this.

Much has been said since Moskvich's departure what I didn't say made me laugh. Even when you write yourself, I would not use the foreign plate anyway. If heaven is in your hands, drop it! How long are we going to fake it? How long are we make wrong plan and get a flag? Would you live in this house, conscienceless? why do you really think they deserve only this? Take that burden brigadier!

But... On the one hand, the "Cobra" is right: "I will see if the fitter in the brigade get "nosvoy money". Here... Today... now... Look, Safar brother whose trousers hem has become muddy, splashing the concrete mix is pacing like a bear.

- What is this? - said he showing the three, five sum money in his hands.

I see it as a joke. - It may be money, Safar aka... - Right, it seems money but, but it is not money, take it, spend it for good days! - he throw the money by a jerk. The money were scattered over the sun heated mixed soil. - Forty-three sums?- he said, turning his face away. What, am I student to you?

I joked again: Playing dominoes, we waste 6 days out of fifteen but we get paid for that days, Safar aka. Aren't we happy? - Did I tell you that I'm playing?! - Safar aka shook his hand. - Did I work "on my grandmothers farm". You could find out what I do! And, Ikrom aka is coming as well. I thought he will also grumbling , but no. He calmly picked the money up and put them into Safar aka's pocket.

- If Cobra doesn't give material, what is Muzaffar's fault? - he murmured, - tell your boss if you have any dissatisfaction!

- My boss is he, not Cobra! - Safar aka gestured to me, frowning. He sighed. He might remember one thing, again shook his hand. - I have six children need to be care. Four of them go to school. The money even doesn't enough to buy a briefcase! Moreover, my little sister-in-law have given a birth recently, as if another time is not exist! I must have a crib wedding. Which one can I deliver!

- A woman, of course, gives a birth after she is married. Ikrom slaps his friend on the shoulder.- let it go! if we patched the short plate, it would be fallen on somebody, then, would you be happy?

- It won't! - Ikrom aka pull Ikrom aka's hand from his shoulder nervously.- I have not heard it fell on somebody till now. I would poured the concrete.

- The work does not end with pouring concrete. Safar aka, finally people like you and me in this house ...

- Go! he turned sharply. if you don't have a wife who gives you a knock at the door every day, ten kids staring at you, who told you that!

"Hey," said Ikrom aka, frowning ran after his friend. Five or six steps away. He reached over and put his hand on his shoulder again, Safar aka jerked again. Ikrom aka came back.

- Don't worry, brother, 'he said, smiling shyly. It isn't the first time you meet him. though he is grumbling now, after a while he will forget all. I have five children as well. As you saw all of them are young children.

I said nothing. But I was disappointed. Safar aka is right. If you have six children. They are all young

If his wife doesn't work ... What's wrong with me over there, To Cobra, to Safar aka here? I know the Cobra is collecting material from behind me now. He goes to one side, runs my engineering. I spat at that brigadier! Let's drive. But I don't cheat.

With that thought, my heart sank. The door is made of welded steel reinforcement. the sun goes down when I go out the air was stuffy. Crane at the construction site the last rays of the cancerous sun were visible at the end.

The horizon is shrouded in red mist. Burns all day the weary sky is now a solid coal calm down Safar aka's words are still in my mind. he is right. I have not a wife like that and don't have children who need to be care. Now, I am going to home. Omon's wife, my daughter-in-law, will greet (if she is not in the second shift). then I will enter my parents room. I will greet with them. "Here, I have a penny" and I will give it to them. After counting the money my dad give it back to me expressing his thanks to God. My mum even touch the money, she just glances at me and sighs deeply. I don't like that sigh.

"Your brother has more than one child, and my son, I can't go out! Whoever I see says when will you marry Muzaffar. We didn't tie us up, son ... 'My mother said without finishing, my dad hangs up. "Don't worry, Robbi, your son will get the moon in the sky! ”

My mom and dad keep talking. And I will remember Munavvar. Her eyes staring in amazement, her big, black eyes ... Then why I left the institute and I wonder why I came to construction. They want our son to study because of the earthquake

believes that he left. As for me ... What is an earthquake? That's it! What happened to drop reading? When you are not enlightened ... After all, a person will never be forgotten, there are things you can't forgive for a lifetime - where in the world?!

The "moon in the sky" ... What do I do with the moon ... Who is he? Why should I hurt people? What do I have to do? Here we are today in our brigade I offended all twelve people. Except Safar aka no one else spoke. But everyone's family

Yes, he has children ... He is even nine years younger than me. Well, what can I do! What do I do if I know that great dishonesty starts with a little dirt?!

There is a saying, "Between truth and falsehood is four latitudes." I wonder why it's so, four widths? The point is, between the eye and the ear is four latitudes. Not what you hear, believe it or not ... That's the point.

I've seen a lot of people in this book. With many I talked. Some with himself, some with ... the spirit ...

I wrote down what some of them said. Some I had to write down what he thought, not what he said.

(Unfortunately, not everyone is telling the truth. But the person who is lying someone thinks the truth inside)

So, these are the things that have happened to many people over the years experienced. Judging them is up to you ...

I have to say another thought that is on the tip of my tongue. You probably said in this book that tragedy has increased you go to the imagination. First of all, life is not a holiday. War is not a game. In World War II fifty million left in the man's yard. Twenty million of them was our people. Our dearest, most original people. By the way, the war is only in the trenches your warrior's soul was not dusted. Thousands of miles away man also tested. Faith in difficult times, the lives of our parents, our brothers and sisters, who have preserved their humanity What a wonderful way to screw people over today!

Author

- Concrete worker, Safar bro, was the first to walk like a bear towards the wagon

They were selling lemons in a shop near the subway station. It was as if a dream had been written in my heart. Well, I found an excuse to make my mom happy. In the morning, she complained, "The back of my head hurts, and it looks like my blood pressure has risen again." My mother used to have a heavy kidney. She would bend over, clutching his hips. Now blood pressure has also been added. Doctors said this is also related to kidney disease ... I took two kilos of lemons in a row. Look at this, there's also mint gum. As soon as my niece Nilufar when I enter from door, she said, "What did you bring, elder brother?" (Omon's son is still baby, she is crawling now. But Nilufar is strong girl: by talking everything she makes everyone mad).

When I reached our street, there was light. You know, at this time, even if you tie the baby, it will not sit at home. Everyone plays games in the street. Screams, riots ... Despite the fact that cars pass by on the street from time to time, children who have made a "gate" out of two stones are kicking balls. A neighbor's bride, dressed in satin, connects one end of a rubber band to a faucet in the yard and sprays water in front of the gate. The smell of hot asphalt wafted to the throat.

I saw Nilufar jumping from a rope in the distance. After coming kindergarden, She had apparently gone outside, and she even did not take off her shoes. She is jumping a rope over his head and jumping around. Her friend who is taller than her is counting. After I called "Nilu!", she glared at me and ran towards me by dragging the rope. I said "I brought (gum)." by hugging a limon which wrapped in newspaper in my one hand and putting the other one to my pocket.

- "What, elder brother, what?" said Nilufar with a sigh.

- First let me a kiss, then I'll give.

Ho! Nilufar threw herself back. "Give me it first!"

"Well, I'll kiss you half." I kissed Nilufar's sweaty, dirty face and handed her the gum. - Here it is! Give it to your friend also ... Urre! My old brother brought gum! Nilufar snatched the gum from my hand and ran to her waiting friend. She stopped

five and six paces away and looked back as if she remembered something. Old brother, my grandmother has died ... - she said by blinking his eyes.

- What? - The orphan shuddered. - What did you say? Nilufar ran to her friend. They both ran away. My eyes darkened and I shook. Then I noticed that something was falling to the ground. I saw lemons rolling on the asphalt road. My mother's words which she told this morning echoed in my ears. "My back head is hurting, son. It seems that the pressure has increased again. " My heart pounded and I ran home. The yard was lonely, no one sprinkled water, it was dirty. The windows of the house on the other side (Omon's house) were open, and a yellow curtain hung, but it was clear that no one was inside. It turned out ... It turned out that everyone was sitting at my mother's head. So, my mother ... I don't know how I jumped on the porch, how I got into the house where my mother and father lived. First I looked at the iron bed under the wall. No, the bed was empty. Then I saw my mother sitting by the window, on the blanket in front of the table. I leaned against the door and relaxed. As my mother leaned over the table, she would clean the rice, and by the light from the window her face would be pale and painful, and she would slowly pick up the rice with her thin, long fingers and put it in the mysterious bowl next to her. She saw me and glared at me. "Did you come, son?" she said it by trying to smile. There are strange injustices in human blood. You immediately notice the change in strangers and ignore your loved one. It's as if someone tied your parents to you. It's as if they have to live forever for you. I noticed that my mother was old, her hair was gray, her eyelids were drooping, and her face was as yellow as a person lying on a bed for years. Mother ... I said whisperly ... - Are you okay? Nilufar ... crazy ... I didn't tell rest of the things. Joy filled my heart. "I'll give you a lemon..." when I looked, I saw that I still holding newspaper like a triangle. There are two lemons left at the bottom. "Leave out the lemon, Muzaffar!" My mother got up with a heavy heart. She kissed my forehead with her cold lips. "Sit down, son." Surprised, I looked into her eyes.

The joy that had just filled my heart was replaced by anxiety. "Something happened, mother?" From the porch I heard my father coughing. First the smell of tobacco came into the house, then my father. In response to my greeting, he said, "Valley ..." He limped and sat down at the table in his place. "He smoked his cigarette and tapped the ashes on the bowl in the corner of the table. For some reason he sighed and turned his face away. What's the matter? I turned to my mother. She went down to pick rice again with his chilly, trembling fingers. Her lips trembled, as if she was counting each rice. "What happened?" I said impatiently. My mother looked at my father as if to say, "You talk." My father stood up, squealing his joints. He limped to the shelf. He picked up a piece of paper stuck to the lid of the teapot and came up to me. He passed silently. It's a telegram letter. It was "Molniya" telegram letter with a blue border. "Your mother died. We will bury her on Friday. " That's it. No signature, not any extra things. Now I understand. When Nilufar said that our grandmother was dead, she said truth. It turned out ... My mother in Kokand ... My mother ... Poor mother! Something warm and bitter stuck in my throat. When was the last time I saw her? When did I go to Kokand? How many years? Ten years, fifteen years? I didn't know, I don't remember. It was just winter.

Cold winter ... Narrow street. In the middle is a snow-covered yard. A man with a lightning hat. Cold station. Yuldoshkhon brother. Soup in the pot. She cried so much ... Once I raised my head, realizing that my mother was sobbing. The house was dark, my father was smoking a cigarette, and every time he smoked, the tip of the cigarette glowed, his mustache, his thoughtful face, his eyes fixed on one point, my mother wept as she pressed the end of her handkerchief to her face. "What she took by coming to this world" she said, biting her trembling lips. - This is the state of mankind, it is worthless. Be ready, Muzaffar ... - My father dipped his cigarette in the bowl with his rough fingers. Slowly he got up, limped, and turned on the light. "You can't trust a plane" he said to himself. "You'll get on the train."

Omon will come anytime. He will bring you to train. I did not say anything. In front of my eyes, the snow-covered yard, the man with the lightning bolt, and my mother, who had been running after the wagon on the frozen platform, came to live in my imagination. Except you who he has, pity! My mother pressed the end of her sleeve to her eyes. "At least, look at the cold face, my son... I will go on the bus." It came to my mind suddenly. It is close to the station. Buses run at night ... it is good! - My father gestured to my mother. Come on, Robiya! My mother opened the box. She tie up the knot. My father handed me a bundle of money. "What am I going to do?" I asked, he replied " you maybe need it". I was heartbroken to find out that in the knot there were robe and do'ppi (national hat). ... The bus is stuffy. The smell of gasoline mingled with the smell of sweat. I stare out the window and thinking. The full moon shines dimly in the sky. It flies side by side with the bus. Cotton fields and roadside trees are glistening. It all vibrates on the soft swing of the moon. Probably, my mother was thinking about me last night by looking at this moon. She probably wanted to see me. "Where is my son?" Maybe, She asked. She can't say anything to him. Maybe she begged Nasiba: "Call your brother, I should see ..." maybe she said it. My mother was miserableShe didn't even achieve her last goal ... What a shame! What an injustice! What about you? Why don't you cry? Don't you have a drop of tears in your eyes for your mother? The bus is still swaying. But now I don't feel the heat, the roar of the engine, or the snoring from side to side. Imagination takes you a thousand ways. Surprisingly, human memory is like a barn with a closed door. You walk in front of the barn every day. You pass, you are busy with your work and you do not look back. When the time comes, a random wind will open the door of the warehouse, and you will involuntarily look inside. Then an interesting situation occurs. Inside the barn, there is nothing more precious than gold, and there are scumbags that make your taste buds dim as soon as you see them. The sad thing is, you can't get what you want from them. You can not separate necessary and unnecessary things and you can not choose necessary one. All of them surrounded you by giving their lives to you.

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

THE STORY OF LITTLE MUZAFFAR

Me, my father, the demonic bridge

Today we are going to the "Black Aunt"! My dad promised last night. That's why I woke up in the morning without bothering. My father sat in a kavshandoz and put on his boots until I had finished drinking a cup of barley bread and four jiyds of tea. He put on his left foot immediately, and his right foot became more difficult. It's always like this: my dad's right leg is crooked. During the war, he was shot and had his heel blown off. He recaptured the capital three times. He cursed someone. Then he straightened up and took a pack of cigarettes from the pocket of his brown pants. He untied the bag and opened it. He took out a booklet from another pocket. He dipped his thick fingernails into the bag, took a pinch of cigarette, and poured it on the paper. He twisted the paper and wet it with his tongue, and the cigarette was ready. He put a cigarette under his mustache and drew a match. Every time my dad draws a match, I'm afraid his mustache won't burn. His mustache is thick, too. It looks like a sack that encloses with a drawstring. He stands up, yellowed. Luckily, it didn't burn this time either. Where, hero, are we gone? Muzaffar, not my father, said with smoke coming out of his mouth. The people in the teahouse scolded me and my father taught me. He doesn't call my father. Well, I'll kiss you, good-bye. - We're gone. Parents and children went out into the street. There is a walnut tree in front of our door. It is so high that its tip touches the sky. In the fall, when the walnuts are ripe, my father climbs up with a long stick. It cracks. I'll pick it up. But now summer. The nuts are not ripe yet. So we went to the "Black Aunt". Ahead, my father is limping. Boots on his feet. He is wearing brown pants with two pockets. An old shirt. Do'ppi (national hat) at the beginning. It is as if he were falling to the right with each step. But it will not fall. Only when walking fast does a lot of dust rise from under the

right foot. It's dragging. "Black Aunt" is a long way off. In a place called Nogaykurgan. Walking, walking. you get tired.

If you leave the street, the first thing that comes is Uncle " camel" house. Uncle camel is a barber. He has a son named Abduvali. He is taller than me and is yellow. I don't play with Abduvali anymore. When I was playing game, she swallowed my six nuts and ran away. He was sad that there were no nuts on his doorstep! I wanted to chase after him, I was afraid of Mavluda sister. Thus, you will pass through the house of the Abduvali and go to the garden. No, first comes Uncle camel's barber shop made of plywood, covered with black paper on the roof. The window is broken. I hate uncle more than Abduvali. He gets his hair shaved. First he rubs his head hard. Then he rubs soap and says, "Bow your head" ... It doesn't matter if your neck hurts. Even if you have a sore neck, you get tired of pulling your nose. After you have your head down, your nose will run! Uncle cursed, "What's the matter, do you have a spring in your nose, is it boiling?" he says. "Let him sit like this for a while, won't it boil himself ?!" If you walk a little further, you will go out to the cafeteria. The tea room is our home account. There are four chairs under two willows. The strings are so thick that they are bigger than our nuts. The chairs are covered with felt. It is true that the tea-makers rolled up the felt, spat "nos" (which is like narcotic) under it, and sent it to the mule. But it's still good to sit on the felt. It does not pass through the tag. The quail hanging from the willow branches are singing to each other. One in particular is great. It says "bit-bilik" and "bit-bilik" (it means twitter of bird) seven times in a row. I counted myself. According to my father, Ilhom, the tea-maker, bought the quail at the Hastimom market for a heifer. At night he would lie on his head with a blanket. In the winter, my dad would take me to the cafeteria every day. In a low teahouse full of tobacco smoke and samovar steam, one does not recognize a person. The long wire on the ceiling - a lantern hanging on a hook - barely illuminates itself.

But I know about all things here perfectly. The belly yellow samovar` stands the corner. Smoke rises from the tip of a rusty, rotten tin speaker. Stalin's picture on the wall. The reeds of the ceiling hung. The roof was flooded. With the unset of cold the seats are brought in. In one corner, two laundry pillows with a butterfly blanket. But the blanket is not written. People sit on the felt chordana` dry. Everybody like my father, because (they have wives). One wore a robe, the other a coat. One had a moth licking his head, and the other tied this ear with a stick. There is no tablecloth. Bread (sometimes barley bread, sometimes rye bread on sourdough) lies laid directly on the felt, two or three lightning bolts of sugar. Everyone in the choyxona` knows me. Okey hero, take the sweet? - "Tuya" uncle told. Whether your nightingale has grown. When will we be able to cut the big? A smooth faced, sparsely bearded old man sitting in the bag sit come to me, taking to lightning bolts of sugar from history. Behold a great young man. You will eat our sweet. Sitting on my father's lap, I reach for the sweet. Dad doesn't hit. In the corner, screaming in the direction the samovar is holding Ilhom, have you stoned your samovar, what the hell. That the eye stars do not ripen! For now, let my brother go! Ilhom, teapot burns his hand to lift the tin speaker, blows the trumpet to the ground and blows the smoke. Coughing, coughing goes away. He finds an old machete somewhere and puts it on a samovar. The wind blows the machine downwards. The samovar splashes. The wood is wet, brother, he says, justifying himself. Left the rain. Samovar - this is a thing which is used for boiling water "Choyxona" - is a place where comes many people to drink tea, to talk "It is not raining, it is hail", shouted uncle Tuya. Screaming and laughing are like ear piercings. The face of the tea room is dirty. That's what they ask. Someone says it is a tappi` left in the hail, someone says it is a patir`...

The choyxona` is not empty either. "I liked so much in the summer" he muttered. Now the situation is :can I get you some tea? like watering in a bucket...

Laughter bursts louder than ever. One of the teapots slapped his knee and the other grabbed his stomach. My father doesn't hit his knee, I am on his knee. But

he wipes away his tears and laughs happily. Only one person does not want Kamil grandpa. He smiles slowly. Kamil grandpa doctor. Everyone respects him. The tea-maker also puts a clean, whole teapot on his tray. Eventually, the tea, which smells of smoke, comes to us as well. My father pours me tea before the teapot with the tin attached to his nose. Then to himself... The teapots talk about some kind of Kuria. They say it will snow a lot this year and there will be plenty of wheat. It is said that the Aksakhal brought a new tractor to the collective farm and told us to play tomorrow's cabbage earlier, I understand from people's words that the old man said in a "Gadovoy" mood, "I am old now, let go". But the kolkhozists insisted, "You will be the boss. "My eyes keep closing on their own. I put my head on his shoulder as soon as my dad wrapped his coat. To the left shoulder. I am used to it. The hole in my father's left shoulder that fits comfortably if I put a mouse on it. It turned out to be carved when the German fired a cannon. I always like to play this pit before going to bed... I smell the familiar tobacco. My father's stubborn mustache touches my throat and tickles me.

Gadovoy-it is beggar

Tuya-this is a nickname of novel' protagonist

Tappi-this is a thing which is prepared from cow's waste

Patir -is a type of uzbek bread

Kolhozchi -(Russian) is a socialist form of agriculture workers' union that exists in the USSR.

Sleep, he whispers. I like the scar and fall asleep. When I open my eyes in the morning, I find myself lying on the edge of a cold tan at home. In the evening my father would pick me up and take me back to the choyxona. Actually, choyxona is our home. But now we do not have time to drink tea. Need to go to my black aunt faster. Behold, dad stopped on the dirt road and turned angrily. If you do, time will still spread. I have to go out into the field. We walked into the walnut grove. We passed her before. Walnut so thick, if anybody's cow astray can not find the owner

until it returns in the fall. Now we are leaving the dim, dreary jungle. My heart sank in panic. My "Kora" aunt said, as she smirked at the cheek. When a man goes as tray, he tilts himself. Kamil grandpa was not afraid of wrinkles. Will correcting those who were bent over again by medication. So people must have loved the doctor Grandfather. All right, we are still crossing the Ajina` bridge. Which is especially bad. According to my black aunt, there were more demons on the demonic bridge during The War. Once Robi repelled my sister as well. My sister barely escaped. There comes the sound of a demonic bridge in the distance. As if a giant, dragon were dragon were whistling, come on, I will eat you. My dad does not care. Limping five or six steps ahead. I run after him in despair.

-Dad-I am tired. But I am not tired! I am scaring. But, I am afraid of feeling. I am scaring to my dad. I remember once I told him there was a monster he shouted me nonsense sentence, there was no monster, monster would be only in legends, you are boy, "please, don't be coward like that" he said to me at that time. I know, my dad does not tell lies. Jungle - there is a place where has many dangerous things. Kora aunt -this is a nickname, because novel's protagonist is used this name

Ajina-(Arabic)is a negative image in the oral tradition of the Turkic people

But, anyway, if the sound of Alvasti bridge comes "I am tired". Dad stopped. He turned around and frowned. Big child told raisingly his voice. You are five, but you aren't shy? Even so, he picked it up anyway. The water flows more and more. Even I closed my eyes, but I am feeling. A thorn is entering my leg over my pants. I meant, we are passing a narrow trail on the side of a Bo'rijar! One side is chakalakzor` where has many namataks, the other side is deep ravine.

- You strangled me, let me go, dad shake his head with angrily.

I know it, I strangled my dad. But, what do I do? I am afraid! We just came to the Alvasti bridge. Okey, we cannot hear anything. Bòrijar is fizzing strongly. Finally, the roar of the water began to be heard from behind. I opened my eyes, knowing that the gravel was cracking under my father's feet. My dad is slippery climbing

the railroad tracks. I looked back scarcely. I turned my face at the sight of a fox crawling under a narrow bridge in a rage of white foam. Dad finally, exited on the railway. I smelled a bad smell of black oil. In the distance, the sun was rising behind the mountains and my father was still limping on the grave me in the middle of a pair of railroad tracks. Merely that the crimson neck sweats, the shirt becomes, stuck in the recess on the left shoulder I saw. I slowly released my hand ,at that time my heart buzzed again. if the train arrives what? You are going to print! Beautiful woman although the grandmother did not restrain wrinkles in the same place. Kora aunt stated. Grandmother other Aksakal` and Husan as long as they were both poles. Both blocking the road they sent the sheep witcher to the Bòrijar, themselves remained under the train. Itself in the train although there are our soldiers .Namatak-is a member of the Rana family a group of bushes .Height is Aksakal - traditionally, an aksakal is leader of a village until the sou times Alvasti iron if not removed from the road, while the train is overturned. Then Aksakal grandfather somehow survived the Bòrijar, Husan my grandfather died. By the way, then Alvasti ravine throwing Robi with my sister grandmother's frail that's how my son helped. Robi from my sister that's what I ask, does not say : "If you put, that's it remaining to put the saying "quot. Grandpa took his breath away to the other side-down toast. Alvasti bridge is still a noisy hostel, but most the place of the scarecrow is behind, on this side the water is spending it was flowing peacefully. Poplar growing reeds grandfather's shoulder after entering the thicket he turned to me and looked.

-Let them fall now, Hero, your glory is over.

As soon as I got to the Earth, Kalim was filled with water. The cuttings between the reeds are warm, muddy flooded it was. Early yellowed reeds gently whisk and crackle the dwelling is slow to populate like a mecca broom on the tip slowly rinsed. Do not you say bulls? One by one if it remains to cut off the eat,it will rattle as much as its sound. Reed, -I said chuckle. Reed to my kite -Now the kite will not fly! My grandfather caught my hand. Walk, if you feed on the fly. Those are the

peas we have reached, White spot is the House blind, that's what we came to the Pea! Bullet House collective farm office. We do not walk in that direction. We go into a narrow street, where once cart barely fits. Low houses on both sides. Under the wall of some were put to sleep. Autumn wall coating they do. Among the houses stand out white grandmother, there is a hammer. When the comes close to the House my dad wakes my hand again. Run faster! The elder quickly passed before the grandmother's gate. We came to the door of" Kora aunt." Kora "aunt does not have a gate. My door is so small, my dad is bending over. Those are far away from the door, in the spring, he was bold and under the tol` which again branch the donkey is standing in the cart. One wheel of the cart is broken.

The shot is made of stork. After my grandfather died as long as his donkey was also upset and died .But the cart is still standing. I 'll play out on top every time I come. I also ran to the side of the side of the cart now, dad angry yelled out: Don't go there! While the low opened the door squeaking, moaning inside called the relay: He said. The cat of Qora Aunt Coming down from the terrace with access to the yard I saw "Qora" aunt. My aunt is like a ball similar ,Small round-round. Also in the summer he wears a black nimcha`.

-Qora Aunt! We are here!

-Oh, let's go! Oh do not suck the duck from you!-he blurted and hugged me. Close the smell of yougurt was hit by a brick, white when kissing from my face one of the slaughterhouses hanging on the lip of his hair hit one and rang.

-"Black aunt" may I play your coin? wow let the coin spin from you! My dad slammed my shoulder slowly.

-How many times have I said: Not "Black aunt" say Emma, you idiot!

-What is your case!-"Black aunt "looking at the nanny it was.-Although the snowman says Black! It is dark! Right?

Go on, baby! Aunt was holding my hand and dragging into the porch, from come the boys of my grandfather:

-I went, sister. I am staying late.

-Where is it?-aunt let me go .Dad came to the side:do not drink tea-poy?

-In the evening we chop the potatoes. Pulsatilla Chinensis they will be often if they see , I will come in the evening.

-Robia also went out in the morning.

My dad didn't like it. Hurrying left aunt both went through the porch and entered the house. My aunt's house isn't like ours. Cabbage top clean .There are even curtains on the windows. On the shelves the bakes were cocky. Bottle of the seven the lamb always glitters. My sister Robi with ashes every day .She washed it. I saw it myself. There are two picture on the wall .Put in a wooden frame. Both turn yellow gun. One is Husan grandpa's. Small on the hit turban wrapped, pick old man. I do not know always throws. One is a young man. On the head is a hedgehog ,on shoulders the robe. The alley is ringing. Similarly", come on since, you it is like saying" I have a sentence. Thick of eyebrow, forty nose all like my dad it goes away. Just do not have a mustache. This of Black aunt son Kimsan brother .

Supra` in one hand black aunt, one hand came into with. On the sieve there was quite a while of prunes. -My child, it prunes, stand up, now shut the bread to you I will. Sweet like yourself.

Opposite of black aunt chewing sorrel I am sitting. The floor is sifted until the aunt crumbles. Sieve will. From the bottom ,the floor is poured into. Slev until the through a chip in his head knocked. The gruel breathes. Funny, just dwarf into having entered the cubes he whistling see also. Sometimes the whistle goes so I fell like my breath is shortness. Here, even now, my aunt is breathing. Black aunt ,what's inside? She raised her head. Sadly laughed.

-There is trouble, my child, your brother has trouble. Brother in the silence drowned. Sieve rapillates. Flour from the bottom of it is poured. "The people " whistle inside aunt pounds. I ate my pickle. Now to Danak` bites I wanted to get up

,out of my voice stayed. He is taking to me,as long as I am singing:
Suddenly the horse came,The letter came at the beginning of the horse
When I read the letter, Voy-voy sound came.

Voy-voy- a meaning something like excitement ,it is the emotions of people.

Interesting, Even the sieve likely sounds synchronically with my aunt's song. " The horse came from distance..."

Aunt was silent again. Her squeak of voice sped up. She took a quick look to the wall , my brother's photo, sighed and started singing in a mumble voice.

**My son, my dear son, God bless you,
Even God didn't listen to my complaint, gave you to the ground.**

At that time, noise of the sieve sounds not so loud. Now she swayed slowly and heavily. As if she was saying " Dear son, my lovely son".

My aunt lifted the sieve with two hands while she wiped her eyes with her hands clinging to the flour.

- "Black Aunt", don't cry I begged.
- I didn't cry, son! - Aunt smiled pulling her nose.
-Why am I supposed to cry? Soon your brother will come. We make him married.
And you, announce the wedding party riding the horse with your brother... Go, son, crack and eat the nut. There is a hand hoe next to the tandoor. Be careful, don't crack your hand.

I went out on the porch with fruit stones in my hands. Shelves of the porch was full empty. Nothing but two ceramic bowls and four plates. Nails stumbled on the wall. I know exactly that in the winter or autumn quince will be hung on these nails. Especially, in winter smell of quince is emitted all around there.

"Black Aunt's " house is bigger than ours. There is no other trees besides two apple trees in our yard. In my aunt's house quince as well as sweet cherries can be easily seen. I guess I had eaten lots of sweet cherries when I came here one or two months ago. My sister Robi picked for me climbing up to the roof of the shed. It is impossible to find sweet cherries at the moment. Though, pear is not ripe yet. Stone pear. Height of our walls in the yard is a bit shorter. Lomboz ¹ was constructed on the surface of the wall and covered with thorn. If thief was willing to go over the wall, he would see sharp thorns and run away. "Black Aunt's" house is so high. Even if you climb up standing on the horse, you can not reach it. Tappi¹ can not be rubbed to our wall. Look, to the right there are tappi rubbed in line. These on above are dried while those on below are wet yet. Flies are on them all around. None of onions are there in our house. But my aunts have onions. Green onions have seeds covering them. The back is sprinkled with ashes. After onions, celosias and basils ...

I found the hand hoe next to the noisy burning tandoor , ate nuts cracking on the sticky brick. There were only three or four nuts left. On my side "something" mewed. When I looked I saw "Black Aunt's " cat. Very calm cat , like my father. If I pull my father's mustache, he never tells anything. When I pull cat's tail , it is silent ,too.

I was being so happy.

- Come to me, kitty cat!

Mosh mewed and caressed my feet. I touched her neck and gave her a kernel.

-Eat, Mosh, eat!

She did not eat such a yummy kernel. Took out from her mouth and sneeze like "psi". Hugging the cat I run to the entrance of the house. The cats are very fast .

Even when you throw away from a plane they do not die. Go down with feet.

Abduvali told that. Let's see what happens.

Oh, "Black Aunt's "roof is too high! I was ready to ask a ladder but I feared. I know, my aunt condemn that "never give a pain to cats"!

Having hugged the cat and went to the corner of the house I saw that the toilet roof was connected to the roof of the shed. First, we climb up on the toilet roof then jump to the shed.

I did it so. I climbed to the toilet roof standing on the overturned basket stretcher. I did not pay attention even that my two elbows were stripped. Then I managed to move on to the shed. But, cat was careless closing her eyes and purred. Plants on the shed roof got dry. They made me annoyed touching my feet. Is it a matter? Soon we will reach the edge of the roof.

At that moment, 'Black Aunt' went to the tandoor side a basket with her. Mosh might see the aunt, she mewed throbbing. My aunt could know where the sound came and she look around. But, she warned in probable case.

- 'Do not give a pain to the cat', Muzaffar! This is an animal whom the prophet stroked!

Now we see. If the Prophet stroked this animal, does it fall with its back or feet? -'Kss-kss, Mosh ' I said. Stroking her and I went to the edge of the roof.

I watched while my aunt is digging up the tandoor, I held four legs of the cat and throw away to the ground on her back. At that moment, the cat improve her position suddenly. She fell to the ground with her legs slowly . The cat's tail fluttered. She looked angrily to me , mewed again and disappeared entering into celosia garden.

Perfect! Abduvali was right!

After going down from the roof, I look into the celosia garden but the cat was not there. How hard I tried I could not find her. I was bored so I went into the cowhouse. The cow standing on the corner snorted with its flashing eyes in the dark. My aunt's cow is as black as her . Whilst it was chewing its mouth, it sounded moo mildly. My eyes was getting on well with the dark gradually. An Incense was tied to the middle column. The incense got

blackish by dust around there. Dried celosia, many-many bunches of red peppers were hung to the nails on the wall. On the other side , a rake, a broad bladed hoe , a pitchfork...

When I was on my way from the shed , I saw some large jugs on line. Physically, each of them was equal to me. The aunt told that once upon a time before the war grain, animal meat and fat was preserved in them. My grandfather, Husan, saved and packed every necessary things. At present, they are empty. As long as they are snapped, you can hear the sound 'boom-boom'. Firstly, I had snapped one jug , it sounded 'boom'. It was clear that nothing was in that. Then I did second , third. All boomed. But, the last one seemed like something left inside. Oh! I could not help waiting anymore and punched with my fist. Something felt scratching inside the jug. At once suddenly, Mosh was on my mind. What if she hid in the jug being sad about what I had done to her?

Mosh! - I did call out as loudly as I can. Mosh, come here. I don't act like that anymore. Black Aunt said something from the yard.

Your bread is ready, Muzaffar.

That strange noise sounded one more time. I was not able to see what was inside even if I tried to look how many times standing on my toe. Interestingly, the mouth of the jug was equal to my head!

'Black Aunt ' called again.

- Let's come and eat, otherwise it might get cold.

I picked up the bucket lying in the manger, and I turned over and climbed on top. I clung to the neck of the jug and peered inside. Nothing is visible, but something is squeaking under it. Finally, I saw a large rat rat leaping against the smooth wall of the hum. I even heard him scream once. That's this! Everything is clear! This rat crawled into the sand. He ate the grain inside! He doesn't know how to eat. Now you see! I bring the mash, She beats you. I Jump over the overturned bucket and went into the yard.

"Mosh!" Pish-pish! I said, licking.

-Ah, let Mosh die! The "black aunt" dived into the oven and gestured to the little cake in the corner of the basket. "Eat it yourself first."

"Mosh!" Pish-pish! "I broke the cake, even though my hand was burnt." The smell of bread hit my breath and my mouth watered. But now I have a more interesting job than eating bread. I just found the cat!

"Take, Mosh!" There is bread! The cat smelled bread.

Meowing she came close. I put it on my knees and ate a burd of bread. Seeing that the "black aunt" began to close the second basket, I ran to the empty claw, slowly lifting the cat. Most, who had been silent at first, entered the dark shed, and his tail began to flutter.

"Mosh, Mosh!" I rubbed his back and came close to the sand where the rat was trapped. - Mosh! ... Here ...

Now ... The cat's eyes burned cold and her fur stood on end.

-Mosh ... " I know I put the cat's head into the mouth of the jug. She said in a wild voice, and patted my hand with her hind leg. "Wow, I let go. She jumped on the cow in the living room. The cow snorted and threw herself aside. She wagged her tail. The cat's eyes lit up and she rushed to the door. In the palm of my right hand, four white, deep streaks first appeared, and immediately blood began to flow from the streaks. I screamed in fear of blood rather than pain.

-"Black aunt!" As she sighed, her eyes widened in fear

my aunt ran in. "What did she do?" she said, pressing her head against my arms with her hands, which smelled of bread. "Tell me, what happened?"

"It's soft!" The cat hurting! May your deeds be honored! What can I say to your father! My aunt took me by the hand and led me to the yard. "Don't play with a cat!" he said to the blackbird from under the pot with a wooden spoon while scratching. She got even angrier when he hit the wound on the wound. "Rat!" I cried. "There's a rat in the jar." I wanted to hit Mosh.

Let her die! My aunt gasped for breath and tore off her head. Her hair spread and the popcorn coins rang. -Let the rat die! If you knocked her down, she would go her own way. What can I say to your father? You are the only boy ...

Surprisingly, the pain stopped immediately after my aunt pressed the scarf and tied it with a scarf. My aunt drank tea and ate the rest of my cake. She made room.

- "Sleep!" If your father asked what did happen, you would rather say I fell. You are the one who found and caught my poor brother ...

Why am I sleeping! That's right, I don't think about Mosh anymore. It's a bad cat. My aunt lacks a game? Here is Husan in my grandfather's car. What if one of the wheels is broken? I'll go over it first. Then, if I slowly hang on to the shot, the shot, which is "stork", will fall to the ground. If I let go of the shot, it will rise again.

I slammed the low door and went out, waiting for the "black aunt" to light a fire. I hung on to the whole wheel of the donkey cart and rode on it. Sit cross-legged on the shotgun and start pushing down.

The sun has set. It was pitch black, and the air smelled of corn kebabs. Where does this smell come from? Apparently from the elder grandmother's. I'd like to my aunt. Oatmeal is great! If you put a stick in the back of a drum and hit the coals, you will hear a "pors-purs" sound.

I had just lowered the carriage, when a voice came from the darkness:

- "Muzaffar!"

I recognized! Sister Robiya!

-Sister Robiya !

- I forgot the car and ran.

My sister Robbie lifted her off the ground with her strong arms and hugged her. The smell of candles hit my breath. Don't play car, boy! she said, kissing my face. Go home! I'd better ride my own horse tomorrow.

I know my sister Robiya's "horse." The teeth of the wheels are big, and the smoke coming out of the hood is a tractor! When I arrived in the spring, my sister Robbie had flown on a 'horse'. I love my sister Robiya I'm fine too! Not as small as my aunt. She is tall, his face is white, she is beautiful. Her hair is long and touches the ground. My sister Robiya visits us too.

- Come often,bring the child with you said my aunt after us.

As I stepped out into the street, my heart pounded as I thought of crossing the "Alvasti" bridge again.

- Shall we cross the "Alvasti" Bridge?.

-No, to the Eighth Brigade!

It's pleasure ! As we walk the office!

The office is a white house that I saw in the distance yesterday. There is a monument of Lenin and Stalin.. There are willows and a bunch of apricots. There are five or six leaves left on the surface of the water: yellow. It looks like an apricot. The front of the pool is flowerbed. Look, a long house with a large living room behind the office. This is a "lock". The radio is singing.

We finally got to the potato garden. My father was in a hurry. In the distance, men and women were walking in the park. Mattocks glow in the morning sun. Women with dakana on their heads, men were wearing duppi are chopping potatoes into pieces.

My father stopped at a stream of water, under a pine tree. He stretched out his toes and tied knot to the helper branch of the state. He spread the stick on his back on the ground, in the shade.

- Sit quietly, ok? he said, repeated his usual words.

I have been to a lot of places with my dad to clean the ditch, to harvest barley. When my father enters the field, I was waiting him. I used to it.

If I behaved myself well until noon, the bell will ring. My father came out of the field and took me to the shed. Aunt Chef knows me. She serves me dish separately. It usually have a bone in it. I just hate Aunt Parcha. Aunt Parcha is a giant woman. She has got a mustache. She always says , "Give me your bone and I will clean it"!

If I'm afraid to say not otherwise she will eat me! Fortunately, we came to the eighth brigade today. Aunt Parcha usually works in Nugaykurgan.

I behaved myself well and sit down on the piece of cloth. Dad crossed the ditch and went into the potatoe pile. I love watching my dad works with the mattock. As he picks it up, the big mattock glows in the sun. He hits the mattock with stroke so hard that the ground shakes. He says "hah - hah" every time he throws a hoe. It's like hurting someone! I know my dad is starting to sweat now. At first the neck sweats, it turns red and shiny. Then the spot on the white shirt's neck gets wet. Then his shoulders ... The hole in his left shoulder turns back.

As I leaned against the rough body of the elm, the constantly chirping of sparrows made my ears tringle. When I looked up and saw a sparrow was swarming around the tree. One of sparrow flies, one lands. Wow, there are so many of nets! One of them is very below. Their nets so little so that sparrow's heada can be seen. As the big sparrow flies, the three children open their yellow beak and squawk. But his father never goes astray. He feeds them all alternately. Yes, their fathers are two! As one flies away, the other arrives, handing out food to their children in turn. It turned out that one was his father and the other was his aunt!

Why don't I take the children and look after them at home? I didn't know how to climb the elm. Once or twice I slipped and my knees ached. Anyway, I managed to hang myself on a branch of a slate. I slipped a couple of times and my knees hurt. Anyway, at least I reached. I didn't go down without explaining myself first. I climbed the branch. It is too loose. The branches were thick, standing close together like a ladder. Now the sparrow's nest, the birds chirping with their yellow mouths open, and even the white dung inside and the eggshells are clearly visible. I grabbed the branch and slowly pushed it in. The birds that had been chirping since the painting were suddenly silent. They sighed and lay down under the in. What's the matter, if I move a little more, the sparrows are mine! I'll put it in my lap and take it home. Unfortunately, at the net is the edge of branch, their place. The more I push, the harder branch flutters. Besides dusty leaves hit my face. My whole body itches, my legs tremble ...

I forgot nearly about the "wound" on my hand. I grabbed to the top branch, and my right hand ached. What's wrong with my hand? . I could not hold back the tears. As I approached, my legs began to tremble.. Now I was outstretched and a sparrow and a squeaked and flew in front of me . It's wing touched my face. I stopped because I was scared. It was a strange thing to do. Countless sparrows began to circling around me. Screaming like it's running the world a thousand flies and one flies.. It fluttered its wings made a croaking noise. I felt dizzy. Holding the branch with my healthy hand. I shook my wounded hand and drove away. The bandage came off. The sparrows, on the other hand, flock and cling to each other . I shouted at the top of my voice because I was scared:

- "Daddy!"

My foot slipped. I grabbed to the branch with both hands, and my wounded hand ached so badly that branch came out of my hand, I staggered for a moment, and fell down. I knew that my shoulder had hit a branch and I fell to the ground ...

When I opened my eyes, my father was carrying me. He was always embracing and now he is holding in his arms. In the beginning lameness never hurt. Now every time I limp, my soul goes out, my hand slips. The smell of tobacco from my father never bothered me. Now I want to vomit.

-Daddy ! I groaned.

Dad looked at me worriedly. "Now, now," he said hoarsely. "For a while, you're a young man, you're a hero."

He limped worse and ran away. I had yellow haze. I wanted to vomit again. I couldn't remember what happened next. I woke up terrible pain. The same yellow fog. Gradually, as the fog cleared, I saw my father's mustache, then myself, and there was another man next to me. I recognized: Kamil grandfather , who was wearing a round duppi, smiled politely. Shaking his sparse beard, he stroked my head.

- "You've broken your arm, you handsome boy"

Interestingly, the doctor grandfather always looks at the person with such a gentle smile, does not speak harshly to anyone. I looked at my father in horror. He did not seem to want to fight in front of doctor, so he frowned and turned away.

- "It doesn't hurt" said doctor, throwing nos (a kind of snuff put under tongue) in his mouth. Oh, raise your hand. Raise your left hand, not right.

The left arm was tied like a stick. I realized that the doctor had bandaged my arm. I raised my hand, it hurt, but I wasn't as upset as I used to be.

At that moment, the woman, whose skirt was about to touch the ground, entered the house. I had seen her in the field before. The doctor's grandfather wife is - Aunt Lazakat. Her nose looks like hen's muzzle.

- "Do you eat peaches?" She gave me a large yellow peach.

I took it but I didn't know how to peel the peaches. My right arm is "injured" and my left arm is broken.

Dad frowned and peeled the peach. But I didn't want to eat. For some reason I wanted to vomit

As soon as we entered the courtyard, a young man who had long hair came in through the front door.

" Yeah, hero what did you do your arm?" he smiled. Even if I don't know him, I smile to show that I'm "hero":

-Nothing. The doctor in a gentle voice appointed the young man:

-Take your brother home, Olimjon ...

It turned brother Olimjon who helps my grandfather Husan and Aksakal (traditionally, an aksakal is leader of a village or until sou:times) on the bridge. I wanted to ask, but when I saw my father frowning, I kept silent.

He carefully lifted me from under my armpit.

-No, I would help him 'said my father, still frowning. Don't bother, Olimjon ...

-No it wasn't difficult for me, brother Olimjon hugged me and smiled. Was that arm wounded?

Frightened, I turned to my father again. No, he was silent at that time. He lit a cigarette and pulled hard.

-"You'll be back in a week," said the old doctor, following us with a gentle smile. "Don't worry, Shomurodjon. He is immature!"

We walked through the cool coconut grove. My father was walking in front of us and Olimjon brother was lifting me. Olimjon brother didn't limp at all. His hair spread on his forehead. In the distance, the roar of the Alvasti Bridge can be heard. I tried not to look in that direction.

-If you come in the fall, I'll give you more nuts," he said, making a big promise.

-We have our own nuts!" I said with a smile.

-Yeah, that's great! - Olimjon brother smiled. Otherwise you'll bring your own nuts. Do you know how to play nuts?

-I know," I said with a smile.

-That's it, we'll play together with you. But there is no giving back the winner.

After entering our courtyard, my brother Olimjon put me on the porch. For some reason he patted me on the face and winked. He said goodbye to my father and left. And now my dad is beating me up! Even when my hand hurt again, I would sit patiently. Dad went into the house and took out a ceramic bowl. He went and kicked the apple in the courtyard. The apple had already spilled. He put the apples in a bowl and washed them. He took out a bone-handled knife from the heel of his boot and peeled one. He cut it in two pieces and hung one of them on the tip of a knife.

- Take and eat.

Then I looked into my father's eyes. He must have wiped his pale, sweaty face with his palms, his fingerprints were black, and his mustache was trembling.

As for me, I ate the apple wholeheartedly, but I wanted to vomit again.

-It hurts, I said with sobbing.

My father stared into my eyes and sighed. He stared at his pants pocket for a long time, picked up a newspaper, a paper bag and a cigarette, his hands trembling. He didn't seem to be able to find a match. Then he said, "I shall come in a minute," and went out into the street. Shortly after, he returned with a big pitcher in one hand and a long bottle in the other. He took a wooden spoon from the shelf and dipped it into the palm. He gave me a spoon of source milk.

- Drink,- he said in a muffled voice. -It's a fatty source milk. The barber uncle gave it. -I was even more upset and turned my face away.

- I don't want to drink it ...

Suddenly my father's eyes light up.

-What were you doing on the top of tree?, he shouted.

-I was terrified. For a moment I forgot both the nausea and the pain. My father got up in a hurry and limped to the shelf. He snatched a large bowl and put it on the table. He slammed the bottom of the long bottle three or four times with the palm of his hand. He filled the glass with excitement and drank to the end without breathing. Then he refilled and drank again.

Suddenly his eyes flushed and his mustache hung. For some reason he filled the cup again with breath. He drank again. He tossed the bowl into the yard. The bowl went down in the middle of the yard, under the apple tree. It jumped up, but didn't break. There was a terrible fire in my father's eyes. "I will kill her!" he shouted. The foam splattered from his mouth, raised above his head his helved-knife, which was laying on the table, above: "I will kill her!" I'm going to sleight her! I shouted in horror:

Dad! Da-a-a-d! If I don't, I'll change my name! He stabbed his knife to the ceramic bowl with force and the apples in the bowl were rolled everywhere, two of them rolled from the porch lip. The Knife pierced on the table.

-“Dad”,-said I in trembling,”-Daddy..”,-and jumped up.

I will slaughter, even if she is under the ground, , I will find and slaughter. With both hands he was punching his head and said, "I will kill her." Suddenly his forehead became pale. Then his voice was hoarse, foaming at the mouth, and his limbs began to shake spontaneously. His color faded and his voice trailed off. In horror, I climbed on top of my father.

"Daddy, don't do that, Daddy." At this moment I forgot my pain and shrugged him.

- Dad, stand up!-pleased I. He was laying motionless, his eyes were wide, but couldn't see me! I cried.

-Dad, stand up. I would not do it anymore, I would not climb to the tree. Daddy ...

I did not notice when the Black aunt came.-Oh my god,,-saying this words , She tossed his knot, The knot was untied, and the corn buried in the cave rolled in anywhere. “Black aunt," I said, trembling. I would not climb to the tree anymore. Hey, Shomurod, what happened to you? My aunt rubs my dad's face. He pushed and ran to the kitchen. He poured a cup of water and sprinkled it on my father's face. Water started stroking her forehead and hands ...

Chapter Two

THE STORY OF BLACK AUNT

The Poor wants a solution

In the afternoon, my right eyelid flew. I would like to have this monogrammed. I tapped to distract myself, I was out in the yard. My heart will never light up. To put it mildly, Robiya was at work. My daughter is hard even poor. She leaves early and arrives late. Even she is a woman, she drives the tractor. The fortune teller himself is a good woman, quick to get angry. What can I do, brigade? Besides, a man like an old man is ashamed to throw himself here and there after not leaving the field until midnight ...

In the morning I remembered Muzaffar saying, "I want to eat corn kebab." My brother liked arguing! Can't you see that he didn't agree when I told him to leave the child? The young boy walks in the fields all day. Unless she has a mother holding a spoonful of water in her mouth! In the afternoon, he drinks soup from the pot - that's it!

Shomurod's behavior is similar to that of husband's. My husband was also of the type who cut his own navel. When it was rumored that it would be a collective farm, Arifkhoja's men stormed our house at night. "We'll put a turban on your head," he threatened. Although Husband's body was small, his heart was like a horse's head. "One death to another, do what you can," he kept saying. I chose corn milk and buried it in the snow so that the child would be happy. I waited impatiently for Robbiya to arrive. My heart pounded again as I crossed the bridge. Let him die! A place without properties! During the war, Robiya was repulsed on the same bridge ...As I was walking through the grove, Olimjon came out in front of me. Son of the perfect doctor. Baraka topgur is a good boy. During the war, Robiya was carrying water to her tractor. He is currently studying in Tashkent. When the old man and the old man were under the train how he screamed, the child was poor ... As long as he lived, the Elder survived. But my dear ... Are you going to my brother Shomurod? said hello giving Stay tuned. My heart pounded.

-- What's the matter?

"Peace." Don't worry ... 'he said and left. Damn I wasn't worried. When I walk in the door, it's a hangoma. It's not for nothing that my eyebrows are flying ... The

poor Muzaffar was terrified. From his father A smiling boy clung to my skirt and licked me. I wonder what time it is? The moon came to the roof bag. The locusts squeak ... Everyone is as silent as water. I am holding the baby in my arms. Inside, Shomurod sighs. He kept saying, "I will kill you anyway!" he cries. Muzaffar groans, as if his hand is sore. In his sleep, he enters my chin in fear. There he shuddered again. He opened his eyes and looked around. I'm scared ... "Don't be afraid, boy, I'm here." Sleep ... Just die, you idiot! The child's cry is unbelievable! There was no place for your husband less than anyone else! If he was lame, he could not steal over the wall! It's been four years! There are so many young women whose husbands died in the war. Why don't you think about it, you traitor! The moon is gone. The porch was pitch black. Where is the sleep? Imagination leads to a thousand streets. Someone ... God saw my child, who put six on the ground and held only one. When I read the letter, I was screaming ... Where are my son, In what countries are you traveling ?! Is the soul healthy? Well, even if you had no limbs, I would love to have someone carry me on a stretcher! I was carrying it in my palm! Your father went on his way. Now at least put me on the ground with your own hands! No, I'm not crying, baby! I'm not crying. Even if I cry ... No, son. If I cry, you will be upset. Robbie burns. My daughter's two eyes are still on the door. Waiting. Waiting for you. The other girl was kicking her skirt and touching one of them. The sow did not come out of nowhere. He says whether he was born or not! That's how it is with a girl. That's what I say ... Wow, if I don't die! Am I crazy and / or lacking in faith because I get anxiety attacks? Someone, my dear child, forgive your sinful mother! I know, God forbid, that if you are martyred, your ghost will scream. If you're alive, you'll come and get me tomorrow. You say, "What have you done, old woman, you are my mother, you are an unbeliever!" You have the right to say anything. Which mother throws her heart into the ground by herself? Which mother betrays her child herself?

How can I, my dear child? Think for yourself, after all. My Lord, your Lord, is withering before my eyes like a dried flower. You're in your thirties, son! It's been a long time since the bridesmaids have interrupted, saying "old girl." Forgive your

mother's sin, Who are you! It had been a long time since that intention had come to mind. But I was afraid to think, let alone tell anyone. Today seeing this "spectacle" in your uncle's ... At least respect for this homeless baby, don't be angry with your mother, my child!

The rooster crowed. It was cool. As dawn broke, the horns at the ends of the side rafters began to shake. I fell asleep hugging Be Muzaffar and I am still talking to Kimsanim. I don't know, am I doing good or sin? I do not know...

In the morning I sent Shomurod to work and brought Muzaffar home with me. Even though! He forgot the pain in his hand and ran away. He lay down for a while because he was upset at night. As Robiya approached from work, my heart began to pound. Well, Shomurod, I'm stubborn, I'll try to persuade you. But with what face would I say that to Robbie! What can I say? Can't my tongue stick to my palate?... Robbie came late. He was happy to see Muzaffar, who was sleeping in the corner of the porch. Yes, what else did he do? said the boy, looking at the bloody hand on the board. He fell and broke his arm. "Woe is me!" My heart skipped a beat as he kissed Muzaffar on the forehead. Then he did a little laundry. He washed his head in the middle of the night no matter what. He placed the seventh lamp on the khantax and began to bloom on the blue stalk. Pilik squeaks, frogs build in the yard. Robbie is embroidering a layer of red silk with gusto. Her long lashes spill over her white face. Robiya! I said slowly. The boy broke his salty hand - badly. Sacrifice blood to get a sparrow. He looked sadly at Muzaffar. "Did he see a doctor?" "Yes, Dr. Kamil put it on the board." "It's painful." "Otherwise!" Silence fell again. Robbie nodded sadly and continued her work.

-Robiya ... - I said again. -This child is also a victim. Became That's because she's not a mother! He raised his head as he spread the stick on his knee. I told you first, uncle. Explain to the man, let Muzaffar stay with us. "Explain to the man!" My heart pounded and my head ached. I am dishonest, with which face do I have a black face? Someone, my dear child, forgive your sinful mother!

“daughter” when I went home and I washed my clothes, cooked meal, having a shower. I had never looked at him. No, If my grandfather would be here ,he said “shut up” a short man and chairman a fist.

At that time my mother knew what she is saying After all, Kimsan is my brother’s son-in-law, my mother’ son!

Kimsan is closer to my mother than others. What happened to my mother. I know ,It is not easy for my uncle Shomurod. It is difficult for Muzaffar. But I am not a stranger, how can I stand it when my mother say that. I called this woman “as a mother” I faintly remember my own mother. In the house with the low ceiling, Under the window she was lying looking at the sky. Her face was yellowish and the two cheeks were penetrated to inside. Her eyes were dark and beautiful. Long lashes do not curl. From the window you can see the roof of a madrasa. Poems are depicted on the front of the building. Terrible lions are chasing deer. My mother lies down without her eyes off me. As if she had fallen asleep with her eyes open .But she does not sleep. I am tired of waiting for my dad to come through the door. My father said that Girls my age go to the my father ‘school. I do not go. I just sit and watch my mom. Dad comes from work and looks after my mother. Then he writes a letter on the back of the tray and teaches me .”learn, my daughter, learn”(tajang bòlib)You are nine years old. Kids like you will soon be third grade, learn. What should I do ?When I look at my mother all day, I am hungry What do I do .”Bread, I want to eat it, Father Bread. My mother groans in bed. Do not torture my daughter when the time comes ,She can read, she gets tired of saying that” she could barely breathe. I am thin throat (qil tomoq)pleas, find a loaf of bread for my Robiyajon.

My father became more and more anxious and grind a talqon in a mortar .He holds a spoon to my mother and a spoon to me. She gestures to me with her eyes. Give it to my child. ...One morning a loaf of people came to our house .People are in old coats ,women are in white shirts and white scarves on their heads .All cried in loud voice. My dad sighed and cried as He pressed my head to his chest. Then my

mother's bed was empty. I was not a child .I already knew that my mother had died .One day my father took me to the train station with a big suitcase in his hand As I entered the brick building. I was frightened to see a women sliding down on the stair. Father! Why is that fat women is sleeping on the strains. My father rubbed my head. "IT is not fat ,it is swollen Look, Robiyajon.

Let's go to the train ,we wil go to the Tashkent. The sound of the train the noise of the people made me dizzy and I fell asleep, we went down in the morning .We got on the train .Although it sounds interesting that the train is ringing .I am hungry .I would like a loaf of bread.

"Dad, bread I begged. Do not hurry baby, do not hurry. My father was a man who wore a flat ironed white step collar blouse and like dumpling tie. He wears a Parim cloth and has no bread.... We got somewhere and got off the train.

My mother put me on a suitcase to sit down, and he went up the steps and entered through the glass door .After some minutes .He went out with an old man in a white ,long jacket, with a watch chain glittering in his breast pocket. The old man's bread over his eyes.

The old man's mustache, his eyebrows ,and even the hair that protred from his ears were blue and white .He was coming holding his body like a goose and took long - chained watch out of his breast pocket and opened. "Oh,-it is too late ,"Teacher" he said shaking his head.

As my father approached. I begged . Bread ,Father Bread" The old man looked at me .He clapped his hands in front of my father' chin and shouted. Oh, teacher, Why did you say that my daughter is left on the street and she is hungry"

I was afraid the old man hit my father, NO my father was not afraid of the old man He smiled sadly. -You see, Elder (Oqsoqol) the time is like this , silver is ash ,wheat is money. "Money ,ash , damn the father, but do not leave child hungry. The old man's voice was humming and I became more and more discouraged and dizzy" Do not hurry . I m here now! The old man said that he threw away his

boots, which were in full bodied boots, and went on his way. Dad sat down next to me lowered his head, he sat for a long time without looking at me.

Suddenly a voice came from behind. My daughter eat When I looked the old man, he sliced white bread sprinkled with sedana .I barely stretched out my hand. The man splited the bread in half and gave me and half to my father.

We have seen even harder years, you know, He whispered again. These days go by. This year is the thirty-third year? Remember, teacher I know, If you are lucky in thirty-fifth by year it will all good. I have already eaten my bread ,When I looked, my father had not eaten half of it yet. Each bite is barely swallowed, as if stuck in the throat. Bread, I said , holding out my hand, Father... Dad handed me the rest of the, I saw the old man staring, I grabbed a loaf of bread in my hand. Okey! The old man's bread trembled ,Good willing all will be well, Teacher ! Let we go stand up, my daughter. He snatched the suitcase from under me. In the distance was a horse -drawn carriage. I was thirsty I wanted to drink water but my dad 's eye were serious .I was afraid of asking for water. My father sat in the car and hugged me He looked the old man. "Shell we go aksakal? -Far... Let's go to Nogaykurgan What time is it? said my father at sunset looking at the rising horizon. -An Hour ?The old man glanced at my father and picked up the whip lying in the carriage "Will you hit the clock on your head?

I could not see the watch chain in the old man's breast pocket Dad stared into her eyes and sighed softly .

-Thank youIf I am a live ,I will do you a favor.. Chu,,! The old man whipped very thin horse (qovurgasi sanalib qolgan ot).

Chu ... brother! Then he smiles at my dad" I know you will "but you are so crazy! Chu...The carriage sped off the paved road .

The big girl fell asleep again leaning on my father.. I woke up humming "Husanboy!" Ho Husanboy. When I opened my eyes I was still in the car, sitting next to my father we came to village .A Narrow street dilapidated houses.. the old

man is knocking on the law door and calling someone. After the door opened shortly a ball sized ,short, black women came out .She greeted with both hands on his chest “Did you have a job”, elder for me. There was no doctor left I have not seen. Which day I went to see Dr. Kamil again. He said your daughter-in-law is fine.

"Didn't I tell you?" Are you still bored?

Aunt Kholposh shakes her head in pain.

If so, my Zakir developed a habit of drinking from time to time. You know his father's character, and if he finds out, he'll kill! Zo'ra was also shocked. She is sad to see her sister. Now after seeing bride Zukhra, I remembered those wordsl. Really her face is strange, her coloured eyes is widened.

"Come in," he said turning his thin lips. - My mother is at home!

I was just walking towards the glazed pillars of high porch, when I heard a baby crying inside. The door opened and bride Fatima went out on the porch swelling her chest in the plump baby's mouth. Wow, Robiyakhan! he said as he descended the stairs. "Atlas?" Let's see! In the past, I used to confuse Fatima-Zukhra. Even now, both of them look alike. As brush eyebrows-eyes, puffy face ... only bride Fatima became obese. And bride Zukhra is like a ribbon. Bride Fatima pinched a corner of the satin.

Wow, how beautiful! He looked to the side, to the house, and shouted in a loud voice, "Mum, look at this!" Tell my brother Shakir to let me celebrate the holiday!

Aunt Kholposh came in with a bang. Whatever she is Arif aqsaqal's' wife!

Although she was in her sixties, she was dressed like a bride. He wore a black satin shirt. His neck has a jewellery. He had a golden earring in his ear, curved eyebrows was colored with swelling. Aunt Kholposh and my mother are as good friends as Arif aqsaqal and my father. The body of aqsaqal is twice bigger than my grandfather, and my aunt Kholposh is three times bigger than my mother. A white-faced, slender woman. My mother can become better with the man she meets.

Kholposh knows her worth. The whole Nogaykurgan there is a name "seamstress who decorates a bird in the sky". But she does not sew dress for everyone. Whom she hates: saying "I've lost my sight, I've given up my job" he makes them to get away. As he walked around with me, she gently stroked bride Fatima who was nursing the baby:

- Ordon! Who put a satin dress on a cowboy wife! Do you deserve the atlas? He turned to the courtyard.- If Zukhra wears the atlas, it suits to her.. Zo'rakhon! Look at here, my girl!

Bride Zukhra steps on the porch cleaning her foamy hand with a towel.

- "I hear you, mum!!"

- "Sit down, you too", "I didn't undersand Aunt Kholposh told the next sentence whether to me or bride Fatima". Just in case, we all gathered near the table: bride Fatima still breastfeeding, and bride Zukhra was nervously squeezing the dirty towel in her hand, I...

The scrap cover was laid to the low table, and it has a tray full of sweeties, pistachios and almonds.(In Aqsaqal's house serving tray is always ready!) The old "gardim" bowls on the porch's shelf. Bunch peppercorn bowls. In the other corner is Aunt Kholposh's world-famous "Zinger" car. A high chair with a backrest in the distance. A wooden-banded telephone on the shelf behind the chair. My grandfather said that the phone was once a gift from the head Aqsaqal-grandfather Kalinin to Aqsaqal Arif. Wireless phone, but the Aqsaqal Arif is very careful with it ... Aunt Kholposh came in, stepping on her leg with wearing ugly mahsi(a type of shoes). The blankets' crashing to the ground was heard. bride Fatima stood up hugging her child, and bride Zukhra nodded.

"Don't go in!" You're in trouble!

After a while, Aunt Kholposh came out, throwing eight-foot satin on her fat wrist, just like mine. "Zorakhon, my daughter!" he said, unfolding the atlas. Robbie sewed a pleated breast pleated shirt for both of you beraman. Have a play on

holiday! Thank you, uncle! Zuhra the bride was fluttering biting his thin lip and looking at the ground. - What about me ?! Fatima's face flushed with grief. Can't find a shirt for me in your closet?

"Have you been?" Aunt Kholposh frowned under the name of artificial dash. "If you're dry, you'll die." Well, we'll find you too. Go, if you're right, we'll take the valuables out of the soup room and cover the spinach with mayonnaise and somsa. Yes, by the way, where is your daughter, where is Popuk?

Fatima smiles contentedly to see that the bride's dress does not dry out: "It's Shaw Yurgan now." If I don't ask, come to your senses maydi-a! Aunt Kholposh shook her head. - Let the cat eat your mother!

Fatima is narrow as the bride hugs her son ran into the air. Oypopug-u! Where are you, yes, let a cat eat a girl like you!

Aunt Zuhra put the two of us on the porch and began to measure our height with gas. Your body is so big, Robbie! - said the lib. I can sew both of you in the same pattern. -

"Get ready!" Fatima, who was carrying her five-year-old daughter chewing gum in one hand and her son in the other, approached the porch and laughed. If we are lucky, we will soon eat Robiyakhan's halva, bear! When Achilboy said oh, the moon was visible in his lungs.

"What? Achil? "I looked at Fatima with a shudder, and Aunt Kholposh jerked:

"Oh, die, don't look!" What do you do to embarrass a girl? Why are you embarrassed! My brother Shakir said. Achilboy wants to put a suitor on Robiyakhan. I said I was going to cry out of pain. "Who is he, Ochilboy?" Suddenly I remembered. Son of the Komil doctor. He also wore glasses at school. Thin! He studied before my brother Kimsan. Once or twice my mother told my grandfather that the doctor's son was a good boy. I had heard that studying at a big university in Tashkent and will be a teacher. Remembering that, I was scared. For

some reason my brother Kimsan came to my mind. I snatched it from Aunt Kholposhsha, who was measuring my chest with gas (measuring tool), and jumped down the porch stairs.

- When you will be old, young lady! - Aunt Kholposhsha grabbed both ends of the gas, threaten bride Fatima by punching. Does he talk about everything.

When I went half way of the yard, Fatima came up behind me as hugged her son.

- "Robiyakhon!" Don't mind. I told you what I've heard!

-Oh, escape! feeling that I was blushing to my ears, I ran towards the gate.

- "Don't hurry, Robiyakhan!" "Fatima ran behind me ." In the evening we go to the mo'rcha of Rashid abzi. It's hard for both of us. Do you want to go with us! we will have a nice bath ...

... As soon as I entered our yard, I felt something new. My grandfather was joking with Aqsaqal (traditionally,an aqsaqal was the leader of a village or aul until the Soviet times) in front of the tandoor,faces of both of them were bright.

- My daughter! My grandfather spit on his nos (a type of tobacco) and smiled. Go, help feeding to your mother!

In front of the cattle-shed, I saw a large, skewbald cow was tied to a cherry tree. Our former cow was sold by my grandfather after being barren for three years, and since then we have had no cow in our house except three or four sheep. I was so happy to see the new cow that I decided to clap. The cow's milk-filled udders were steep as if to touch the ground. It's like a purebred cow, protect it from the evil eye. ' He pulled the line around your neck with great difficulty. Half a pair of shoes hung on the drawing. "Ask its kind?" Galanska!(Kind of the cow) - The elder explained solemnly. - Gives three times milk a day. The Duma (name of the cow)itself is short, but its head is rocky. He knows how to choose the cow.

I realized that my grandfather had gone to the market with the Elder, and that two of his friends had bought the first of market's cow. My mother rushed into the

kitchen. He pulled out a bucket of masked oil. "This bucket is small" The old man shook his head. "Aren't you bigger?" Or is your bucket just as small as you?!

My mother smiles softly and sit under the cow.

"Let's get a bucket full first, you beast!" said the Elder, caressing the cow.

"Thank goodness there are so many bucket." Wow to the beast! Its udder full of milk. He was now reaching for the udder, wagging his tail and depressing its hind leg. "Wait a minute!" - I understood that my grandfather was talking to me. I hurried over and started stroking its neck, which was swollen with thick veins.

"Well, animal, well ..." The cow rolled her eyes, glanced at him, and snorted.

Quietly calmed down. My mother had just embraced me and was shaking again. - How, illiterate! The old man exclaimed angrily. "I told you it was a cow, galanska." We got it from russian man Talk it , Duma! Do you have a tongue? "That's right," said my grandfather, taking three or four steps. "The elder is right." This is a galan cow. If you don't speak russian, it won't give milk. My mother clutched the bucket and stretched it out again to the cow's udders "Bismillohir rahmonir rahim!" he said in a loud voice. "Shut up, creature." Shut up. It was four o'clock in the morning. Interestingly, the cow calmed down. Milk began to pour into the bucket. "Here it is, you know!" Let's go, Duma! They probably planted cabbage.

Oqsoqol (head of the street) and my grandfather walked out the door.

My mother was still stretching her udder, and the galangal cow was long , gently covering her flowing lashes.

"Robiya(short form of the Fatima) girl, shut up!" My dear daughter, shut up! There is a bucket in the kitchen. Hurry up, baby!

By the time the second bucket was full, my mother's arms were outstretched and her mouth was tired.

At one point, both the cow and I shuddered at the laughter. The cow shook her long, crooked horn and looked to the side - to the side where the laughter was heard. My mother sat down behind me to take a bucket full of milk. Five or six steps away, I saw my uncle Shomurod hitting his knee and laughing. Dressed in white from head to toe. He is wearing a silk shirt, kalaminka (type of the pant) pants and white shoes. He was still laughing, her hair falling to her temples and tears welling up in her eyes.

-Sister ! he said breathlessly. "What do you say, sister?"

- What? "My mother, she's annoyed that the cow isn't getting enough milk, so she stared at my uncle." "Don't you see, I'm getting milk from the cow!" Pochcha (husband of the sisters) cow brought. It is Galaska. Uncle Shomurod looked at me with a laugh. "What did your mother say now?" I shrugged silently. "What you're saying is a bad thing!" Uncle Shomurod wiped his eyes with a laugh. "Don't say that, sister!" "Oh, don't do it!" "My mother carefully lifted the bucket full of milk. "You scared the cow !" "No, no!" Uncle Shomurod smiled again. "Don't say that, sister!" What do you insult a poor cow? "When did I curse?" - My mother was surprised, sometimes she looked at my uncle Shomurod, sometimes at Galanska cow. I don't know, 'he said casually. - When I arrived in Tashkent, I saw that the two were calling each other that ... Uncle Shomurod would sit for a long time every time he came. This time he went home with my mother, talked for a quarter of an hour, and set off. My mother didn't insist him on saying "sit down". On the same day, my mother shared milk on seven doors for whiteness as a neighbor's mouth should taste it. We cooked rice porridge for dinner too. The mother-child were sitting at dinner (my brother Kimsan has not been seen since this morning, my grandfather did not return until he went out to the fields with his grandfather), knocked the door, and bride Fatima and Zuhra entered. Both of them wore a dakana(type of cloth) scarf on their heads, bride Fatima was carrying a knot, bride Zuhra was holding a plate with spinach somsa(type of meal)..

I ate two of them with pleasure, despite the fact that my mother screamed at me to eat spinach somsa after a dairy meal. It's so sweet.

"Are you going?" bride Fatime said urgently. Sister, "let's go to Robiyakhon's and brother Rashid's grave ..."

My mother hesitated.

"Let brother Rashid die." He is always drunk. Who heats the grave?

"Ourselves!" -Bride Zukhra's black eyes were burning with enthusiasm. "Let's take a bath!"

Brother Rashid's house is on the outskirts of Nogaykurgan. They live next door to a stupid woman named sister Parcha. She hardly lives in her house. From early spring to late autumn, she stays in the field or in people's homes. But you will find brother Rashid at his home. There has no choice! His house is usually crowded during all seasons. If you look at the top of the board, you will be horrified to see the ship flowing down two hills.

"Call Dumani!" "The old man who brought us is black." he jerked his wife. "To interfere in your man's business. He is there a ball The black woman scurried into the courtyard. - That, of course! "The old man shook my father's hand."

Won't you come down? What, do you need a special offer?! Dad smiled and released me. To the ground jumped down. "Come on, baby!" he said, reaching down.

- I hung myself on the side of the car and fell to the ground. Dad got back in the car and unloaded the suitcase.

Lying on the edge, I went back to our house would come. The low door opened again. To the black woman similarly short, but strong, with a compact beard the man came out. His hand is in the manure he grabbed the old man's wrist. "Bahay, Elder, peace?" "Peace!" That's it, Duma! "To my old father." he gestured. - I brought a guest from Samarkand.

- Bahay! The guest is greater than your father! - a small man he sighed and grabbed my father's elbow. "You're welcome," guest! My father was asking for more faith, Elder the majestic voice roars again: - Comrade Samadov is known. To educate our children did you sleep Apparently, the little guy doesn't understand anything also smiles. "All right, Aksakal!" "Gather your opinion, Duma!" - The elder's voice He put down his loud voice and rubbed his hand. - Comrade Samadov did you read that "I fell asleep!" When a visitor comes, I said over my head! "Oh, not a guest, you idiot!" "Aksakal shakes hands. "Take it from the ceiling!"

A small man pulls out a horse by the side of the road and shakes his hand increased. Digging into the pockets of his trousers, pulled out a pumpkin. As if to say, "Get, and check your poison." He handed it to the elder with a grin.

The old man filled his palms with "nas". "Not a guest, host!" he said to the owner of the pumpkin back "You see, times are hard." Famine and the country will stand still until the end of the world. Then let's build a house that I can see let the man's mouth be opened. Do you understand? The little man nodded in agreement.

However, The old man who brought us did not seem to be satisfied, shouted again: "I'd like to go to ours, you know - my daughters-in-law. "There is no chill. Come on in, take a look say: what do you say?! It's like the little guy said, will I stay when you smoke hit the bottom of the pumpkin three or four angrily,

More than an old man pours nas into the palm of his hand and into his mouth shot. "It's a panic, old man!" he said scream "Would you die if you said that earlier?" One house I'd like to have a massage. "Let go, let go!" A penny on the street. If it's falling, you're going to squeeze it! The little man's anger was bad. First to my father, then the old man faded and ran away. He sighed at the elder.

- Those one, he said, stretching his neck like a rooster. -Chairman, don't go away Do you see Hussein Duma now, stupid!

"That's it, my friend, that's it!" "Standing in front of the elder."

a small man who is trying to cling to his collar patted on the shoulder. "Don't you know I'm joking?" what a ball, Duma! Known school in Nogaykurgan want to open. Great school. I trust you I'm sorry, buddy! The little man froze for a moment, then walked away. He kicked down the low door and looked into the courtyard he shouted angrily: "Be quick." Hey you! Empty the big house! "I know!" - The old man spat on his nose and the back of his palm. He shaved his beard. - Duma is my darling. You told me to kill your slave in a year. We will build a house. Until then, this apartment is yours.

Oh, pajalista! The old man said "pajalista" out of the corner of his eye looked at the little man worriedly. My father was carrying a suitcase, a small man came and clung to his hand.

"It's a shame you pick it up, you know ..." As soon as we enter the yard, he is taller than me, come in A black-clad boy in a shirt came running up He stole my skullcap. "wow please give me!" I shouted. - mother. Doppi! nice doppi! said the head boy ran to the foot of the courtyard. The black woman ran down the porch.

"Kimsan" You will kill me as shame! Do not wear a golden doppi you are like a girl.

"Daddy, my doppi!" I wanted my father a bit cry for his doppi. For some reason, my father laughed calmly. The black woman ran came and hugged me. "Yes, my dear." Don't listen to me, I can cut. Wow, that girl's sweetness! What's your name? He didn't even wait for my answer punch the child who is fleeing towards the front door circled.

"Kimsan" Are not you ashamed, girl? to make a baby cry! If I don't cut your meat, I was walking! My father comforted me. "Yes, he won't eat doping." The little man made a threat, and the boy was immediately beheaded came back. He grabbed my hat. Like before When a black woman says "Someone," the head of the child he says so because he doesn't know Kimsan I was thinking. No, his name is Kimsan.

It's dark. We drank slurry when it fell. Never so sweet I didn't eat. Atala is better than wood licking a spoon is fun. Nut boy taught it also.

-Look at me, hey! He said. First you lick the back of the spoon. Then the inside, you know? When I wake up in the morning, I am lying in the arms of a black woman.

-Father! -I said, and the black woman kissed me on the cheek.

-Your father is coming now, my daughter. He went to the office. That's it, Robiyakhon. Now, you are my daughter. I am your mom. Your grandfather is Husan. Are you 9 years old. Your brother is 11 years old. So, his name is Kimsan. Call your brother "you", okay, my daughter! The black woman drank a cup of tea. When I went down to the yard not knowing what to do, red peppers were ripening on the branches. Kallahum-Kimsan cuts the peppers and eats them easily.

-I said crazy and laughed

-He is eating pepper

-Your own pepper! -Kimsan cut two more red peppers and put them in his mouth.

-That's strawberry! I tried to bite the pepper out of Kimsan's hand. So sweet,

-I said again, licking.

-Cut and eat yourself. Kimsan laughed. He doesn't know strawberries. A black woman voted from terrace.

-Kimsan, pick strawberries for your sister, my son.

-What Does he have a hand

-Kimsan laughed at me and went out of the garden. The yard we moved to was big. There are two houses, a porch in a row. Shelter on the other side.

The courtyard is spacious but empty no place. Half sprinkled with onions, half with strawberries. In the distance, roses are blooming. Pear, cherries, The quince

trees are planted in order. This house has a strange tradition: morning there is a soul that moves from sunrise to sunset, in vain does not stand. My grandfather rode a donkey out into the field in the morning. My mother looks after the cow, bakes bread, does laundry, She sits down and cooks the onions in the yard. chopped strawberry buds, blackened . In Two weeks I learned a lot of things .None in this house as long as it doesn't go away. My mother (black wife is like that) learned to say) by dropping the onion beard does not send. It hits the ground: another onion if it does growing up. Kimsan is my brother (because my mother appointed me I say "brother" when he eats apricots.

It's too loose. Ash from the oven sprinkled with onion peel. It's too loose thus closing to the wall. Even the clogs in the toilet nor is it in vain. The bottom of the vine in the garden while digging and filling the root. Kimsan is as bad as I thought. Sometimes I feel sorry for him.

In the morning my grandfather was on his way to work in the fields, on the couch Kimsan, who was asleep, came to my brother's top and over throws the blanket.

"Get up!" he says threateningly. "See the boy with the mustache lying down?" Be , Quick, carry the manure. I'd like to see if anyone has a mustache. No, it doesn't. Poor thing. He gets up, rubs his eyes and goes into the barn.

After a while, the manure is added to the mulch and rolled out to the field. I can't rest until evening. Everything is possible. He plows the land, looks after the cattle, and cuts firewood.

In the evening, as we were about to sit down to eat, we heard a donkey bark in the distance.

"Get up, Kimsanjon!" says my mother. - Your father is coming.

Kimsan , my brother immediately prepares warm water for my grandfather . My grandfather came in from the street and poured water. My grandfather smiled and

said, "Thank you." " did you water the donkey?" In the morning it all starts again ...
Gradually I also started to do housework. I sweep the yard, I wash the dishes,
When my mother make dough I heat water for my mother. In the autumn - to
some old building near the post office We went to the school where I was the first
to class, my brother Kimsan to the fourth class. I am the eldest of the children.
One time I heard the nurse begging my father.

«Comrade Samadov Robiyakhon is very clever when She came out she could
easily read in the third "Everybody." Let the law read! ” So how? big girl

My brother has already taught with children of the same age

^ H d im to re-learn the alphabet, arithmetic ... Long winter nights with my father
and grandfather. They made a habit of reciting the Qur'an to the house. One lamp.
Mom, I, my brother Kimsan, it's dark we sit on the edge of the sandals at home.
My mother screamed in displeasure.

"If only the seeds of the lamp hadn't been dyed!" Tomorrow what do we do

But my "stingy" grandfather did not spare the lamp "Come on, I know," he
muttered. Listen to my father read the book in a quiet voice we lie down. Berigi
can be easily heard in the house. Otabek ... Kumushbibi ... Hasanali,

One day my father read a book to my grandfather said: "It's not your fault who
asked, Husan aka why you." They say Duma? My grandfather was heard laughing.
"Well, I don't know for sure." It was o'clock. One day the whole Nogaykorgon
district Nodirkhoja gathered in the dormitory

would be fifty. He was honest. thank you.

Vaa'z said. It doesn't matter if you don't elect a man to the Duma.

they whispered and showed me. Let him choose, When I say 'crunching', to some
people this may seem like allot, but it's really no.twhen you have to go to the city
and go to the Duma. This The Duma is a big one while the court. . Lak-lak odam
... They talked something in a whisper. Hand "Get up," he said. I see everyone

raising their hands. I picked it up ... Then I stopped. There was a revolution, and the Duma was flooded. Dad laughed. - You are Husan aka, a real farmer. Earth science is good you know. But I'm sorry, you're literate ... 'said my father Apparently, he was trapped, and so was my grandfather could say "No, I don't know what literacy can do to us!" Remember we know we are digging the ground.

My father's voice came again: "That's what I'm saying!" They chose to vote for you , but they didn't think about the color. Duma

should address state issues. You ... "Oh, my goodness!" My grandfather laughed. "Like me, I can lift my hand." He chose a simple one to add! Is that so It's best to read Kumushbibi It's interesting we stopped. When I was in the fourth grade and my brother Kimsan was in the seventh grade, the old man once put us in a car.

it's time to dump her and move on. That's right- not in one year, but in three ... Now the holidays are full of drums from dawn to dusk soup.

Late in the fall, my grandfather would slaughter a sheep and cut off its head salt the meat and put it in the sand ... One day the elder said to my father:

"Look, I'm not dead, you're je-men je." we did for days. Now you have a house of twelve vassals we give. I told to people about the hashar."If we hadn't squeezed Husan aka, "Shall we build a hashar school ... For us find a home, need a school. "Why am I squeezing?" - My grandfather turned to the Elder he shouted. "They're right." First of all, school need You pretend to be the chairman, but you don't understand that. That's it. Early in the summer my dad said "big school construction. Collective farmers not to mention the high school students. Kimsan who is tall and has a hoarse voic from morning to razyezd - to the place where the school is being built runs. When it gets dark in the evening, my mother is with me a plate of food, four loaves of bread. "Come on, girl, it's all broken ..." I pick up the knot and run to the crossroads. Lots of people! Torches are burning everywhere. The kolkhoz workers came straight from the field to the hashar one threw mud, one hit the school wall raises Someone kicked my brother in the mud barefoot. Arif is

an elder is a leader who runs from side to side. My dad in the ditch, twisting the hem of his trousers the elephant walks. My grandfather climbs the wall and shouts: "Do you have the strength?" Shoot the world! Two Elder Scrolls Online - Sh o - kir aka and Zokir aka are not coming ... According to my mother, Shokir aka and Zokir aka are tractors while driving. The plow of the tractor is so heavy that instead of twenty twins at a time overturned. They both deal with their confidence as they choose to embark on their play activities. When I filled the pot with mud and threw it into my grandfather's hands goes down. No one says I'm tired. Askiya,

scream ... The new school is over in the fall. I went to him. What is a bowl fry three people it would be! My father, my grandfather, my brother Kimsan from a spoon and - yes, otherwise no. Still did not complain. In the afternoon, the old man slaughtered a sheep and boiled it. They all went back to work. The elder We returned home with my grandfather's daughter-in-law Zuhra ...

... There will be some peaceful pleasure in a peaceful, prosperous time. 0 'I didn't realize that pleasure then. I appreciated it after the tragedy. 0 'I fell asleep early last night tired. Once upon a time My mother, who was lying next to me, said, "Woe is me if I don't die."

I woke up jumping. immediate street There was a loud knock on the door, followed by: - open Duma, came the voice. My mother ran to the porch and said, "Who's there?" For some reason, I was terrified. It's getting dark my brother Kimsan, who was snoring in the corner I was disappointed.

It turned out that my father and grandfather also agreed. The door slammed again. - Duma! ... I calmed down, recognizing the old man's voice. The work came with. Apparently my grandfather went and opened the door before my mother, over there I heard your man muttering. I'm completely calm. Now I was lying in my seat, someone banging in front of the window passed. My grandfather called on the side of the house where my father slept heard: "I know you're staying." My father coughed in the other house.

"How do you do, Husan aka?"

"They're asking you ..." My grandfather's voice was worried I had an inner feeling of being there again I woke up. "Who?" said my father. "I don't know, the chairman and two others." I found out my dad had landed in the yard. He hurried to the door and returned immediately. "Robia," he said, stopping at the door. I felt his voice tremble in the dark. - father - My heart felt something bad and ran I went to him. - father "I will be here tomorrow, my daughter." "That's my father." he said, and hurried into the house. Dressed instantly came out. He couldn't find his shoes, Grandpa shouted to my mother: "Turn on the light, little one."

My mother hurriedly turned on the light and picked up her pillow.

My father finally found his shoes in the corner of the porch. found. His hands trembled as he wrapped himself around the capital I saw I'm even scared. "Father" I said, trembling. "Where are you going?" Daddy's lips are cold kissed my forehead "Don't be afraid, girl, I'll be here tomorrow," he said. turned to my grandfather. "Because of a misunderstanding." It looks like Husan aka. "Then for some reason he begged my mother." "If I don't come for a month and a half," I handed Robia over to you. You are a mother. "I don't know if I'll die!" "My mother trembled and embraced. "Why do you say that?" Dad went back to the porch where he had landed in the yard. He kissed me hard on both cheeks and jumped down.

He glanced at the door. It wasn't until I heard a car roar at the gate that I regained consciousness. I came out of my mother's arms and she screamed I jumped into the yard. - Father! Pushing my grandfather out the front door, I ran down the dirt road. The air was covered with dust, the air smelled of gasoline, and in the distance the red light of a car was moving away. - Father! "I was running barefoot, gasping for breath."

I shouted, "Daddy!"

The headlights went out. As for me I was still running. I'm short of breath, I have a sore throat, but I can't stop. The end stone, I stumbled and fell on my face. In my mouth I went into the ground and cried. Someone rubs my shoulder once. Get up Robiya, let's go home.

I don't like my brother Kimsan's roaring voice. I yelled as I punched the bait: "I'm not going!" "That's the way to do it. "you're fine, Robbie, let's go "I'm not going!" "I screamed in pain." - I'm not going! Dad! Daddy! Kimsan leaned over and rubbed my head.

"Daddy's coming." Why are you crying? Here it is you told me, go, let's go home. Daddy's hands are shaking, "Be careful, Robbie."

I thought, screaming like a child I sent: - Go away! My dad! I'm going to my dad! ...My mother used to say, "Daddy's still coming."

I sobbed for a long time as he comforted me. In the other house the lamp is still on, Grandpa and Grandpa they would consult something. It's early in the morning I fell asleep. It's hard coming from the side of the yard. I woke up to a sound ... "Did you explain?" I know he's a good man, educated in Samarkand, teaches our children, built a great school, you say?

Hearing my grandfather's voice, the story of the night, again my father said, "Take care of Robbiya." I remembered. I rubbed my eyes and went out on the porch.

The time was approaching noon, my grandfather under the quince and the Aksakal is talking, Kimsan in the distance

My brother is holding a ketmon stalk my mother, who was sitting on the doorstep of the kitchen, he couldn't take his eyes off the two old men. "I told you!" "It's as if the old man is jealous of someone." he shook his hand angrily. "My Bolshevik conscience." I guarantee that you are one and a half unbelievers I said he slandered me!

"So what did they say?" The old man smirked at his grandfather looked at. "Let's check," he said. "What's wrong with you, you idiot?" - my grandfather the Aksakal screamed as if he was to blame for it all. - Aksakal Kalinin gave me a medal with his own hand, if necessary, I will go to the eldest Aksakal, Didn't you say ?! - I said! "The old man's mustache is trembling." It seems to be gone. "It's the program's fault." did not pass Accounting was created by Khorezmi, praised. Poems of Babur Pasha for children did you teach He frowned and sighed. - Did he build a school in the district without permission

- Yes? said my grandfather, his voice thinning in surprise. "Is it bad to build a school?" School was built with hashar "You see the time ..." said the old man lowered. "I think it's Khojakulov's business." has a hand

"Who is he?" The old man sighed. There was a long silence. I was still leaning against the porch post. Grandfather both my brother Kimsan and my mother are Aksakal Grandpa. They would put it in their mouths and no one would pay attention to me. "Didn't he tell you?" said the Aksakal stared at my grandfather's eyes. My grandfather shrugged his thin shoulders.

- What? "I told you so," said the Aksakal in a thoughtful tone. - When Malim was working in Samarkand He clashes with an investigator named Khojakulov. There is a big theft on the railroad. Investigator at the station when he tried to close the case a neighbor who works complains. He writes letters first to the newspaper and then to the regional committee. The sinner will be punished. The investigator filed an application and dismissed will be released. Will he go to Fergana or Kokand? Going around He will come to Tashkent. That's Khojakulov now the prosecutor. "The old man snorted for a long time." shot. My grandfather and I stared at the ground and thought. I think they were both wondering what to do.

"Protect me from the scourge of slander!" he said on the kitchen doorstep my mother is sitting Then suddenly to me his eyes widened and he quickly gave up hope. "Wow, are you awake?"my daughter The old man glared at me. "Don't be

sad, my daughter!" he said, weighing himself. - Go to school. It's not my fault. In the right place I won't wait until I decide. What is Khojaquls calling me!

My mother went out on the porch and tapped me on the shoulder. Kimsan akam is holding ketmon the stalk my brother sometimes to the Aksakal, sometimes smiles at me. The old man said, "Tomorrow I'll give your dad a hug. " I'm happy too. But it's a bad thing for now it has been. It's pale behind the ears A stranger came and took my father's books very tickled. Take a little stuff gone My grandfather was so rich that he said, "Go away, element!" He laughed ... A week later. When I went to school, the teacher said something bad. I once said to my father, "Robia's literacy is already there if he goes to third grade at once The same teacher said said something completely different. "Your father is an enemy of the people. You didn't want to go to Soviet school. You're late for school on purpose! " I'm crying I didn't cry. Even my mother was in pain I didn't notice. Sudden grief overwhelms a young child turning him into an adult every day.

II The new chairman

I dreamed of my father again. It was a train station? or bazaar. So many people are breastfeeding. My father is away, standing in the crowd, holding out his hand and saying, "Come here."so late. Wear a white shirt and tie received When I go to the front, the road is pale, A man with a wart behind his ear is blocking it. For some reason, there were only three of them. All to each othersimilar Losing my dad in the crowdI put I gasped and shouted:

"Dad! Dady! "

I woke up to my own voice. It's dark inside, and my brother Kimsan is next to me was sitting. "What did she do, Robbie?" he shouted. "Do you drink water?" I still have dreams, Dad it hurt to lose

- E! I said jerkily. "What do I do with water?" Kimsan stared at my brother for a moment, then came out in silence gone I've been sad for a long time. Gradually I

regained consciousness came to me Stay up all night looking at my mom I remembered going to bed without eating. There was a rumor in Nogaykurgan today. "The lock Arif removed the elder and said, Will another president be elected ... My mother and grandfather have not returned since they left apparently, there was no light on the porch, and the courtyard was quiet. The door slammed open and my brother Kimsan stared. "Robbie, aren't we going to the office too?" ... A curious autumn evening is a curtain of silence in the village crescent moon on the west side the whole Nogaykurgan wanders among the clouds it was as if he had been left homeless. Smoke over low walls can't go up, no lights in the windows, somewhere a goat suffocates ... In fact, the whole village has moved to the office. Long enough for light to fall from the large windows the building is inaccessible to the "lock". Up the stairs the man is stuck.

Kimsan dragged my brother to the back of the building passed. The lighted windows are open, from the inside there was a commotion. Someone slammed my brother into the window came out. "Give me your hand!" he whispered loudly. bending. He grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me away he said let me go. I said with a sigh. "quite" "She raised me with her strong arms." pulled to the window sill. (I was surprised that he had become so strong in almost three months).

But I didn't think so now.

I sit across from the shelf and look inside - so many people. The front row is straight your food is drying up.

Lamps on the edge, lanterns dim light brightly. The smell of cabbage bulbs, the smell of tobacco gone Kimsan hit us when we saw us at the window. I thought it would. No, no one turned around did not look. Everyone was on their own. Kimsan said to my brother, "Look at the bed." he nodded. Stalin's mustache on the stage a nice big picture, covered in red cloth There are six people sitting at a long table. First of all, the Aksakal I saw my grandfather. Probably the body of everyone I was the first to see him because he was older.

Next to him is my grandfather. He woke up wearing a black jacket. At the beginning of a torn doppi. His body is getting smaller the rest fell to the table. A bar on the side tall and thin I know. To us with the elder grandfather came a lot. The followers are called selsovet. From him I don't know anyone sitting in the distance. Striped suit wearing. A necklace around his neck. She combed her hair smoothly. Thin I have a mustache. He is annoyed. Teapot- a porch preaching on a pulpit with a bowl staring at the man in the big hat puts. The man in the hat is talking heartily. "Comrade kolkhoz workers!" Understand! Arif is an elder we all respect. Three years of drought did not sink the kolkhoz. Increase the plan was done. Now the collective farm has become a rich farm. The loud voice of some man from below played: "That's enough!" What more can you say? The man in the hat raised his right shoulder. "Peace be upon you, please!" We know, "Red Farmer» Advanced kolkhoz. These are the clubs that are on every farm. we can't say there is. You have built a great school.

The Aksakal was in charge. Orif aka - experienced farmer. But it is also the beginning of a new era for the economy

the time has come. To do this, science, agronomy is good need a chairman who knows. Comrade Khojayevev ... - Not need! "The ones downstairs are thin.

"Whispered in a voice. "The Aksakal can do it himself." The man in the hat shakes his head. Follow with a thin mustache sitting next to the selsovet. The man jumped to his feet. Want to say something- He sat back down.

The following made even worse noise: "What's the elder's fault?" "If you are so good, go to another kolkhoz." Let the presidency!

The man in the hat said to the Elder, "Calm down." looked. The elder got up slowly. He looked up and went to the pulpit. The man in the hat patted him on the shoulder. "People!" said the Elder in a roaring voice. Gradually, peace reigned. "Don't worry, people!" Well, we've had some difficult years. It's time to dump her. But from now on the farmer's work is not ketmon, makes the car. Wheat truck on the Ukrainian side is growing Scientists will soon receive fertilizer from the air.

Kimsan from below threw a nervous bite: "I'd better take that fertilizer with you.
"Let's plant, Elder!

- O, Rahimtoy! "The old man shakes his hand like a rapist." did. "Don't beat him to death!" There will still be days when you can lock the water in the pool they put. Then they distribute it . Which of my points do you disagree with?The people fell silent. Edged glass the squeaking of blackened lanterns is clearly audible began. Someone spit his nose. In a dark corner a woman sitting there jerking her crying baby rubbed: "Hey, don't be a girl, go to your death!"

Don't scold the baby, Qumri! Said the old man calmly Then again in the same roaring tone "Well, whatever you choose, fertilize it from the air," he continued. to get; to take? You say nothing! If you ask me, I'll be there I can not. So what's the fuss? That's the decent thing to do, and it should end there turned around, grabbed Hajayip's hand! What for that is, he knows science and wisdom. Raykom comrade Hajayip. He knew something about the presidency. No need to exaggerate. Comrade Hajayip Here is my first voice Which one of you respect the Aksakal, raise your hand! The elder was the first to raise his hand. The man raising in the hat immediately voted in favor gave. The ones below slowly raise their hands to the sky started The woman's hiccups in the back was heard crying. "The elder is good, ovsin, he understood the man's pain. "Look, Grandpa." He waved his hand reluctantly, as if guarding a fly. - So, unanimously! "The man in the hat is hopeful." Arif shook the elder's hand. "Thank you, old man!" You are the father of the kolkhoz anyway. Party trusts you. Well, comrade Khojayev, the word is for you. A man in a road suit stepped onto the podium gone "Comrade kolkhoz workers!" he said in a loud voice. "Thank you for your respect, comrades!" That's right I don't even have an agronomy degree. But it is legal. Let me tell you one thing: I believe in the farm We work hard. Dear District Committee I promise you next year. Double the yield of vegetables! Someone from below shouted sarcastically: "Maybe we'll make three contributions, Chairman!" "JSSV?" - The new chairman frowned - Kimsan said that? Get up!

A cold silence reigned. The speaker is behind someone it was as if no one was hiding. "As Stalin said, there are many foreign elements among us!" - The new chairman said every word. "Let me tell you."

Firstly, I am the chairman, such saboteurs It's my job to talk to you legally I know. There was a whisper below, then a murmur: "Who is this?" "How high does it go?" "Let's get rid of the mosquitoes in the woods, where can we escape?" Everyone was buzzing like a beehive. New chairman stunned. "Jim!" said Minbami with a fist. "Shut up!" Podaga like ...The people below were in a state of panic. "Are we a herd now?" "Oh, we're afraid of you!" The new chairman has a thin mustache and a hat looked at the man, sometimes at the Elder. The man in the hat is angry waved his hand, apparently to the new chairman. But with that the noise was not suppressed. Then Elder Arif was hopeful again stood up. "It's amazing!" said the Elder, trembling. "Are you a legislator?" what a ball! You say nuqul "zakun-zakun"! "Red If I don't know the law as well as you do, then I am a farmer comes to mind. How beautiful the earth is you must know better than me. It's all stone. Ketmon If you hit it, a stone will fall on your face. That's our place. it is half of them . Your intentions are good, halva said I can't talk to you, Comrade Hajayip! The ones below are much quieter, but from the edge there were still protests: "Yesterday I ran, today I took the water ..."

"We didn't know what we were doing." look! "People!" - The elder's palm is high above his head raised. - stop! 'comrade Hajayip speaks without knowing'! He was young. Anyway, at least I didn't go down without explaining myself first. You'll see: the chairman and I are in a frenzy you're leaving everyone ... let's talk There is no gastrinisa in our kolkhoz. We elected Comrade Hajayib as our chairman. Really?

Now let's solve this. The chairman is a man it is not appropriate to travel from the city. my own farm If we can't find a home for our boss, honor to our dog! Who has a house for comrade Hajayib? will you let me go Permanent, temporary. There was no response from anyone. Elder to my

grandfather turned. "Duma! Tell me, world!" My grandfather stretched out his neck as he sat down and shouted: "No, can I give you a home?" The new chairman looked at my grandfather with disgust. "With your house "Be a double," he said sarcastically. The old man thought. "That's right," he said, weighing himself. Then he shouted, looking at the people below. One please behold, there is no work left in the field. With a turnip we can pick radishes. That's ... without getting cold Let's ask Comrade Hajayib for a house. Life school

built in four months, can't we build a house! However, the chairman of the Red Peasant Collective Farm stands tall, if you will. Now ... the bottom line is: I have a belt around my waist Come to the hashar in the morning!

III. Rashid abzi's snout

The Aksakal resigned because of my father I didn't understand. The next day my grandfather and I both had a hashar back to the night before dawn sat down The conversation turned to yesterday's meeting. "I'm curious, Elder," said my grandfather.

lost "You're doing your job with us." "What's the matter?" The old man waved casually. - As for me, let the presidency stand still, a thousand times bigger A practical example is like a shoe on your foot. You do it It doesn't matter if the people raise it or the state spends it "Put on those boots and get wet if you have to. If necessary, cross the mud and serve the country. " he says. I'll do it! "The old man thought for a moment. he spat. - Yes, there is a little bit status has been given for someone, God has acted and given wisdom thinks. Someone smarter than that does not want to work. Be a smart man in his eyes seems to be taking it off. Sometimes he pushes the poor man with his elbow, sometimes with his buttocks ... "That's enough!" "My grandfather got worse." "That's Zakunching." can a smart person dance? His face said who he is. That's what the people are saying

if someone flirts! I was shocked by your elevator. Did they say that people should know my worth? The old man raised his blue eyebrows and looked at the ground

sat in silence for a long time. And then there's some kind of low, unattractive said in a thoughtful voice: "As soon as the president changes, the people are still there." Duma! .. Besides, people say a thousand complaints it doesn't matter they would take me away. You have deliberately targeted the enemy of the people "I know there is no sin!" "To my grandfather the Elder." he squealed. "No offense!" he said angrily turning his face like a child. "I'll give that house to that Zakunch again." let me go If you come back tomorrow, which face do i look in! "I know!" The old man sighed. "Everything." I know! But you see the time ... " He's one He thought for a moment and tapped my grandfather on the shoulder. - Maybe the new chairman really knows what he's doing. Age, have knowledge. What are we with you? Would you like an apricot? now! My grandfather stiffens his neck and shakes his hand. "Science. He said he had a piece of paper in his hand." say no "Let it be on paper?" said the Elder grinning "Let's see what he has to say." Zakunch! "My grandfather gave up hope." "Go, my daughter," refresh the tea ... The new chairman will soon be a real "prophecy" began to show. we work hard in the city council as long as there is. There is a knock at the door before dawn.

Every time It can be easy knocked, but everywhere slanged.

As you open the door, you can see a horse with silver jewelries on his forehead and Umar Zakunchi sitting crooked in a saddle.

- The sun is about to rise, you are still in bad?! - he said, shaked his whip threateningly. Not to mention that the collective farmers know they have to go out to the fields before dawn. There were no such threats in the time of the Aksakal (traditionally an Aksakal is a leader of a village) When it became necessary, Aksakal would say, "People, this is what happened. Come on if you have a belt around your waist." Then everyone will come. Zakunchi's threats returned the people's devotion. Some began to stubbornly say that " It is snowing outside, I don't go to the field." In fact, this is true. In winter the ground cannot be overthrown and bitches cannot be opened. But Zakunchi thought of in advance. In the winter chill, terrifying words spread: "He has a mountain he lean on in the

city." "His uncle, Khojaqulip, is a senior prosecutor." "He can arrest as an "enemy of the people" those who he wants to take revenge." "A hoe runner who called Ahmad Polvon from 6-brigade, Dombirabad, (name of a village) was sentenced to ten years in prison for not going to the field for two days after giving birth his wife." "Accountant Soli became Zakunchi's spy, he writes down what is going on in someone's house ... " A year later, everyone was afraid of him. Women began to say to their crying child for camforting them, "Shut up, Zakunchi is coming, now he will kick you with his horse to death!" Only Aksakal and my grandfather did not care, they leave in the morning one carrying a hoe and the other riding in a donkey cart. But in the other hand, Zakunchi did what he said. For two years in a row, the kolkhoz (a social union that exists in the USSR) increased its plan. The fame of the "Qizil Dehqon" (name of a village) reached Dagestan. Perhaps he really knows "knowledge is wisdom" ...

Brother Kimsan wanted to go to the city for study after finished the seventh grade, but my grandfather did not allow it: he made him a hoe runner. One day, brother Kimsan told me about an unspoken problem to my grandfather and mother:

- I will finish 10th grade in the city and become a pilot. I will destroy the enemy.

- "What enemy?" - "The Fin war is going on - you're crazy!"

My heart sank. - "What if they kill you?" - "Who will kill me?" - "The enemy!"

Brother Kimsan got angry.

- How can kill. No bullets will pass through our destroyer plane. Have you heard of Chkalov ?! ...

His covenant was firm. He even went to town once. After dinner, my grandfather interrogated brother Kimsan:

- So you are going to be a pilot, rich man? Brother Kimsan was sitting in silence and squeezing the pimples on his chin with nails.

It means "Yes, do what you can."

- Look at me, rich boy! - my grandfather stretched his neck anxiously. - It looks like your hoe make relief. Enter the barn, there's a half-pound hoe! Ride on that - go out in the field and fly, ok? Brother Kimsan couldn't say anything to my grandfather - he just whispered to me in the corner and said his dream: Anyway! If I cannot a pilot, I will be an officer. I'm going to the army. No, this dream did not come true either. Not everyone can join the Army. And life went on ... Pilav is cookd at every holiday, they give us gramophones, samovars, satin dresses ... Once my brother Kimsan was also awarded with boots. Only the wish in my heart remained unresolved. Aksakal said "would come sooner or later" but my father was disappeared. True, Aksakal and my grandfather searched a lot. They tried to explain: "The teacher is not the enemy." No results. Then, my father stopped coming to my dreams. One spring evening, as I was sitting, I saw my mother returning from the field.

- "All right, my girl," - she said with a smile. - You are about seventeen years old. Sooner or later the we will marry you. Look at yourself ...

I was embarrassed. I said - Come on! - and ran to the kitchen. As my mother spoke about groom, for some reason my brother Kimsan came to my mind. Brother Kimsan is a handsome guy. Bigger than my grandfather. I'm surprised, he talks less to me now. He seems looking me strange when we come across in the yard or barn. I afraid. But at that time I cursed myself: "Die mad! He is your brother!"

The First of May holiday was approaching. In the afternoon my mother handed me satin fabric and said: -

- Go, my daughter! Go to your aunt Khalpash. Say, "My mother told, sew me a beautiful dress."

This is my mother's habit: as the holiday approaches, she will be in a hurry. She said "On such a great holiday, my children should not be left without knew dresses," sews me a dress. "Buy a pair of pants for Kimsan," she begs my grandfather. My grandfather was one of those who don't like spending money. In

any case he gives me money. When came to my brother Kimsan, his forehead twitched. "Who won't like if he didn't wear a new pants. - he said angrily - There are wedding worries too." Anyway, my mom won't give up. "He's a big boy," - she said. - He gives you what he has earned - let him play with his friends. " So she makes him agree.

When I entered through the Aksakal's gate, Zuhra was washing clothes by the ditch at the edge of the flowerbed where her roses were beginning to bloom. Ahe greeted me with her foamy hands.

Oh! One sight! - She said, gesturing to the satin in my armpit. I opened the Atlas layer, and Zuhra's eyes lit up.

- It is beautiful! I tell my brother Zokir, he buys for me. She said that, and suddenly she was disappointed.

I felt that he was emaciated and that the shoulders of his dress were hanging down.

Zuhra is the wife of the Zokir aka. Aunt Kholposh do not separate her both brides. When he went to the wedding, he took Fatima's bride on one side and Zuhra's bride on the other, but praises Zukhra more.

- I especially love this girl. I'm not saying Fatma is bad - it's a little lazy. It overflows even If she boiled water to wash the laundry!

Fatima will not be upset. He laughs.

- Don't say that, mother. You praised the food I made yesterday. Oh my goodness! Who taught it to you? You can spread the dough on a bed. Zukhra is different. Her noodles like hair. When she sweeps the yard, you can see yourself. It looks like me!

Aunt Kholposh praises Zukhra at the weddings, but when she comes to us, she regrets my mother:

- I burnt out of grief! Fatma had not one, but two children. Zukhra hasn't any.

- Don't be sad, - my mother said consolingly. - People have children in ten or twenty years. What happened to Zukhra. Is it only seven years?

There was no doctor left I have not seen. Which day I went to see Dr. Kamil again. He said your daughter-in-law is fine.

"Didn't I tell you?" Are you still bored?

Aunt Kholposh shakes her head in pain.

If so, my Zakir developed a habit of drinking from time to time. You know his father's character, and if he finds out, he'll kill! Zo'ra was also shocked. She is sad to see her sister. Now after seeing bride Zukhra, I remembered those words. Really her face is strange, her coloured eyes is widened.

"Come in," he said turning his thin lips. - My mother is at home!

I was just walking towards the glazed pillars of high porch, when I heard a baby crying inside. The door opened and bride Fatima went out on the porch swelling her chest in the plump baby's mouth.

Wow, Robiyakhan! he said as he descended the stairs. "Atlas?" Let's see!

In the past, I used to confuse Fatima-Zukhra. Even now, both of them look alike. As brush eyebrows-eyes, puffy face ... only bride Fatima became obese. And bride Zukhra is like a ribbon. Bride Fatima pinched a corner of the satin. Wow, how beautiful! He looked to the side, to the house, and shouted in a loud voice, "Mum, look at this!" Tell my brother Shakir to let me celebrate the holiday! Aunt Kholposh came in with a bang. Whatever she is Arif aqsaqal's' wife! Although she was in her sixties, she was dressed like a bride. He wore a black satin shirt. His neck has a jewelry. He had a golden earring in his ear, curved eyebrows was coloured with swelling. Aunt Kholposh and my mother are as good friends as Arif aqsaqal and my father. The body of aqsaqal is twice bigger than my grandfather, and my aunt Kholposh is three times bigger than my mother. A white-faced, slender woman. My mother can become better with the man she meets. Kholposh

knows her worth. The whole Nogaykurgan there is a name "seamstress who decorates a bird in the sky". But she does not sew dress for everyone. Whom she hates: saying "I've lost my sight, I've given up my job" he makes them to get away.

As he walked around with me, she gently stroked bride Fatima who was nursing the baby:

- Orдона! Who put a satin dress on a cowboy wife! Do you deserve the atlas? He turned to the courtyard.- If Zukhra wears the atlas, it suits to her.. Zo'rakhon! Look at here, my girl!

Bride Zukhra steps on the porch cleaning her foamy hand with a towel.

- "I hear you, mum!!"

- "Sit down, you too", "I didn't undersand Aunt Kholposh told the next sentence whether to me or bride Fatima". Just in case, we all gathered near the table: bride Fatima still breastfeeding, and bride Zukhra was nervously squeezing the dirty towel in her hand, I..

The scrap cover was laid to the low table, and it has a tray full of sweeties, pistachios and almonds.(In Aqsaqal's house serving tray is always ready!) The old "gardim" bowls on the porch's shelf. Bunch peppercorn bowls. In the other corner is Aunt Kholposh's world-famous "Zinger" car. A high chair with a backrest in the distance. A wooden-banded telephone on the shelf behind the chair. My grandfather said that the phone was once a gift from the head Aqsaqal-grandfather Kalinin to Aqsaqal Arif. Wireless phone, but the Aqsaqal Arif is very careful with it ... Aunt Kholposh came in, stepping on her leg with wearing ugly mahsi(a type of shoes). The blankets' crashing to the ground was heard. bride Fatima stood up hugging her child, and bride Zukhra nodded.

"Don't go in!" You're in trouble!

After a while, Aunt Kholposh came out, throwing eight-foot satin on her fat wrist, just like mine. "Zorakhon, my daughter!" he said, unfolding the atlas. Robbie sewed a pleated breast pleated shirt for both of you beraman. Have a play on holiday! Thank you, uncle! Zuhra the bride was fluttering biting his thin lip and looking at the ground. -

What about me ?! Fatima's face flushed with grief. Can't find a shirt for me in your closet?

"Have you been?" Aunt Kholposh frowned under the name of artificial dash. "If you're dry, you'll die." Well, we'll find you too. Go, if you're right, we'll take the valuables out of the soup room and cover the spinach with mayonnaise and somsa. Yes, by the way, where is your daughter, where is Popuk?

Fatima smiles contentedly to see that the bride's dress does not dry out:

"It's Shaw Yurgan now."

If I don't ask, come to your senses maydi-a! Aunt Kholposh shook her head. -

Let the cat eat your mother!

Fatima is narrow as the bride hugs her son ran into the air. Oypopug-u! Where are you, yes, let a cat eat a girl like you!

Aunt Zuhra put the two of us on the porch and began to measure our height with gas.

Your body is so big, Robbie! - said the lib. I can sew both of you in the same pattern. -

"Get ready!" Fatima, who was carrying her five-year-old daughter chewing gum in one hand and her son in the other, approached the porch and laughed. If we are lucky, we will soon eat Robiyakhan's halva, bear! When Achilboy said oh, the moon was visible in his lungs.

"What? Achil? "I looked at Fatima with a shudder, and Aunt Kholposh jerked:

"Oh, die, don't look!" What do you do to embarrass a girl? Why are you embarrassed! My brother Shakir said. Achilboy wants to put a suitor on Robiyakhan. I said I was going to cry out of pain. "Who is he, Ochilboy?" Suddenly I remembered. Son of the Komil doctor. He also wore glasses at school. Thin! He studied before my brother Kimsan. Once or twice my mother told my grandfather that the doctor's son was a good boy. I had heard that studying at a big university in Tashkent and will be a teacher. Remembering that, I was scared. For some reason my brother Kimsan came to my mind. I snatched it from Aunt Kholposhsha, who was measuring my chest with gas (measuring tool), and jumped down the porch stairs.

- When you will be old, young lady! - Aunt Kholposhsha grabbed both ends of the gas, threaten bride Fatima by punching. Does he talk about everything.

When I went half way of the yard, Fatima came up behind me as hugged her son.

- "Robiyakhon!" Don't mind. I told you what I've heard!

-Oh, escape! feeling that I was blushing to my ears, I ran towards the gate.

- "Don't hurry, Robiyakhan!" "Fatima ran behind me ." In the evening we go to the mo'rcha of Rashid abzi. It's hard for both of us. Do you want to go with us! we will have a nice bath ...

... As soon as I entered our yard, I felt something new. My grandfather was joking with Aqsaqal (traditionally, an aqsaqal was the leader of a village or aul until the Soviet times) in front of the tandoor, faces of both of them were bright.

- My daughter! My grandfather spit on his nos (a type of tobacco) and smiled. Go, help feeding to your mother!

In front of the cattle-shed, I saw a large, skewbald cow was tied to a cherry tree. Our former cow was sold by my grandfather after being barren for three years, and since then we have had no cow in our house except three or four sheep. I was so happy to see the new cow that I decided to clap. The cow's milk-filled udders were

steep as if to touch the ground. It's like a purebred cow, protect it from the evil eye. ' He pulled the line around your neck with great difficulty. Half a pair of shoes hung on the drawing. "Ask its kind?" Galanska!(Kind of the cow) - The elder explained solemnly. - Gives three times milk a day. The Duma (name of the cow)itself is short, but its head is rocky. He knows how to choose the cow.

I realized that my grandfather had gone to the market with the Elder, and that two of his friends had bought the first of market's cow.

My mother rushed into the kitchen. He pulled out a bucket of masked oil.

"This bucket is small" The old man shook his head. "Aren't you bigger?" Or is your bucket just as small as you?!

My mother smiles softly and sit under the cow.

"Let's get a bucket full first, you beast!" said the Elder, caressing the cow.

"Thank goodness there are so many bucket." Wow to the beast! Its udder full of milk. He was now reaching for the udder, wagging his tail and depressing its hind leg."Wait a minute!" - I understood that my grandfather was talking to me. I hurried over and started stroking its neck, which was swollen with thick veins.

"Well, animal, well ..."

The cow rolled her eyes, glanced at him, and snorted. Quietly calmed down. My mother had just embraced me and was shaking again.

- How, illiterate! The old man exclaimed angrily. "I told you it was a cow, galanska." We got it from russian man Talk it , Duma! Do you have a tongue? "That's right," said my grandfather, taking three or four steps. "The elder is right." This is a galan cow. If you don't speak russian, it won't give milk. My mother clutched the bucket and stretched it out again to the cow's udders "Bismillohir rahmonir rahim!" he said in a loud voice. "Shut up, creature." Shut up. It was four o'clock in the morning. Interestingly, the cow calmed down. Milk began to pour into the bucket. "Here it is, you know!" Let's go, Duma! They probably

planted cabbage. Oqsoqol (head of the street) and my grandfather walked out the door. My mother was still stretching her udder, and the galangal cow was long , gently covering her flowing lashes.

"Robiya(short form of the Fatima) girl, shut up!" My dear daughter, shut up! There is a bucket in the kitchen. Hurry up, baby! By the time the second bucket was full, my mother's arms were outstretched and her mouth was tired.

At one point, both the cow and I shuddered at the laughter. The cow shook her long, crooked horn and looked to the side - to the side where the laughter was heard. My mother sat down behind me to take a bucket full of milk. Five or six steps away, I saw my uncle Shomurod hitting his knee and laughing. Dressed in white from head to toe. He is wearing a silk shirt, kalaminka(type of the pant) pants and white shoes. He was still laughing, her hair falling to her temples and tears welling up in her eyes.

-Sister ! he said breathlessly. "What do you say, sister?"

- What? "My mother, she's annoyed that the cow isn't getting enough milk, so she stared at my uncle." "Don't you see, I'm getting milk from the cow!"

Pochcha(husband of the sisters)cow brought. It is Galaska.

Uncle Shomurod looked at me with a laugh.

"What did your mother say now?" I shrugged silently.

"What you're saying is a bad thing!"

Uncle Shomurod wiped his eyes with a laugh. "Don't say that, sister!"

"Oh, don't do it!" "My mother carefully lifted the bucket full of milk. "You scared the cow !""No, no!" Uncle Shomurod smiled again. "Don't say that, sister!"

What do you insult a poor cow?

"When did I curse?" - My mother was surprised, sometimes she looked at my uncle Shomurod, sometimes at Galanska cow. I don't know, 'he said casually. - When I arrived in Tashkent, I saw that the two were calling each other that ...

Uncle Shomurod would sit for a long time every time he came. This time he went home with my mother, talked for a quarter of an hour, and set off. My mother didn't insist him on saying "sit down".

On the same day, my mother shared milk on seven doors for whiteness as a neighbor's mouth should taste it. We cooked rice porridge for dinner too. The mother-child were sitting at dinner (my brother Kimsan has not been seen since this morning, my grandfather did not return until he went out to the fields with his grandfather), knocked the door, and bride Fatima and Zuhra entered. Both of them wore a dakana (type of cloth) scarf on their heads, bride Fatima was carrying a knot, bride Zuhra was holding a plate with spinach somsa (type of meal)..

I ate two of them with pleasure, despite the fact that my mother screamed at me to eat spinach somsa after a dairy meal. It's so sweet.

- "Are you going?" bride Fatime said urgently. Sister, "let's go to Robiyakhon's and brother Rashid's grave ..." My mother hesitated. "Let brother Rashid die." He is always drunk. Who heats the grave?

- Ourselves! - Bride Zuhra's black eyes were burning with enthusiasm. - "Let's take a bath!" Brother Rashid's house is on the outskirts of Nogaykurgan. They live next door to a stupid woman named sister Parcha. She hardly lives in her house. From early spring to late autumn, she stays in the field or in people's homes. But you will find brother Rashid at his home. There is no choice! His house is usually crowded during all seasons. If you look at the top of the board, you will be horrified to see sheep flowing down two hills.

However Rashid doesn't care. She lives comfortably in her hut. Abzi is lame. Twenty years ago he became disabled as a result of war and he lost his one leg. He has wooden legs. A tyrant named Mokhov cut the poor man's left leg with his sword. As my grandfather says, he kept enduring. "Abzi said, - "I will take revenge " While Abzi was being treated in Kazan, a beautiful girl fell in love with him. Her name was Roziya. During the years of famine they came to Tashkent

to make for living. Rashid loves his wife so much. However she betrayed her husband after she was full. One night he got on a train and ran away with a stranger. Rashid Abzi has been a leader ever since. She has no any relatives other than her sister, who lives in Kazan. He is a postman. Not much to do. Who wrote letters to whom in Nogaykurgan, and who received letters from whom?

Abzi is a good man and drinks a lot. In autumn, he takes grapes from people and puts them in wine. However he is always in public whether it's a wedding or a celebration in the village, Abzi arrives first and sets up the samovar(it is type of kettle).

The bathhouse of Rashid Abzi is the best one in Nogaykurgan. All aged people bath in this place.

... The Fatima bride, who was walking ahead, exclaimed happily:

- Our business is going well, is it great, Abzi's bathhouse looks empty.

In fact, there was no smoke coming out of the chimney on the steep bank of the Borijar. So the bathhouse is empty.

Although he is living alone, his house is so tidy. In all, there are four white houses in Nogaykurgan. One is a kolkhoz(place of the farmers) office, one is a "lock", another is a luxury house built by the kolkhoz workers with the help of Arif aksakal(head of the street), Umar Zakunchi's luxurious house, and the fourth is Rashid abzi's hut. It is true that Abzi's house is not as large as that of Umar Zakunchi (zakunchi is a nickname), and the roof of Zakzi is covered with red tin. Abzin's is with black paper. Both Umar Zakunchi and Abzi are barber. However Zakunchi's glazed gate can easily be reached by a "polutorka (type of car) "car , and no one goes his house apart from Soli So'pok (so'pok is nickname). There is a stray dog called Apcharka(kind of dog). Although Abzi's door is as thin as a hole, everyone comes in, and there are no dogs. A goat named Masha is gentler than Abzi. Rashid Abzi was grabbing the back of the same gentle goat with bad tempered. A goat with a broken horn and a yellow beard rests its front two legs on

a wooden wall and tries to eat and cut off the flowering branch of the cherry in front of a window. Was it because it was standing on its hind legs, its udders like cucumbers. Abzi puts his wooden foot on the ground and shakes the rope.

- "Messy pig" he said angrily. He is wearing a red velvet duppi and a waistcoat. The veins in her thin neck bulged as he pulled on the rope. The goat is so stubborn even though it is gentle. It does not want to obey his owner. "Give it to me, Uncle!" "Fatima bride shook the rope, and the goat fell on its side." Stood up and look at Fatima bride more fairly out of the corner of its eyes and it says "ma-ma" to show its disagreement. Messy pig ! He swear and Abzi kicked the goat's in the side with a wooden foot. The goat staggered into the yard. "Come in" – said he with smiling face. As Fatima bride was on fire, Abzi brought a small lantern.

"Come in!" he said again.

It's a pleasure to meet you! When you turn on the cast iron stove, the water in the pot heats up. There is also a stone storage area next to the stove. If you sprinkle water on the oil, the steam will rise ...

... The stove heats up immediately. Three people were huddled in a bathroom with a dirty lantern in the corner. My breath went back. Fatima-Zuhra brides do not care. They were sprinkling water on each other and shouting. While I combed my hair with a shamshad comb in the corner chair.

"Wow," he said, taking my wet hair from the floor, "give me half of it, Robiyakhan."

"Take it!" it also touched my soul, it's hard to wash.

"Oh, come on!" - Zuhra the bride laughed loudly. "boys liked your hair?" "May I rub your back?" She rubbed soap on the corntowel and rubbed my shoulder. I screamed even though her hands are small, it was so hard. "It hurts." "Wow, is that so?" Zuhra bride laughed loudly . "If you merried..."

"Hey, go!" I said shyly.

When Fatima saw that I was out of breath in the heat, she took cold water from a wooden barrel in the corner. Sound of the harmonica, followed by the shriek of Rashid Abzi:

Ayda molay bozarg-a

Pirashkilar osharg ‘a.

Pirashkilar kikirta

Qizlar qashin sekirta...

"Woe is me!" Fatima bride laughed loudly . "Apparently Abzi drank again."

Shortly after, Rashid Abzi stretched his harmonica again.

Patirim, Patirim ...

Bir qushaqlab yatiyin ...

"He's calling you, Poti!(Poti is shot form of Fatima) " Zuhra laughed heartily.

"Get out!"Fatima smiles as she rubs her breasts with a towel.

Um, die together with Fotima , my chest full of milk. It looks like Tahir is crying. It's time to dump his... When the three of us went out into the yard, which was as red as peaches, it was dark and the moon had not yet risen, but there was a soft, soft light in the sky that was only on spring evenings. Rashid Abzi started singing with his eyes half – closed and playing the harmonica sitting with his feet on top of each other. Surprisingly, he sang happily but his voice was sad. He didn't open his eyes, even though elder's bride said "thank you". Harmon was moaning: " where he left me ..." Rashid is a good man, why did Roziya do that! Why she went away with someone? As I was imagining, I saw a black figure coming out from under a willow tree and it was cracking. "Who is he, sister?" I said, putting Fatima on the bride's lap. The elder's bride also stopped. The ghost slowly approached. Hello. "Excuse me, bride," he said, his voice trembling.

My heart was pounding and I couldn't run to my house. Apparently, Fatima's bride was stunned, too. Zuhra bride was cheerful. She blinked and blocked my way, facing the ghost.

"Yes, it's you, Achilboy!" he said sharply.

"I... the bride ..." the ghost's voice trembled again. "I'm sorry ..."

"What's the matter, Achilboy?" "Zuhra's bride was encouraged by his confusion. "Seven honors is one death!" It's midnight, blocking the girl's bow! What do viewers say?

"I'm sorry, bride ..." Achilboy hesitated. Fear came closer. I saw his glasses glistening and his chin trembling. "Don't be upset ..." He turned to Fatima-Zuhra's brides and then to me and put his hand on her chest.

"Robiyakhan, just read this ... I'm not mean ..." He reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a piece of paper. He had just handed the letter, and a footstep was heard. Someone came and letter in Achilboy's hand couldn't give. It was so unexpected that I was stunned. At that moment, my brother Kimsan's voice rang out in the dark sky.

"Yes, blind!" What are you doing here ?! He tore the letter to pieces and threw it at Achilboy's face. A piece of paper stuck to Achilboy's glasses."Kimsanjon, brother ..." Achilboy took off his glasses, his hands trembling. "To your sister ..."

"Go out, if you want to live!" Kimsan attacked my brother so violently that Achilboy involuntarily stepped back.

"Brother ..." he said, trembling.

"Did you hear?" "Kimsan brother shouted at my brother in anger." "Go out, if you want to live!"

- My brother ... "I'm not your brother!" "Kimsan gritted his teeth." "Do you understand?"

"Kimsanjon ..." Achilboy hurriedly put on his glasses again. She smiles sadly in the dark. "to you sister ..."

"she is not my sister!" "Kimsan shouted, my brother."

"I'm sorry for your sister ..." "Is he talking again!" Are you leaving? - Kimsan My brother threw his fist high at Achilboy, and Zuhra bride hung on the wrist.

"Stop it." Shame on you! "I'm sorry," said Achilboy, stumbling into the darkness.

"Don't panic, Kimsanjon!" "Fatima bride has spoken now." "Tuff-tuf(habit for people) ... Well, I don't have a child in my arms. You'd be in trouble with my brother Shakir."

Kimsan shook my brother hand angrily, as if to say, "leave out, what do you need?" The sisters and daughters-in-law hurried off.

Where are you wandering in the middle of the night ?! "Kimsan brother stared at me." His eyes lit up in the dark. Wow! I don't know that my brother Kimsan was so angry! Ironically, I was both annoyed and pleased with his bullying.

- myself ! I said. "We went to Rashid Abzi's bathhouse" I told my mother.

"Oh, that Rashid Apzi!"(swear my mother)

- Robiya! He looked me in the eye and squeezed my hand so hard that I screamed.

- Robiya! If that blind hits my way again ...

"Leave me!" I said, shaking my hand. "Escape!"

"I'll cut it!" "His voice trembled." "Listen." Both of you! "Suddenly his hands went free and he lowered his head." - Robiya! You know, crazy! I need you! You know, you really need it!

I ran home with my heart pounding. I didn't know if I was happy or sad. In the background, my brother Kimsan shouted: - Robiya!

I flew into the yard. Fortunately, my grandfather was not there, and my mother was looking after the cows in the barn. For a long time I went to the dark corner of

the yard and stared. It was as if the whole world was listening to my heart beating. My mother came out of the barn with a lantern in her hand.

"Have you come, my daughter? Where are you?" She exclaimed. "I ate spinach somsa over milk."

After a while, my brother Kimsan came in. We met on the porch. He blushed and sweated. "Are you eating?" I said, looking him in the eye. - We made milk and rice. From fresh milk.

Kimsan seemed to notice my brother's galanska cow (type of the cow) and didn't pay much attention to the biggest news. He glared at me and smiled.

"Give me !" I am so hungry , I eat if there is stone. "Your uncle's wedding is over." If you are lucky, the holiday is marriage! He sat down at the table and opened he did prey. "Let him grow old with his wife, have more children." May you find your best partner! Shall we marry your sister first, son?

When I look to Kimsan brother Kimsan brother is looking at me .

"In practice, the girl is merried first, my boy," said my mother with a sigh. "You'll be in charge of your sister's wedding, and Robiya will be in charge of your wedding."

I'm sad. As I walked to the kitchen with the bowl, my mother bragged:

"Your uncle's so good, Kimsan." The bride, Rano, is one of the most beautiful in the worldp! I've gone to a groom's house three times, and I thought it was a mess. I did not think that such a girl would merry Shomurod. No, they worked together in textiles and became suit together . The end they could agree. You should go to a wedding, kids!

"It's enough that they care about each other," said Brother Kimsan, He look at me . "That's all, mother!"

... Surprisingly, tonight my father came in again in my dream. Kimsan brother and my father are picking strawberries...Father pick the strawberries and pass to I can't see his face clearly, he's just laughing ...

The show in Tashkent

Three days before my uncle's wedding brother Kimsan came up with something weird: - You are not going to my uncle's wedding! I was surprised. -Wow, why? Would not they be upset?

- If you have a lot of desire to go you will go to the old ones. Kimsan brother squinted. Do whatever you want, find an excuse on your wedding day. I have a headache or I am sick , whatever you say is at your disposal.

-What about you? - I said , growing up.I could feel in my deepest heart what my brother was thinking .

- Don't worry about me.The day before I will go and do my best things what should be done .But you are not going to the wedding party.I am not going either.

Although I wanted to do what my brother said in my heart , I was stubborn:

- Why don't I go ? I will go. He felt that he had exaggerated his command.

-Robia , - he said in a friendly manner. You will be glad .

I did not say " Yes" but I did what he said. Tomorrow I returned from the field early on the day of the wedding.(It is three years since I have been a rower .At first I helped my mother .Then I began working there.) I lay down on the floor pretending my headache.

To Kutarma (the name of the place) since the wedding worries - my mother ,who visited my uncle , Shomurat three times a day, was frightened by my condition.

- Wow ,I do not think there was that concern, - he said worrying about me. It is said that I sunbathed very much .So I was given to drink "sour milk". I was said

to be jinx and incense was burned. But I did not recover until the morning. In the morning my grandfather and mother consulted.

- Robia is sick and can not be left alone , - said my grandfather. The wedding will be over in a day .Take care of your daughter.

-Woe is me ! What If I do not go to my brother's wedding?

- Did anyone tell you not to do ? , -my grandfather angrily frowned. Do not let the fire explode. We will go. You and me top. Kimsan will heard from his little sister. It is enough to go to the wedding for her. There is nothing for him among wives .

As soon as my grandfather and mother dressed up brother Kimsan came into smiling.

- Did not I tell you it would be great?. Stand up , keep going.

- Where ?-We will go to the town .Today is holiday. We will go to the theatre.

- What do we do if my mother comes ? , - I said anxiously.

-She does not come until she has made an end to the wedding. Put on satin dress .

Today I wanted to be well -dressed. I wore my satin dress that Aunt Khalpash sewed.I did two braids my hair and put on my embroidered hat (it has four angles sewed in a traditional way).Only I could not make maskara to my eyebrow. I heard my brother coughing on the porch , he was already ready .He has a shaved beard and wearing a white shirt .He was a high boot on his feet, smiling his eyes softly . I was shocked.I was amazed at how handsome he is now.

-Robia , - he said in a please tone. Make your hair circle, please.

-Wow, why? One day in Rashid's place Zukhra bride said: "Guys like the girls who have a long hair .I remembered suddenly. Then I looked at my hair in two strands touching the ground .Is it bad?

-Well, ..I like the way you make your hair circle. Well, I did as I was told....We walked away from the dirt streets. Kimsan, my brother's high boot and my shoes

covered with dust .But neither of us was in a position to care for such "a tiny thing".In the sky the spring sun smiles .caressing as if the strands of leaves in two sides of the street had just washed her hair and was moved by everyone like a girl drying her hair in the sun. Birds are worried about making a nest .On the side of the road crimson tulips glow like a carpet. In spring breeze Mastona (the name of the flower) nods its head. Occasionally chamomiles noticing slightly among tulips have a look at the world in an ashamed way .I was wondering have I crossed these streets, before even was it spring ? Why did not I see these flowers earlier? Is this world so beautiful ? ,Is the sun so kind? Are there so many tulips ?

Brother Kimsan is three or four steps ahead of me.I know he wants to keep up with together but he is ashamed. People are bad though they make gossip. Siblings who are mature hold their hands , - they said .Siblings ? What did my brother say to Ochil a week ago? Ochil did not know what to do too. Kimsan brother was pleased with it ! Ochil did not do like that any longer.

Finally We arrived at the place where the tram turns.The number of people suddenly increased , children licking lollipop, people in hats waiting in line in front of a gas shop, having pistachia show-off wives.

Behind the brick wall , smoke as high as the sky is coming out of chimney .

-This is textile! , - said explaining my brother. -Does it ring at five in the morning?

-Yeah , yeah . You are right. brother Kimsan gestured to the chimney - My uncle ,Shamurat works here! Master! I was surprised.

- Wow, does he go here from Kutarma? -What is the matter? He may catch a high - speed train. -Look, the tram is coming! Let's go.

Brother Kimsan ran holding my hands.The tram was crowded.The lads who were well-dressed were laughing loudly , making the girls' nerves. Brother Kimsan was staring at them in a badly manner, holding my wrist. His palm was hot like the sun.

It was a strange place called a battle field. Music was heard incessantly .Above the iron fence the slogan " Long live 1 May" and Stalin's picture were hung.

Taking tickets, We came into. The roads are paved with red sand .The sound of trumpets and drums makes the ears surprised .Rope walker plays with a stick like an anchor .The wrestlers fall into the fight. The people who are capturing spectators' attention by their show say : Come on, come on to see our super show! On one side there is pilov, on the other side there is roasted meat. Brother Kimsan and I ate roasted meat and drank the water.

When we came into the theatre it was already late.Wow, I wonder where they got so much velvet. Crimson carpet was spread on the floor. The seats are scratched with red velvet.The big stage's curtain is also crimson velvet .

I was scared of watching that Ofeliya was mad at the end of the show. With both hands , I grabbed brother Kimsan's wrist.

- Why, - I said trembling . She is innocent ! Brother Kimsan hugged me on the shoulder. -Hamlet is also innocent...

I cried in the theatre. We got to the textile by tram .Then we walked .Brother Kimsan was stepping forward in the soil street. In the morning he was afraid of being seen .Now it is already late .Why do not they walk side by side? Coward! The smell of apple's bloom greet me . Locusts make noise . We saw a quail on the side of grove shoots. On the western horizon the moon shines like a diamond. New moon ...My mother is curious: when every new moon comes out my mother makes a wish: "May Allah be with us , next time We wish We could meet safely." What will happen until next month? Let's get safely too.My grandfather , my mom and me ..Brother Kimsan .I wish we would be in a good health. Why did my mother say like that the other day?" At first your little sister's wedding will be held Then yours . Why is it like that? Brother Kimsan said on that day " I need you , insane , - he said.

When we reach the tree blooming my brother stopped. As I was imagining I hit his shoulder like a mountain. He turned around immediately.

-Robia, - he said , holding my hands. My wrist was burned by the heat of his hands. I did not want to take it .But speak up immediately.

-What is it like? Ofeliya is innocent..

- There is no connection with Ofeliya about it! brother Kimsan's eyes carefully stared at me. Once again ,I felt that he was not a young man, but an older and his character is heavy.

-Do you remember what my mother said that day? I behaved as if I did not know anything about it . -What did my mother say?

- Sister Ra'no and uncle Shamurat are the same in character and interests.Although Ra'no's relatives do not agree with this wedding ,the wedding will be held.Is it true?

-It turns out that brother Kimsan is thinking about my thoughts. Interestingly, the person next to you it would be weird if someone knew exactly what you were thinking. Holding brother Kimsan 's strong arm holds my wrist harder.

-Robiya,- he squeezed my wrist harder.Tell the truth .Why did Ochil give you a letter ? Or yourself ...

-Yeah , I have found out .What problems I have, this person ... It hurt.

-Do not touch me, - I said with a sigh.

-Robia !- he came close to my face.He asked in both violent and pleading tone.

-Tell the truth.... Crazy! stupid ! I waved my hand .

- Do not touch me . That man dreams of red snow.

-Are your words true , Really?

If not , I would have come with you , cheating my mother would I be sick?! It was a cry inside me I could not say anything like that. I ran .I could feel him running from behind me ,breathing with difficulty. Once the car took my father away I was running after a car , and he was running after me too.I do not know , maybe then, the punch hit the ground when I gathered, when I begged, "Don't do that, Robia ..."

I must have relied on him ... That's right, he was young then We were children. Eventually he reached out to me. Carefully place your palms on my shoulders pressed

- Robia ,he pleaded. "Understand ... You." I need you so much.

We walked slowly to his feet. The new moon is frowning and smiling, and the locusts are singing just in front of the "Bridge of Demons" would be disappointing. Noone is at home . My mother does not come without holding the wedding. My grandfather did not return from the wedding

"Shall I eat?" I said to brother Kimsan's eyes embarassed to look at.He smiles .

"Have a rest, you lunatic." He hesitated standing in the middle of the porch.

Something else I would like to say afraid to talk at the moment, I was wondering

"Well, otherwise ..." He took off his shoes and went into the house He puts his shoes aside and sweats profusely I knew he was gone. When I look, there is my red belt in the corner of the porch I went into the kitchen and heated the water. First with a handkerchief, then I washed the pavilion. The most pleasant thing -The smell greet me Kimsan's. A strange thought came to my mind as I stared at the dirt tree.

I don't know why it's so rich. I pulled out a dry stick and ran into the house. From the other room came brother Kimsan's sigh. I chained my door as if it were coming in now. I put the seventh lamp on the shelf and tickled the box I found blue silk. I feel cold on my knees the Latin letter "K", "R" in the corner of the curve I started to sew. I don't think so. The letters are crooked. It was early in the morning until I

had finished this trivial task. Wet stick to my knee I fell asleep. I woke up in the morning with knocking on the door.

- Robia! said to brother Kimsan, standing behind the door. -

I'm gone. Crazy !! When he comes out of the window, it is open! Don't hurry!"

"Flying with a stick in my hand I opened the door". "Don't you drink tea?"

"Oh, I'm late." I drink in the field. "Do not hurry !" - Standing on the porch I took two loaves of bread from the box and began to wrap them in breadcrumbs. I don't want to hurry, brother Kimsan is on the edge of a cliff I would like to see a note. Finally it's a red stick

he glanced at the blue letters at the top.

"What's that?" he said, bowing his head. "Your stick!" - as if ignorant I stretched the knot.

- Take it please I washed it since it was dirty. By the way, your bag is hanging. It's dry. "Hey,"- I said, removing my hand from his shoulder. "Escape." I need to milk a cow. If she pulls out the milk, my mother will beat him

The war

The "chillaki" (type of plant) in our backyard is before everyone else

play it . The other one is when the council comes out takes our colour. When the other One is now in color. We are drowning. It is the same this year. My mother ordered me and brother Kimsan told :

- Pick the ripe grapes. I'll take them to your uncle place, my daughter-in-law wants to eat . My mom has a saying "bride-to-be". When I went to my uncle , Shomurod's house, Rano saw my daughter-in-law and I was surprised. She wrapped up a white handkerchief and greeted him three times with the same handkerchief

... Repent! I have never seen such a beautiful girl for the rest of my life.

I have never been! Eyebrows drawn in pencil, burning black humorous eyes, white face like milk, dwarf - everything looks like a deliberate drawing. Honestly, I envy as a girl. I like sister-in law Ra'no at first sight. My mother said, "Let my daughter-in-law eat," so brother Kimsan and I hurried away. We ran to the garden. Just as we were about to pick the grapes, my grandfather and the chairman of neighborhood came.

The old man shook his head, looking at the grapes. "What's the matter with you, Duma!" Do you light a fire under the vine at night? -Shdazy! - My grandfather grabbed the goose and punched him in the chest. Who do you think we are! You must know the way, the way. "Tell me if you know pajalista!" "He says, 'Pajalista.' - My grandfather jumps on the face of the Elder. "I told you a thousand times to stop. "Yes, sorry, Duma, not in my mouth," said the Elder, smiling. "Oh, let your mouth die!" If the old man could say "pajalista", my grandfather gets angry. He has his own story: my mother told me. When the headman was already the chairman of the collective farm, the grandfather fell asleep at night, watering the corn in Mecca. The water overflowed. Nothing is as fragile as the root of Mecca. Suddenly the corn fell. In addition to this, the Elder put a hat on him and squeezed my grandfather. He said, "What a pity, have you fallen into the arms of your wife?" Isn't my grandfather also angry?" "If you don't water, you're a pajalista!" The Elder said with a smirk. My grandfather has not been at work since that day. Three days passed, four days passed. A week later, the Elder licked him. "Hey, Duma, remember, there's so much work in the field, aren't you ashamed to lie down like a chilled woman?" shouted the grandfather. » Senior looks at work. The best farmer went to his house and lay down. Finally, the head of the district committee was speechless. Raykom also licked. "You are a most experienced farmer, Duma," he said. "It's not good that you're so angry." Go to work in the morning." "I won't come out! My grandfather, in agony, said, "After doing so many things, now my name is please (pajalista in Russian it is пожалуйста)?" »

For some reason Raykom smiled and went to the Elder to engage in politics. "You are a pajalista, elder, your grandparents are a payalista! Aka - your pajalist brothers! Put it down, Duma, don't be upset, you won't succeed! »» My grandfather immediately fell out of the pool. "Don't talk like that, Comrade District Commissioner," he agreed. Don't insult your parents. His father, fortunately, was a good man. Akasiyam was not a "pajalist". "Well, I'm a payalist myself," said the Elder. "Is that all, am I safe now, idiot?" "Senam pajalis tamasan, you just have to take your words back." Grandfather said so - he took a hoe and went into the field. Since then, the elder rarely used the word "payalista". Especially to the grandfather. Even now, knowing that my grandfather was possessed by a demon, the Elder immediately stopped him. I said without knowing - yes, comrade, he said with a smile. "But you have excellent grapes. Be healthy! I teach gayas the way! Do you know what looting is? - My grandfather Aksa triumphantly looked at the castle. It doesn't matter what kind of fruit, be it apricots, grapes, you have to rob naughty children when giving a target. The rest will be blessed when they are full. I made the first harvest of this grape for children. Eighteen years have passed and no one has been born. "You?" The old man tapped his knee with a spade-shaped palm and laughed happily. "She is afraid to fly over the garden - stingy." Tell me another secret! I'll tell you what! Grandfather held out his hand to the Elder. "Take it out of Nose!" Die! Knocks! The old man sighed and reached into my pocket. A bottle full of nasal perfume. gave to grandfather. Ma! Don't say a word for free! No need ! I have mine! "My grandfather took a naswar out of his long pocket." I deliberately asked him not to ask. He snorted, narrowing his eyes. "Nothing."There is no secret. He thought for a moment - yes, he suddenly asked. left: How many people are in your apartment? Without waiting for an answer, the squirrel flexed her fingers and counted them. You are alone. Chevar's wife two. Two sons - two brides, four, all six? Two more grandchildren. you have That's it! You have Shakir, each of which is like a bull, you have Zakir, you have Potma-Zorah, a bride. Use them in the winter cold. You carry the toilet... You dig the bottom of the toilet. Eh, that's why when you look at

him, you look at him, - said the old man, putting a bunch of grapes in his mouth and smiling. That's it, I got it! And you! Have you eaten it, how does it taste? My grandfather chuckled. "The power of the knife will be great, elder." I didn't have time to teach you. Put! The elder shakes his hand. I know such things myself. But to my surprise, this year my grapes have turned to ashes. There is a saying that the wall of the courtyard is high and the courtyard is low. You heard? You didn't hear! "My grandfather sighed and tapped his throat like he had a runny nose, he laughed." "Die," he said, spitting. "Let the wind blow in your stomach, idiot." Otherwise, it will fall to dust. Two comrades ran out into the yard through a low door. "Come on," I said, squeezing my brother. Let's warm up faster. Don't let my mom be late. We went to Ishkom. The sun is hot, and the vines vibrate quietly. Soaking up the sunlight, the heads of red grapes sway. Somewhere roar. Someone stopped at the vine where my brother's blackened vine heads swarmed. He hung up the phone and went out into the bay. He fluttered from Zalvari to Ishkom's head. "Let them order!" he said, hanging on one leg. Which one are you renewing? This is true? - He extended his hand to a head of sweet - dry unripe grapes. "Hey, this one isn't ripe yet!" Tear off the one on top! I said, tossing the basket over my shoulder.

- This? showed my brother who was worse than the former. This?

"No, is it under it?"

- And this is it? He started fooling around again. Let's break it now!

He laughed again and I laughed.

"No, he's touching your forehead!"

"This is it?" He reached for the head of a completely unripe grape. "That's all!"

Yes, you are crazy! No, this one, look at that one in overripe black! What the hell, you can't tell raw grapes from ripe ones? Finally, someone "found" my brother's drowned chilla. He cut off one and put it in his mouth. Oh-oh-oh, it's so sweet, if you eat it, it will stick to your lips, Robia! - To be! "I stomped where I

stood." My mom is in a hurry. Someone began to be offended by the brother's desire to work faster: Wow! I have never eaten such sweet grapes in my life. Honey - ah, honey! If you don't believe me, lick it... If the lips stick, I'll separate them myself. Uh! My mother is fighting, man! How do they cross the Devil's Bridge in the dark? Do you wear it yourself? "If you leave, I'll take care of it!" "Someone smiled and handed me my brother." "Oh, your hungry basket!" When the basket was half full, the low garden door creaked. Grandpa's cough is heard. Someone, my brother and I were immediately shocked. As I watch slowly, my mother is following my grandfather. Grandfather watched our work for some time, and Kimsan said to my brother: - Sleep ... - Why, grandfather? I said, pointing to the basket in my hand. It's not full yet! My brother looked at us like a tightrope walker with one foot hanging down. My mother looked around and sobbed, covering her face with her hand. The war has begun! - said the grandfather in a broken tone, - "The Germans invaded our country. My crying mother suddenly let out a deep voice. Wow, sho'rem! That's where the ball is. Damn! "do not count!" my grandfather shouted. - Shut up! I looked at my mother like Naugon. Why are you crying? What happened when the war started? He's been talking about "war" for a long time! Someone threw my brother to the ground. He was born in a dry cell and left. I could feel the color fading and I was suffocating. He looked first at me, then at my mother and grandfather. His face was covered in blood and he was in pain. She silently unbuttoned the sleeves of her shirt, and her mother blocked her way with wide eyes. - Hey! "Someone looked at my grandfather as if they were waiting for my brother to be saved." "If I don't go, I won't go." Which?! "My mom, her thick lips were trembling, and Kimsan hugged my brother." I will not send the child I ask for into the jaws of death! The next words escaped his chest. That's when I suddenly felt the horror of what had happened - the orphan shuddered. Not! No bullets! - My mother is drowning. Someone grabbed my brother's leg and said, "You won't leave!" Yes Yes! "Someone looked at my grandfather when my brother was trying to wrest his leg from my mother's arms." Oh damn, stupid woman! My grandfather clenched his fists like an apple and gave

me something to eat. "Someone took the child and put the ball in his mouth?" My mother still didn't let go of my brother Kimsan. Not! he said with tears in his eyes. Don't go baby! I stood on the sidelines in shock. Now I felt like something was bumping into me. Look, half a basket of grapes. What you need? If someone leaves my brother... Is it better to eat poison than eat grapes? Unconsciously, I placed the basket on the floor. Apparently melting away from the heavy screams, my grandfather Kimsan hugged my brother's leg and bent over my mother's head as he sat down. "Mother," he said softly. "A wedding in the country... If everyone goes to war, is it okay for someone to sit with their head like a turtle?" I have heard with my own ears that the war will be over in a month or two. If you ask him to wake up, no one says that I will put your son before him. Someone slipped out of his mother's arms and slammed the door... He returned the next day after dinner. Grandfather was in the field, and I sat on the sofa and washed. My mother, sweating at the door, ran up and hugged Kimsan akam. - What's happened? he called out. "To speak fast?" For some reason, my brother looked away from my mother. "They said we would call if needed." "Oh, thank God!" My mother's face lit up like a tired person's. Well baby, hurry up. He said yes. they call if needed. Not surprising. If the war is over by then... After a cup of tea, my mother set off. Yesterday he again picked grapes in a basket. Now I want to hear from your uncle," he said angrily. Who knows, my sister is still going to war, her wife is bleeding like a flower. My brother Kimsan and I stayed in the yard. Embarrassed to stand in front of always, I was walking towards the sofa in the laundry room when someone waved my brother's hand: - Sit down, Robia... The conversation is on. I understood everything from the tone of the word. Reach for my heart, he stepped out on the porch in front of me. Sat down There was a deep, thoughtful meaning in his eyes. Sweat ran down his tanned face, and his lips trembled. He seemed to have grown in one day ... - What happened? I said my heart was pounding. He was silent. For some reason he smiled. There was a heartbreaking silence. There was a flurry of applause. In the barn, a Galan cow scraped raw meat. The weak rays of the sun, which had warmed the world all day

and suffocated it, flared up at the ends of the poplar branches at the foot. Someone lifted my head for the first time and looked into my eyes. Kutasan - a! He said this, and in his eyes, always meek and thoughtful, a fire flared up. If you wait, I'll be right back. It will be easier for me to fight. Robbie... Are you leaving? I said in a trembling voice. - No, you tell me first. Are you kidding? To tell the truth. I cried and cried. Why didn't I wait? Who if not you! I said covering my face with my hand. - Kimsan aka. Because I... you... I couldn't hold my lungs, I wanted to run away. At that moment, I wished that my brother Kimsan would caress me and stroke my face. At some point, he gently stroked my arm. The dream of my palm came close enough to touch the ribs of my face. It smelled of the sun, the smell of the earth, and then ... there were some pleasant combs that touched the heart of a person, and his eyes smiled sadly. - What can I do? I said, looking into my tear-filled eyes. I swear! Not a bear! If I don't wait, let the bread go blind, Kimsan aka! He was trembling. He gently caresses my head. "Why don't you kiss me, idiot!" If you kiss, if you press on your belly! I don't know if he was scared or embarrassed, he wiped the tears from my face with his stuffed thick boots. "Don't swear, Robia!" his voice trembled. "I know you!" One word is enough.

He was silent again. As for me, I wanted to put my face on Kimsan brother's strong and hard hand, hot palm for the rest of the life, to talk non-stop, to say somethings. I closed my eyes. - Robiya! he said once. "You're going to sew me a "Qiyiqcha"- /piece of fabric/, aren't you?" When I look up, he is smiling. Like those ones, will you write our name on the edge of that! I cried again. " weeper!" - he said, as if rubbing a young child, pinching my nose gently. He got the piece of paper out of his pants pocket and put it on the table, next to the half-eaten grapes. A week later - I was leaving. The people at the military office claimed that they had not yet begun the war from Uzbekistan, and I could hardly persuade them. Don't tell my mother. I will explain myself. "He barely persuaded the military enlistment office." Why is so urgent? When they needed to, they called out! Kimsan brother felt my deep feelings me by. Robiya! he addressed, not to me, but pointed to the singing doves who were squatting under the wall. It is important to

do so, Robiya! The war is going on. My mother came in dark. When my uncle tried to run to the military base, my sister in law Rano did not allow him. My mother disputed with my uncle seriously. She said that "not to make decision without thinking "how can you dare to leave your so beautiful wife" Here is your nephew he hurried there and came back tired, they will find you when they need you " While my mother is talking, my eyes are on my brother Kimsan ." I went into the cow room to hide my tears. On Sunday, our yard was full of people. Even Omar "Zakunchi" legislator who is such an honorable person, he get used to give money to someone to take his hat when it is dropped on the ground, also he rode on his horse with a bead on his forehead. My grandfather slaughtered a sheep. Rashid abzi does his usual job and started to boil the "samovar" /special pot to boil tea/. There was made pilaw in the neighborhood pot. I scared that my mother would cry out , she must have ruined the world. Interestingly, she did not cry, but regained consciousness. Both of us are making 'patir" /thin bread/ and bun to my brother Kimsan. wearing A new doppi / Uzbek national hat/, Kimsan akam who wore a jujun shirt and trousers his face flushed and he came to us from time to time. (Recently I have seen him drinking Rashid abzi's wine with his friends secretly from my grandfather in the house). Always he makes joke. Mom! You have made so many bread will you organize my wedding, Wow Mom! attention to Robiya cooks very well. How can I miss such kind of girl. My mother doesn't understand his whining. "You have only one sister and she cooks well" she laughed. It is weird when a person laughs for fear of crying. I'm serving but I often stare at my brother Kimsan. There he is sitting on the attic with his friends, eating pilaw. Robiya! I was surprised that by the roar of my side. I saw Sister Parcha, who had a mustache on her lips as thick as a cut liver, who could easily lift two young men on each shoulder. - Robiya! Say you have a brother who can swallow a spoonful of water! he said, rolling the soup in his mouth like a witness. "I would love to marry with your brother !" what else "Kimsan brother needs me too! As I was worried, accountant Soli so'poq, who was sitting with Umar

zakonchi on the “supa“ /special place/ . Umar zakonchi stands up and raises his hand highly.

Dear collective farmers! he said in a resounding voice. "Wait a minute ... There are many people make noise and keep silence at once in the yard Comrades! Zakunchi was wearing smooth-ironed trousers like the "melon slaughter" level, appeared in the stage. Comrade collective farmers! Our country has faced a difficult test. The heroic warriors are fighting against German - fascist! He stroked his english, beautiful mustache with his index finger. He continued to get excited. We are proud that Kimsan Husanov, a member of our collective farm and a hoer, was among those who rode to the front! Come paint, brother! "Kimsan wiped hand on the towel and came down from the porch." Embarrassed, his face lit up as he approached the platform. Thank you, brother! Zakunchi tapped him on the shoulder. "Don't save the enemy!" He said his last words in a particularly resounding voice. Death to the fascist invaders! Long live Comrade Stalin! Wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a white jacket, Soli so'poq applauded with her plump hands. Applause was heard from the sidelines. When 'Umar sat down, Kimsan was stunned, not knowing what to do in this situation. At that moment the leader of neighborhood thick voice was heard from the flowerbed. Don't hurry, boy! He came closer and closer, and put his palm on my brother Kimsan's shoulder. Let me tell you something. War is very bad. Duma and I know this even if no one knows. Do not spare the enemy, but beware of yourself. The leader kissed Kimsan brother on the forehead. Bless you, son!" You are a real father of son. You're a guy with a belt around your waist! Oh, the crowd! He shouted at the people. May those who committed suicide in our country be humiliated and destroyed! Long live Kimsanboy!

The people who filled the courtyard stood up at once. Is it because my brother has heard so much praise in his life, he doesn't know where to put himself, he blushes like a turnip, sometimes he looks at the ground, sometimes he looks at the tops of the trees, puts his hand in the pocket of his trousers and looks around. He wanted

to get rid of "suffering" as soon as possible. Husanboy! The old man shouted with his palm as a trumpet on his mouth. Where are you, Duma?! My grandfather came out of the crowd. The leader said – bring! Already my mother appeared somewhere. "run, my daughter!" - she whispered. "bring the Patir!" I grabbed my leg and ran to the shed. While we were still getting out of the oven, my mother took a large patir in her hand, which was soaked and sprinkled with sedana, and said: »I flew into the shed - I got a patir wrapped in "dastirxon" / special fabric wrap bread/ on that old box. Patir was still hot ... As soon as I opened the table, I could smell the sun, wheat and earth. It's like the smell of my brother Kimsan's face ... I passed through the crowd and gave the bread to my grandfather. My grandfather took it to the sofa with both hands pressed to his chest as if he were carefully lifting a baby - and handed it to the leader. The leader raised the patir high above his head. People! said his voice trembling. There is nothing more sacred in the world than bread! He who turns away from bread turns away from faith. Come on, son, bite! He held on to both ends of the patir. Kimsan leaned over and bit one side of my brother. Well, 'said the leader. Salt - do not break your share! God bless you! He handed the bitten bite to my grandfather, my grandfather to my mother, my mother to me ... I hurried into the house and hid the patir between the beds.

We set off in the dark in the morning. My grandfather makes ready his donkey without waiting for the Umar zakunchi to send him a vehicle. In the cart, my mother was sitting, holding Kimsan's bag. The leader of neighborhood is on one side of the cart, and my grandfather is on the other. Kimsan brother and I are going in the back. My grandfather stroked with his whip and said "xix-xix". The donkey steps upright. In the cool of the morning, the smell of chilled soil seems to please him, making him "squeak-squeak." The wheels squeak silently. The dust rises. The moon, which has eaten the evening, is glistening. Sometimes Kimsan looks at my brother, sometimes at my mother. I can't see my brother Kimsan's face clearly. But I notice that he is looking around. I think he was smiling for some reason. My mother bent over twice. It's like a black stone statue ... As we crossed

the bridge, I was horrified to see the water whistling like a snake in dark blood. It seemed to me that the catastrophe of the whole world was gathering here and building a "feast," as if people who had been laughing and playing only a week ago were now mocking and rejoicing at their disappointment. The old man's heart seemed to be pounding, and Alvasti bridge, suppressing the noise of the bridge: "Yesterday I crossed over to Hirmontepa." The wheat is about to shed its best. I told the Umar legislator that there was still time and he scolded me not to interfere in the work of the leaders. Oh, to the grave of his father, who was the leader! my grandfather shouted angrily. Summer has come early this year, and we must go to the harvest. My brother Kimsan, who had been silent since the painting, suddenly came to life. Come down, Dad! If he is a lawgiver, tell him that no one is going home. Harna picked up earlier. This excuse was followed by a rumor. Harvesting as soon as possible, sowing corn in time ... So, the conversation started.

Looking at the donkey's footsteps, it spread like wildfire as we reached the destination. I vividly remember the station I saw when my father and I came to Tashkent many years ago. That brick building. Those stairs. But in him the man was not so cro. Now everyone is like a market. People carrying sacks, carrying suitcases, soldiers with badges on their collars ... There are more horses than men. Black "Emka" cars, "polutorka", horse cart, donkey cart. There is even a camel with foam hanging from its mouth and chewing with its lower jaw bent at the ankles. Kimsan said, "I'm here now," and the red brick pushed and shoved the people standing in front of the building. He came back an hour later. My grandfather, who was carrying a sack, and I, my mother, clung to my wrist, holding the knot tightly behind him. At the end, we walked towards the platform, where the leader held his body like a goose. Kimsan brother disappeared here as long as my brother said, "I'm coming now." The weather has been hot since morning. The train stops in front of the station building. I realized that this was a red overcoat that carried the soldiers. The wooden wagons open their doors as wide as a gate. There are no windows. A tray-like hole in place. The music plays, and from time to time the sound is heard. Where does the sound of the harmonium come from?

In the distance, the drum beats. Kimsan cries, and laughs. The milestone of the large hanging clock indicates that ten to twenty minutes have passed. At the same time, a Russian woman with short hair and red lips kissed a man with a mustache. Sasha, Sashenka, - she says. Sometimes she opens the bag and takes out a handkerchief, wiping away tears. The man laughs for some reason. "wait" he said, she said "Do Victory" while wiping her red-stained face. One day my brother Kimsan sighed. At the same time "To wagons! »Nervous shout

The crying, the singing, the laughter were all mixed up. Kimsan hugged my mother first. Interestingly, my mother did not cry anyway. I just felt him pant. My child, my dear child, take care of yourself ... Well, my dear child. understand! Save you Allah ... Kimsan tried to get my brother out of his arms, but my mother didn't want to let him go. "Don't worry, mom!" he said in a hurry. I'll be back in three months. Here you see. Let's grind Girmon's head! Dress warmer, my baby! My mother appointed Kimsan to kiss my brother on the face. There's bitterness in the bag, gargle if you have a sore throat, okay? I saw my brother Kimsan holding his face to my mother and I had two eyes. He wants to laugh, but his lips tremble sadly. With a sigh of relief from my mother's arms, my father hung on his shoulders and kissed his forehead. - in a voice. Take care yourself my son. Again the same nervous shout came: - To wagons! No one took their eyes off me when my brother was saying goodbye to my grandfather, and at that moment I hated the leader of neighborhood as he hugged Kimsan aka. It can't be emptied at all. This time the nervous shout sounded threatening: To wagons! "Kimsan finally came to me, brother." He is sweating and panting. Her eyes are smiling, her lips are trembling. He looked at my grandfather, who was five or six paces away, and my mother, and stretched out his hand. squeezed my palm tightly and whispered: will you wait me? Kimsan brother! Tears welled up in my eyes.

Carriages went quickly and noisily. In some time I realized that Kimsan aka was running along the train with the sack hung on a shoulder and a knot in other hand. Some 4 or 5 hands out of the carriage pulled Kimsan aka in.

- May God saves you, son! - Come back soon daddy!

- Bye, daddy - Write me letters, honey!

- What name should I give to our child, dear?

- May God save you son, be tolerant! Then I realized that it was my grandpa's exclamation. Finally the last carriage went too. The last carriage. It hooted sadly as if it moaning. Weeping summited and went silent. The music stopped. So did the tambourine's and accordion's sound. The smell of hot metall and engine spread everywhere. Then I saw a woman cried leaning against the pole exhausted.

- Sasha ! Sashenka! - Water! Bring some water!

I was scared by grandpa's worried voice. Mom sat down on the ground and was pale with eyes closed and her scarf dropped to her shoulders. Only then, looking at her I realized that her hair turned gray. How is it possible in a night? Grandad asked me to seize mom's arms.

- Open your eyes, dear, wake up...

Doyen took off his waistband and rushed to blow some air towards mom. Then he shouted:

- Bring some water, Robiya!

I ran to any direction. Even fell down going through a bricky path. My left elbow hurt and I felt so bad. But I quickly stood up and kept running. I asked for directions from a man with a black hat:

- Water, where can I get some water?

The man gestured to the way where the train had left. There was a pipe about fifty metres ahead and water running out of it. I filled my hand with water and went back. Until I came, the water spilled out of my arms and I had very little remained. Grandad was still trembling, mom's face went pale and eyes were closed with her

head down. If grandad hadn't hold her shoulders, It was obvious that she might fall down. I spread water on mom's face. She shuddered but didn't open her eyes.

- My son! - she groaned. Two drops of tears appeared like a poison and remained at her lips. I understood that two drops were the result of not crying Kimsan aka's place and my heart punctured.

I bent down closer to her head and said: - Mother!

Someone shouted me. I turned around and saw the woman who was crying and saying Sashenka. Her lipstick was rubbed and her mouth looked like it was curved.

- Aksakal... She moved away my grandad too. She quickly took her bag and took out a tall glass. When she took away its cork the stink was like a crack in the breath. She dripped it to her handkerchief which had been wet with her tears. When she put the handkerchief closer to mom's nose, she frowned and turned her head around. There was a faint rush of blood on her face.

- Mama ploxa (mom feels bad) - I spoke Russia as far as I could. - Mama Umer budet (mom would die).

- Don't worry - she barely smiled.

- I'm a doctor, I'll help her. Bring something to drink.

I didn't understand the last word

- Water, bring some water- she angrily said.

Doyen begun to translate as if he had just realized he knows Russian.

- Doctor ordered to bring water, why don't you understand? - he gave me his big cap - Here you are, run!

Filled up with water in the cap I came back and saw mother had opened her eyes, barely breathed, doyen and grandpa were standing next to her, russian woman was explaining something as if she would understand.

- Don't worry, sister! Your son will come back as a hero...

- My dear son, my unique....

- I'm here for you, mom,- I said with trembling lips. - Am i not your child?

The Russian woman understood my words and said:

- That's right, sister! - she said sadly

- You have daughter too. But I have nobody now.

I didn't understand her words well but I felt she was trying to calm mom. When the woman was going back, doyan thanked her: - Thank you, marja! I'll invite you over if you wish.

The women smiled sadly and said : - Thank you sir, thank you - she said it in Uzbek.

I couldn't get rid of the smell of engine oil. The noise coming out of locomotive was scary, as if he said goodbye.

Later, whenever I go to sleep outside, the noise from hellcat bridge reminded me of the view that had been at the station.Well, at that time mom's problems were enough for herself. Besides, she didn't know that Kimsan aka and I love each other. Later... Yeah, later she knew It. But was happy anyways. Why is she saying that? Why does she regard me worthy for Shomurod uncle, who calls me daughter. Okay, it's been 5 years since the war ended. But, 5 years are not enough (I will wait even ten or twenty years If I have to. I'll wait my entire life). Supposing, Kimsan aka hadn't been here (I cannot say died), I'm also here. It turns out that Kimsan aka is life too. Has mom really lost her hope? Has she really regarded the girl worthy for someone else? When we were sitting close to each other, I got sad thinking about all of these. A bird is singing somewhere, the wind is rustling the leaves of quince tree. Mom barely breaths as if she wasn't having enough air. Muzaffar is lying in the corner of terrace. He moans at times. Maybe broken hand hurts.

- You should worry about that kid at least, daughter...- mom stood up with aches in her joints. Got closer to Muzaffar and put her arms to his forehead.

- Don't take it easy for me, dear. - If I hurt you, I'll lose my faith. She said it so calm and confidently that I felt something broke inside me. I'd been in a similar situation before too. At that time, about two months later we saw out my brother when Achil aka's suitors come. When I wrote mails to Kimsan aka with tears in my eyes.... When he stopped writing me back.... When Umar zakunchi belittled my family members.... When grandpa died.... When war ended and suitors come home.... Every time that thread inside me was tense and unbearable. It hurt and i couldn't find place to put myself. Despite it hurts and brakes my heart, it had good points too. Right now.... that threat has broken. Broken but I can't feel anything. Neither ache nor disappointment. My body became empty and silent.... If a man loses expensive thing, he regrets. If slandered, hits his head to the rock. If taken for granted, rebels. If loses close person, yells. However, it's a wierd feeling when you lose your hope. You don't pity for anything, even for your value. No yells, no rebels.... As if you're dead. Dead inside, but the silhouette.

Part 3

Chapter IV

Little Muzaffar's story

Wedding

The fact that I broke my arm, I stayed at my aunt's house for three weeks. Initially, dad visited us every day. Suddenly, he stopped coming. Aunt calmed me down when I cried missing for my dad: - Don't rush son! Dad's got lots of work to do. When he finishes them, you'll go. Robi sister goes too.

- I don't care with his works. I need dad. Why hasn't he come yet? Despite his swearings and quarrels, I want to lie with him.

My " Black aunt " bends my arm wet cotton every night. It's good but I hate the smell. It would be okay if she bent mine, but she makes it " wet " herself. I missed dad so much. When it comes to escaping, I'm afraid of hellcat bridge.... Robi sister is also different these days. Before, she used to bring some snacks and played with me. But now she doesn't. She doesn't talk to anyone. Cries in the corner when aunt is not home.

Finally my " Black aunt " brought me home. Dad has exactly missed me too. Because, he got happy when he saw me again. He limped to me and kissed taking me off the ground. Interesting, dad was smelling of lime, not tobacco. After I realized that our house went different: walls were painted to white color, broken windows were replaced to new ones. Our yard was also very clean.... Dad has also changed. His mustache got flat and eyes were shining. He seemed like he had got younger. That night I was happy falling asleep rubbing the scar on his shoulder and having the smell of tobacco. Aunt was visiting us so often. One day carrying bundle and a basket on the other.... Some day she even carried a sack larger than herself. I loved watching ants when I go to barley field along with dad. Once I saw an ant carrying a half seed. My aunt looked like this ant to some extent. She is short ant slim but can carry huge sacks. Unfortunately, our door is narrow and the sack didn't fit it. If it hadn't been for dad's help, who was cleaning corns in hinge-plate, aunt would be stuck all day there. They both pulled the sack and fetched it in. It was cotton.

- Have you carried that all the way long, sister? You needn't have!- said dad grieving.

Aunt started to explain, wiping her sunburned forehead with her scarf: - I should quilt new blanket. She was puffing more heavily than before, like people whistling inside her. A day after she begun to quilt sitting in terrace. I played on the blanket which hasn't been finished. So funny.

- Get away, son! It's cotton would gather up....

I got used to sister Robi withing a month.

- Auntie, when will sister Robi comes?

- She will come, honey, she will soon completely moves to here - she said holding my shoulder.

- Will she bring dried milk to me?

- Not only dried milk, but also brings chocolate. Do you love her?

- So much. Aunt went silent seizing a stick in her arms. Then turned around and put the tip of her scarf on her eyes for some reason.... At nut-ripe time we had a wedding. Abdouvali's dad, whose nickname was " camel ", slaughtered a sheep in his shed and hung on apple tree from one leg. He dug a hole in the middle of the yard. Then some 5 or 6 men brought a large pot and set up on the hole. Then we dressed up. Dad went to Tashkent and deliberately bought me new suit and a pair of shoes. I had a velvet duppi (traditional cap) on me. Some familiar men, with whom i have been acquainted in teahouse, blink me entering the door.

- Congratulations to you, young hero! - You got so stylish, won't you sell us your duppi?- May your dad buy you one.

There were a lot of people gathered before dusk. Smart dressed men and women. Only then I knew that we have such many guys in our village. It could be because I always followed my dad and hadn't met any friends besides Abdouvali. We heard a noise while playing hide-and-seeK in the cornfield.

- Come, the groom is coming - said Abdouvali pulling my hand. I didn't understand anything.

- What a groom? - Oh, don't you know, your dad is getting married, he is a groom

We runned to the yard. There was a fire in the middle. Embers were spitting out of a huge stump. Abdouvali's mother, a yellowish woman who was standing by the pot, was shouting at children playing around the fire: - You'd burn yourself, stupid kids...

- I didn't recognize my dad. Oh, is that my father? He was wearing a blue suit and a new duppi. His mustache was cut flatly. -Oh, my father also have so many orders. One....two....three

Ilhom caféman (who works in a café) coming next to my dad unbuttoned his coat.-
"Put it on, bridegroom!"

Dad smiled and put his hand behind his back. They put on a beqasam tòn (a national clothe) and led him to the fire. My father is going like a goose. His limping is not noticeable. Hoping to catch the eye I approached, some strange woman on my shoulder pushed.

- Run, don't wrap up! My father was surrounded by flames three times. Someone brought an old chair and put it near the fire.another man put a small child with a pair of skullcaps on his father's lap. At that moment, the trumpet sounded like a deafening roar. Doirakash(musician who plays the tambourine) who took off his collar with a solid circular character dropped his handkerchief and began to beat the flute eagerly. Guests (almost all men) to the courtyard a rectangular bucket spread over the mats they lined up in rows. That's right on the table spread out on the ground bread, nisholda, turshak, jiyda, popukqandlar(national food) . Ilhom choyxonachi entered my father's lap and led him out onto the porch. I am three or four strangers next to my dad sat down Immediately carry trays on the porch they agreed. There were fried chuchvara and qatlama(national food)on the tray.

After serving soup to the guests, Ilhom choyxonachi came out and went to the fire. Faces blushed and the pockmark of his face disappeared.

- Great song! he shouted to himself. Popukqand snatched the plate. Popukqand was scattered on the table.

He put the plate in his mouth and began to shout:

- "I'll step in the garden ..." His face flushed and his neck bulged. He was sitting in the dark, away from the flames Someone seemed to be overjoyed and called out a "friend" in his voice:

Yeah, good luck!" Like the moon on your face! Don't die without you! As I listened to the song, someone put it on my shoulderpushed: I looked, Abduvali's mother. He has a spoon. - Go! he said gesturing. He led me into the shed. To the ceiling the glass is innumerable in the shed where the broken fonus hangs "Black Aunt" was sitting in the middle of the crowd. For some reason, she kissed me on the cheek. For a long time she pressed against his chest.

- "Did you drink soup, boy?"

- "Let go," I said with a sigh, "I can hear you singing." - "Let the child play, sister."

I saw an old woman who wore qarg'a shoyi(type of fabric) in a black corner, kneeling, putting bread and turshak on the knots.

- "I wish he'd calmed down, Bashoratxon!" said Black Aunt, looking around the corner. - I did not know whether it was a good deed or a sin. She suddenly fell into a trance and breathed.- "Eat, boy, with your friends." if you come, again I'll give you! "My aunt knotted the knot and stuffed my pockets with fried dumplings, popcorn, and allanimas." I rushed out into the yard The fun was still going on. The bell is ringing. Ilhom choyxonachi seems to have swallowed the teapot plate sings with his mouth wide open. At its peak the nucleus shakes the plate. She frowned as she got hot fan, poor! My father is sitting on the porch in a blanket. Decorated tray is in front of him. On both sides of him is friends. They fill a ceramic plate with milk and pass it to each other, saying, "Take it, take it." I wonder if my dad hated milk. - "Don't milk, bòza!(drinks) " Abduvali explained bluntly. "It makes a man drunk!"

At one point, Ilhom choyxonachi seemed to get tired and threw the plate on the floor and threw his shirt wiped his forehead with his sleeve.

- Now it's the turn of our famous artist - "Camel"! he said solemnly. - Oh, play a brass band, humpar! Abduvali's father smiled and lit a fire went to him. The collar buttons on the road jacket solved. He spat on the palm of his right hand and into

his left armpit He shook his left hand came out. Uncle "Camel" looked at his body with a serious look and addressed the people in the yard:

- Dear guests! Our brother Shomurodjon I'll give you some good news at the party! Good luck! He hung his left hand like a stick shakes again. There was another "wort" sound. "Tuya" uncle spat from his lips and kissed her it has been. "Umpo-umpo! Umpo-umpo!" Every time I say 'umpoumpo', my armpits squeak. «Mujdika» it sounds so solemn, just like at the top of the office radio speaker. "Umpo-umpo, vort-vort! Umpo-umpo, vort-vort! »

Someone grabs his waist and someone grabs his head and laughs. I saw my father kneeling and laughing.

Finally, Uncle "Tuya" (camel) gets tired of playing the mujdika. He bowed to the crowd and walked away.

At the same time someone said, "The elder has come." remained. Suddenly there was silence at the wedding. I look, My father is sitting on the porch among his friends It's over. Inspirational teapot is being poured took the cup and went into the house in silence. My father stood up. The doctor, who came in through the front door, immediately called her grandfather I recognized. He pretended: the dōppi (clothe of head) like a pon on his head was brand new. He stepped aside and put both hands on his chest.

- Welcome, Aksakal...

The old man in the white robe walked towards the porch. The Aksakal is this who "Qora aunt" said! I've seen it before: in the field, in the pot when I go But I was ashamed to go near him. Let my father stay awake, and let the doctor and the old man go they are so revered that they can see from afar bow down. Chordana on all four sides of the yard and they that were built stood up. Dad hurried down the porch. The old man clasped his grandfather's palm he sighed.

- "Oh, please," he said, gesturing to the porch. The old man tapped my father on the shoulder.

- "Will be old together with his life partner," he said turned to standing people. "My children ..." he said weighing. The yard in the middle of the yard is on fire turned into ashes, the old man's long, thick his beard, his hard face, his eyes glow red was. "Blessings from this house." Hope two young couples with their heads on the same pillow "Shut up for a moment." stared. "People," he said again. "In this apartment." there's another man: boy, naughty! Shomurod is growing up this child carefully. The life of this young man will be long time. His life will not be bad. The people were equally blessed. Someone grabbed me by the arm. Immediately I saw myself on my Olimjon brother's shoulder. She is dressed in the latest fashion, in the beginning had a hat with a compact canopy. - How are you? he whispered. I smiled. "Good!" The old man's words were not over yet. "You know ..." he said without taking his eyes off the coals. - You know Shamurod's sister. May the life of this miserable woman last forever. Let Kimsanjon come easily, Let's have a good wedding and cheer up the Duma. People shouted "Omi-in".

"Are you all right?" said Olimjon aka smiling as he carried it on his shoulder. - "Qora amma?"

My scholar brother laughed.

"Tomorrow, when the bride comes, they'll have a haircut." Gather, okay? ... This time, Abduvali's mother is not soup, but mohara(kind of cook) cooked. There are more women than men. Abduvali was well aware of the time when the hair would be shaved. When the trumpet sounded from the street, he shouted:

-Hurry!

I nodded and walked out of the women who were near the door. In the distance, on a dark street, a cart is coming. I followed Abduvali . There are five or six women on the cart. I was trying to run in the same direction when I noticed my brother Olimjon sitting on cart in the dark, and Abduvali pulled my hand away.

"Not in this we go in another!"

Another car was coming in the distance. A double-breasted "aptakashka" (name of the cart). There are many wives in it. The children screamed and hung on to the back of the aptashka. The horses snorted, the wheels split, and the dust rose. The whistle blew louder than yesterday. The trumpet sounded. The women in the cart shouted:

Tog 'da ʻoychoq kishnaydi, oʻi boʻldim deb, yor-yor.

Uyda kelin yigʻlaydi, yot boʻldim deb, yor-yor. Yigʻlama qiz, yigʻlama, toʻy seniki, yor-yor. Ostonasi tillodan uy seniki, yor-yor.

As we approached our house, five or six women came out to meet us. The second cart also stopped. The women said something. I heard Aunt Parcha's crackling voice.

- Ho-o! Sister ! Is that the price of our flower girl? (Flower means beautiful) Give more !

The whistling got worse. The trumpet sounded. As soon as the bride was taken out of the cart, everyone was in a commotion. A group of women walked towards our house, holding the hour cornet of the palak(palak type of handkerchief) on bride's head. One in a thin, one in a thick voice, they said " yoy- yor"(traditional music for brides in wedding days)

Dukur-dukur oʻi keldi-yu, ot keldi,

Chiqib qarang, kim keldi-yo, kim keldi?

Sallasi katta yor keldi-yo, yor keldi, Shop moʻylovli er keldi-yu, er keldi..

The women screamed and laughed. Aunt Parcha, who was walking in the middle, nodded again:

"I wish to find the best husband!"

The bridesmaids approached the door, shouting. I saw the "Black Aunt" in front of the door, which was dimly lit by the lantern in the yard. He has a "qiyiqcha"

which link has been removed in his hand. The scarf slipped from her head and fell on his shoulders. It shaked for some reason. I could feel the ringing of the whisksers at the ends of her white hair, the rumble of the trumpets, the beating of the trumpets, though they could not be heard.

As the bride approached with a veil over her head, my aunt threw sweets over the bridemaids. The sweets fell to the ground. The coins rang. 'I threw myself on the ground. I crawled between fat, skinny legs and clung to the coins and sweets. I clearly saw a white coin slipped between the legs of a woman wearing a amirkon (type of the shoes) shoe. Instead, the shiny shoe pressed against the coin and stopped. I was trying to get to her feet in pain, and something touched my face and made me angry. When I look up, I see hair. Two strands of long hair touch my face. So long! Just like Robbie's sister. The trumpet sounded loudly. The smell of isiriq (smoke) came. I got lost between legs and choked. I crawled to one side. As I was dusting my pants, Abduvali came running up to me. Come on , look the tortishmachoq(national game) and enjoy.

The women were walking into the house with their heads in their hands as they picked up the bride. We're both in the gang. We went out on the porch together. We crowded into the house. The house is bright. Thirty on the ceiling the lantern is raised, on the shelves teapots, bowls, copper plates. New beds in the closet, old pillows are hanging in the corner The women who surrounded the bride went into a corner and said, lurked. Immediately the house is full of women.

Abduvali's mother is a wrestler twisted like a falling wrestler. "Did anyone say I would compete with the groom?" He grabbed one end of the big choir stick and shook it. Five or six women lined up after Abduvali's mother. Same thing they hugged each other's waists like a train. The bride is wearing a pleated dress a tall woman appeared. Holding Abduvali's mother grabbed the other end of the standing stick.

- "We're the ones competing!" - "Give it to me, I'll do it myself!" "Aunt Parcha." it was as if the rattles on the shelf were buzzing with the roar of his voice. He

staggered over to the woman in the pleated shirt. "You're far away." turavering!
"Wow, Parcha!" Can I come to you you are as strong as an ox! "Abduvali's
mother was trying to tuck it under her armpit from the far corner of the cane. he
dusted the cane as he showed off his wrist like a hammer. The women lined up in
a hurry. On the groom's side are Abduvali's mother, and five other wives. Aunt
Parcha on the bride's side, Aksakal Grandpa to me Aunt Potima, the bride who
sews jackets ... "Don't worry!" - Parcha was standing behind his aunt. He looked
over his shoulder at the women and laughed I'll do it all!

That's right. Holding the corner of the stick was a little tired, Abduvali's mother,
standing behind him the five women squealed as if on a train it sank like a train.
They threw themselves back. Abduvali's mother was particularly affected.
Encourage the women in the back as they cling to the stick with both hands gave:-
Yes, owners! Don't be idle!

Where will the "owners" benefit from a thousand attempts?

Aunt Parcha is holding the stick in one hand. I'm not smoking. Black, thick lips
hanging down smiles.

"Kill the piece!" Abduvali's mother licked hard. "By the way, we have a name for
the groom.". Aunt Parcha burst out laughing.

"Did the bridegroom read?" What's wrong with us bride from the groom? "Come
on!" "Abduvali's mother is sweating."whispered loudly, as if pitying. - We are also
grooms side-by-side!

To the "bridegroom's side"who is running around we joined The piece doesn't hurt.
Finally, Aunt Parcha's chest is behind her. The woman in the shirt whispered
something in his ear, Aunt Parcha came to her senses. "That's right, yes," he said,
lowering the stick released. We're pulling back a lot as we rolled up and down on
the felt we landed.

Immediately the women dispersed in two directions opened. The old man in the
corner of the house flickered,they opened the way.My father came out. Her face is
flushed, her skullcap on her head crooked, in a white silk shirt, on his feet chrome
shoes. She's smiling, trying not to limp so he walked towards the bride. Coming

closer, from the bride's head took his veil.

Wow, that's my Robi sister! The hair that touched my face when I was combing the dye was really Robi sister.

Aunt Parcha!

A stranger pinches my ear.

"Keep silence!".

My sister Robi glared at me. She has changed. She has a tumor on her maskara. Her eyes were disappointed. Until regained consciousness, my father, Robi, and my sister he hugged her waist and lifted her up. Robi sister's the wrinkle on his head slipped over his shoulder. Two The curly hair is full. My father's lameness now known. One of the women stepped on the ball. Apparently, my father staggered, but did not fall. Robi sister as he picked up my sister, he slipped behind her and disappeared. The women lined up on all four sides of the house. Mohora has arrived. Abduvali and I went down to the yard.

There is a lot of running at women's weddings. Everyone cares about themselves. Someone carries. What kind of fruit is "nine-nine"? asks if you need to hit. Abduvalini in the crowd I lost. Maybe hope from the roast dumplings how did he get into the attic? When I look, it's not even here On the contrary, so is the "Black Aunt" can't see.

I went to the top of the pot. I went out on the porch. I wanted to sleep. I didn't sleep well last night. I went back and entered the house again. The women line up on all fours, each with a "nine-to-nine" touch was preoccupied with childbirth. One smiles happily, one "wow savil "turns his lips ...A woman in a pleated dress with a knot. He stopped and glanced around. Suddenly his face twisted. Pinch the boom with one hand and the other like the dome of Aunt Parcha sitting next to him punched him in the shoulder. "Shut up, Parcha!" What is the dog inside you? Aunt Parcha shrugged and laughed "ho-ho." "That's what happens when you eat mohara, sister!" "Oh, let your heart burn without eating mohair!" Go, go out in the yard!

I was stuck in the middle of the house. At this time father's coughing came from inside. I ran to the side.

-Father!

Aunt Parcha, a woman in a pleated dress forgot and hugged me. -Where are you, Muzaffar?" Shame on you, son! Why, when I was his son, I was my father's son! Pulling out of his arms When I got up, a "Black Aunt" appeared out of nowhere.

-Come on, baby," he whispered in my ear. You can't get on the chimpanzee, girgitton! You are good son! Come on, I'll give you pumpkin somsa!

"I'm going to bed, Daddy!" I said stubbornly. "I'm going to see my father!"

... Three more days in the Black aunt to lie down to hear the "whistle" of the "men" I had to. Hello, old men, bad luck ... Nobody leaves our house. My father and my sister Robbie caress me during the day and do not let me in at night.

In the end, everyone was quiet. "My Qora aunt" sat on the porch and untied the knot. He put on his mandi (traditional shoes). Robbie kissed my sister on the forehead. "Thank you, my daughter!" You have made my face light. 'the voice trembled. "Grow old, grow old," - Ow! my son... Then he kissed my forehead.

"Look, boy, your sister Robi has moved." Then never goes away. You love your sister Robi! My sister Robi followed my aunt to the door came back with red eyes ... In the evening my sister Robi made a shavla(with rise meal). I pampered my father, who ate shavla without crushing his garm. "I'm sleeping with you!"

Father Robi took one look at my sister and put it on my shoulder stumbled.

Well, son, I'm going to bed with you. Robbie, you don't sleep with my sister," I said, sobbing. My sister Robi laughed. What am I going to do with your father, Muzaffar, of course with you they lie!

For some reason, my father frowned. He wiped his hand on a towel, dug into his pocket, and read a newspaper and a cigarette took out the bag. "Don't you eat?" I said my sister Robi. You must be tired. I'm done!" Dad sighed and lit a cigarette. I did what I said anyway. Robi is my sister's house put a big space in the middle. Even the sheets on the bed also wrote. I hugged my dad — he was a familiar smoker feeling the heat and falling asleep playing with the scar on his shoulder I

stayed. In the morning, I woke up to the smell of perfume, not the smell of tobacco. My father's shoulder I scratched my hair. When I look, he is beside me. My sister Robbie is sleeping. I grabbed her hair. Father! "I'm drowning in pain." I got it. I remember hugging my dad at night have Now my dad is on the edge, I'm on the edge, My sister Robi is in the middle. Looking back at me again ... My sister Robi was instantly relieved. He hurriedly got dressed and went outside. Father hugs me wanted to take, I complained.

-Don't let my sister Robiya is sleeping with you!" I said whimsicall. -You're sleeping with me." With me! For some reason my father sighed.

-My son, don't call your sister Robi, shame on you. Yes, he said calmly. Everyone should have their mother. should be Robi your sister, you know? When left unmanaged, they can be left astray and lose the right path. What do we do next, son? It's hard to live without a mother. the cat snorts, falls from a tree and breaks your arm ... Robbie after my dad left for tea As my sister was clearing the table, she said something strange: -Then, we'll have a wedding for you, too." Immediately, Abduvali said, "Your father is getting married." I remembered. It turned out, my dad again I can't sleep! -Shall I marry you?" I said with a sigh. My sister Robi laughed so hard, tears welled up in her beautiful eyes.

Look, look again!" I said, licking. -Now! "My sister Robi smiled and went back to the box put down In the corner is a red stick with flowers came out. My sister Robbie spread the stick on her knee and looked away remained. He rubs the stick slowly. First the color faded. Then, lips began to flutter. He pressed the stick to his face, his shoulders trembled, and suddenly he felt himself threw to the ground.

-I'm helpless!" he shouted. He straightened up and pressed the stick to his chest again fell. -Forgive me!" he said, pressing the stick to his face. Mascara burst into tears in an instant. She choked as she pressed the stick to her lips cried a sad voice. -Where can I take my head?" -Both hands. He grabbed her by the scruff of the neck. "Don't fight, your house is empty!" Let your child die! "He's like a snake bite with his whole body. -She is restless, her hair is disheveled, and her eyes are watery was. I'm scared. I remember my dad saying, "If you're not a good kid, your sister

Robi will be gone. -Don't cry!" I said, hugging him. - Robi sister,don't cry, bear ...
Well, I can't sleep with my father,I'm sleeping with you ...
He hugged me as he sat down. From tears he groaned, his wet face pressed against mine. - My son Damn it, son

Chapter V

THE STORY OF ROBIA

1. The bride cries at home because she is a stranger yor-yor...(it is Uzbek traditional music.)

Usually, every girl is in the arms of her parents cries when she leaves. But a thousand cried with a light that illuminates and warms the depths of his heart will be A new life, not yet seen, but a dream imagine for a second you were transposed into the karmic driven world of earl the new, magical world of walking is sweet to the bride's tears... I'm not crying ... The car we drove from Nogaykurgan to Kotarma. It was getting dark. My mother made a car the monster didn't run across the bridge. Turning around the office we came Inside the car is a thick blanket I am wearing a shawl. On the one hand, my mother, on the other bride Fatima on my side. The women are always there says:

A horse gallops in the mountains, and I say, The bride is crying at home, saying that she is gone ...

Sitting at the front of the car, Olimjon shouted and pointed at the horse. He stops short and says "drrr" the noise of naked young men pulling ropes across the road puts: -Won't you leave the show, Auntie? My mother sighed and sighed in the dark tickles.

"Let the viewer be yours, boy!" said one chorsi, one is connected by an odmi doppi. The car squeaked again will be on its way. In the "aptakashka" coming from behind the women are at their peak: I saw a star in the sky: Golden Pile, yor-yor. The bridegroom's heart is tender and tender. I cry silently as I bend over. My mother hugging my shoulder and breathing in my ear whispers: -At least sit down

today, sweetheart child. Don't burn me ... He is sitting on the platform in the corner of the cart. Parcha sister shouts:

-Stop it, Auntie!" She cried because she missed him.

You can still see him in the hallway, tired and tired

does. "She's laughing at herself." "I'll find you a husband, auntie!".

-The same tone sounds in my ears; "The bride cries at home, she says I'm a stranger ..."

I'm really strange! Someone to my brother, to my dreams, to myself! I wonder if I'm sleeping on my own now ... without swaying in the carriage as I gather, strange thoughts come to mind. Kimsan came to this house - to my brothers' house these days, when I walk into the kitchen, there's a plate of sugar. It was one of those moody times where he would break into endless soliloquy with himself. I squeezed it in my palm and put it in my mouth and cried. I thought sugar was salt. Then I was a child: with salt I couldn't tell the shakami. Now! Filling my palm I have to eat luz, but he smiles like a sugar-soaked man. I have to get up. Why? Why?! To the human child is there a penalty more than that?

.. While the women were arguing, I caught sight of Muzaffar. My sister saw me and said, "Robi sister!" he shouted. There is only one person who is blind I shuddered. This boy is my son now. Alia to a five-year-old boy without saying, without shaking the cradle I became a mother. Surprisingly, even in Muzaffar's voice There was both surprise and joy. Why is that? I do not know. But in my heart I did not feel it before kindness or warmth awoke.

... I still wanted to make this kid happy. My mother showed Muzaffar the money she had made for the boy When I watch her happy, I feel happy too I wondered if they would light up ... How do I know! I'm sorry Did I dream that it would stick out? After all These are the flowers I sewed for my brother! After all not to Shomurod brother, but to Kimsan brother. He should have been lucky! Saying goodbye at the train station, he said, "Wait a minute. You're going to sew a crochet

hook for me! ” I will never forget the promise I made to my brother! Those crutches! Half a box! To the edge of it all letter "K", "R" is printed. Picture of a rose was put. It's just that this flower doesn't have an owner anymore. Owner is another ..

The bride cries at home, I am a stranger, for our home anymore' I was really a stranger! Someone to my brother, to my dreams to my hopes, to myself! It's funny, I am stranger to myself now.. I am swaying in the carriage, I am crying silently- I have strange thoughts. The day we came to my brothers' house, when I entered the kitchen, there was a plate of sugar. It wasn't the years of famine, I couldn't contain myself. I squeezed it in my palm and put in my mouth- she cried In pain. Think of it as sugar. Well, I was a child: I couldn't tell the difference between salt and sugar. Now- what! I have to fill my palm and eat salt-yes, I have to smile like a sugar-soaked person. Why? Why?! Is there a greater punishment for a human child? While the women were arguing, I caught sight of Muzaffar. My sister saw me and said, 'Robbie sister! He shouted. The stunned man shuddered. This boy is now my son. Without god saying, without shaking the cradle, I became a mother to five-year-old child. Surprisingly, there was both surprise and joy in Muzaffar's voice. I don't know why that happened. But in my heart I awoke a kindness and warmth that I had never felt before. Even now I wanted to make this kid happy. I wondered if I would be happy if my mother showed Muzaffar's kit she made and watched the child's joy...How do I know! Did I dream that a stick would stick in my hand? After all, these sticks should have been given to my brother Kimsan, not to Shomurod brother -! On that day, on the day of judgment, he said goodbye at the train station and said: I will never forget the promise I made to my brother! Those sticks! Half a box! The letters 'K' and 'R' are printed on the edges of all of them. There is a picture of a rose. Only those flowers no longer have an owner. The owner is another....

Don't appreciate the one don't love you! The dream of a grown girl is like a star in the sky. It shines in the distance. You try, you dream without telling anyone. You look forward to seeing your star fall. Who knows, may be that's where the saying'

the star went straight to the star' came from. My star was Kimsan my brother. He came to me. It landed on my palm. From Rashid elder brother's grave Fatima-Zuhra, when I was walking with my daughter-in-law, when I tried to hit my brother - Kimsan, when we both went to Tashkent on the wedding day of my uncle Shomurod(now my husband Shomurod brother)... I was on my way was. They tore it from my hand. Suddenly, without asking anyone. Life hadn't changed much, even though it had been a long time since the war had begun. Only salt and soap were reduced. They put – to get the bread with the card. When I go to the post office, I am saddened to see people waiting in line in front of the bakery...

Elder brother, who was standing on a wooden leg, was eagerly awaited by people, who ran to him from a distance. Every other day, either my mother or, I can't wait for elder brother to come and run to the post office. The work in the field increased. After harvesting the wheat, we started to cut the cabbage. My grandfather and the elder rode in a donkey cart in the dark of the morning. Fatima-Zuhra joins the bridges and I run to the field. Fatima- the bride endures until lunch, but as the sun goes down she becomes restless: My breasts are about to burst, hardly! My child is crying, -namely Tohir is hungry. 'Hey you are crazy' - Zuhra comforts her sister in-law. 'You are a nest of panic'. I am also mother. Fatima has been mourning since the bride cried: will she be such a father, Robiyakhan! If he sends his two sons to war with his own hands- oh! Fatima is there as the bride complains. Two weeks after someone had watched my brother, Kholposh aunt came out crying to my mother. Come on, let's go ! My darling did such a bad job. When my sons are Shakir and Zakir said that they were going to war, he took them to the military enlistment office instead of going to the courtyard. He sent it without telling anyone.- I can't even ask for anything them. My mother tried to comfort her: warm your breath, turn around. This' wedding' that came to the country. Look, someone's gone too! I am sitting and handing it over you...' Your honor is gone. One day you were fed up. My old man didn't even say goodbye! I said 'have you been hunting for so long? I said , I have raised a boy with a belt around his waist! Is stretched. Apparently, Fatima's daughter-in-law

can't stand her husband's sudden departure for war. Zuhra comforts her sister-in-law –Don't be ungrateful, Fotima. The letter has arrived! Both are healthy. 'We are learning to drive a tank', he wrote. What about you Fatima is hostile to her sister in law. In the meantime, I was hurt... I feel it. Fatima's daughter-in-law wants to say, you don't have a heavy ligament in your back, you didn't suffer from childbirth, I have two...' Zuhra, the bride, also understands her sister's scolding. Her thin lips trembled. Anyway, Zuhra is telling the truth. These are ungrateful, Shokir and Zokir brother came together. They are healthy. If anyone is from my brother, there is no letter or message. I returned home at midnight that day as usual. In the barn, a cow was sniffing, and in the kitchen, where the dim light was flickering, I could see my mother's black eyes. He felt me enter the yard with some kind of intuition. He picked up the seventh lamp and jumped onto the porch. His face was dim in the light of the lamp he was holding. The blackness of my mother, who was squirming in the standing kitchen, was striking. He felt me enter the yard with some kind of intuition. He picked up the seventh lamp and jumped onto the porch. In the light of the lamp in his hand, I saw that his face was shining and he was smiling- I ran to him.' Did he come'? I said, my heart is pounding. I will tell you later! My mother put the lamp onto the table, forgot about the 'joy' and went to the shelf. The triangle held the letter in my hand. Elder brother brought. Bless your life! Read, my daughter, read aloud! I snatched the letter. My hands trembled, and the words written in my pen were like blood leaping in the light of a lamp.'Let me know as soon as possible this letter was sent to my father, my mother, Robiya, who was laughing in the beautiful Nogaykurgan village of Tashkent. My heart leaped when I saw him), a longing greeting from one of you. I am healthy. We are training near Shymkent. It's not known when we will go to the front. I will write another letter...' - is it over? Said my mother, looking me In the eye. 'That's right...' My mother squealed. Hurry up, get your stomach full first.... Thankfully, my baby is healthy. I brought the lamp home and sat down to write a letter, and there was another cow in the barn. From the other side I heard my mother moaning: - she pulled out her milk. It looks like a sack that encloses with a drawstring. Your

grandfather doesn't even catch his tail. Is it a pity to lie down in the field?.. I don't have any complaints about the pain. My legs hurt a lot. I can't stand it. Should I take badger oil from the doctor Kamil... It's interesting that my mother's leg has never been sore so far... When I heard the name of the doctor Kamil, I thought of Achilboy , who was holding a letter in his hand in the dark. The whole Nogaykurgan was homeless- he was walking in this elevator and wearing glasses. Will he at least die if he goes out into the field? Silently, his brother Olimjon doesn't rest from morning till night. He works at the same level as adults. Are you writing?! Write, say it's good you didn't go war. The prayer of all of us is that we are doing our best, and the war will be over until you practice. They haven't called my uncle yet. Zahid married his black son. Remember that we are feeding a ram and we want to slaughter it under your feet when you come. My mother said everything at once and went down to the yard again. This letter...' I had just begun to write. My grandfather's voice called 'ishsh'. my mother stood in the barn and shouted: Give me joy, father, the letter has arrived! Aksakal brother blessed by Umrigina, gave the top with his own hands. Yes, where, Robbie, read! Said my grandfather pushing him out on the dark porch. My letter room was half empty again. I had to go out on the porch, carrying a lamp in one hand and a triangular letter in the other. My grandfather didn't touch the food on the table until someone read my brother's letter. After hearing it all, he turned to my mother, who was sitting across from me.' Didn't I tell you?' He teaches first. Teaches -how to grind teeth. Wherever anyone throws, the child who falls with the cherry! You see . A month or two later, the message came:' Kimsan Husanov is a hero. This day The representative said: while the volunteers will come soon and they may become hero. Hero! I wish you would come sooner, said my mother dreamily. My grandfather waved, 'Hey, what do you understand?' He looked at me as he drank the soup in a hurry. "You don't need a lamp"! You should continue to write your letter. I went back into the house. My grandfather was heard shouting, "Thanks be to god for what he has created." We are going to tomorrow. We dig carrots. Then my mother and I somehow lowered our voices and started whispering. At first I

was busy writing letters, but I didn't care- I listened to my grandfather's words: what's the matter, young man?' it was my mother's voice.' They say we will see a wedding , too!' Not many people, it turns out- yes!' you are a woman anyway!'- my grandfather seemed to be angry, he raised his voice and shouted. – A woman's hair is long and her mind is short. Your neck, hair and mind are short!, Well, if you know what! Do you have horns? Did you pass your daughter? My mother lowered her voice and said something. Suddenly I was overwhelmed. I dropped the letter and went out on the porch, carrying a lamp. Wow, did you write that? Said my mother with an embarrassed smile.' Bless you, my daughter, have a cup of tea'. I put the lamp on the table and went to the kitchen. It took a long time for me to shave off the cooled teapot and boil it .When I came to pick up the teapot, the old woman was still advising me on something. "Bless you, my daughter!" said my grandfather, taking the cup he handed me. God bless you! The two stared at each other in silence. Outside, a donkey snorts, a cow snorts in the barn... My mother smiles helplessly. 'Grandpa, that you know the doctor's son- huh, what's his name- huh? Achilboy! Poor mother, she's breaking down our front. If he carries a knot six times! My daughter is still young, we are not ready for the wedding, I would say. Time is running out, he says, seeing the wedding is a trophy. I stared at my mother's mouth. Why don't we prepare. One of our daughters, not our property, but our lives. If destiny has added. My grandfather looked at me out of the corner of his eye. ' Of course, when Kimsan was his brother, he would be the head of the wedding'. I shuddered when I heard my brother's name. I jumped up. The teapot fell on the table and spilled on my feet. My kness ached. Flying like a bullet, I entered a dark house- she threw to the ground. Immediately my mother appeared in my head. Woe is me!' Woe is me', she said, trembling. Did you burn badly? Oh, show me! I screamed as I punched thick felt – Not need! Not need! Please Go out . My mother stroked my face and put my head on my knees.' Did it burn badly? 'where is the wound? No need', I said again.' Shall I hit my head?' My mother was stunned. Don't say that, my daughter, I begged. 'what can I do, my girl ?' There is a girl who is fate-to get marry and live happy life - eveyone's life is like

that . I think of my happiness after I became your mother- yes, my dear child. The last word sounded like a verdict- well, I jumped out of his arms. Are you scolding me for feeding you?' I said , shaking my head. That's it, I am leaving! I am leaving your house! My mother stared at me for a long time in surprise. He signed deeply in the dark. ' My dear girl ', she said, shaking her head . I am lucky to be in the world because of you and Kimsan. I want to see your wedding too... she says it again- oh! I covered my face with my palms. Avoid! I shouted. I can't see that! My grandfather's nervous voice came through the door.

"Love is not a sin!"

Autumn came early. Digging potatoes left in the rain. Perhaps both the autumn and the rainy season had begun in time, and we had to prolong the work ourselves, as there were no males left on the Kolkhoz. It has been raining non-stop for three days. The field has turned into a swamp. If you go to pavilion, to the ethics stick a clay chip and pull it out with your foot he says. My grandfather knows what he's doing. Same thing as butter cuts, carefully discard the hoe and doesn't damage the potatoes. It is very hard to dig potatoes, but picking up them is harder than digging. If you pull out the batter, it is mixed with the potatoes mud comes out. Fortunately, the harvest is plentiful. But out of the mud your hand is paralyzed until you separate the potatoes remains. Rain dripping from the cotton collar makes you angry. At midnight, at the beginning of the procession, Umar Zakunchi appeared. People immediately bowed to the ground. The steaming horse came close, covered in mud. Like tannins trying not to infect the foot of the giraffe the tail wags. Every step of the way mud splashes on his tail when pressed. In the morning Zakunchi is seems to have been running since, the lizard's hooves are white bubbly. It will not be delayed as before. The legislator himself is in a state of shock, as if he had fallen from his nose, her eyes are sunken. The lightning bolt on his head is we tand it looks like a cat's skin ...

"Don't hunt!" he said, pulling the reins. The horse snorted and snorted. His feet sunk in the mud exhausted. The wife's aunt called her "healthy" from the sidelines

continued. "Don't be idle, gentlemen!" You see, our potatoes are raining down on the enemy. Umar shook the reins of his horse and walked towards my grandfather walked. Both Jiron and his shashlik are not the same high. It's hard for this poor guy. If he doesn't have a wife, If he doesn't have children ... Yes, I used to hate Zakunchi. The man was scared never love someone. Are you scared - you can't believe it. You don't believe it, you hate it. Since the beginning of the war, Omar's law has changed the rest True, he still knocks on the door before dawn. But now He does not say, "... you are depressed. "Comrades" He is leaving, "he explains. Interesting, one sentence in other words, the effect is two fold. Now people have become quite accustomed to Zakunchi. There was no gossip during the president's tenure. As a lawyer, he took bribes. He fled to the village when he was under siege. the courtyard in Kokand, where the girl did not come out. He left it. "No! Arif was right. The lawyer knew what he was doing. In the next three or four months has changed a lot: being more kind to people remained. He has not threatened anyone yet. He went to my grandfather and jumped off the cliff. Hirom shoes sank into the mud.- How are you?, Husan aka! said the whip. Keep an eye out for them as they hang out with my grandfather. I will hand over to the tribunal the man who stuck a potato like a bean on his lip. "Take it easy!" "My grandfather was sticking mud. "re-slip the sledgehammer handle clutched. "Our people are not without religion, "That's what you say!" "Umar's lawful pants. "Took a shiny box out of his pocket". He rubbed his ear and used the reins of a horse that was kicking mud he drew a match. - What does religion do?! A woman half in the Sixth Brigade I grabbed a bag of turnips while they were dying. Why did you steal it? At the front, our young men are dying, and this lady died for the cow! He rode angrily. - Be careful. Potatoes in a bucket heavier than clay. I turned the basket over. Olimjon is shaking next to the mattress. The mud has been frozen since morning, poor thing. Take off your coat with both hands put it under your armpits and wipe the mud. From the shawl on his head dirty paint is dripping on his face. This is a ten-year-old boy I am amazed at his charm. Equal to adults works. He harvests potatoes. heavy rubbed the mattress carries it in a cart. We have two cars.

One of them the rizvan cart of the kolkhoz, one of my grandfather 's donkey. One goes to the warehouse with a load, the other comes. "Did you eat cold, Olimjon?" I said sadly. -Well, it doesn't do anything. "Don't be cold, sister!" "With a palm of clay. "came close, wiping his face from the rain. -We got it! "She said in a voice as thin as a child's. But at once he shouted with joy: Brother! As I hurriedly lifted the back of the stretcher, five or six potatoes fell to the ground with anger. When I look straight ahead, Achil is next to Olimjon brother stands. At the beginning of the porch wide hat, cloak. The color of his shoes is indistinguishable as the mud has passed. But sometimes white appears to be. Trinkka's pants were sunk to the knee. "Don't worry!" "She said it cheerfully. "He wanted to say that his voice was fake, unreliable came out. Take off your rain-soaked glasses and rubbed against the collar of his cloak. He had it in his ear, and his spectacles seemed to be getting darker and darker. He blinked and smiled. "Aren't you tired?" - Thank you, since you asked! I said stiffly. Add the spilled potatoes to the mattress I threw. "Raise it, Olimjon! "Achil hurriedly handed over his glasses. "No," he said, shaking his head. "I'm looking. "I'm here, Robiyakhan, let's go! The scholar smiles as if thanking for his deliverance, there was a look in his eyes that said, "Look, sister, that's our brother." Sending a suitor I still remember the pain he caused me. I was calm. I'm waiting for my brother's letter, and I'm going to climb the thorns at night, so that this man can send a suitor ?!Whatever you call a man, let it all go to war let someone get married. What? I said, holding my palm to my ear. -Excuse me, did you say something? He smiles even more embarrassed. Sunglasses faded in the rain. "I'm here to look," he said, his thin lips trembling. "No!" We want to help the poor you're welcome Don't hurry, now ...So pick up the old bucket and go to the back I ran looking. I'd like to have my hands frozen. I did not. Bring the bucket to the mattress. Then I immediately ran to the back. Olimjon wonder often rubs the boom on the sleeve of his coat. His brother looks like he's in a theater stands. The mattress is full. The last bucket of potatoes didn't fit on the mattress fell. Peel a squash, grate it and squeeze the juice. I placed it and held the handle on the back: "Oh, we got it! "I blinked as I picked up the stretcher gone. My back hurt.

Gathering all my strength, I shouted at the top of my voice:- Let's go! One hundred and thirty steps to the car! I know for sure. It was a hundred and ten paces from the other side. He is with a pile. Twenty paces apart, one hundred and thirty steps! This is Olimjon's step. Now, if we walk faster, we will reach a hundred steps! Oh my god, don't be shy 'Give me strength! Someone's my brother boots big, hit my ankles and hurt. Well, I can stand it! I just don't want to fall! My hand she says he's going to break up. What I did was put six pounds on the mattress I think the load has increased? It didn't work. Mayli! I was surprised. I will endure, I will endure. May my nest endure! The man he loves is a sucker for a bleeding girl Let him know what it's like to send. 'I'm stuck! Achil brother is saying I'm getting stronger. I see the porch water flowed from his neck leaking from the back of his wide hat falling. Her hands began to tremble. The shoulders of his cloak were wet. Feet is playing!

At one point, he stopped. I can barely walk I stood up and pushed the mattress with my jaw. "Where?" Yes! He looked over his shoulder and smiled shyly. "My shoes ..." he said slowly. "It's down. "I have no shoes on my left foot, his socks are sinking in the mud. "Didn't you have shoes?" I said from the trunk rotten "Well, you'll be wearing boots again. "The scientist picked up a shoe that was stuck in the mud. When he came to the stretcher, Achil aka jerked: "Go and do your job! "Finally, we reached a cart full of half-potatoes and oxen drowsy in the rain. I straightened up as we laid the mattress on the floor. Even then, I didn't want to be idle. "Can't you turn the mattress over?" "Now!" "He's on a mat full of potatoes. "sat down He sighed. It's a sin to open your mouth like a fish without color like a child who's scared to do anything he was smiling sadly. He turned to me as he took one of the shoes that the scholar had brought."Robiyakhan," he sighed, "did you return the gift?"- What? I stared at him as if I didn't understand anything, and laughed. "Hey, sucker?" Kimsan brother what did you mean. Did you remember? In the spring ... when you give a letter."Robiyakhan ..." He looked me in the eye through his glasses.I stared at him and shouted: "Oh, wait!" People eat potatoes! He jumped up and down. He rubbed the potatoes on the mat as if to keep it clean.

"I'm sorry, Robiyakhan," he said. Take off your glasses put it in his pocket. He took off his hat as he lay in the rain. Steam was rising from the head. He blinked his lashes and stared at me. "Robia," he said slowly, "forgive me too. "I wanted to be a writer, as I know. I ...I would love to know ... Those who taught us too ..."How do you know? Who is he talking about? Ha-a! My dad! "My heart pounded. My dad! Where are you now?! Maybe he got into a fight? I wish I could! I wish my father was as good as my brother. But with my head held high in front of people. The prosecutor Khojakulov, that wart, I was scolded at school for being cold. I told the teacher's wife, "I'm innocent because of you, my father was imprisoned. He dropped out of school because of you I saw that my father was not an enemy. He's a hero. "Achil brother, even though he doesn't like his eyes, he is sad felt the rest of me. "Robia," he pleaded ... "I ... I ..." he said thin lips trembled. - I love you ... For a long time ... I'm in so much pain! I turned my face away in silence. "No, I'm telling you the truth, Robiyakhan!" "She's gone. "He continued in a hurry, as if afraid of my stay. -It's not wrong to love, is it? Olimjon, who was wrapped in a blanket, was never there. He smiled at his brother and at me, not understanding why. He sniffed. "Agree with me!" said Achil brother suddenly. There was a calm in his voice. "I'm leaving tomorrow," he said, putting on his glasses and putting them on my face took a look. Slowly turning to his brother's shoulder throwing shoes, slippers on one foot, socks on the other, into the darkness of the evening absorbed. I was shocked. It's still raining, my back hurts, my palms ache, it's already day the smell of snow was coming from the sky, which was threateningly red as it sank.

“Either bring me, or you are supposed to kill me.”

My soul felt totally empty. I did not wish to see anyone, It seemed that somebody beat me, and my body had so much pain. When I came home, there was dark everywhere. Perhaps, my mother had gone to Aunt Xolposh's.

After switching on the lamp, I sat on the coverlet for a while. The lamp which has old wick was cracking and raining outside. My body was shocking. As if the whole world, even me, got damp inside. I was willing to think nothing. Plenty of dirty potatoes on the ground, uncle Ochil who was going in the condition of lifting a barrow, Olimjon who was sniffing his nose, they were coming to my vision one by one. Then, brother Kimsan appeared, he was smiling. It is two months since I wrote letter. Interesting. Where is he supposed to be right now? Maybe he would pull the trigger of the rifle lying on the same damp or dirty place as here. Perhaps, there may be already snowing. Snow is better than mud. Although it is cold, he would not be in the mud.

As long as, we finished to dig out potatoes, we would start late cabbage. It is said that cabbage soup is given in the army. The cabbage I picked might be given to brother Kimsan. No sooner I think of food, than I noticed I was hungry. We had fried potatoes in the afternoon. It is dream to cook soup and pilov with full of mutton. That would be alright even when we have enough to wear old clothes! May the war end up soon. Brother Kimsan would come soon.

Suddenly, Aunt Parcha started the conversation in a hurry: 'Black letter for Rahim from Dombirobod village was sent recently. Stink scolded from Abzi so long who brought the letter written such bad news. After that she began mourning for her only child.

'Black letter' ... That word is used a lot nowadays. Interesting, why there is none of information about brother Kimsan? What if being drunk, the postman Rashid might have dropped the letter which was arrived earlier? No way, Grandpa said he

gave up drinking since the war began. Was he dead? He always brought if the letter was sent.

What is wrong with my back? Why so much frustration was needed? So heavy load I lifted. What did he say?

'Thank you, tomorrow I will leave', did he say? I was being such vain to make a fuss for no reason either. He was right, it is not a guilt to love someone. What else did he say about? He talk about my father from deep of his heart. If my father was also in the war , he has a chance to meet brother Kimsan. But could they recognize each other? I am so surprised. Why is there nothing about my mother? Hasn't she come from the field yet? Oh, no they went to the brigade in the brush wood. It is close. Already come. She visited to aunt Xolposh's. There's a rite of passage that when sister-in-laws joined together they would make a long conversation to help one another. I must get up otherwise ,once my eyes close I sleep deeply. How cold is it? Probably it is going to snow. Would I make a fire in tancha¹? Wait, has the cow been milked?

No, impossible not to get up! Soon my grandfather will come. If I do not warm the meal he will be upset. I got up on my feet hardly raising my aching back . I looked at jugs they were both full of milk. It obvious that my mother milked the cow. Surprisingly, why does not it moo? Or is it choked surrounding with its string?

Hiding the glass of the torch with my shawl I went to the yard. It was still raining slowly, smell of snow became more obvious. The cow lying on the corner of cowhouse got up in a hurry when it had seen the light of the torch. It looked there with its glittering eyes. Mud was covered on its whole back.

I entered the kitchen carefully holding the torch. I opened the pot and saw nothing inside it. Oh, everyday grandfather's and my portion used to be there. Then I considered that the hearth had not been used. I started to panic. Something has happened! No matter what my mom always made at least one spoon meal. She did not today, not switch on the torch, she was not here as well! Maybe brother Kimsan was...

I got shocked by the terrible idea came to my mind. I put the torch in front of the hearth and ran to the yard quickly. I had to meet with the head of a village as fast as I can.

I could even breathe in a panic, and ran to the road side door. My hair was already wet, and my jacket was stuck to my shoulder, I was irritated because my shoes were dirty with the mud. However, I got on my mind only one thing ' Nothing might have happened'.

When I was going through the mud road, someone appeared with a fur robe. It was impossible to distinguish whether man or woman. It was a shadow that is not so tall like turned jug. The shadow stopped only ten steps left .

-Sister Yobiya! -said in a thin voice.

I recognized after hearing the voice and I my heart got warmed. Fotima bride's daughter.

-Are you Popuk? asked coming closer. -Is my mom at yours.

-Yes, she was. said little girl looking over the collar of the robe. - Grandma said that her sister-in-law went to her brother's house. Her brother is going to the war. My Grandma and your mother were going to Kotarma.

It was so hard to understand the little girl as she spoke with naughtiness. It is exact that uncle Shomurod is about to go to the war. My mom went to Kotarma.

Until I focus on the girl has gone far away.

-Stop,Oypopuk!- I called out, I bring you home. Do not walk in the dark.

The little girl stopped. She turned her huge body and looked.

I don't fear, bye, sister Yobiya! - said again with naughtiness.

I stood under the rain for a while. My heart felt better. I understood why all those happened. So everything was alright. Nothing bad about brother Kimsan. But, at that moment bride Rano appeared on my mind. I hated myself. Bride Rano! A half and six months bride. What is going to happen to her ? What does she do lonely ?

After entered the yard,standing sadly, there was a donkey hee-hawed. My grandpa's donkey was different years ago. It started braying so loudly in order

everybody to hear as 'look we are coming'. Now it is different. It moans shortly and stops.

At the moment when I pour water to my grandpa's hands whose robe was wet, he started to investigate and asked few questions not looking at me.

-Where is your mother?

Once I told him that I had heard from Oypopuk, he sighed.

Do not you fear alone? You would better sleep in granpa Oqsoqol.

That meant - 'I am going'.

I really wanted to support my bride Ra'no. She might be crying.

'I would rather go with you - I begged. - In the morning I would go to the field.

Two of us were on the way.

Granpa was stepping over mud faster and faster as he was annoyed with his short height. Although, he is short, he is strong as a huge rock. It is impossible to pull the rock out the ground at the same time It is impossible to pull my grandfather out the ground as well.

He was going in a hurry and a little nerve, he did not slip. It would be the end after when we past the Alvasti bridge. Not far from there. But, I couldn't help going over the bridge. There was a noisy and dark as hell ravine when we reached near that bridge. I could have stepped grandpa's toe but I hardly control my balance.

My grandpa began call out negatively after arriving on the railway since he slipped by the little rocks.

-Oh my... It is too much! It is snowing.

By the Panic of the Alvasti bridge, I didn't notice the cold snow spark falling to my face. Railway patterns was sparkling in a blur, light of the crossing was glimmering red. When my eyes on the light by chance, I saw snow was getting thicker.

Borijon was still babbling down...

The ground got whiter until we reached Kotarma after going out of mysterious rustling nut wood. Trees which were on the road side likely gave up to cruelty of nature and bended sadly their head down. Thin snow covered the samonsuvoq¹

roofs. Everywhere was silent. The houses in Kotarma are not so close to each other as those in our village. One is here, another is there. Uncle Shomurod's house is the last one. The house surrounded with two short mud bricks. The house is detached with the wall because there is not window outside. Only three tall mud bricks. Gutters are standing on some parts of the roof.

When we came closer to the small door, a horse tied to a nut tree neighed and splash the saliva of its mouth. Umar lawyer's horse. Thus, he came here to say goodbye to my uncle as well. Although, uncle Shomurod works at textile, he is the man of the village. Indeed, the head of the village acted humanely! My grandpa and I entered the house one by one. Burning fire was seen from the open door of the kitchen. Shadow acting continuously that I recognized that was my mother from distance. She was digging the boiler without stopping.

Grandpa turned into the room where men's voice coming. After I went into the kitchen, I saw bride Rano who was leaning on the old, dirty column and crying. Her velvet jacket which was worn on a white dress bordered up on her breast, it could show up her figure. On her preplexed hair snow was shining under the fur kerchief.

-Don't be sad like this, bride! - my mom calmed her spinning the scoop. It can be a bad superstition, Ranokhon! That's a disaster for all. Don't worry, dear.

-No need for this disaster! -Bride Rano turned to my mom with full of tears in her eyes. -What am I going to do?! What will I do in that huge house alone!

Having put the scoop on the boiler, hugged bride Rano.

Don't be ungrateful, my dear. There is a hand, there is a country. Here we are. My mother suddenly looked at me and was overjoyed.

"Yes, your sister!" said Rano, as if to relieve her mother-in-law. Here is Robiya. It comes. Come every day. you are my daughter. My daughter-in-law turned to me. A flame of fire was coming down from the furnace, and my face, which was red with tears, seemed to be green again.

-Don't cry!- I said, hugging him. Sweet scent struck to my breath.

Damn my forehead! he said, his lips trembling. Stop it, bride! You see, the war is coming to an end. The moon will come and go. My mother looks out the kitchen door at the porch.

That's it, daughter, that's it, 'she said, lowering his voice.

- You will be disappointed. That's it! Uncle Shomurod coughed from the side of the Ayvan, and it was heard. First my mother, then I walked in that direction. My uncle stopped in the middle of the porch with a lantern on the shelf and looked in that direction. for some reason he was smiling. As I approached, he came to the porch and leaned over and kissed my forehead.

-Wow! You're a big girl, 'she said with a laugh,I wish I could have missed your original wedding! It smells more bitter than a drink hit.

Embarrassed, I looked back. Don't miss your wedding again! Ut laughed and threatened with his finger. I came myself

-I'll pass, okay?

-Would we have a wedding without me, brother! My mother came out and handed some knot on the shelf to my uncle -Take, put it in your bag. Put it in a designated place, don't forget. What is this? My uncle is still smiling at my mother.

-Dry! said my mother solemnly.

Milkshake of Galanska cow. Eat half yourself, give half to Kimsan, okay? Kimsan loved Kashk. Probably missed. Well, sister, of course, Kimsan's share. I bring him exactly! - My uncle comforted my mother. - -Do not worry. I'll hand it over to him. I noticed that he was facing the kitchen, not my mom or me. Women with knots appeared at the street door. My mother, not knowing who she was in the dark, talked to her and ran there...

- "Wow, let's go around!" Come on, you're busy ... I went back to the kitchen, not knowing what to do. Rana wanted to encourage my daughter-in-law and say something. No, my daughter-in-law was not seen in the kitchen. The big pot boiled and foamed. I was about to go out into the yard,

sucking on the foam of the salt pan, when outside, beyond the kitchen wall, came the voice of my daughter-in-law Rano.

You wanted to. I know. You are about to go to war.

"Stop it, don't cry, my dear." What can I do, like a pilgrim girl, to make people look ugly! All men are at war, you know, at war...

I could hear my daughter-in-law sobbing.

- "What, Aren't you needed here?"

If nobody needs you, you need me. You know? -

"I know, Rano, I know!" I do it because I know. The sooner the war ends, the better. good for you, too.

Silence fell. Fearing to frighten them

, I was sitting at the top of the oven while clutching the bucket.

I sat down without drowning.

-Look at me, Rano, 'said Uncle Shomurod, lowering his voice. "Honestly, aren't you feeling to eat something bitter, huh?" "Hey, go away!"

Eat half yourself, give half to Kimsan, okay? Kimsan loved to dried milk. Probably missed .

-Well, sister, of course, I take Kimsan's share! – My uncle calmed to mother. – Do not worry. I'll hand it over to him. "Wow, let's go around" Come on, you're busy....

Went back to the kitchen not knowing what to do. Rana wanted to encourage my daughter-in-law was not seen in the kitchen. The big pot boiled and foamed. I was about to go out into the yard, sucking on the foam of the salt pan, and outside, beyond the kitchen wall, I heard the voice of my daughter-in-law

- "You wanted to." I know. You are about to go to war.

- "Stop it, don't cry, my dear". What can I do, like a pilgrim girl, to make people look ugly! All men are at war, you know, at war...

I heard my daughter-in-law sobbing

“What, don’t you need it here?” I don’t need anyone if you don’t have cancer, you know? “I know Rano, I know!” I do it because I know. The sooner the war ends, the better. I’m fine with you, too.

Silence fell. Afraid to frighten them, he grabs the bucket at the top of the oven I sat down without squatting.

“Look at me, Rano,” said Uncle Shomurod, lowering his voice. “Honestly, aren’t you feeling sad?”

“No, tell truth. If so my uncle lower his voice again. If it’s a boy, name it Muzaffar, well, do you know what Muzaffar means? It means winner. Do you understand what victory means?”

They were silent again. The pot starts to simmer to simmer louder. Sparks of snow flew into the kitchen from the hole in the wall where my uncle and daughter-in-law’s voices could be heard, and melted in the oven without falling to the floor.

“Escape!” You always do that when you don’t like it. “Now my daughter-in-law Rana’s voice was masculine, not painful”.

-Really disappointed....

-No! Rano raised my daughter-in-law’s voice. “I said no!”

Something went wrong, and my uncle gasped.

-Rano! -Don’t stick...shit!

Shortly after my daughter-in-law Rano sighed she was heard crying.

-I can’t stand, you hear, I can’t stand, without you! –With his palm so he doesn’t scream he sighed, as if his mouth had been blocked.

My uncle Shomurod sighed again. -Rano,- he said slowly, -my dear!

-Take away! -Rano from my daughter-in-law's throat a muffled shout erupted.-
Take away The laundry of the soldiers I wash the rot.I'm cooking !I will bandage
the wound! –Take away, dear.

-Rano! Out of nervousness, my uncle's voice came out loud and sharp."Stop it
now"

-Take away!-My daughter-in-law Ra'no begged and begged.

-Rano, are you crazy? Get up! That's all –the whole was wet.

-Let it be!- My daughter-in-law Rana's voice is threatening rang.-Take away ! You
either take me or kill me. Kimsan on the porch cleared his throat. Umar zakunchi's
voice was heard louder:

-Where did you go our soldier?

-Get up, Rano, get up, my dear! They are calling me. Behind the hole, my
daughter-in-law Rano whispered in a low but full voice:

-Damn your face! Where did this fake come from. They will not be left alone on
this day either.

My uncle went to the porch in front of the kitchen door. Silence fell again. The
fire in the furnace(o'choq)subsided. I'm afraid to get up if I want to throw
firewood. Once upon a time scream came from the side of the house where the
men were sitting. Apparently, when my uncle Shomurod came back, Umar joked
that my uncle's colleagues at the factory suddenly latched out loud. My daughter-
in-law Rana put a bunch of cups on her side and went into the kitchen. His face
was sad ,his hair was sticking out from under the scarf ,his shoulders were covered
with snow-covered mud. Imaginatively he placed the bowls on the hearth and sat
on the cut wood. He stared at one point. He looked like an angel, a white....

My mother slept my uncle's home. My grandfather and I set off in the morning. A
pinch of snow covered the thatched roofs. For some reason, I liken the first
snowfall to the death of a long-sick person. The patient clung to his bed, handed

over his deposit at the end of the revolution, and his face lit up calmly, as I thanking him that he had been saved from the sufferings of this world. The ground, which had been crushed by the pain of the rain for a week, was finally wrapped in a white shroud and calmed down. The cabbage is silent. Only on the walnut grove near Bo'rijar do crows crow. As he prepares for the coming winter with his sword sharpened, he announces the onset of the bitter cold and celebrates. The ravens' luck ran out.

CHAPTER VI

“QORA AUNT” THE STORY

THE STAR MATCHED THE STAR

Ra'nokhan clung to my daughter-in-law Shomurod like a naked bean. When he got to the station, he grabbed her by the neck. Wherever he lets go. Alone “take me too”, he begs. My heart is pounding as I remember saying goodbye to someone here. How much can I do? I comforted my daughter-in-law.

-Don't cry and watch your husband go on a trip, it will be bad, -I said. I wish I could!

Early in the autumn, which limbs had been swollen, went to the station to see my son-in-law. The sick woman sat on the tram, and from then on she was speechless. Between the two, my nest is heartbreaking.

-My son Shomurod spoke well and badly If I agree, I feel, you come I don't think so.. Anyway, Umar is a lawyer. He was the one who called the car in the morning and took it to the station. My quad(relative)had complained, and he was angry.

-The mother-in-law of a soviet soldier said that would not be the case.

Ranakhan has nothing to do with anyone. She does not want to divorce her husband. If it weren't for the pork belly girmon without separating the meat from the claws, these sufferings wouldn't have happened! As the train was about to leave, I saw Kamil the doctor and his wife in the crowd. Lazakat cried

uncontrollably and swelled. He was biting Achilboy I was unaware of my own worries. I said must be upset that I returned the gift. No, Lazakat hugged me and cried. -My boy didn't like anything nearby! What is going on now?

"Don't say that, - Kamil doctor comforted his wife - Achilboy is saintly boy. Saintly person doesn't suffer, there is such a thing as justice, Allah existent. Poor Lazakat shouted even worse:

- Does war know justice?" - Anyway. There's something called truth.

... When I looked after the train left, Ranakhan's condition was bad.

- Stay with your mother arms for 3 or 4 days - I said.

That's right, at least their mood will be rise. In addition, she helps her sick mother. The chairman also apparently felt Ranakhan's condition, at least did not say no. He put the mother and child in a cart and took them to their home - Yangi mahalla (name of a village)

Komil doctor, Lazakat, and I set off in the snow.

From time to time Lazakat complains, - "My son's eyes are didn't see good, what will happen now?" Komil doctor was walking on in silence with equanimity and staring up at the snowy sky time to time. The sun has set before we reached Nogaykurgan.

In the morning, I have put on my boots without socks so my feet got froze because of getting wet. When I get home there is no one. Apparently my husband and Robiya went to the field, and our cow is making loud noise. I rushed out into the yard hurriedly. Although we picked the corns at the wayside of the vineyard, we could not pick the stalks yet. I pulled out two hugs of stalks in the snow. I gave it to the cow and to the sheep. I wanted to bake bread, but I immediately changed my mind. We have a sack of flour and three big pitchers of oats left. My husband was strictly appointed: "You have to be careful with the flour, even more difficult days are coming." True, we had a lot of wheat and oats that we saved for the dark days.

When Ergash Selsovet and Umar Zakunchi came and said, "We need help in the war," my husband took 2 sacks of wheat, a sack of oats, and a sack of walnut mixed dried fruits to the office in a cart. Apparently it was getting cold earlier in the war areas, so we handed over all our hot clothes. My son Kimsan's boots, cap and my husband's new cotton chopon - all of them... When hears the words "help in the war", no one throws himself back. But there are those who run away from the loan and hide when the debtor comes. Then the Arif Aqsaqal (traditionally an Aksakal is a leader of a village) did what the Sol sovet Zakunchi could not do. He went into everyone's house one by one.

- Hey, do you have a belt around your waist? Our guys are sinking in the snow there, you're lying in the heat here - he shouted - how you taken care of shoes now, you idiot. Then those who did like that took what they found.

The elder also took off the shoes he was wearing on his feet.

- I won't die even if I walk barefoot! The winter is not cold in Tashkent!

He said such things but then had dug potatoes up for three days in the rain, and his old pain had recurred, his back ached. My husband goes out every day to check his friend's condition...

So I wanted to bake bread then, I remembered my husband's words and came back from my intention. I'd better cook goja!(traditional meal) If I grind half a bowl oats, it will be a pot of meal!

I went into the kitchen and was grinding corn, and it was as if there was a knock on the street door. I ran out. No, no one is visible ... My heart felt uneasy when I saw some traces like a coin in the snow. Wooden footprint! Rashid abzi's (sobriquet) leg! I ran to the head of the street in a hurry. There is no one...

It turned out that Abzi came to our door. So there is news from my son Kimsan! When did he come! Is it now? Earlier? If Rashid abzi has just came, why did he leave without waiting for me? Suddenly bad thoughts came to my mind. These who used to run to him when they saw are now afraid of him. Any door that Abzi

knocks is expected to have either feast or mourn. People call him "misfortune" from behind him.

No!, I will go! I'm going to the post office now! I ran through the snow.

Rashid Abzi's post office is on the road - next to the Soviet Union. The post office was locked when I arrived. There are traces like a coin on the stairs of the post office which like under our grate. It turned out that Abzi had not returned yet. So he is still delivering letters. I will wait! I'll wait until he came!

I pushed the snow down the stairs with my foot and sat down then looked around. The snow has stopped, but there were still poisonous sparks in the air.

Across the street, in front of a bakery, a crowd of people is queuing up at the shop window. There are scarf-clad women, hat-wearing people, young children with torn boots on their feet. Everyone is pale...

It's hard! It is very difficult for these poor people. We are still alive, living our lives. We have flour and oat even if it is a handful. Even if we eat boiled beets we will not starve. But these people! There is no any wheat, there is no any cow! Yeah, by the way, it was good to having a cow. Like a bull for me either. Yes, Milk has tax, wool has tax oil also has tax. And so, that is enough for we could have survived from the winter with this cow.

As I sat imagining, suddenly someone screamed loudly in front of the bakery like the Day of doomsday came.

Kimsan shouted, - "Hold on!" Catch the thief!

At that moment a woman's world-destroying voices fulfilled the world.

- O my God! My bread! My bread stolen!

I was scared. I saw a nine- or ten-year-old boy jumping out of the crowd and running in that direction. There is half a bread in his hand. The torn hat on his head was lop-sided. His feet wearing torn shoes are turned red from the cold. He

runs as fast as he can and he puts the bread in his mouth with both hands at the same time. That woman came after the boy and catch him from his shoulders.

My bread! He stole my orphans bread! She shouted.

He grabbed the boy's shoulder and slapped him on his ear, and the boy bent down. The woman stuck to the bread. The boy did not let go of the bread. He began to chew and swallow greedily. Five or six people came to the help. A taller man had clenched a fist, and the boy's hat flew over and landed in the snow. People crowded soon. So many people are beating that poor boy but the kid doesn't care. He bent down and ate the bread. When I looked, they were killing that boy. I screamed and jumped into the crowd.

- Hey, do you have conscience, you're going to kill this poor boy! That woman stuck to my collar instead of that boy.

- If you're rich, take him your home and feed. You witch! - she shouted. What do I feed my two orphans? My husband was dead!

I shook that woman and entered into the crowd. The boy is stunned by the kicks, but holds the bread with both hands and puts it in his mouth. The bread was reddened from the blood flowing from his nose. I slipped and fell from a fist, and snow fell on my mouth when I was trying to occult that poor boy. The whistle blew. Police Ismail's voice was heard:

- Spread out! Spread it all out!

The whistle blew once more, and the enraged crowd slowly began to move away. The boy raised his head as he ate the last bite of bread. Blood-soaked tears flowed from his face, and in the distance a torn hat was buried in the snow. I gasped and stood up.

It was your orphan's share! said the pale woman squeak "What do I do now?"
What about my kids? Ismail Melissa with a mustache dusted the baby raised his

shoulder."Get up!" Whose son are you The child rubs his bleeding nose with the back of his palm. He blinked, afraid of being beaten again. But he did not answer.

- Do not beat! I said, clinging to Melissa's hand. - Do you know me, Husan
duma- I will forgive you! Ismail frowned and looked at me. But he did not let the boy go. "Oh, sister, there are so many of them," he said. There was more sadness in his voice than anger. - Do you have parents? he asked, over the boy's shoulder shaken. The boy did not sneeze. But he did not answer.

"Look at me, wow!" "Ismail Melissa from his ear." twists hard. The baby's face hurts, swelled. He remained silent anyway. - Karmisan! - Melissa punched him in the head.

- my little brother! I said, beg - Do not beat him! Your career even bigger!
Hungry ... Otherwise would do the job! A thought flashed through my mind. "It simply came to our notice then can I take you home Kimsan is at war! My only son will be two! She's Robbie's brother ... When we're hungry

If we are hungry and full, we will be full." But right away

I thought of something else.- we sit on palms without palms. My husband what can I say Sooner or later the child's parents will notice come and tell me why you took my son man? "Come on, let's paint!" In my opinion, Ismail Melissa is now a poor child.

It was as if the ribs were locked up, and I begged again:

"Don't do that." Jon ukam ... Don't worry, sister, I won't hit. No one What are we going to do? The pale woman ran after Melissa. "What am I going to do?"
What will happen to my bread? now?! "It hurts!" Damn it! "Ismail Melissa is one." while holding the child with the other hand did. "If you look me in the eye, you're going to die, you bullshit woman!"

... Snowfall on a lonely road along the Borijar River when I arrived, I toasted the toast with the blood of my boom I couldn't help but think of the child chewing.

Let the house of the one who started the war burn! Catch the baby

sin! I lit a fire at 5 o'clock and the street door opened again knocked. A series of voices came: "Husan abzi!" Oh, Husan abzi!

The voice of Rashid Abzi! He is "abzi" to everyone's horse. he adds. Maybe that's why I call myself an "abzi". they call. Throw the spoon on the stove. Abzi opens the door wide and smiles. A red dope on his head and a bald spot on his side.

worn bag. The sole of the foot Awake, healthy boots with snow on their feet

..."Rejoice, sister!" he said with a smile. Thin, blew his yellow mustache.

"Woe is me!" "Abzi's frozen." I kissed her thin face. "A letter from someone."

do you have "Wow, look at that!" "It's the beginning of a triangular letter." raised above. I don't know how I got the letter. I spin his legs, I spin his paint. Where If I'm literate, I can read fluently. Once upon a time When I regained consciousness, Abzi dipped his wooden foot into the snow. is sinking deep. Run out of hand

I caught. "Don't hurry, won't you?" "That's right." I said, I didn't know what to make of it."No, it's necessary!" Melissa stopped and turned around to understand. I dragged him to the yard, Rashid abzi drank a cup of tea while standing in front of the porch. "Bless you if you give me !" - I said nib. "You're literate."

For some reason, Rashid read the letter silently. "You're a good boy!" he said, rubbing his thumb so "He was beaten in Tula." Pexotada. Personally "Zhukov has ruined your son," he smiles for some reason. -Wow! Wedding stripes. "Hey, why don't you read it aloud?" "Let's find out," I said dryly. "What did he say?" What wedding? "You're a bride, aunt, a bride!" As soon as Rashid read the letter, he heard Kimsan's words he did not understand.

I grabbed the letter and ran to the Elder. Ovsinim Perfect doctor on the waist of the old man lying on the edge of the tank. He was taking the "turkana" medicine he had prepared. I waited on the porch. I finally hunt from the inside was heard calling. With my introduction, the Elderly Revolution, leaned back on the

pillow."From someone?" he said, holding out his hand. – Where is it! I hurriedly handed the letter in pairs. "Read it aloud, bless you." The elder stared at the letter intently. In the eye his dark blue eyebrows twitched. He stared at the corpses lying on the sandals. while still preparing to hear Kimsan's letter. I'm sitting, I'm still sitting. There is no sound from the elder. "What did Kimsanjon say?" "Ovsin can handle it, too."He looked at the old man, who seemed odd. "She is OK is it "Wouldn't he write a letter if he wasn't healthy?" The elder jerked gave. "I can't see the small letter."At that moment, he picked up his coughing son Potma the bride entered."Wow, you're better at home, read on. read on I said cheerfully.

Potma's daughter-in-law handed her son to her mother-in-law,

He smiled at the elder.

"Father, you're reading the letter backwards, of course." you can't see

- myself reverse! "The old man twisted his mustache and wrote the letter."

extended. - In Arabic spelling, the letter is read from right to left, left to right in the current spelling! I know you better. Potma picked up the letter and laughed again: "Yes, I wrote to my brother Shakir the other day."

you missed "Read if you're right!" said the Aksakal. "What did Kimsanboy write?" Bolaginam dono-da! Except for me with my dad To the elder, to the aunt of Kholposh, the bride of Potma-Zora- He greeted them with a name-calling prayer. Shokir akam, Zokir asked my brother if he had any news. Attack to a German mouse for a thousand coins the rest, where he served, was called Zhukov wrote that the great commander had arrived. Such a great man Kimsan shook my hand and said "malades"- Mother! What did I say to you! "Aksakal's letter." Potma interrupts the bride reading and looks at me in. "You didn't believe me when I said you'd be a hero." Do you know Zhukov? Right of the Supreme Commander-in-Chief! Such a man, Kimsanni. Did he say "malades",

It turned out that your son had a belt around his waist. Zhukov is a commander with a belt around his waist! You see Shakirim and Zokirim are also heroes. Brothers in one tank, crushing a fascist like a frog! The German wagged his tail before seeing Moscow take over left now. Hitler told General Gudryon, "Snow You said you would take Moscow before it fell, didn't you? Now you can see your mother in the sky." The worst let it be Sooner or later, I'll be on my own, baby read Potma is reading the bride, and someone is next to me.

It's like sitting in and talking. "Daddy, uncle ..." He started reading the rest of the mile. "I hear you." In Uganda, bridesmaids are coming to Robbie. At that time I was ashamed to say anything. Let me tell you: Don't miss Kohiya. If you do Tashkent's water is dirty to me. With your daughter call me son

Tie Kobia's head the day I go we will make mud ... "

I was shocked. I look at the Elder. Aksakal- to my hunt, my hunt - to me. Pot-, who has been reading the letter like a nightingale since the painting. The bride also stopped.

- What? I said darkly. I saw Potma whisper that part of the bride's letter is reading again. "Wow," I said casually. - After all, Kimsan ... Robiya ...

The old man unzipped the bed and put his nose in the sandals.

"So what's the matter?" he said, rubbing his hand.

If a two-year-old star matches a star, what are you doing in a monument, stupid woman? Let's read, that's it read it again, girl! Potma's daughter-in-law read it again.

- Mother! The old man straightened up. He seemed to be holding his waist, oh, smoking a pillow. Suddenly his forehead was sweating.

Damn your father, where did this pain come from! he said cry. I leaned over to feel the pain in my back in bed. - your son loves Robbie. Understand now? Or are you still crazy? Robiya what do you say if you're a sucker girl? Give it to the

paint! - The elder's letter to Potma's bride tore off his hand and folded his pillow put under. "The hand of a man like Comrade Zhukov." if it's a flirtation Seeing his grandson's nose coughing constantly. The ovsinim, which was growing at the foot of the darpay, swayed to and looked. "What do you say?" "What would I say?" Have you ever been to a wedding? We'll have some soup on Thursday, did you sleep? Non shut up I will be a surrogate father to anyone. man. Tomorrow we will go to Dumani as bridesmaids. I'm sorry to hear that. what did he get "She knew how to give birth, and she wanted to take care of the baby." cowboy wife! said Potma, handing her granddaughter to the bride. - Come on in, take a look and enjoy yourself! He has a sore throat! The bride picks up her weeping son and leaves. went away. I've been thinking about this since I was a kid now came to my tongue: "Look at me, Elder ... What does the people say?" These were adopted to avoid the cost of aborting the bride. Doesn't he give his daughter free water for his son? "Hey, he's talking again!" "The old man has a backache." despite the fact that he straightened up. Afti frowned. Sandal. The dry tablecloth inscribed on it punched him angrily. The squirrels scattered everywhere. "Two years." Did they care about each other? Strong enough in the mouth

what do you do with me. I told your daughter I am a suitor. Tell you what, Arif is still an elder. he did not return with a broken sword in the house he went to. The point is: the girl is Dumani, the boy is manic. Do you understand? The elder noticed that I was still unconscious. He looked me in the eye for a moment and then lowered himself exhorted."You, bride, are a sensible woman." Do a good job can't get out. I was walking out with a thousand thoughts, sitting down read on the spot. "When the Duma comes, shout at the paint!" Another thing came to mind as I put on my hat. Apparently, he called out in a low voice. "Don't hurry, hunt!" Pass Robbie in front of me. Whatever I do, I'm disappointed. But Kimsanning. It is clear from the letter that your daughter will gladly agree!

Chapter Seven

THE STORY OF ROBIA

The ground had not yet frozen with the snow. If we don't dig up the rest of the rock today, that's it. The ground freezes at night, and so many things die. It was still snowing, but the weather was warm. My grandfather pushes the cane with his palm and finds it. The wife hurriedly cooked the potatoes collector, load on the mattress. Olimjon and I both paykal We'll take the ox to the cart. Something

I want to cheer up. "Did your brother leave?" "They followed me today!" - Steam from a child's mouth. exhales and exhales. "My brother is well,"?

"Good people!" You see, they're coming soon. He glared at her and said, "It's not a crime to love. Achil aka pleaded with his uncle hanging up and begging, "Object me too" Mom, the snow-covered field, the scorpion if you catch it cold potatoes that bite like that - that's all it crosses my mind, my head turns ... Fortunately, the last crop of potatoes at sunset which we also collected. A snow-covered ox cart

We sweated until we were on our way to the highway. My grandfather was too tired to pull a dry cart "xix-xix" his ass. When we got home-It's getting dark. My mother's food is still uncooked. My grandfather's anger went out.

-Go to the hell, Short!- said loudly. – If you can not cook a spoon of soup!

I was going to run to the kitchen to help my mum, my granny twitched me.

- Come here, You have another work. You will carry the corn.

My mother didn't be upset, when she is putting tea and dried apricots to the table-clothe, she smiled. – Be patient daddy! Now it will be ready, I am cooking a sweet go'ja (different soup).

- Loose your go'ja... - said anxiously and take a cup of tea , then he burnt his mouse and spit the tea. – Hey short, why you didn't say it is hot?! You didn't know how to be boiled the tea in your sixties!

Again my mother isn't upset.

-Be carefull, daddy, - and again smiled. – I was late till I pursue shomurod, Komil tabib(local doctor who has no diploma) also accompany his son. I don't

think that my dad become quiet. He gestured me when he is pushing the dried apricots with back of his arm and said – lets go.

As soon as we stand up, my mum looked to dad needy.

- dady-y-y-y – said stretchingly (if she need something, she will be like this.)
 - The leader designated that you should go as soon as possible.

My dad was even angry than that.

- What should I do, do I stroke his back? – his wife stroke- said with chirped voice.
- Don't be at a loss, let's go!

We went to the garden. Weather it was getting dark, the light of snow was illuminating the exterior of the house, celosias was bending sorrowfully like orphan child below the snow. It began to snow when we entered to the corn yard in the vineyard.

My dad is doing right. We should mow corns today. Now the ground is soft. If the ground freeze, it will be difficult. If my father pull 5 6 of dense-grew stalks, it is pulled out with its root. But carrying is real difficulty. The state of the stalks below snow is not good. The silt mixed snow go out attached to every root of the stalks. Firstly I clean it with my leg. Then I lift them like a hug. Wet leafs which touched my face make me angry. After carrying them to the shed, all should be spread separately. It isn't thrown one after another. It grows mould and rots. So the cattle stay without fodder. The wind entered from the hole of shed blows without stopping.

My mother waits me to enter from the door of garden plot. She took corns in my hand and helped me to carry them to the shed. I saw, she was afraid of going to my dad. If he see her, he scolds her.

Winter- like a bad decease. It comes easy, goes back hard. We had so much difficulties in first snow. What is my brather Kimsan doing right now? ... He said very cold...

Finally we finish carrying all the corns, In spite of cold weather. I think my dad was very hungry because he began to eat before we come.

- Do you eat again? - My mum said looking to his eyes.
- Tomorrow! – Cold go'ja become very delicious- said after finished eating.
- Do you go?

My dad was very tired and looked to mum angrily.

- Where?
- To the leader's, he has necessity.
- Auf! – My tired dad was angry again. – The leader is very stupid person! What does he want in the evening! – Although he said this, he went.
- Wash dishes, my son! –my mum said not looking to me.
- When I was going, I felt my parents whispering. I hear my father's voice “a?”

What's up again? What kind of secret they have again?

I know that I entered dark kitchen with thought, something which is wet and tickled wooly hit my legs. I was shocked and I was going to throw dishes in my hand.

- Pisht-t-t! – It was a cat and went to outside. Then I hear my father's voice from that side:
- Let's advise!

What kind of advice again! I was not silent, I washed dishes urgently in the light of lamp, I entered home. My mum who opened trunk in the corner and made a pile my brother Kimsan's the only new robe, embroidered skullcaps and other clothes, looked at me in her sit. Her face turned red happily in the light of seven's lamp...

- You are also firm enough, - My mum said with laugh. – It is said that girls become sly!

I was surprised.

- Why you are saying that? My mum sat down.

- Aaaaaaaa, simple sly-yyy! – She looked at my eyes. There was kindness mixed smile. – That’s why you are sad when matchmakers come!

In that, brother Kimsan sent a letter! He took my letter! In that... I restrained myself hardly not to say “ Is it true?”.

My face felt flame from shy and I didn’t know where I hide my eyes.

- Why you didn’t say that to me, sly girl?! – My mum said me spoilt.

Although I tried not to talk, the question lightened my heart go out from my mouth:

Did they send letter? (Interesting, my mum talks about my dad in plural “they”. Now I also say they about him and I was shy.)

Sent, sent! - My mum laughs again. – It is not you to read. It is shame for girls.

All my body shivered differently. I went next room. After I cleaned steamed window, I looked to outside. Though it was evening, outside was not dark. The celosias recently caught a cold like orphans and snowy cattle-shed are also seemed to me like a world, I astonished at seeing the snow is so clear and the winter is so hot, it was the first time to be like that. I stroke wet shoulder of the cat which was leaning to my leg. How soft! The snow is so clear! Look, everywhere was lightened, very lightened! As soon as I think about this, I began to shuffle through the box in the tahmon (the place things are piled up). It is, cut cloth! It is my Kimsan’s! No, it is not. I finished sewing flowers on it. That time when we go to Tashkent to watch show! I gathered so many cut clothes. This! I will sew this! I throw needle hardly but I did. It doesn’t matter. Silk is thick. It is done. Outside was light! The lamp didn’t need. The snow was lightening.

I began to sew letters “K” and “R” with red silk in state of sitting beside

window. Mum thought me to sleep or didn’t want me to shy, she didn’t enter

my room. I feel: the lamp was light in next room. My mum was waiting my dad. My embroidery became crooked in the dark. What does matter? I say that I sewed it in the light of snow when he came. Brother Kimsan will be surprised.

Finally the voice walking in the snow was heard, it was my father's.

-Mummy! I came!

Now I knew that my mum come, I hide cut cloth to the box and I showed myself asleep. In the outside, white and clear morn was entering.

Chapter Eight

“THE STORY “BLACK AUNT”

I am a mother of my daughter, I am a mother-in-law to my son. I sent Robbie to work before dawn. now, when a girl wraps herself in a "certain pilow". Doesn't that mean the neighbor is "flying"? Ever since the day I was diagnosed with cancer I had never covered such a beautiful patir. Stayed in the bag I ate all the wheat flour. My husband said. All my things left by my father in the morning is pat carrying a rug on a donkey cart to the market, appointed: "Put some butter on it, mother!" Everything is as in the brochure let it be I'm breaking bread and I'm talking to Kimsan Kimsan. Here, my boy, everything is going well. Wow, baby, baby! You have that in mind so why don't you say a word as you go "That's it, didn't you say, "Oh, my heart is in Robbie"? Shall we tie our heads already? Robiyayam interesting It's not strange! "Oyjon, Kimsan with my brother We have a covenant, "he said. The wedding of the Elder came near noon. Half a bag of rice, a pinch of butter, a bag of flour. Sedana sprinkled halva, raisins, kallaqand ... with the oil that came to the carpet he took the rice to the Elder himself. Halva, where did the raisins come from? The elder and the hunter did it.

I'd like to have a shave slaughtered a walking ram. He bring the tea dripped with his own hands. There were a lot of people in a moment. On the eve of the holiday ovsinim on the movut jacket he wears on the porch of the Elder

with his handkerchief tied around his waist commanding everyone. "Leave the cheese alone, little one!" Tell your husband do not dry out. Drop the halva, the halva! . . , "Why are you crying, abzi?" The water in your samovar is gone he's gone If you melt it, the cash will ignite I'll throw! As I tossed halva on the trays, I looked up, It seemed strange to me, Mom jokingly swears and nods; she flutters her lashes and tries to smile. Did he drink To the Kholposh hunter, who was carrying an old patnis they touch. "Hey fat, look in your eyes!" Don't fall down again Can I pick you up? . . , I am a hunter serving in Lombila laughs. "If I don't pick you up, you'll be there, old man." Don't worry, take care of yourself. let the wind blow! ... • - No matter what, if it touches me, not yours We jokingly carried a tray for the guests. I wash the ceramic dishes in the kitchen. The Aksakal shouted for joy. "Yes, that's my daughter-in-law." t. ., No! Is Robbiya a human being? Surprised, he took Ranakhan out into the yard I was delighted. My daughter-in-law is still at her mother's house I thought it was necessary. Look, he's dead! I ran and kissed her on both cheeks. "Look how you came!"

My daughter-in-law woke up wearing a beautiful beaver collar coat, her sad eyes were smiling sadly. When I '0' I smell purple. "Not yet," he said slowly. "Over the wedding." I think I'm out! I rang the bell and explained. "Bride, we're in a hurry." Your brother wrote a letter. He said, "Tie Robia's head." On the advice of the elder, we were able to do this today. We wanted to let you know that your bag went to the market. Which If you don't go to Robiya Kotarma on Qudam are they ok "Thank you ..." Ranakhan smiled softly. "Yesterday." I'm back. Very charming, my bride. He didn't even bother. Kunduz took off his collar coat and immediately went to wash the dishes. "They say you're a table for me," he said, wiping the bowl with a dry towel. I look up and see an answer. "Who said that?" - Rais, Umar aka ... "All right!" I said sincerely happy. - Loyga if you're a scorer rather than a runner Bad luck, Ranakhan! You are literate, accountable you know ... The soup was now cooked, and Umar was dressed in a robe the legislator also

came. Next to it is Soli Sopok ... Steam If I'm cold, fine, poor thing!
Ketmonchigami, if the water does not touch the right, why not touch
explains without melting. The collective farm is indebted to MTS the rest,
the tractor does not have enough paraffin, the harvest is good So he is an
honest man. As soon as the two of them came in, people became more lively
gone "Happy wedding!" said Zakunchi's face light up Lightning struck from
his head, and his dark hair spread to his temples. "Congratulations!" He was
with the Elder sitting on the porch, and then with the old man shook hands.

Get out, there's talk! doctor went to the door. After a while he was coming in
through two bent sacks. The old man's eyes fell and his jaundice boiled. Hey! he
said, rubbing his hand. "Aren't you ashamed to throw a sack at someone like you?"
Take it yourself! Aksaqal Kamil has great respect for the doctor. Luqman says the
judge was out of breath. The whole Nogaykor speaks only to this man with big
respect. The doctor himself "whispers" to the baby. My husband said that the
doctor was also calling the cow with a sigh. Instead of saying " He took the bag
from his shoulder. That's another story! The old man called the doctor, who was
embarrassed. "Come to the garden, Komilboy." Know your place. Soli, whose
hat was crooked, pushed the bag under the porch - and, sweating, came in through
another bag. - A gift from the collective farm to the wedding of a Soviet soldier!
'Umar said solemnly. - We do not spare a soldier who sacrifices his life for our
country. He smiled at me. "A bag of flour, a bag of rice!" On behalf of the Board.
My husband was in a hurry. "Sit down, Chairman, sit down," he said, placing both
hands on his chest. Now let's swim. 'Umar went out the law-abiding Elder and
the doctor Kamil. With the opening of the cauldron, the smell of soup filled the
courtyard. Husband was hanging the whole meat on the tip of the lid and putting it
in the pot. The old man twisted his mustache from where he was sitting. Today is
a double celebration, Duma! Did you hear that our soldiers threw the German on
the other side of the Volga Moscow canal? 'Umar put his hand on the elder's
shoulder. You know everything - ah! The old man looked at him and commanded
my servant. Press the soup into the bowl! Be more alert. Put a patir on it. Wrap it

in a knot from halva with halva and send it to those who are cleaning onions in the warehouse! Husband put soup in the pot. I wrapped the halva and handed it to him. When I entered the yard after the donkey cart had left a deep trail in the snow, Kamil was swimming and distributing soup to the doctors. Soon the Elder's nervous voice rumbles. "Tea!" Are you asleep, abzi! Would you please give tea to the guests? Ra'nokhan came out of the kitchen and ran to me. "The old man is asking for tea." "Wow, where did my uncle go?" When I go to the samovar(tearoom)boiling under the quince, there is no Rashid abzi. On a large copper samovar, six teapots were piled on top of each other. I turned on the tap and the water gushed out. I hurriedly put the teapots on the table and opened the lid of the samovar, leaving two sips of water under it. Better not to melt! Abzi didn't have that habit - huh! What a pity he fell drunk! The cabbage is silent. The snow-covered willows on the side of the road, seeing the ups and downs of life, and meditating with their white heads down, like old men accustomed to the calmness of any difficulty. The rooster does not crow, the birds do not chirp. Only MTS near the office can hear the sound of a single tractor. The smell of cornbread wafted from the oven behind the low wall. Today our house is closed, not the crows ... After a while people gather in our house. As my mother used to say, they do "superstation" and the news spreads all over the village: "Robiya's head is tied(engaged)". I wish Kimsan and my father were with me now! My father was very happy. (I know, my father loved my brother Kimsan, he always said my son.) Then my brother Kimsan and I would go to the city and take pictures, rolling our eyes. When it was good, we used to say that we went to see my mother-in-law, Rano dauter in law's mother. By the way, is my bride Rano back from the city! On Monday, when I went to Kotarma, I went to his house, but he didn't come. It would be nice if Rano dauter in-law took part in today's ceremony ... When I arrived at the warehouse, the sun was not yet shining, but the edges of the distant mountains shone purple, signaling that the air was clear. The roof of the kolkhoz warehouse is a low, long shed made of straw plaster. The thatched roof is thicker than it is watered again and again every year: half the gas is coming. On top of

that, it snowed and made the roof even thicker. If someone jokes about wall and sends medicine, bad feelings seems to be overwhelmed. The car has a gate that fits. The window was replaced by a curved plank. In the distance is a tin-roofed office. Teahouse in front of the office. Crows chirp on the snow-covered trees around the pool. In the distance is the tin-roofed house of Umar Zakunchi. In the distance is a walled MTS courtyard. The tractor makes a squeaking noise, but it doesn't squeak constantly. From that side, the sky is blue - blue smoke rises. The barn gate was closed in the face. I squealed until I opened a plate of the ball that the ball had dropped. The bottom was covered with snow. A thick, powerful voice, familiar to all, was heard. The information of the forty-first year of the Information Bureau was published on the twenty-ninth of November. So, yesterday's news. The announcer said that enemy tank units had crossed the Volga-Moscow canal bridge from Yakhroma, but that our troops had launched a counterattack, throwing the Nazis across the canal. For some reason, I saw my brother Kimsan carrying a spear rifle and chasing enemies in a snow-covered field. If we are attacked, it means that in a month or two, the war will end in the spring. Someone will come, my brother, and then ... My heart longed for sweetness. Well, my mother is ashamed, today I will ask my brother Kimsan's letter anyway. I know the address - yes, I'll write again. As I entered the cold, smoky warehouse, the smell of onions. The warehouse is dark. Instead of the window in front of him, a thin light shone through the stumbling boards, but he could not light the barn. I stood for a while, and as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I caught a glimpse of onions lying in a corner of the barn like a mountain, and cabbages in the far corner. Next to the bunch of onions, there were bags of cannabis. Today we sort onions. We prepare the large ones in sacks, send them to the front, and separate the small ones into seeds. I wrote one of the bags on the bottom and started sorting onions, and the light coming from the gate dimmed. Which one are you, hey? said a sharp voice. I recognized him. Bashar sister! He is standing in front of the gate with his hand on his waist. "I am!" I said, introducing myself. Where are the rest? Is her husband dreaming? He came up

the hill, taking a big, big step. The smell of candles hit my breath. "Die, the engine isn't starting!" he said, leaning over me. What the heck, they think I'm a man, I guess! He wiped his black hand on the heel of his boot, and as he sat idle, he tore off the tails of a bunch of onions and threw them into the canyon. Sister Bashar is a cruel woman. A little - a little man escapes in one fell swoop. This is the woman who was the first to drive a tractor in Nogaykurgan, and Yoldosh received a letter of commendation from her father. According to my mother, she didn't even touch the ground until she was in her thirties. No one envied such a bride, who once chased the bridesmaids away and put her mother-in-law on the shelf. When Sufinamo's father, his mother, who was as calm as a musician, despaired of the groom, saying, "I can see more salt than a girl," Bashar-opa became rich in Tashkent. One day he began to talk to a young man with dark eyebrows. This guy will be your groom. If you agree, pass it on. If you don't, I will run away with your son-in-law now. Father Sufinamo shaved his beard, saying, "You have embarrassed me in the middle of the country." The poor mother cried, "I squandered my white milk on white, my blue milk on blue." Sister Bashar was cutting carrots without breaking the pin (the groom was also honored by the prophets. Soup should be prepared - yes, after all). The parents admitted their fate and called the chairman for advice. (At that time the Elder was the chairman.) The elder left in silence, and on Friday he informed everyone that it was a wedding for someone. Sister Bashar lived in peace with Pochcha before the war. (Nobody knows Ichkuyov's name, everyone called him son in-law.) I also saw Pochcha. He was a shy, humble man who would do the work he encountered on the kolkhoz. Sister Bashar would not let go if she was not meek! My mother said that one day Bashar-opa boiled the soup and went to work on the tractor. So she put a bowl of razor blades in front of her husband. A man is a man! Son in-law's temper flared and he cursed. He has been out of sight for a month ... Everyone has their own worries. Sister Bashar had been married for ten years and had no children. Two months ago, son in-law also went to war. People say that Bashar sister appointed her husband while he was taking her to the carriage. If I don't use Hitler's wife as a

slave, I'm out of humor! you mean When the barn was a little brighter, the brides Fatima and Zuhra came first. Fatima smiles mysteriously as the bride taps her shoulder. "Good morning, girl!" Zuhra squinted at the bride. Embarrassed, I looked at Sister Bashar. Now he is hanging out. Apparently, Zuhra gestured to her sister not to speak, and Fatima, the bride, pulled hard and sank down next to me. Did the tractor stop moving? said Bashar, turning to his sister. "He's not walking because you didn't look!" - Wow - wow - wow! "Fatima, the bride, was frightened and threw herself back." Can I go to the tractor? You will not die! Aren't you full of the tractor your husband drives? You take the tractor that your brother Shakir is riding, you ... he turned to the bride Zuhra. Zokir akang nikini. Harna will have two assistants. "No," said Zuhra, shaking her head. - Tractor work is a man's job. Another shadow appeared on the open plate of the gate. The conversation was interrupted. From there came Sister Parcha's roaring voice: Assalamu alaykum! Don't worry! "Run, don't blur!" "Sister Bashar," she said, gently pulling the onion's tail. "How many times do I tell you, hey, Parcha, kill your husband and move him without lying down." Whenever you look you are the dog's next leg. The piece spread and laughed. It's weird to laugh. In a masculine voice, he says, "ho-ho-ho." Shoulder-like shoulders shuddered and saliva splashed from his mouth. "I don't have a husband, sister!" he shouted. "Find a kiss!" "Wow, haven't you touched yet?" - Sister Bashar looked at Parcha as if she was really surprised. "What kind of dishonesty is that if a girl is without a husband? What did you say, girls?" Fatima - Zuhra's daughter-in-law laughed heartily. The piece also joined them. True or false, I don't know - he is said to have once buried Parcha. The bridegroom entered the chimpanzee, opened Parcha's face, and ran away screaming. He left these countries. "Sit down!" Sister Bashar sold him a place in the corner. "Woe to you, die without knowing your worth!" It doesn't hurt if you sit on the ground. Lots of oil! Humorously, we put some onions in the jars at the same time. The work is not difficult, but the barn is hot, and the smell of onions makes you want to smoke. Even if the weather is warm, there is still snow. Our knees ached as we sat motionless ... At last we were

all silent. Apparently everyone was imagining on their own, everyone was thinking of their own man walking in the distance. Sister Bashar's heart sank, and she deliberately murmured, "When are we going to get married, Parcha?" "Whose wedding are you going to, sister?" Wow, don't put yourself in simplicity ... - Sister Bashar smiles slyly. "Rashid said, 'Put it on you!' The piece was seriously surprised. Then he threw the onion in his bag like a fist and shook it. "Oh, sister!" Whatever happens! Tuppa is a good man. Honest, religious. The house is also close. You will climb that wall - you will fall as a bride. You bathe in the tub every day.

It doesn't matter! He turned the piece of paper away. "He drinks mino and plays the harmonica". After a moment of silence, Sister Bashar made a new proposition and said: "Then I'll tell Zakunchi (a person who makes laws and controls its execution), tomorrow he will send his match-makers."

"Kimsan"- shouted. "Are there many people like Zakunchi in our village?"- said Bashor sister, her look says "don't you know?. - I'm talking about Umar zakunchi! "Oh, my gosh!" - She tore a Piece of onion tail off and threw aside. "I'm afraid he's ugly!" Sister Bashar shouted angrily. "Wow, I'm heartbroken!" That's right

Would you flirt if I told the Rais (a person who is in charge of controlling people living in a certain area)? Surprisingly, Sister Parcha, who was not upset at all, suddenly fainted.

- Not need! she cried. "Bad eyes!" The conversation was interrupted again, and the onion crackled. The smell of bitter cabbage hit my breath. It's cold outside, but I'm cold and I'm on my feet the word began to enter.

"I dreamed of my children's father," said Fatima once daughter in law. For some reason her voice was sad. Sister Bashar is happy to find a topic to talk about and laughed. "Tell me the truth, what was your husband doing?" Fatima, the bride looked at the ground. Her face flushed. "That's what you say!" Sister Bashar burst out laughing. "What could a dream of a woman who misses her husband be like?!"

"No," said Fatima sadly. In my dream, I was cradling Oypopuk in a cradle.

Wow, I was wondered how it was possible to cradle a kid who was already grown-up. When I looked aside, it was not my daughter in the crib, But My brother Shakir.

There was a dangerous silence in the middle of the day. If a woman dreams of a cradle, it means she will see a coffin in real life according to superstitions I've heard. Now I remember that I fell down and my stomach shook. Slowly I raised my head. I saw Fatima, the bride, grabbing a medium onion, is staring at one point. Fortunately, Sister Bashar was violent. "Wow, what a good news!" said the cheerful leader rejoicing in the alpaca. "Then you'll give a birth again." Aren't you feel anything? Fatima's bride blushed even more.

"Are you curious," she said slowly. "Half a year has passed since he left." Sister Bashar was stunned and fell into a trancegone But Fatima wanted to cheer up the bride apparently, Zuhra touched the bride. "What about you, the second sister-in-law!" Haven't you dreamed of anything? "It's broken," said Zuhra, grinning. - I had a dream. The man screamed and ran away. You were chasing a pack of squirrels. Raising the reed ceiling of your laughter rang out. It's been a while since I've painted. That's how Parcha punched his thick knees he laughed out loud. Fatima's daughter-in-law laughed as she sat down. Bashar she wiped her eyes with a laugh and suddenly pulled hard remained.

"I wish he would be with us, next to me," she said "I would cook shavla (one of national dishes of Uzbek cuisine) as much as he wants. I myself would feed him. I would boil water and wash his legs. She nodded and sighed "I wish so." Outside, the horse snorted. Umar Zakunchi from the gate came in. Lightning telpak (a cap made of fur)on the head, compact on the shoulder a whip in his hand. " How is it going on" he said in a lively tone. - your mood is high that's great, So work better! In honor of the Rais, we stood up. Piece, Sister Bashar did not forget her intention Apparently, the bride was ashamed of her bride, run away. If Sister Bashar doesn't give up also caused a stir.

"Yes, did you come to the hashar (activity done by volunteers to clean surroundings together) too?" - Zakunchi looked at him, - what will MTS do without you? "I always come to the hashar!" "Sister Bashar." she said, looking straight into her eyes. "You're also supposed to do, too. I need two helpers.

- I do not know! 'Umar turned his face away. - MTS is an independent legal entity. "Although it is independent, the tractor is the land of the collective farm." do you drive said Sister Bashar sharply. - I do not know! "Zakunchi often walked away." Work faster! he said, stopping at the gate. - Tomorrow we will send a wagon of onions to the front. Outside, the horses' hooves were choked with snow knocked.

"Oh, die, with the law!" said Sister Bashar stiff neck. "Am I driving the tractor to my yard?" It's funny how Zakunchi came to be fell. Sister Bashar joked with Sister Parcha and made some jokes but the conversation wasn't going well. After a while a sound came from the side of the gate. "Hey, who's there?" Recognizing my grandfather's voice, I took a leap. The brides of Fatima-Zuhra glared at me. Bashar My grandfather, who was wearing old headphones, appeared at the gate before my sister died. She has a big armpit. One knot in hand.

Everyone felt smell of osh (one of meals of Uzbek cuisine). Even if Bashar doesn't ask my grandfather explained.

"Wedding, Prophet, we've started the wedding!" Robbie's wedding is over, and we're engaged. I didn't know what to do. When I told him to go out, my grandfather was standing in front of the gate. I hit the corner where the piece escaped. Bashar sister immediately set the table for herself. My grandfather knew she was gone and wanted to run away. Sister Bashar took me by the hand. Not ashamed to touch the ground, flirt to eat oysters can you sit down girl

Parcha hurriedly reached for a bowl of yellow soup full of pearls, clapping it on Sister Bashar's wrist. "Don't be in a hurry. Eat the patir (one type of bakery products) first and put the halva (a type of sweets) in your mouth." Then all the soup is yours! If I'm hungry, I'll have some soup, I sniffed and wiped my hand.

Sister Bashar kissed my face with the lips smelling bad because of onion. "Be happy, my dear sister." May your fiance come healthily" It's getting dark and we cleaned and put onions into canes until people are cannot be differentiated because of dark. We were all in a good mood. Bashar As she rubbed her numb feet and stood up, she cursed Parcha: "If you get married to Zakunch without flirting, we'll eat your osh too." The piece rang in the dark: "I wish I didn't eat osh, ugly eyes!" He is carrying an empty bowl on the table Fatima did not let. "Myself, sister-in-law," she said with a laugh. "I feel sorry for you." need Whatever I do, you are a bride. The three of us lined up and set off. Good evening standing, it was cold. The snow froze immediately. Underfoot whispers. The sky is clear, and the big stars are shining from the cold. The village is quiet. In the distance - the sound of a train on the sidewalk will come. I wish I could get on that train, if he goes to my brother. "Because you said, Brother, calm down, now to me

The groom will not come. " Although it was dark, I recognized the horse standing in front of the Elder's double gate from a distance: 'Umar zakunchin said! I didn't care. What happened. Umar the legislator may have come to the Elder. But Fatima is still pushing the bride to the side. For some reason he was worried and asked his sister: "Is everything alright, Zora?" "I don't know," said Zuhra, her voice trembling. We accelerated our pace as the frozen sand cracked. As I approached the gate, I heard a heartbreaking cry.

- Wow, my son! You're a real spit fire!

Fatima threw the bride into the snow and went inside. Then Zuhra sister-in-law, then I go to the yard. I ran inside. The lantern on the porch was dimly lit. stood. Aunt Kholposh spread her hair on the porch. he stretched out his legs and punched his knees. "It's a double-edged sword!" On the one hand, the bride Fatima, on the other hand, the bride Zuhra embraced his mother-in-law. "Auntie, what's the matter?" said the two equally. Aunt Kholposh sometimes to her daughter-in-law, sometimes to her daughter-in-law

he stared. But he did not recognize either apparently, slapped on !" Your child, Rashid abzi! Fatima kelin «a!» she shouted shortly. She fell to the ground under the porch. Zuhra is clinging to her mother-in-law's collar and shaking her as hard as she could. "Tell me what happened!" She shouted. "What did he do?" Aunt Kholposh's eyes, too, were swaying and fell on his side. "How can I stand it?" She said breathlessly. Before long, Zuhra was breathing heavily suddenly tore off his handkerchief. Two screaming wildly as he pulled his hair out

- Zokir aka-a! When I regained consciousness, Fatima was at the bride's head "Open your eyes, please, mum," cried Oypopuk Now that Tahir is on his way, in the corner of the porch he was shivering from the cold. I couldn't be able to help Fatima lying on the ground unconsciously, to stand. I was not strong enough. I rubbed snow on his face, practically opened his eyes. "Because of my dream," she groaned. The snow fell first on Aunt Kholposh, then on Zuhra I drove the bride. Aunt Xolposh groaned:

"Shokir!" Zokir! My children!

On the other side of the house, Arif, an elderly man, and Umar Zakunchi, a faded doctor, came out. they agreed. "Don't dust the herd!" "To the elder's wife." threatened. "Let's find out!" Let's find out! I'll go to Kalinin's if I have to! "She promised." looked at the doctor as if to confirm. – Abzi made a mistake. This letter was lost and brought to us incorrectly. My sons are not children who die in vain. Aunt Kholposh shouted again:

"I wish I had lost not one, but two!" The two sisters-in-law shouted on both sides, Oypopuk was embracing the bride, asking "Mom, what did happen to Dad?", lost in terror. Tahir was shivering from the cold. I didn't know what to do, who to rub. My mother came out of nowhere. Kholposh came running hugged his aunt.

- Please relax sister-in-law! I said to myself. "He's lost, he's lost, he's lost the postman." As soon as the word "postman" was heard Aunt Kholposh shouted worse. "She left Popuk at home." He left when I was with you!

I was happy! How I longed for your wedding. Will I lose my twins? The half-leaf on the shelf where the lantern is lit is gray I just saw the paper. It's like shaking my hand. Frightened, I grabbed the paper and held it to the lantern. Interestingly, even if I do not understand Russian well, I was able to get its content. I wiped my tearful eyes and read the letter in capital letters ... "Tank mechanic

Soldier Zokir Oripov on the threshold of Moscow "Medinsk"

He died heroically in the fierce battles in the region, remaining true to his military oath. The heroic warrior does not forget the services of Aripov. Captain Maksimov. The letter is all in print, only Zokir Aripov was handwritten. As a result, Zokir brother died. From this came out Shokir brother was alive.

Fortunately ... Now that he has said this, he wants to "please" Aunt Kholposh. I had the same second piece of paper on the shelf I saw. With trembling, I read the second letter. It's just like the first one. It was also signed by Captain Maksimov, with the words "Sergeant Zokir Aripov, tank mechanic" written in front of him: "Shooter, ordinary soldier Shokir Aripov." Arif said, "Our nobles served in one tank I remember him saying, "I'll do it." I understood. It turned out ... On one side of the porch is Fatima's bride, Shokir brother on the other side is Zuhra's bride, Zokir brother Oh, and Aunt Kholposh is in my mother's arms he was still moaning as she shook.

"Wake up, Rashid! abzi! "What's wrong with Abzida?" "The old man shouted so loudly, the lamp of the lantern on the shelf flickered. Aunt Kholposh, who is always whining about the Elder, and her daughters-in-law nor did they pay attention this time. Everyone has their own pain. Umar was the first to come to his senses. No, he didn't lose consciousness, but he didn't know what to say in front of so many people at once. He probably didn't say that. She is OK now. He raised his lantern, and the porch lit up.

"Well, comrades ..." he said in a consoling tone ... "It's not good to shout like that."
"She's one."

He was silent for a moment, and took a fur hat from his head. "Helplessly, this is a life and death battle." Instead, the memory of Shokirjon and Zakirjon ... Suddenly Aqsaqal's eye sparkled. On the shelf He snatched the phone and turned to Zakunchi. Go away, with a memory! he whispered. Go away! Umar Zakunchi shrugged his shoulders and put a lightning bolt on his head, as if to say, "Look at this dull." Aqsaqal as he descends the porch stairs shouted angrily after him: My sons will not die! Arif Aqsaqal has no children to die for! Aqsaqal's voice is both his hands and his beard constantly trembling. He said, "No, it's hard." Zakunchi went down to the yard and turned around. War is not without casualties, went to the gate. "What shall we do, oqsoqol," he said, turning his lips.

he spat and My grandfather chased the oqsoqol, who was trembling all over his body.

- Come on, comrade! he licked. - An error occurred me. The commander wrote without knowing it. Aqsaqal opened his mouth and sighed. He sank to the ground like a felled tree. The doctor knelt down and began to massage his hand. What a thing! What an injustice! People who are happy to give us a "certain soup" go home If a mountain-like calamity befalls him upon his entry! Always The oqsoqol wiping the tears of others today if he can't find a cure for his ailment! What an abomination! I still have harder days,

I see even worse bedouins. Brother Kimsan and I have broken bread and left halva unless I knew it would be canceled. Someone in this group: You are bothering in vain, your lover will not come back, not for a year, not for five years, but for ten years If you said, "Love me or not, when the time comes, you will give birth a son from that man " At that time I would be heartbroken and die.

Section four

Chapter Ten

THE STORY OF little MUZAFFAR

1. Give me joyous, my mother has given birth to a son! My mother had been ill for two months. Her belly was getting bigger day by day. If she does laundry, sweeps the yard, immediately she feels pain. I remember the days of jiyda bloom, my father was appointed her strictly. "Don't go to work anymore. In this case Who let you drive a tractor! " I was glad that my mother did not go to work. I walk around next to her. All day I play in the yard with " Aunt Qora" comes to us almost every day. "Do not make noise, your mother doesn't like. "In the evenings, she sit on the porch and sew small blankets.

- "To whom?" I asked, she laughed. -To your brother! If you are lucky, you will soon be a brother, My son. Do you love a boy or a girl?

-A boy , -I said with a smile. Of course! Abduvali boasts of having a brother. need also a brother. If It's a girl I won't lift it. Today my mother was very upset. When I was eating apricots in the yard, I heard my mother's screaming voice from the house. I was afraid. When I ran into the house, "aunt Qora" hugged my mother. My mother is on a blanket she swayed with her whole body on the seat throws from foot to foot. Eyes closed, bited her lips, her forehead is sweaty... I run and hung her neck. Her forehead was cold. "My mum," I said nervously. What did she do? My mother half-opened her eyes and pleaded.

"My dear son, get out!" she licked. "My dear,"oh! "Aunt Qora" pushed me away from my mother. "Go!" she said, gasping for breath. -Call your dad, tell, find Lazakat aunt. Immediately! I was confused in the middle of the house, my aunt was angry

"Go, hurry!" tell your father let the grandfather's wife. I frightened and rushed out into the street. Where do I find my dad. There is a lot, a lot of fields. Which one should I go to?

Suddenly I remembered the tea-maker, Uncle Ilhom, he knows everything. That's what I'm going for. Find my dad! My mother is sick and crying. I approached the teahouse as I sighed, someone called my name. If I look - my father!

A hoe on his shoulder, coming across the street! I shouted loudly: - Dad! My mother got sick! Call Aunt Lazakat! What? - My father came closer. Her face color chase faded. "No," he said, handing me the hoe. Go home! He turned sharply, limping as if he were about to fall ran on the highway.

- Hey! he said, pausing as he walked farther no one know that she is ill.

I didn't understand any trouble. The hoe on my shoulder I wanted to take it, but I couldn't. My mother came to mind. I dragged the hoe band with both hands. When I say run, I'm afraid the sharp face of the hoe will cut through my leg. I want to go to my mother as soon as I can. I sweated until I reached the door of our yard.

At that time my father's licking voice was heard from behind.

-Sister, bless you, hurry up! I looked in that direction, my father was running lamely. Ten steps away aunt Lazakat is coming whose gauze scarf fell over on her shoulder. "Faster!" He said, both angrily and licking.

"Oh, brother, don't panic." This trade is at the head of every woman. I know. Aunt Lazakat is a good wife.

Olimjon brother's mother! The doctor grandfather's wife, just like him

soft ... As he walked in the door, he saw my father:

"Don't come in!" When she sees a man, the labour disappear. My father stood in the doorway. He breathed, his eyes wide, but he could not dare to enter the courtyard. "Will Aunt Lazakat help my mother?" I said to my father staring into his eyes. - My mother is crying.

My father did not answer. He took the blanket from my hand and ground it. With his hand in his tricot pants pocket and took a pack of tobacco. He wrapped tobacco with trembling hands and put it to his lips.

A thousand curses! he said angrily. Go take me match! As I was running, he shouted after me: -Muzaffar, don't enter the house! There are matches in the kitchen!

As I ran to the kitchen, I heard my mother's squeeling sound. Aunt Lazakat with "Aunt Qora" said something My mother was silent. I found a match lying next to a hearth. As I rushed out into the yard, my mother's screams pierced my ear.

-Mum! Agree! I wanted to cry, but I couldn't. In horror I ran out. When I go out, my dad is sitting under a walnut. He straightened the hoe and placed the band between the two numbers. The hoe on the rock under the walnut and the face of the hoe with another stone in his hand scattering. Inside I heard my mother screaming. My dad began to beat the hoe harder. Here it is! I said, holding out a match. But he did not look back. I went closer. Take! My father didn't care. As much as he can hit the hoe with the stone. Face of hoe turned pale in an instant. Inside

The more my mother screamed, the harder my father beat the hoe. The sound of 'jang-jang', is deafening it is like piercing. "Dad, here!" I said, tapping him on the shoulder. He didn't hear it anyway. Strike the hoe with a stone. Once upon a time there was a thin "inga-inga" came a faint voice inside. Curiously, my dad doesn't feel anything, I thought he was hearing nothing. No.as long as he knew it all. Suddenly a stone fell in his hand. He tossed the hoe and straightened up. His mustache was trembling. "Run!" He shouted. "Oh, stop it!" He reached into his pants pocket and sighed took his wallet, gave me blue paper money with trembling hands. -Take! Give it to your aunt! "To whom?" "To aunt Lazakat, my son," he said. smiles once. I took the money and ran to the yard, I hit aunt Qora at the door. "Son!" " Aunt Qora said, pushing me away." while running towards my dad. "You have two sons. "Congratulations!

My aunt carried the scoop she was holding in her hand. She whispered somethings as she sighed, turning the scoop around the cradle. Aunt Lazokat placed the johnny-cake which in the size of mouth of the bowl on the head of the crib and dropped the loaded pillow.

-Hey, Robiyakhan!" she said, looking at the porch. My mother, wore flossy dress and came in carrying my brother in a blanket.

My aunt was walking in that direction, taking my brother from my mother's arms, and Aunt Parcha stretched out her hand where she was sitting. "Give it to me!" she roared. "I'll pass him on!" No, God bless you!" said Aunt Lazokat, shaking her hand hurriedly. Don't let the baby get scared and go crazy!" Eat your shin! (shin is a jam which made of mulberry) All women in the house laughed. Especially when Aunt Parcha herself was laughing. That's right, sister!" she said, wiping the load of shin with his large palm from his thick lips. "A big man is scared when he sees me in the dark!" There was laughter again. My aunt carefully handed my brother over to Aunt Lazokat. Aunt Lazokat laid the baby on a blanket and took off his blanket. She bent my brother's left leg carefully and touched his knee to the tip of her right hand.

- Did it reach? The house was full of women again started laughing. "it reached !" reached!

Aunt Lazokat now bent my brother's right leg and touched the tip of his left hand. - Did it reach ? "It reached!" That's enough!

This is what happened to my brother, who has been silent for hours didn't seem to like it and cried. But the women laugh easily, and my mother, who is standing on the threshold, is also was smiling. "Wow, that's sweet!" Aunt Parcha roared and shouted. "Wow, love your cheeks!" Laughter rose again. Say Tuff, !" Aunt Lazokat slowly lifted my brother and for some reason tried to put him across the crib.

-Where to sleep! she asked aloud. "Is it here?" The women squealed. - No! No! Aunt Lazokat now puts my brother's foot on the pillow tried to turn it around. "Is this the side?" The women chuckled louder. -No! No! what an aunt Lazokat is! Where is the pillow? don't you know My brother is crying and they are laughing! Now that I was angry, Aunt Lazokat finally "understood" how to put the baby to

bed. She put my brother to bed. "Is this the side?" - Yes! Yes! - The women confirmed with laugh. "Here!"

Aunt Lazokat quickly tied my crying brother to the cradle and prayed.

"I wish you a long life." Be happy! Be honest. Be hardworking. Interestingly, my brother was skylarked for a while.

"Hey, who's there?" said Aunt Lazokat, untying the knot next to her. While waiting for this, Abduvali was the first to be shot in that direction. There was a red, beautiful patir in Aunt Lazakot's knot . Abduvali ran out while biting the patir.

"Hold on!" Hold on! The women laughed and held out their hands as if trying to catch Abduvali. Not knowing what to do, I followed Abduvali into the yard. My father, who was smoking under an apple tree, motioned for Absuvali and me. Eat with your friends! he said. "May Omon run like you." ... After eating patir with our friends, we addicted to the game. When I entered the house at sunset, the women were scattered. My mother, who is suckling my brother in the corner in front of a new cradle covered with coals, My aunt is sitting on the couch and wearing her hat. I know the habit of the "Qora aunt." if she dresses and she goes home.

"Don't go!" I said, licking. "Don't go, Qora aunt." My mother glared at us. She didn't like the fact that my aunt was on the road, she said in a more sarcastic tone: "At least stay today, mother!" then you go to your house. "Don't do that my daughter !" "My aunt looked at my mother, stretched out on her seat, and tapped me on the shoulder. "I've been here for a month and I've rarely forgotten about my graybeard ." My mother turned away in anger. She was trying to straighten up, but my brother still had been suckling her. My aunt hurriedly approached. - Do not move! he said, tapping my mother on the shoulder. "Stay today," my mother begged earnestly. My aunt sighed: You know," he said sadly. "Tonight." I had a dream about Kimsanboy. he was upset. I have to go. For some reason, my mother seemed to tremble. Although my brother was screaming, he covered himself with a blanket and stood up.

"No, no!" said my aunt, shaking her head.

- you may suckle your son ! My mother did not listen. She picked up Qora aunt's knot and went to the door.

Chapter 11

The story of “Qora aunt”

The most innocent person

I know I didn't have to do this job . Anyway, I had to stay my daughter's home . At the age of 70, I had a grandchild and a cradle wedding. May I thank for these things ? Who has reached these days and who has not! I know Robbie's heart ached. Won't you tell Muzaffar? The my lovely boy clung to my leg and said, " don't go." Fortunately, Shomurod was not there. When he came across me, he would drag me out of the house and not let me out. Anyway, at least I didn't go down without explaining myself first. I shouldn't talk about Kimsan. My daughter was shocked to hear her brother Kimsan's name and even didn't pay attention her son. What would I do if I was a sane old woman, renewing her wounds.

What can I do? I really had a dream! I don't know if I slept last night. I've been busy making cribs and stuffing in morning. Finally, I lay down on the pillow and fell asleep. I saw Kimsan clearly. He was holding a hoe. He had mud on his skullcap. "my lovely, kick the dope, it's muddy," I said and he was frowning for my these words. Suddenly, I remember that he went to the war and i start crying. “Wow, my son , are you here! Are you from the war? ” He turned away in annoyance. "Why didn't you write a letter? If it weren't for that, Robia could have written," he said, turning the hoe over his shoulder ... "Don't hurry." I kept crying. The cradle party wasn't felt good either. The mud on the Nuqul doppi(it is Uzbek traditional cap which is worn by men) I will never forget my clinging son. I wish

someone had survived the war and this boy would have been my son. The cradle wedding was in our house ...

Interestingly ... Why didn't you write? he said. After all, the day we tied Robia's head, my daughter had written a handwritten letter to Kimsan! No, inot that day , was it tomorrow ?! There was an apocalypse at the Aqsaqol's house that day, and Robiya was not in a position to write. But then she wrote. I know for sure, she wrote. It's just ... It's bad we didn't have a postman. Who knows, maybe later we really received a letter from Kimsan - we didn't touch it ...

I wish , nobody suffers from the feeling of child's death. My energetic sister in-law Kholposh wilted in three days. A man who saw her fully face and a tint in her eye would not say she has a granddaughter and she is at the age of sixty. If she dressed like brides and went out her perfume smelled to everywhere. On the seventh day of her both children's death she completely lost her voice.

She tore her hair and cried. He gets stuck in the sandals and sits in a corner. When someone calls, she sighs, the brides Potma and Zora even don't hear her wail. Look at the jokes of the life, the Aqsaqol stood up that day and got rid of his back pain. He came out to the Soviet first. Then the snow fell on his knees and he went to Tashkent - to the military enlistment office. In his one sentence, he says, "No, the Aqsaqol Arif's sons are not children who die in vain." I didn't feel how the new year came. It snowed and it was freezing cold. The water in the neighborhood's pool has run low, and Robiya carried water from Borijar every day on her shoulders. Not just us, but the Aqsaqols as well and it was the time that she had to help the brides Potma Zora who was in stress.

Thereunto, there is no letter or message from Kimsan.

From the day "Qora xat " (qora xat is a letter about someone's death) was received the Aqsaqol's both son , Rashid abzi (abzi is a someone who like a brother) stopped knocking on anyone's door. Every day, sometimes Robiya,

sometimes I go to the post office ... Whenever my graybeard came to the post office, he was laying on a snow-covered bench and drinking alcohol.

Even though my graybeard said "Don't do that, you'll freeze." "Leave me alone, Hussein abzi," he cried. .. I boiled beets. I put the coals in the oven and swam the beets and Aqsaqol and my sister in-law had already got on well.

The Aqsaqol and my husband were sitting in the sandals, and Robia and I were sitting in the distance. No matter how hard I tried, my sister in-law didn't taste anything . We've had a flashlight ever since a cat broke a light bulb to chase a dead mouse on a shelf. The more the lamp was vibrating, the more my heart was suffocating. The Aqsaqol seemed to be furious, grabbed a large piece of beet with his rapid hand and pushed it with his elbow. "you are so stingy,!" Will you run out of money if you buy one light bulb?

my husband chewed beets and grumbled: "If you're rich, give me a flashlight!"

- Okay! Aqsaqol put the beets in his mouth. "Your daughter can come out and let the disappointing lantern shine from my house . But don't sit like a rat! He sighed, looking at his wife and me. "your sister-in law is saying I'll do kirk(kirk is a event which takes place after 40 days someone's death)" my sister-in-law sat quietly playing the fringe of table. "I sold my pearl," she said the patient, in a muffled voice. "I have to so a slaughter for my sons' spirit ." "She was choking with tears, and she couldn't cry." Her lips trembled and she covered her face with her palms. The Aqsaqol put a piece of beet on the table.

- Duma! he said, turning to the old man. "Well, if he wants to celebrate, let him do it, but ..." His tone of voice changed and his voice reassured ... There are errors in writing "Qora xat". A local lieutenant from Gulistan also came. The military enlistment office sent it to the post office, and the post office took it to the young man's house. Whatever he does to the poor, it's his job! The boy's parents mourned. What's the matter with the boy's forty days? ' "A letter from the lieutenant!" From the hospital!

It was as if a light was on inside me. When I look at him, he is still playing table pop. She must have heard that from her husband before, but he didn't care. The Aqsaqol raises his voice even louder.

"The lieutenant was buried in the snow when the bomb went off." The commander was told that his comrades had died. The commander wrote a letter in a hurry. The guy is one I was lying in the snow. When he regained consciousness, he dug a hole. It was Kantuz! The Aqsaqol smiled, relieved. He pointed with his finger. "Did you hear that, mother?" You're going to do Kirq.

My sister-in-law turned away in silence. Holding the beet in his hand, my husband asked:

- Kantuz? What's that? "Kantuz?" "Don't you know, you're illiterate," said the old man angrily. "Kantuz means, for example, someone shot you in the ear with a gun." Will you stay dark? That's it! My sons were also kantuz.

Goodness! I said lightly. "It's true that Shokirjon and Zakirjon were kantuz!" "You see!" It's Kantuz! The old man spoke confidently. "It was Kantuz!"

Today I saw Zokir in my dream. He was pouring water on the cabbage.

Where is your brother? ,as you know ,my brother is harvesting wheat in Kotarma, he said .

Water, light, wheat - share. It turned out that ,the share of both was added. My sister-in-law sighed in pain instead of rejoicing .

- " I will leave", she said, biting her trembling lip. "Sit down",I insisted, but he got up with a heavy thud.

- My daughter,go and follow your aunt! ,the elder ordered Robia .- Take out a single lantern.-He assigned my sister-in-law who went to the door ... -If you tell Zuhra ,she gives the lantern in the kitchen.

My sister-in-law shrugged at the cold at the door of the courtyard and tapped me on the shoulder.

-Come out earlier in the following day ,the funeral of forty women.

When I return home, the Elder is leaning over my old man's ear and saying something.

-He pointed his finger to say,"Come here". I figured it all out, he whispered. The tank caught fire! Both...- His beard trembled.-Tell the sister-in-law. The elder found that he was a kantuz.Say that in a year they will both be able to stand on their own two feet . Did you get it ? He stared at the flickering lamp for a long time. In the light of the lamp his eyes looked thoughtful and sad.I looked back to avoid crying.In a cold, eager silence, the old man's sigh was heard.None of us would resonate .I don't know how long we have been sitting in this alpaca.Once someone ran out of the window. At once the door opened and someone's large body appeared.I didn't recognize him at first. Then I look - it is Parcha.A torn scarf on her head and her gungurs -like shoulders covered in snow . She suddenly sat on the threshold!

-O my God, uncle Husan! she subbed. We all jumped up and stood up.

-What's up?- my husband and the elder asked equally.

Parcha seemed to see the elder now, tore off her scarf from her head, and wiped her face .O,you are better off in the shot,Elder,she muttered,-O,my God! -Explain, - the elder shook his hand angrily.

- My hause was burglarized !- Parcha pressed her scarf to her face and began to sob. The old man and my husband hurriedly put on their coats .

-When?, What kind of thief? - O, how do I know ?,- Parcha sighed in pain.

-What was stolen ?- said my husband as he put on his hat.

-If so!,will he get the deal?- Parcha sniffed at the end of the torn scarf. It was gone.

- What?,- the old man and my husband shouted at the same time.

-I'm dead, said Robia, roaring .I went to the doctor in the afternoon .

-They make a flour soup, I drank only two cups... From there I passed on my sister Bashar.

While the crowd was baking bread soaked in pumpkin juice. I only ate four... When I come home in a hurry, there is something on my porch. When I go closer to see if it is magic, it is goat, like a camel. -What !- the old man exclaimed , what a goat?

-Oh, how do I know ?- Parcha frowned. -It was afraid to go to it. -Die!- my husband's neck stiffened. Someone's goat got lost...

If it gets lost ,will it be fastened ? Parcha again begins to burst into tears. It is fastened my porch on top of it. Alright, let's go. My husband and Aksakal took Parcha out. God damn it. That one goat , if I panic so much, fool.

I couldn't come to myself for ominous a long time!

Shortly after Robia took out the lantern, my husband and the elder returned.

-What's the matter? The elder handed the crumbled paper in his palm to Robia.

Read on, -he said,frowning. We found it in the Abzi,it was stuck in the door.

Robia held the paper in the lantern light and read shyly.

Don't call me ominous. I'm not ominous.Robia was caught for a moment and continued.

In the post ,two black letters lie on the table.One is to Dombirabad - Sulaiman abzi... The other is to Xirmontepa -Xadicha otin. I will go to Kazan .

Whatever! Agree with me.Goodbye...

Robia has read the letter,then hand it to the Elder.However, the Elder don't even look back. We were all stunned.Silence fell.

- If so ,let it be for the poor said my husband thoughtfully.- Left his goat to Parcha...

So much so if a person has an honesty ,comrade!

- Need to return!- The Elder took the letter from Robia's hand.

-Right, said my husband.- How to get to Kazan on a winter's day. He himself is half human. Do we disturb a penniless? Can we tell it to Selsovet , Ismail policeman ... E, the Elder angrily interrupted him. What, is Abzi deserter, falling in front of policeman ! We will go ourselves . Both comrades dressed warmer and left . My husband came back as if he had fallen from his nose when the sun went down. Robia and I looked at each other to see what had happened, and my husband shook his frozen hand into the sandal and shook his head heavily.

- No,he said his beard trembling. - We went to the Tashkent Railway Station . It seems that, he has pre-booked ticket. He stared at one point and sat for a long time, then added softly . He was an honest person. The elder is very upset . Until he arrived ,he insulted your sister-in-law. The cursed tongue cuts, did it all ,says.

"What's wrong with her? " I said slowly. The Elder licked and was much quieter again. "That's right," he said thoughtfully. "But he was a faithful man. Wherever he goes , I wish him good health Rashid abzi left and letters aren't coming from my Kimsan.

Chapter Twelve

It's a step between kindness and anger.

a letter from soldier Kimsan Husanov to robia! that he wanted to write but could not. "This letter is to the beautiful Nogaykurgan village of Tashkent to the fathers, mothers, and Robiyakhans, who were playing and laughing in the village. You know it from your son Kimsan. My father mother , how are you? Are you healthy. The elder, my aunt, My daughters-in-law Fatima-Zuhra, my daughter-in-law Rano, how are you all Robiya! I received your four letters at once . I was very

happy to hear that they did Polof. You should know you're a an owned girl. You are mine! What I'was going to tell you when I go yours Well, most of them are gone I guess If we continue as this we will chase the fritzlam in this spring . Now the enemy's actions has dropped. Robbie, to tell the truth , Elder,said "war is not a game" , he said truely. I thought war was a game When you get a gun, you should shoot any enemy. Shoots never loose. when you face to the death your life looks sweet to your eyes. Flying in the sky detached from the hull of the oncoming Fokke-Wolf The twin bombs that are being dropped are obviously seen. That bomb is none other than as if it were falling on your head. A pipe was crawling like a malah in a snow-covered field the tanks seem to be invading the trench where you are standing.

'You don't know where to hit yourself. What can we do, we haven't seen anything except ketmon. I can remember: the first days the Germans poured us like a simple mulberry. There was a humorous man named ergash aka from fergana. He made us laughing telling humors. One day he pulls his head out of the trench There was a crackling sound, and the he fell down. A German sniper was lying in wait. As soon as he felled tens Compatriots run towards him said "Oh my Gosh" while I was running, a sanitary instructor named Masha grabbed my hand. Despite Masha's words, a bomb exploded on her friends who went to her follower, shattering ten people.

No, Robbie! Now we're learning to fight. We have a sergeant with his mustache as our elder named Dyadya Vasya. On his mouth has always tobacco (mohorka) I give him my share tobacco, he gives me the candy which is his share. Dyadya Vasya is also in her fourteenth year He was fighting against Germany. What a war That's what this man taught me. Dyadya Vasya fought against German in fourteenth years. This man thought us what was the war. He knows which bomb falls where.Flying a mile away When I look at the bombs coming out of the Focke-Wolf shell, I pull my head in and he hits me on my shoulder.

"It's not us!" Truly The bombs falls and cracks three or four hundred step away from us. That's the German airplane when a bomb explodes over our heads, When I look at the ground, dyad Vasya hits on my shoulder again.

Ne boysya, eto toje ne nash!

Truely The bomb struck far from us it goes down in the forest When a German plane dropped a bomb three or four hundred yards away, dyadya Vasya shouts. Beregis, - this is ours! he said, pushing me into the ditch presses. It's really dark everywhere When I press it, my ears become chipped. I wondered why this man was so careful I will stay. One day when I asked, he twisted his mustache and laughed: "You're young!" I am an old man. When the war is over, take me home. Make barbecue at your wedding! When the war is over, I will definitely take Diadya Vasya home. I'd like to give some of my father's grapes. Robiya! On the day the war began, we were both in the vineyard Do you remember when we cut the chillaki? I wish those days would come back now. If only we could go into the ishkam and pick grapes and invite dyadya Vasya as a guest! Remember, the day before i went, guests gathered our house. My father killed a sheep. Under the apple He dug a hole with a hoe and led the sheep to bed. He tied all three legs together. As soon as the knife came out of its sheath , the sheep snorted. It tried to raise head and get up. It seemed to looking my eyes with begging. It snorted again when my father pulled the knife . Blood was shot in his throat . I closed my eyes and went out into the yard. Could I kill someone who is so shaken when a sheep is slaughtered. The person is human.

Fascist, person all of them are human! The mother who gave birth to them never said "may my son slaughtered on someone's hands" He didn't mean that ! Just as alive as you are, waiting at home those who are their mother, father, a lover like you, how can I kill?

Robiya! Before I used to think so. But one day of the war was a year. When death is encountered at every step you should adapt this. Robiya, I am not the former compassionate Kimsan now. It's been 150 days since I last fought. It would not be

a lie to say that I lived for fifty years. War has its own rules. It is a step between Kindness and anger. Yo you kill or they kill you. There is no other way.

Do you have kindness for your relatives and your country, do not have mercy on the enemy! I applied this rule when the ten people shot by a fascist the who went towards Ergashali. In the New Year Eve when I lost Dyadya Vasya I believed that one more time. The person who saved me dangerous passed in front of my eyes. In amomen... On that day We were drinking cabbage soup in the trenches. The sun was shining in the clear sky, however the air was so cold it was a puddle coming out of your mouth as if frozen.

He was dropped his cap's ear flaps and with a drooping beard and a mustache Vasya puts the potty on his knees and digs a trench leaning against an icy wall, cabbage soup he would drink and occasionally give me dinner. "I don't care if I eat lard." if you don't learn, you will suffer. On a cold day Is there anything better than lard?

We had a good time. Don't worry! Mixaylov We knew that in ten days our troops in the area had chased the German and dragged him to a place called Sukhinichi. Now we were preparing to attack. Back blue snow-covered spruce trees on the side standing, everyone was silent. Just like any war It doesn't seem to be happening. It's like a forest with dyadya Vasya It's like going to a party and relaxing. At that moment, the planes took off. German I know the sound of airplanes. Which is "Mes sershmidt", which is "Fokke-Wolf" ... In a clear sky the bomber, the Fokke-Wolf, appeared. Pure as a spear is coming in threes. I am no longer afraid of them. I counted calmly. It's nine o'clock. Previous detonate bombs from oncoming planes began to work. - Ohhh! Nash! - Uncle Vasya looked up at the sky, clutching the cup. - Beregis! he shouted. I don't know what happened next. The bomb exploded, I am stunned by the explosion that makes me deaf. Then, everywhere is so peaceful.

I cannot remember when I woke up .My mouth is full of mud and snow .When I want to stand up ,my uncle Vasya is lying on top of me. In the past, when the surrounding area was so quiet ,he swore Frits and stood up. This time he doesn't move again .Then I lie onside hardly .The sky gloved, the sun is invisible.I push my uncle Vasya's boots away which was across on my waist.

Uncle Vasya! When I look at him by being set up his leg was over me and his body was in the snow.Only the hand holding the little pot is seen from the snow.The soup in the little pot spill and is full of dirty snow. I grabbed the little pot.

Uncle vasya, it's real! Interestingly,he clutched the little pot tightly,not wanting to let go.When I pulled the little pot harder, his arm broke off which was buried in the snow. I panicked and shouted loudly.

Uncle Vasya! His arm is torn off from his elbow,his blood is black and a white bone is pushing through his yellow meat. Surprisingly, human meat would be yellow.

I wonder if I lose my mind and be crazy.As I scrape the pieces of snowy mud with my hands and feet,I screamed because of tears in my throat.

Uncle Vasya! Uncle Vasya!

Robbiya! It would be horrible to see a man with cracked stomach and muddy intestines. You would have agreed to your death a thousand times more than you have seen your loved one in that situation. Tell me a man who sees such a thing, does he have a mercy on the enemy. What does uncle Vasya do the Germany? What does the Hitler interd for him? What about Ergashali from Fargana? What about compatriots? Is it their fault?

We attacked on New Year's Eve, when the Germans were tipsy and celebrating Christmas. Robiya, I believe there is justice in this world. Go, that day will come, when we will see the screaming escape of fascists who invade us and frighten us. I do not want to lie. At the dark snowy night, I want to shut at least one fascist by a gun to defeat, who is a German was screaming in the snow like a sheep that my

father slaughtered under the apple tree, I would love to see him with my own eyes to know, to laugh from him.

You can't escape! What a painful retreat.

The ground was blue, and the flaming ribbons of machine-gun were blazing blue, and the enemy soldiers were coming out of the trenches and running along all the directions. No, I did not see any of the fascist, but I could hear them running away and shouting loudly!

You don't know, Robiya! You don't know what it's like to chase an enemy who doesn't know where to hit himself like a trapped wolf! When one of his compatriots was martyred and ten of them were crying, "My relative!" You don't know, how much fun it would be to chase a German for someone who vowed to take revenge on the enemy, who dropped that bomb when he picked up the guts of a man who had been smashed under a bomb!

Robiya! My love! We have strange customs. When a baby is born, the palate is raised. Do you know what the midwife says? "Be honest, be a believer!" she says. Now I understand that being honest does not mean being a believer. What does it mean to be a believer? Does it mean that if someone hits your right face, hold your left face?! If the enemy put a landmine, and eleven Uzbeks are killed by them, drop a bomb, then how can I be as gentle as a sheep and as calm as a musician! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! That's honest!

There was another incident yesterday. At dawn, we entered a village called Krasnogorsk. It means "Red Mountain" in Russian. There is no mountain here. The hill is called a mountain. Krasnogorsk is also a low hill. It looks like our own Khirmontepa.

Although it has not yet dawned, the scene is instantly bright. We ran forward from the side of fit tree's branches by saying "Ur- ho-ur!" . I later found out why the village suddenly lit up. Houses on both sides of the street are on the fire.

Robiya, you have not seen. The houses here does not look like ours. The walls are mud, the roof is not muddy. They always build walls from rafter and cover them with straw. When a fire goes out, it burns fastly.

The enemy's team set fire to the houses in village. Fascist has weapon which is called ognemyot. Sprinkle gasoline from the long rubber, burns houses.

When I'm running — I can see it. In the distance, at the beginning of a well-lit country street, the last German truck was sliding in the snow. Our tank came out from the woods, and from its side stood a bullet from a cannon, the car shattered, and the Germans on it scattered. I ran in that direction, screaming with joy.

At that moment, someone jumped out of the window of the burning house and went out into the street. He stumbled in the snow, but did not fall. He ran five or six paces, and he began to burn like a matchstick. there may be gas on his clothes ... In a panic, he threw his headphones in the snow and shook his head with both hands. But he fainted from the pain and ran as hard as he could. The faster he ran, the harder he burned, sometimes slapping his face and sometimes his head.

A-a-a-a!

I ran after him.

As I approached, his body had turned into flames. When there are five or six steps to go, he falls into the snow. I threw myself on top of him, and started to roll him in the snow. The smell of burnt meat hit me: the smell of human meat.

Eventually, my hands swelled and I extinguished the fire by pressing it into the snow. The village was still burning. When I looked, he was a small child. At the age of seven or eight, he looked like an adult to me because he was wearing coarse cotton clothes. I tried to take off the cotton clothes that started to burn, but I couldn't, he was already black and clinging on his body. When I rubbed his face, something soft and warm touched on my finger. I pulled my hand away. But something like rubber stuck was my fingers.

The more I pull my hand, the longer the child's face stretches. I waved my hand away hardly. I stared at the boy as I crouched down.

In the flames of the burning houses, the boy's tormented face was clearly visible. His two faces, his eyebrows and eyelashes were burnt and blackened, his eyes was staring at on pint in panic, only his lips, his small lips, were half open; It was as if he was still shouting "a-a-a", the tip of his tongue was sticking out of his crooked and wide spaced teeth ...

You wrote in your letter, Robiya! "We are engaged ", you say, "everyone is aware of that" Now think yourself. When the time comes, even if we have wedding party, if the enemy invades and burns our children, how will it be! If a person sees this innocent kid who is burning, and he does not revenge the enemy for that kid, is not it fault? I didn't know, but a ruthless man would be irreligious. But in order to be religious, you also have to be ruthless. I believed that. War made me do it, Robiya!

Robiya! My heart feels. We're going to have a big war soon. Now I know how to fight. Robiya! I was very happy to read that you sewing design for me. Are there two now? If you sew two in half a year, I will go until your designs will be four. Most are gone and few are left.

Say hello to Aqsaqal, (traditionally, an aqsaqal was the leader of a village or aul until the Soviet times), Aunt Kholposhsha, my sister-in-law Rano, and my sister-in-law Fatima-Zuhra. Yes, as I said, I laughed when I read that my mother said to give qurut (dried milk) to Uncle Shomurod . I haven't seen my uncle. Say hello to my father and mother from me. Your brother Kimsan who loves you with all his heart. 1942 ... January »

Chapter Thirteen

"Qora amma" STORY ,

If it's good, it's hut, if it's bad, it's hut It's been two weeks since the catting spring meowed at night behind the barn. At first I was glad that the undead slave, if the

hut had come, would have survived the spring as well. Where! As we waited for the yellow ice which was hanging from the roof and now the thaw was about to begin, but the cold and winter returned again.

There is not any firewood. In the morning the windows are covered with frost. Robbiya and I get stuck in the crumpled sandals and cold at night. My husband and the Aqsaqal are worried that winter is coming. Although winter is so cold, the manure is taken out of the field. But how much work is still to be done! Irrigation ditch should be cleaned, ploughed. Eh-he!

Aqsaqal cannot stay at home house since my sister-in-law became ill. He woke up in the morning early and came to our house to meet with my husband. This morning, too, he came in chopon (traditional clothes). Robbiya was feeding the cow in the cattle-shed, I had just come to make tea.

"go to the heal!" The old man sat in a sandal, sipped his tea, and cursed. Last night the new moon came out. When I looked, the sickle was again sideways. When the moon is calm, the earth is restless.the winter seems no to end this year.

If the winter wheat doesn't rot, it..., 'said the old man, shaking his head. "I wonder if the weather is going to be bad ..."

The door slammed shut and he could not eat his food.

When we went to the side of gate one by one and then in threes, 'Umar zakunchi (nickname) is making calm his horse. He is wearing a fur hat on his head, a leather jacket on his shoulders, and a whip in his hand.

"Is your year sleep,and is your muchal (method reckoning according to 12 months) pillow?" said by shaking his hooves of horse to the snow.

When he saw Aqsaqal, Zakunchi's eyes started to look everywhere.

"What are you doing here?" he said by trembling his thin mustache. Looking at my two daughters-in-law,why are you feeding them? My mouth dropped open in

surprise. Is Aqsaqal saying that? There is not any person who do not respect Aqsaqal in Nogayqorgan, ?!

Feeling a big fight now, my heart is trembling. I turned in fear and saw the Aqsaqal frowning and squinting at Zakunchi. Whether it was shortness of breath or the cold, a thick puddle was rising from under his white mustache.

Aqsaqal took a step closer.

"Look at me," he said, reaching for the reins. The horse snorted and raised its head. Are you my friend or relative ?!

Zakunchi smiled with a corner of his lip, but immediately pulled seriously.