

JAJMAN

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The bad runs a risk to abuse the weak! Oh, may the orphan's share curses you, may God damn you!"

After the curse that is said in the early morning the interior of the shopping house came into action. All – dried apricot trader, raisin trader, nut trader that were laying on the lateral position on the mall as leaning over the big bags rose with a suspicion, viewed round with a troubled look, checked their pockets. As lifting a load from their mind one by one some of them circled around the suffered woman that was screaming distressfully. The sympathizers began to appease her.

"Had he take more?" a loud voice asked.

"Half of the sack was taken," the woman sobbed.

"Oh, bastard!"

"Instead of eating this woman's raisin let it's tongue tears!"

"How many sacks had you, sister?"

"There was a sack. I had spared it as taking from orphan's share."

"We should catch and hang him in the mall's roof!" said another one as threatening.

Grandparent Zardusht who was sitting aside lowering his head stepped steadily toward the lap of the shopping house. As if he could grip the thief by the throat and he believed it all the way. Visiting among trading stores he saw familiar traders that were stretching, rarely awakening. "All is busy with its troubles, with the cares of living. All want selling and selling, selling pistachio, almond, dried apricot and raisin. They think only about turning them into money..." he thought. Involuntarily he coarsely calculated the sacks that are placed back-to-back. He reached the end of the trade passes. While he turned back he heard a slight knock from backside. As someone was fisticuffing the wall. Capturing his white beard for a while father listened to the voice. Then he remembered the grief of the suffered woman, forgot the voice, returned back.

The store of the grandparent was at the beginning of the house, at the gate. He came to his place with confusing thoughts, opened a sack and put three-four handful good raisins on his headscarf. Grandparent took the headscarf went to the half filled sack of the woman, added his raisins to her. After him many people did so. As all of them confessed their weakness in front of a invisible calamity, as if it was as strong as death. They felt bowels of mercies.

Grandparent Zardusht sank on a blanket. "Only you can help us, Ahura Mazda!" he whispered as caring. While he whispered his hair and beard, bushy eyebrows lighted. His round is lightened a moment. Suddenly an aged man who was not along from him cried loudly, unsightly.

"I deprived of my life! The God penalized me!" The trade house that has become more pacific after the woman's cry awakened again. All people came to him. He was about fifty years old, was as fat as a feeder ship. He was creeping as picking blankets. "No, no! There is nothing! I was robbed!" he cried. He continued searching believing to find his need. He overturned everything. "How much did you lose, mister Qamchi?" asked one of the master sellers of the market. "I have placed it on my pillow," Qamchibek bumbled. He was checking everywhere with his trembled hands. "How much was there?" chirped the seller. "There was much money; I have not counted it," shouted the loser. "Oh, really!" "Bully for you, Qamchibek! Hey men, how could you dare to put money under the pillow?" "It is his choice, he keeps his money there where he want. But there is another issue, it is sorrowful that we are not able to find out a damned thief!"

"Do not spare your light!.." said Grandparent Zardusht.

The Babblative nutseller began talking to people. Grandparent did not look at him but recognized him by his voice. "The son of Father nutseller..." he thought. The nutseller was talking ceaseless as drawing the attention of all. "Yesterday two men lost their money. Before yesterday in the daytime we lost a sack of pistachio-green and today also you are witnessing deception. There is anyone who could call us to open our eyes!"

The beard of Grandparent Zardusht that fills his chest was trembling barely.

An early and twilight morning he had an ablution for the prayer. When he was grubbing about the trade lobbies noticed a shadow that was acting one and half meters away from him. He looked attentively but did not see the illusion again. He knelt down to his place, bowed his head and shut his eyes, absorbed in thought. As usual practice he completely immersed in his dreams. "In a short time the Sun will rise, the universe fills with light. People will wake and the bazaar will wake. The gate of the trade house will be opened wide. Daily hurly-burly will begin soon. As usual every moment an awful crowd comes and leaves the house, the seller comes, consumer comes and vagabond comes. They come like an ant, leaves like an ant. The legs, hands and mouths do not rest here. Customer mourns over his money, the seller deploras about his goods. The life leads the human being as curbing him. It puts them into a fryer that is called "bazaar". Then it again and again overturns the fryer. Like an ant human grasps everything, it carries all things to his house, as if its house never fills. People sell, people buy... Oh, God! Oh, Ahura Mazda! The weak servants of you need the fire, Ahura Mazda!"

Grandfather Zardusht opened his eyelids that were as heavy as iron rarely, took a fistful raisin from a sack that was the side of him; he purified it as overturning on his palms. Then he moved with suffering. People were wagging. "The mensh men harden themselves... the mensh men clean themselves," Grandfather Zardusht was appealing. While he was coming to the front of his trade stall he saw... "Oh, my Lord!" he said hastily. He stood as if turned to stone. Fear kept him tongue-tied. He tried gathering strength, closed and immediately reopening the eyes. But all this efforts were ineffective; all that he was seeing was reality. "Support me, Ahura Mazda!" he whispered. "Wherefore are you getting me face to face with a breather, Ahura Mazda?!"

Father has seen a breather that was shorter than a span. As if facing with a dirty thing and not to smear his sight he shuddered. An unknown formidable deception put his heart into the shade. Something had stuck in his throat, the breather took his breath away.

“A bantam breather! A bantam breather visited to the trade house, hey, good men!” he said rarely.

For his opinion all sellers will wake up immediately, catch that dirty essence and tear into pieces then as wiping they will throw it out of the house. But nobody hear Grandfather Zardusht. His voice disappeared among the dark corners of the house. Father attempted to gather his awareness, to scream loudly, to inform people about the calamity. At the moment as seeing the deeds of the breather Father felt abashed. He was witnessing an event that human being never before heard and seen.

The creature was laying at the pile of raisin calmly. It was eating raisin as eating pilaf, putting the fistful of raisin to his belly pouch continually.

Father watched the breather awhile. Its hands and mouth were acting restlessly, but seemingly it will not be full. Father was surprising, how could the creature eat the others people share so calmly and fearlessness? “What is this? What a kind of creature is this?” he thought.

The breather stood up and got down while Father lost in thought. He noticed it when it was going to the gate as bouncing. Only then he came to consciousness and saw the creature clearly. Its eyes, ears and neb were similar to both mouse’s and fox’s. “This is dormouse! It seems it is the cub of fox and mouse. Its belly is similar to kangaroo’s,” thought Father. But while it extended and walked like a man he changed his thought: “Maybe that is the man’s breed?” He broke out in a cold sweat. For asking penance from God for his thought he spat in his cloth’s neck.

After several days at noontime in the shopping passage of dried apricot was made a loud noise. All rushed there. “What? What is there? Good gracious! Oh, what is this?” people were asking and astonishing. Suddenly the noise ceased.

“Let’s catch, catch it!” shouted one of the sellers hurriedly.

“No, do not touch! Let’s watch for while!” an old seller stopped him.

“Hey, what is this? Mouse?” a black coat old man chirped.

“This is one of the sorts of man!”

The crowd laughed.

“Please don’t make such a rumpus! You may fear it!”

Then the breather held itself in readiness for running.

“It is going to run!” a black coat old man chirped more loudly.

The crowd roused a big smoke. Four-five men began to crawl and the crowd hurried and scurried about the passage. The noise reduced soon. Instead of it ruthless and unsatisfied voices were heard.

“It ran off! You have caught it! How did you miss it? Where did it vanish?”

People felt abashed, like a duck in a thunderstorm they did not know what to do. While noise has cut down and people were returning to their place the pistachio seller who called people to catch the breather came to the man who touched the creature.

“Will you sell almond by using these dirty hands?” he whispered.

The almond seller confused, did not know believe or not believe to him. He was staring mouth opening; because of fright he pulled a face. Grandfather Zardusht was observing him attentively. His heart became numb, wanted to say something but did not.

The trade house found a theme to talk about. All was talking that creature.

“An unusually animal!” a man interested in others thought.

“In any event I hope that it is not the sign of any sinister beginning,” another man created panic.

“I think it is not only the sign of sinister event, but also the seed of ill fate!” one of the men supported him.

“It can’t be so! How come that little breather can bring harm? This is a hack for us to have fun!” a frank man tried to end the doubts.

The buyers intercepted to the babble.

“A strange creature has appeared in the bakery!” said one of them.

“No one knows the animal that was in candy store last year!”

“In a day or two that breather will spread all over the house!”

As hearing such ambiguous news Grandfather Zardusht lost heart, did penance for all’s sins. “Oh, no! Can it spread?” he thought. The voice of the Father Nutseller broke his alarmed imaginations.

“Do not remain unconscious! Listen! The name of the creature is jajman! It is jajman!”

Father Nutseller’s news shuddered Grandfather Zardusht’s body. He has heard that name once. He remembered his weak scream when saw that creature in the trade house. Father sank into a deep silent. “Ahura Mazda made clear the meaning of the question! He informed us! Good men were informed!” he felt a peaceful consolation and pronounced the benediction to the God of goodness.

The issue of the dried apricot seller was still going on.

“We should negotiate with that mouseface breather! Let’s let it to eat how much it wants. It has a belly like a thimble. But it is not good to steal money from our sack!” While the beardless raisin seller was tasking everybody’s memory with details the Babblative nutseller got het-up.

“While we decide about it and make a decision jajman eats the trade house and the bazaar!” he said sharply. Then he calmed little. “People, remember the history! Jajman is the miseries for us! It is true that we had not become poor by giving one or two fistful dried apricot or raisin. We did not say it even noticing. And after some time the dirty creature felt itself like a darling of all sellers!” he said in a slushy voice. His words evoked a smile on Grandfather Zardusht’s face. He remembered times when jajman was the favorite of sellers.

As soon as sellers saw it gave raisin, pistachio, and nut. Jajman began to feel comfort here. It did not fear. It ate the handout easily, placed in its pouch. It used to eat the dried apricot with the bonelet, sometimes broke the bonelet and looked at sellers champing the things. It was both interesting and hateful to watch it. The sellers were laughing as staring at its little hands and fingers, mouth that similar to mouse’s. They had a fun with the insatiable breather.

“I can glut it till its belly break out!”

People began to bet on feeding it. But those who boasted about feeding the jajman regretted again and again. The secret of breather’s sateless belly remained as a secret.

Subsequently jajman appeared though no one called him. It did not wait for alms and used to eat dried fruits without permission. The sellers accustomed to its audacious deeds. Then... thenadays someone, who, who was that? Yes, he remembered, the grandfather of that Babblative nutseller kicked jajman. Jajman was breaking nut. It did not toss aside and filled its pouch with nut quietly and disappeared.

Since then it did the disappearing act. People began to miss it.

“It was our fun. We were rejoicing! You should not kick it. You grudged your things from jajman. We could feed him!”

They attacked Grandfather Nutseller. He was showing repentance for his deed. But did not reveal the secret and became beetle-browed. Grandfather Zardusht tried to encourage him several times. But when he was going to do so he felt a shivering in his white and soft beard. Every time ancient memories took his thoughts to the distant times.

In old times – when he was a child and was hearing the fairies of Grandmother Otash in her armload he did not stop asking questions. He did not let Grandmother Otash to sleep.

“Grandmother, I saw a dream. A flock of crows assaulted on our garden. It ate everything we have got. I feared, granny!”

Grandmother embosomed the child hardly. Suddenly he noticed a shivering in her hands.

“If the God supports us, gives our portion in the life we are stronger then not only a flock as well ten flocks of the crow. May Ahura Mazda protect us from miseries, from butchery...” she consoled the child and began a legend.

“The time comes when adverse giants will capture our land. They eat everything that they touch but never feel full and places things on their palms that are as big like a borderless sea. They carry things to the distant places...” The warmly bosom of the Grandmother sent the child to sleep. In his dream he saw his Grandmother on the palm of a giant. Because of fright he nearly had a heartbreaking. By the help of an unknown power he gripped the giant’s hand and leapt to his granny's defence. On giant’s palm he saw the granny who was grasping her head. While she saw the child came to him

and pushed him down. The child again stepped toward the giant but the hands and palms of the giant disappeared. The child cried, opened his eyes with fear and saw himself in granny's bosom.

"Granny, granny I had a sleep. In my dream the giants took you in their palms," he cried like a baby. "Why? Granny, why do they do so? I am fearing, mother!" The Grandmother Otash said nothing and then... then she did not wake up anymore...

"Oh! Stop such vapid conversation. We should catch and punish that little predator!" said one of pistachio sellers who lost his money.

"Heretofore nobody has caught it. How can we punish it?" asked an old seller.

"Why should we punish it? We should kill it!" said the Babblative nutseller.

He was the son of man who had firstly kicked jajman. Because of his deed the Grabdfather Nutseller came across into many discontents and he beared all attitudes. Then jajman came again. As eating more and more it began to play a joke on sellers plainly. As sitting on old men's arm it used to pull their ear and beard, tickled sleepy men and as giggling sounded strangely. One of these days Father Nutseller took a heavy stone and threw it to jajman that was filling its pouch with nuts. The stone passed by its neb. It turned a somersault to its back and nearly died. Jajman immediately was on its feet and ran. All watched the event silently. Nutsellers made a clutter. Unsatisfied sellers shouted at the Father Nutseller. But there were people who supported the Father Nutseller. His father had kicked jajman, he nearly killed it and now his son – the Babblative nutseller is calling people to kill the little breather!

"We kill it! We should kill it! Only then we can get rid of it!" he was saying.

That calling made the crowd keep silent. Since then nobody has told such appeal. The Babblative fellow looked at people. "We kill it!" whispered someone. Then the crowd repeated it loudly.

Apart from several sellers all supported the young nutseller. The noise aroused. Unexpectedly the gruff voice of oleaster seller that was sitting on the shopboard stopped all.

"Hey you, Good men, do not forget to take the blessing and advice of our Grandfather..."

The noise reduced then. The crowd looked at Grandfather Zardusht. The nutseller came to the before the crowd and threw Grandfather Zardusht an inquiring glance. Grandfather Zardusht looked at him and strained his eyes. Then as wishing to stare at the sky raised his head and gave a glance at the onion domes of the trade house. There was no voice. People were waiting for Father's words. Father was going to ask the relief from Ahura Mazda for these people. Then he heard grievous murmur from the other side of the distant walls of the house. The crowd was looking forward to his words, but he was thinking about the secretly voice. Then his turbid eyes that was under the protection of hairy eyebrows shined. As leaning to his right side gave a sight at the behind of a column.

“It is here! Here! It stole raisin from this sack! Catch it! kill it!”

The trade house filled with noise. Grandfather Zardusht saw jajman. It looked round like a mole and disappeared.

Someone got into the shopboard, other men drew the sacks, and others overturned everything. Several confused men got ready for beating jajman by the pieces of burnt brick.

“Apparently they can catch the little beast,” thought Grandfather Zardusht, but changed his mind soon. “If it so easy to catch jajman people already would catch it and it would not live so much.”

Grandfather Zardusht's next guess was right: as not minding the attack of the crowd jajman appeared here and there, it was eating things with a great appetite. As snatching dried fruits it was placing them into his pouch. Even a piece of brick that fell at him and sprayed the heap of pistachio did not scare it. In any event, then it vanished.

Though customers came to the house sellers did not stop searching the breather. Both fat and thin, young and old tired. The woman forgot about the lost raisin, dried apricot seller forgot about his stolen money.

“Who threw the brick?” a thick moustache man asked.

“I did!” a snub-nosed seller answered proudly. “I misdid little,” he regretted.

Grandfather Zardusht returned back as smiling at sellers for their childish acts and words. He heard the familiar voice from backside. He stopped. His entire body turned

to an ear: bump... bump... bump... Firstly Grandfather thought that the voice came from the ground and looked at the floor. Listened to it attentively and only then he noticed that the voice was coming behind the distant walls of the trade house.

The trade house was filled up with customers. Noise, bargaining on price has begun. Grandfather Zardusht looked around, saw the sellers happy. They had high spirits as if they had an unforgettable event in their life.

The morning event was told several days.

“Jajman will not come back anymore!” said pistachio sellers.

“Its heart has broken already. We will find its corpse under sacks!” laughed nutsellers.

“Ah, it would be great if we had get rid of it!” the oleaster sellers hoped.

Grandfather Zardusht smiled weakly. According to him the existence of jajman was as real as day and night. There was only trouble – how many jajmans are there? “If jajman spreads like a mouse what can people do?” he had a unanswered question.

In the morning when he got up early then usually he found the answer. For the last couple of days sleeping was suffering not relaxing. Human beinbg is not the eternal prisoner of this world. The other life...

“Ahura Mazda, you are only protector! The will of you is our nonnegative fate of your creatures!” he whispered from the heart.

Grandfather got up. While he directed to the outside he saw jajman. It was in front of a raisin seller who had put a cotton jack on him. As crossing its legs jajman was fumbling about in his pocket. Apparently because of tickles he moved and slept like a log. The beast took a bundle of money and jumped like a child that took candy from his grandfather. But it was running so noiseless as a cockroach. By scrambling to the sacks that were leant on the wall it got upward and when jajman reached upon the gate two big palms came out from a hole. Jajman unloaded its pouch on palms, threw money and coins. The palms disappeared then jajman got down in haste.

Grandfather could not realize the event that happened in front of him for some time. As noticing the wind of death he had his heart in his boots. The giant palms which he saw now were similar to the giant’s palm that he had seen in dream, which killed his

granny. "People, wake up! Be aware! Catch jajman!" he wanted to say so. But he knew that as the last time nobody hears him. "Light their soul, Ahura Mazda!" he said.

"Filling the palms is harassing it! It is breathed" Grandfather Zardusht thought.

The left line sellers put lots of rat traps. But the right line sellers knew that jajman was very clear and it was impossible to catch it by trap and they covered all holes by wire cloth. The owners of the bazaar sent here deliverers who were in white overalls. They stopped the trading and ousted sellers from the house and filled it with a fetid odour. Three-four days men walked here by cover their mouth.

"Jajman cannot step here for ten years!" spread a common gossip in bazaar.

Jajman that was unaware of the war against it was continuing its deeds. It appeared like wind and pulled things sharply and again easily vanished like a breeze.

People began to talk about new theme.

"How could it passed through the wire cloth? I saw it by my own eyes! It stretched like dough and slided like a leech! I could tear its pouch, what a predicament!"

"The man who catches the little predator will be awarded!" said the Babblative nutseller.

All began decide the award. Despite the noise Grandfather Zardusht heard the familiar voice clearly. It was loudly than ever. "Its death is knocking at his door!" he whispered. He saw jajman on his shopboard and his beard began to shiver because of feeling nervous. Jajman took a fistful of good raisin, put it in his mouth and absorbed with cheer. Grandfather saw its little, nacreous teeth clearly. He looked it attentively. Its hands and legs were as thin like a match. It was eating very fast. In a short time a side of the heap was caved.

"Eat how you want," Grandfather whispered. Then the creature began to fill its pouch. Grandfather smiled. "Your avaricious attitude is the sign of your end, is not it?" he asked. As laughing at Grandfather jajman grinned to him. In reality it was in a strong disturbance and was in a hurry.

Grandfather was not regretting for the raisin. But his neighbor who was coming as creeping from the front side of the shopboard flung himself into jajman. Another two musclemen also rushed on jajman. "Jajman dashed to pieces!" Grandfather thought.

“It ran off! How come? Where did it run?”

Raisin sellers got into a flap. The neighbor gazed his discordant sight at Grandfather.

“Did you see? Say, where did it run?” he snored.

Grandfather did not pay attention to him, looked at the men that were looking at him in a discontent sight.

“No matter you help or not to that breather we will catch it soon! We will pull up it by the roots!” said the pistachio seller.

“Do not begrudge your warm from us, Ahura Mazda! Bright our souls, God!” Grandfather Zardusht begged. The familiar voice came from the behind of the walls. Now all will look at that place. Both sellers and customers will stop arguing and all will have prick-ears.

The ingratiatingly action of aggravated pistachio seller broke his thoughts.

“You were watching jajman! Why did you keep silent? Why did not you tell, Grandfather? How can we catch that whoreson? Let’s kill it, live pacific!”

Seemingly he was not going to stop talking. Then the bump of a bucket drew the attention.

“I caught it! Caught it!” someone shouted.

The whirred crowd moved there hastily.

Only Grandfather stayed in his place. His heart felt an unknown threat. The hubble-bubble came to a head. All was asking a question: “Who? Who?”

“I! I caught it! I did it!” a man heartbreakingly was repeating the news.

The crowd moved ahead as hoping to see the man whom was awarded catching the predator. Full-throated high-pitch cries pierced the ear. “Let’s kill it!” “Let me beat it!”

Then suddenly there was a short pause. The Babblative nutseller got down the shopboard and like aiming a festival speech talked in a surprised and victorious voice: “Jajman is doomed to death! That's all there is to it!” he ironed his congruous moustache.

The crowd confirmed his decision. The nutsller guy rolled up his sleeves laboriously like he was going to cut a camel. He came on the bucket. The crowd made a circle

around him. Everyone was ready: someone was holding a stone, other one was grasping a piece of brick, others had a stick.

The Babblative nutseller entered hand under the bucket. The crowd had a palpitating heart. At the time of revenge the hate has been moved to eyes and hands. The bucket overturned and banged. The nutseller shook the hand so hardly as catching fire.

“It bit me!” he screamed with agony and excitement.

As soon as jajman came out of the bucket a crotched stick kicked it. “It died!” people breathed calmly. But jajman slid under the stick, as shaking its body threw itself toward the feet. As damming its pouch with little hands it jumped and reached the shoulder of a man, hopped from heads to heads. People were in shock. Due to their collateral guard jajman got into a tizzy. The crotched stick directed to him one more and as beating the ice it slipped. Jajman could not stretch its body. Seemingly the kick crippled its loin.

“Be aware of our condition, Ahura Mazda! Do not grudge your mercy!” Grandfather Zardusht closed his eyes.

The loudly entreaty that was coming from the behind of the house turned into assertion. The heart of the Grandfather felt an offensive event, in front of his eyes darkened, his brain whirred. An unknown event was appearing in his mind.

As spilling black clouds three head Ahriman that was adhering on the ceiling rushed into Ahura Mazda. Ahura Mazda fell. And while Ahura Mazda was overturning opened his mouth like a cave and spilled fire. Ahriman opened mouth and among clouds little jajmans came out. Ahura Mazda continued to spill the fire. But jajmans did not burn. Seemingly they were rejoicing in the fire. They reached the shoulder and head of Ahura Mazda and were sounding strangely. Ahriman gave a guffaw at the top of his voice.

“Be aware, Ahura Mazda! Ahriman is still alive, Ahura Mazda! Good men, listen to me, devil is alive! Be aware!” Grandfather was whispering as closing the eyes.

As soon as he repeated the name of the god of goodness something as if a great cliff crashed. A pathetic voice that came among people terrified all. People were still fighting against the breather. The half dead jajman was being oppressed under the giant beings, jammed on the ground. But it tried to run again and again.

Tired men who were rarely breathing stayed behind the crowd and were dragging their feet. Instead of them new fighters were joining to the crowd. Together both sellers and clients hammered and punching the breather. The distracted jajman was throwing itself everywhere, was searching something.

Finally! Finally the clutter stopped, the hollos subsided, and the trade house sank into silent. The creepers were standing.

The Babblative nutseller grasping the scut lifted the half died body of jajman over his head.

“Ah! May God burns your house!” cursed someone.

“It died! Let it be!” said another man with joy.

“Good gracious! There is no a drop of blood in its body!”

“The God created it mistakenly!”

The crowd laughed. The blubbery suffered men who got rid of the calamity of the bloodsucker hug and congratulated each other. All was happy as the sun was rising to the sky from the trade house.

“Brothers! The seed of misery was withdrawn, brothers!”

Raisins and pistachios fell down from the pouch of jajman. The crowd had a good yak over it. But then jajman sounded.

“Lo... kila!.. Lokil...la!”

The nutseller frightened and threw the body hurriedly, took himself back. The confused crowd stoned. The house was so pacific as if the unclear words of jajman that was said arduously were still sounding in the air. The crowd was on the rack. People began to call a name quickly.

“Grandfather Zardusht!”

“Zardusht...”

“Grandfather!”

“Grandfather Zardusht!!!” the crowd called together and all moved toward the Grandfather.

Grandfather Zardusht was looking directly at the walls where the horrified voice was coming. He was sitting like a deaf; was not seeing the crowd that was sitting in front

of him hopefully. Then... then pieces of the wall began to fall on the ground. The house filled with dust. People who were near to the wall hardly had time for getting aside. The frightened crowd gathered in a corner like a herd that has faced a wolf. People excitedly looked at the falling walls, watching the event that was contrary to their mind. As soon as the cloud of dust settled people saw a dark hole under the wall. It was as big as a mouth of a pit. Nobody could dare act. Then a pair of giant palms came out of the dark hole. The palms were opened and another jajman which was as like as peas to the jajman that some minutes ago was killed with great difficulties. The new jajman hopped from the palms and got down. Only then people noticed that it was little bit higher than died one. It was two spans.

1989 year.

Translated from Uzbek by Shukhrat Sattorov