

## Salomat Vafo. Forgotten woman (story)

Salomat Vafo

### FORGOTTEN WOMAN

*Translated by: Abdurauf*

*Edited by: Azam Abidov*

*Alla bolam, alla-yo...  
Osmon bolam, alla-yo  
Orzu bolam, alla-yo  
Armon bolam, alla-yo...  
(From Uzbek lullaby)*

All over round of me, the place where I was lying, all over the world, were quaking and shining. My ears accepted something that I have never heard. I did not understand anything. I was not able to feel anything. It seemed to be an underground pipe where I became stuck. And I was breathless, going down to the bottom, lifeless and weak. I was frightened, screaming in my mind. I did not know what to do. And I did not know what the matter was with me.

I was in shock after that when I was stabbed a drug on my hand and my body was at doctor's disposal. I only heard and felt the actions around of me. I was not seeing anything, but felt sounds of metals, tools, shining knives preparing by doctors. And I remembered that I frightened at knife, scissors in my childhood and called to mind my father's words: "there is an evil with the knife, put it away from the eye". Where is the evil? Where is the source of evil?

The notion of time, the notion of feeling is stopped for me. My heart was exclaiming and it seemed a black shadow pursuit me. And I heard a voice: Guilty! Get out! Unvirgin!

Doctors sometimes were checking my heart, sometimes they stab me, sometimes flipped me on my face not to let me die. But I have forgotten myself. The huge knife of doctors began its action. Gradually they touched a baby body. I wanted to breathe; I opened my mouth soundlessly and tried to ask someone for help. I wanted to get rid of faster. I wanted to breathe deeply and deeply with fresh air. But I was breathless. I was getting weaker and weaker. Do you know a state of a man fastening hands behind and drowning? He tries to do anything to breathe. But now my state was worse than his. And I thought what kind of space it was? When I came here?

Strange voices and strange groaning were heard from every quarter. A huge knife was faster and I remembered father's words again: "There is an evil with the

knife!" But the evil knife was coming nearer and nearer to the baby: oh: I heard nothing.

Horrible cry rose around. It seemed to be a hundred of people were groaning. The world and I were getting circled. It seemed to be a hundred of bells struck and I said: I came down to the hell. And ten thousand of years I will burn on the hellfire. My guilty body will smoke for ten thousand years. I did not remember myself.

The world covered with silence. I thought if I died. I was in the center of the hell. Some kind of shadow came over my head and put icy cold hand over my forehead. Suddenly I greeted it. I told it not by tongue but by mind, by soul and lost somewhere another spaces.

- Hi my dear.

I was shocked. Grandma, my grandma died five years ago came over me. I was in hesitation, who was she? Was she really my Grandma?

- Anyway, you have done as you told.

I have answered affirmatively.

- You always commit mistakes. I told you before.

Where and when she told me. What did she tell me then? I could not remember. Actually she died five years ago. I believed that I am dead and my Grandma was preparing me for the last question. A couple of drops fell to my face. The shadow standing over my head was crying, it was crying for me, it was crying despite of not having heart; it was not able to hold itself. And huge knife was in a hurry. It was clapping hands and: mm. pain: cut down baby's hand.

I was without hand.

I did not hear then. The world drowned into silence. It seemed to be me, the drowning person. Something from inside, from ears and from the end of fingers began to plumping like a bubble. I was in the bottom, between two worlds, in front of misunderstood event, waiting for my destiny. (Eh, poor walking man, all your life is waiting:)

However, the huge knife furious, in a hurry full of anger it reached its aim. A radio was listened. I heard voices: "I will be a sacrifice to you." How is it to be sacrificed? When one can to sacrifice himself to another?

Why a human being wants to be sacrificed and wants to be conquered when spirit feels disturbed. What kind of secret is it?

I prayed with my mindless body: O my God, stop this knife, if I survive, I will give all my life, what does he need, I will give everything. The only thing what I want is to back this evil knife. I came here myself. Let it go there from this space.

No one was listening to me. \Even God forgot me. The knife, the huge knife became bigger and bigger and with one effort it cut down legs, head, heart, lungs, kidneys and body of my baby. I drowned deeper again.

The silence of the world got longer.

A lot of events have happened. I forgot myself again.

I felt myself a box blowing a strong wind. Being without head, leg and heart, I did not want to be sacrificed any more.

I could see clearly again: my strolling mind returned back.

I was not able to recognize myself, who has been living for thirty years. Who was I? What I was doing here? It was not I. I was another person. I want to decipher you one secret. Tens of persons who hid their faces from this world are living inside me.

According to clasping years these faces used to control me. If I were a king of any country, I would establish a strange law. I would order to change people's names every ten years.

Salomat 15 th of January 1962

Saltanat 15 th of January 1972

Mamlakat 15 th of January 1982

Karomat 15 th of January 1992

Ibodot 15 th of January 2002

the others are not important. The face is not important in the End.

After the years the intelligence between 1982 and 1992 will change. And a lot of crimes could be found if my law is established. All around became desert in the height of autumn. Millions of stars were shining in the sky and my body was empty like this desert and ancient world. My bloody dresses were playing with eternally wild winds. A long way from strange ancient groaning was heard. It seemed to be circled desert or sky over me, played and clasped hands. The reality which I understood was that the child of human was the part of the world which was suffering from dead breathe of autumn and I felt better. I forgot that the grief is nothing and I felt myself no one.

I began to see the world again. Awakened first time from dieing my eyes saw the chain on my hand and I thought: I was fastened with chain and is it really that I am in the hell?

It was a golden chain and was I here to be charming, beautiful, to keep my body beautiful, to sleep calmly at nights and to wear these things in the parties. I began to feel bad. I did not want to see the world any more. I have vomited everything that I had inside, even intestine and heart. I felt pain all over my body and all of my thirty years old body was grieving for baby.

A blue-eyed maid, missing around like an old rat, since these bloody events began, walked towards the door handing a bowl. One could notice haughty on her carelessness walking in the room. Maid even did not seem to be a woman. Groaning was heard from the bowl. My daughter or son (my baby born on May 27, 1997) was crying not having found chopped legs, hands and head. The chopped parts of baby were floating on my blood and were vomiting blood in the corner of the bowl.

I wanted to get rid faster and wanted to forget myself (myself on May 28, 1997 ). I called the maid and asked to see me of to the car. The maid stared at me with cold eyes and said:

- You must stay here till night. Because you are weak.

I shook my head.

- Don't you care yourself?

I shook my head again.

- Take off the hospital uniform then and pay.

What's the cost of the wear? Life or money I thought.

Outside the sun was shining; the branches of trees were striking to the hospital wall and were scratching windows. And hospital was staring with silence as knowing nothing.

Running waters, the earth strangled by walk of people, the sky where swimming humpbacked clouds remained an ancient desert.

I stood up. And pain was stronger. And all of my body was singing an ancient sorrowful song of world for little baby, which was stretched from my body.

I felt bad again. And hospital walls, windows stared again as nothing happened.

I began to leave myself again and heard strange voices like: "Anyway you have done as you told": you have done as you told!!!:

I forgot myself again.

I did not remember myself then.