

SHUKUR KHOLMIRZAYEV. MISSING (STORY)

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Abstract. *In this story we can see the real creative ability of Shukur Kholmirezayev. This story is full of pure and intimate feelings.*

Keywords: *in the circle of their parents, followed in his footsteps, change in distribution.*

ШУКУР ХОЛМИРЗАЕВ. ОТСУТСТВУЕТ (ИСТОРИЯ)

Аннотация. *В этой истории мы видим настоящие творческие способности Шукура Холмирзаева. Эта история полна чистых и сокровенных чувств.*

Ключевые слова: *в кругу родителей, пошли по его стопам, изменение распределения.*

Azim is by nature an empty, influential young man. But, for five years he lived in the city: the city's inherent work, time savings, coldness and some arrogance arose in it.

Every year, when Azim went to the village, Ismat followed in his footsteps, and he would certainly open his arms and plunder it, and Azim would suddenly skillfully expand his hands every time he forgot about it and reached out, and he took the young man into his arms and laughed inside.

When they sat down in the circle of their parents, they said that Azim had recovered and that Name had not drunk less than themselves, so that Name would be simple, the fire would be built on Azim with a love, and Azim would be limited to laughing again.

Azim also wrote few letters to his parents, and Ismat replied to ten letters, but Ismat agreed: he played like a child with joy, showed the letter to his wife, and praised his acquaintances.

When they were close to each other and when Ismat fell in love with Azim — it is necessary to ask them from their childhood: from the family of the principal of the Azim school, from the family of the Ismat school guard; Azim sometimes would go to the Names until he laughed softly after class and invite him to hunt, and Ismat, who would be typified as if his leg were burning when he said a hunt, would agree that he was alive, and the two of them would climb the mountain.

The appreciation was strange: Azim became a well-known leader and stayed in the city. The name is a simple servant, and he stays in the village. They would now meet once a year—in the month of Azim's recreation or when he came to the village about the work, Azim came not to the Names, but to the Azim's; now she invites to the hunt. Azim does not return this offer. They go to the mountain in the dark of dawn. Now Azim can't hunt like he used to, kick a bullet at the prey he targets, and chop it on high peaks. Suddenly, the mother hen gives a prey—a gerbil. Name, however, is still ancient: nimble, flashy, mercenful. There was also a change in the distribution of prey: now the hunt is mainly Named, but the spoils are mainly Azim's. Azim, on the other hand, wants to give him something to do with it himself, and he praises Ismat in a few words: "You are still very cool, Ismatjon. The city has struck us, Ismatjon." The name really reaches heaven, as if receiving a great reward.

Azim forgets Ismat without a trace when he goes to the city; He goes there and takes his daily punches, his family, and his own brothers. Azim Bultur arrived in the village in April about the case. The trees were budded, there was a pleasant cold breeze on the streets, spring breath

would come. After he reaches home, Name arrives. They embraced him. They were embarrassed. They talked, and they went hunting in the early morning.

The familiar isles lay silently in the snow, and the archaeological site flowed from the mountain like wheat. Walking until noon, they could not pass anything, to be honest, they did not empty the arrow: neither the cucumb nor the rabbit met. They returned in the afternoon. Then, on the way up to one of the islands, the circuit stopped like a wall behind the area, and the snow began to thin out and they began to fall from the face, where the weeds were visible underneath.

Azim saw the rich who had come out of the snow like a flower that had begun to pray!

— Boychechak! — He cut off a few. The snow above the flower quickly melted. As Azim grabbed hold of the cold band of the flower and stared at him, his tongue was filled with pleasure. The flower was extraordinarily thin and chaste! It was so imaginary, amazing, and beautiful that he was just coming out of the snow! Azim woke up as an extraordinary child, and he forgot that he had come from an extraordinary city: the new qualities the city gave him also left him for a while. Then he suddenly remembers all this, and the weeping comes and goes!

Ismat looking at him with a smile:

"If I don't want to, let's do it!" - he said and quickly started picking flowers; made a bunch. However, Azim took a little of it out of respect for him, and then dropped it without noticing.

The snow is over, and the greenery has begun.

— Azimjon, Azimjon, partridge! - said Ismat, pointing to the distance. Azim also drowned. A partridge came out from behind a pile of wet, soft stones in the distance and ran towards the pile of stones beyond, stretching its neck.

"Shoot, Azimjon!". Azim took aim and missed. Moreover, since there were also companions of the fugitive cuckoo, they rose up and went down to the skirt.

— Are you going, Azimjon?

— I am tired.

Ismat himself went after the cockroaches. Azim just sat on the place where the partridge had fled and began to look around. Half an hour later, shots were heard one after the other, and Ismat came back limping, holding the wings of two victims.

— Here it is!

Azim took it and watched, the cockles were still hot. Then he handed it back, Ismat hung it on Azim's belt.

"Hey, Ismatjon," said Azim. — You are still the same Ismat. The city beat us. Ismat took pity and looked at his friend's sad face with his loving eyes.

Three days later, Azim went to the city.

This year, Azim spent the rest month with his wife and children in IssykKul, he could not go to the village.

One day in early April, Azim came home from work, and his wife showed him a telegram, which said: "Priglashaetes na razvorov s...". Again, "17.00" is written. So, he has to go to the post office at 8:00 a.m. (Tashkent time).

— Who is this from?

— I don't know,

— said his wife.

— From my mother?

— A letter came from your mother recently.

— That... I should have written an answer.

— Maybe from your brother?

— Probably.

Azim managed to get out of the hot house, go to the post office, read the evening newspaper, and while reading, "Whoever I am, waits, waits, leaves, and then thinks he doesn't have time.

" However, after half past seven, his wife entered his room: — Look at me. Come on. This half an hour of your time is not worth waiting for them, — he said.

— That's right, — he threw the newspaper on the table.

He went to the post office.

It's time... T

he village post office attendant: "Speak!" said and Azim heard a familiar, trembling voice coming from afar:

Azimjon, Azimjon!, Ismat called. Is that you?

Me, said the surprised Azim. Me.

Are you healthy, Azimjon, are you healthy?

Thank you, how are you? Azim said stiffening his neck.

Darling! I miss you! can you hear

Hmm... Me too, Azim said with a smile.

When will you come? Why didn't you come?

I didn't have time, Ismatjon. I'll go if I'm lucky."

Azim returned home and called Ismat, he said he missed it. A couple smiles at each other like they smile at a young child...

Azim had gone out to the yard last night before going to bed, and his meat was shaking. Looking around confusedly, he felt a gentle breeze blowing, he felt his breath coming, and he remembered what he had not remembered yet because his neck was stiff: Ismat, the hunt... The eagles went hunting that day: snow-covered hills "Boychechaklar"!!! Azim was suddenly left alone: the boy, the cold boy was standing in front of him, as if he was holding him!!! She is so beautiful, chaste and imaginary Azim felt the feeling of his childhood again, he forgot that he was in the city: he involuntarily felt the urge to cry!!!

Then, he suddenly became serious and guessed that Ismat had called on the phone on that day on purpose, then suddenly it seemed to him that what connected him with the village, with childhood, with hunting, with pleasant, sad feelings, was Ismat and now he felt that he can never be separated from Ismat, anywhere!!!

Under the influence of this feeling, he thought that he should write to her, that he should miss her.