

## UTKIR HOSHIMOV.

### A FAIRYTALE ABOUT A DROP

Once upon a time there grew an apricot tree. She used to grow on a high hill in a village. Every year she entertained people to fruits. Nevertheless she was really bored ,as there were not any trees around her. One day when she woke up she felt that something was sparkling on her leave:

- What kind of bird are you? - asked she with astonishment.

- I am not a bird. I am a drop - answered the thing , which was sparkling on the leave.

- Let`s get friends- said the tree.

- OK.

- But promise not to leave me. I am friend with lots of birds, but they leave me, as soon as winter comes - said the tree sadly.

- All right I will be with you even in your difficult times.

The tree became really happy. The two friends played together all day long. But the tree`s happiness didn`t last for long. When she woke up in the morning, the drop had gone.

- Drop let me down – thought poor tree. As soon as he thought it, there was a voice:

- Hello my friend.

The tree listened more closely and realized, that the voice was coming from the sky. When she looked at the sky, she saw a little fluffy cloud.

- Who is calling me ? – she asked.

- I am your friend - told the cloud getting lower - I am drop.

The tree was amazed.

- How did you get to the sky?

- I was brought along to the sky by granny sun.

- Please take me with yourself.

- No, you must give people your juicy fruits. Don't be afraid, I will come back soon.

- Saying this, the drop went far away from the tree. Poor tree, she began to get bored again, and thought that her friend would never come back, and the drop had already forgotten her.

The days became hot. And the tree became really thirsty. Her leaves began to fade. There were no rivers near her. She was so thirsty, that she lost her consciousness. For some time it seemed like somebody was stroking her leaves. The tree opened her eyes and saw her old friend, the drop!

- I came to help you my dear,- said the drop, - I am not alone, I brought my friends with me. There were so many drops on the leaves, that the tree soon quenched her thirst and flourished even more. The two friends spent their times happily.

Days passed and autumn came. The leaves of the tree left her and she became bare. Moreover, a cold winter blew, and our poor tree began to shake with cold.

- If my friend was here, he would help me – thought the tree with pity. As soon as she thought that, the cloud, which was carrying his friend, appeared in the sky. The clouds became more and more, at last it began snowing. The snow covered the tree completely, like a warm blanket.

- Are you feeling warm, dear friend?

The tree recognized her friend's voice , but could not see her.

- Where are you drop - asked the tree shaking with branches.

- I am in the snow - said the drop laughing - I saw that you were feeling cold, so I brought my uncle snow with me.

- Promise not to leave me any more - asked the tree begging the drop.

- Ok, I will be with you until spring comes.

From that time the apricot tree has been giving people a lot of fruits, while the drop has been travelling all over the world. However , no matter where the drop travels, he always comes to his friend in his difficult times.

*Translated from Uzbek by Nigora Sirojiddinova*

