

**Translation by JASMINA ABDURASLOVA from  
Adolat Siddikova's work of the same name into  
English**

**A HANDFUL SOIL**  
**(Stories)**



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## **MUHIM KITOB**

Ushbu tarjima kitob muallifi Jasmina Abdurasulova Namangan Davlat universitetining Ingliz filologiyasi fakulteti 3-bosqich talabasi. U yozuvchi va shoira Adolat Siddiqovaning "Bir hovuch tuproq" nomli kitobida yoritilgan hikoyalarni ingliz tiliga malakali tarjima qilgan. Unda o'tgan asrda barchaning xotirasida «qonli urush» sifatida saqlanib qolgan Ikkinchi jahon urushining o'zbek oilalariga salbiy ta'siri, ajdodlarimizning mardona hayoti yoritilgan. Milliy Vatanparvarlik tuyg'usi ulug'langan. Beshta hikoyadan iborat to'plamda urushni tasvirlovchi rasmlardan foydalanilgan.

Ushbu kitob ayni paytda chet tillarini o'rganishga bo'layotgan e'tiborning bir namunasidir. Bunga tarjimon talabani tarjima ishi yaqqol misol bo'la oladi.

Aziz kitobxon! Bu to'plamdagi hikoyalar sizlarga nanzur bo'ladi degan umiddaman. Kitob haqidagi fikrlaringizni kutib qolamiz.

**S. Sharipova.**

### **Reviewer:**

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## A HANDFUL SOIL

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The war led to the wandering of many people, the destruction of homes, and the destruction of millions of destinies. Because of that thousands of families were drawn in the vortex of misfortune. Orphans, widows, sad people of eyes are increased. Their tears flowed like a river. Yes, war is like a dragon's trap. It sparks still burn in many parts of the world. Humanity has bought its own fate such calamities and then dies wondering why? Stands up. I want to tell a story about the owner of such a sad fate below.

Gulbi was a girl who grew up as an orphan. His father died due to a serious illness. Her mother Mehrinisa was a single mother to Gulbi and son Abdullah. She was both father and mother. In those days, it was a time of famine, and people were in dire need of bread. Mother works in someone else's yard, in the garden, washes clothes, sews rags and patches, and earns money. She raised her children like this.

Gulbi, like her mother, did not shy away from work, and when her mother brought her unfinished sewing things to home, she and her brother helped her mother in the sewing business.

She grew up, became a beautiful girl. Even though she wore a headscarf and covered her face, her cypress figure, waist-length braided hair, and white hands showed her beauty..

A long time ago, the collective farms also accepted her mother, who started her work, into there. But Mehrinisa's condition worsened day by day and some days she could

not go to work. Then Gulbi and his brother would go out to the field to do the work.

The sweet girl soon came into view. The steps of the suitors did not stop from her house. Then the relative surged to speed up the wedding, saying that even if she is young, it is necessary to marry, and that rejected suitors can make the girl happy by spreading gossip.

One day, Mehrinisa called her daughter to her side, stroked her head, shed some tears. Then she wiped her eyes with the end of her handkerchief, sighed deeply and began to speak in a sad voice.

-My daughter, it's been eight years since your father died. At that time you were seven years old and your brother Abdullah was five years old. I am thankful that my loving God helped me to raise you, and you have been my support. Your brother has turned thirteen. Now they help me easily in my works. His path is different, no matter how much it fits in my bosom, but, my daughter, your path is different... You were born as a girl, your destiny was determined by God from the moment you were born. You are someone's pride. No matter how much I carry you in my arms, one day you will fly away like a stone. If a grown-up girl spends more time in her father's yard, she is called "old". Then suitors will come from older men whose wives are dead or divorced or bad rumors will spread about you.

-Mum, what did I do wrong to people? What did I do so badly that they talk about me? – said Gulbi, tears came to her eyes, her delicate nostrils shrunk a little and her breathing quickened. Small beads of sweat appear on the face, tears, big as pearls started to wash her face.

Mehrinisa did not expect that her daughter would take these words so seriously and end up in this situation.

She hurriedly poured tea from the teapot in front of her and handed it to his daughter.

-My daughter, drink this tea. I did not expect you to take my words so seriously. If they were your father, they would be our pink shelter, your brother is still young, he can't stop you from talking. It would be different, if he was your older brother. So, my daughter, you see the suitors in our yard do not stop. I liked the suitors who came yesterday. The bridegroom is waving with his mother. His father died while serving in the army. Like you, he grew up without father. My child, if we reject the suitors, our hearts will be broken again. It is a sin to disappoint my orphan, my child. He really looks like a child. He is studying in the city. When he graduates this year, he wants to get married in autumn. My darling, even the mother who raised the orphan will understand the heart of the orphan, so don't hurt your heart by being mother-in-law for you. I think you will be happy in this family.

After you, your brother will grow up and get married. Our yard will be blessed, the yard will be full of children. If you too, would grow up and lead your children through the door, I would forget all the hardships I have endured, my child.

-Mum, don't be in a hurry now, I should study now.

-No, my daughter, your religious teacher is being checked by government. "If you teach girls again, we will jail you" threatened government. It will be harmful, if you go to study both you and teacher.

-Don't rush, repeat what you have learned in this study, you will study again when the time calms down, my daughter. Now they are putting people in prison for little things. Be careful, my child.

-So what do you say, honey?

-What you have done, if you had agreed to these suitors without going out of my way, you would have calmed me down.

-Mum, I'm still young! Is it early?

-My daughter, this tradition was inherited from Bibi Fatima. She also married early. It is considered for Muslim women to marry after their youth. I became a mother at the age of sixteen. You will also be sixteen in the autumn. Don't be stubborn, I explained the situation to you. You are a clever girl. You should understand me too. Tomorrow the suitors will come to know our answer. What do you say if I agree?

-I don't know! Gulbi wiped her tears and left.

I think she agreed. Even if she didn't say yes, she didn't say no. tomorrow I will send our consent to the suitors. "My daughter will get used to it by autumn," thought Mehrinisa. They affianced in the summer. They did a small wedding in the early autumn. Gulbi left her father's house as a bride. Her family, mother-in-law and her husband liked her. She especially liked the fact that bridegroom was tall and ambitious, his calm and soft voice, and fell in love with him from the first day. She quickly got used to her new family. One of the last days of spring, she gave birth to a boy, who looked like a wrestler.

As her mother-in-law intended, they named his son after her father-in-law. When Ubaydullah was two years old, Gulbi gave birth to a second son. They gave him the name Khayrullah like brother.

In the meantime, Gulbi's brother also got married and her mother's dream came true. Less than a year later, the bride gave birth to a son like a wrestler.

Now, when life easier, and then their mouth were filled with palov, the Finnish war began, and everything confused. Gulbi's husband was called as a specialist in zootechnics at the horse factory. After serving there for two years, he took a leave of absence and returned home to Moscow when World War II began. He was reinstated. Six month later, he was sick. His mother-in-law could not bear this news went to bed. He handed over his deposit. They put him in the ground in the bitter winter.

Three years later, among those who turned eighteen, Ubaydullah went to the front. Gulbi, who was separated from both her mother-in-law and her husband was very affected by this. He got a message from his brother, who had gone to war, saying, "he is missing", and his pain became worse. Her mother could not bear this news either. She oppressed by the abstract fate of her child, he cried and cried, because the sky is far and the earth is hard. Unable to bear the pain and grief, he also passed away.

Gulbi would finish her work until the morning, when someone knocked the door, he would say " He is a postman" she would wait any day. Sometimes the postman would cross the street, trying not to be seen.

Khairullah begged his mother to sit like this in front of people.

He said that he was not well, but Gulbi, what is wrong with me? Which of our fellow villagers is whole? Every day there is a message that "black letter" (it is a letter about someone" death in war) is "missing". It has become common to see soldiers who have lost their legs and arms and come back crippled. People make a fuss, then they come and drive everything to work. Everyone's heart is bloody and their tongue is broken, my child. We are

sending what we found so that those at the front do not fight hungry. God bless the soldiers! Among these, may your brother protect you! If something happens to you, I can't handle it. You are taller than your age tall I'm afraid of that. God bless! Hey, if they call me now, I'll go now! War is fast

let it be over! Alas, my child, the war is staring at you... "When Khairulla will come and shoot us," the Germans are waiting.

Hey, I don't care if I kill five Germans. I will bite the ground more than honey. May my age be faster. - Don't say that, my son, let the war end soon, my brother come back, my mother's eyes are wide and waiting.

Ask Allah that they are winning. Oi, the end of the war depends on my blessing, you say!

- Do not doubt God! If you ask, thousands of parents and orphans ask, God will hear. He will destroy the oppressors with the earth. How many people are bleeding these oppressors!

Hey, when you sit in front of the door looking at the road, I'm nervous and worried. Do not sit on the road sulking on this street.

- My child, what should I do, the house and the yard are swallowing me up. I will wait for your brother until you come, I will ask about the war after seeing one and a half. If I do that, my sorrows and worries will be forgotten. If I sit like this, it seems as if your brother will turn away from his face and come running when he sees me. My child, both my love and my salvation are on the street, she said, her eyes filled with tears, and her cheeks began to fall slowly, she quickly wiped her tears with the end of her scarf.



Khairullah, who was watching his mother, also had tears in his eyes. His mother quickly went out using the wipes on her eyes, and after drying her tears, she called out without going inside:

Hey, I'm gone. We will take a load to the city today. Food and clothes were collected. If we hand them over, I will come tomorrow morning, he said, and left the yard.

When he left, Gulbi burst into tears again, unable to stop crying, and cried for a long time. After clearing some dust from inside, he went out into the yard and got busy with work. One more message was waiting for the poor mother. Poor mother after the news about Ubaydulla "Missing".

The process is over. Again, he thought to himself that he is alive, among the partisans. Two and a half years of his life passed by waiting in this way. In March of the forty-fifth year, Khairullah also received a summons. Mother's heart filled with pain. Fortunately, the war ended in May, and a spark of hope was awakened in his heart. "Khairullah return, Ubaidulla's tree will come out," he said expectantly and went on his way. He went to the postman's house and harassed him. The postman, a small young man who had been disabled from the war, was trying to cheer her up, telling her about various situations in the war, telling her with confidence that her son would definitely return, and trying to soothe her mother's burning heart.

Aunt Gulbi, look, a letter arrived yesterday from Hamrali, who was "missing" in the other village. If we read, they were surrounded with their parts, broke through the encirclement, then joined the partisans and fought against the enemy. Now the headquarters is

opening a file for each of them. Sometimes it comes. If Ubaydulla's tree also falls out. Aunty, ask God, pray a lot, so in between bless your two children and sit at home. Don't hang around the door, mother. If there is news, I will be the first to take the letter and hand it to you. Take heart, mother. Gulbi, look, a letter arrived yesterday from Hamrali, who was "missing" in the other village. If we read, they were surrounded with their parts, broke through the encirclement, then joined the partisans and fought against the enemy. Now the headquarters is opening a file for each of them. Sometimes it comes.

When the mother heard the news about Hamrali, she went to the next village. He reached his destination in the evening. A full house. Old people, young naked people, even children came from other distant villages to share in the joy of the family and to hear news about their loved ones. The owner of the house, a tall woman, could not fit anywhere because of her happiness, and was sitting answering the guests' questions

Holby also approached him and asked. He congratulated him, wishing that more happiness would be added to his happiness. The woman also heard about the disappearance of Ubaydulla.

May your son find a tree too! May our children return safely to our bosom! He wished us well that we should have weddings and be lucky to be guests at each other's weddings.

Gulbi was relieved and returned home without leaving his fellow villagers. When he came home, he fell asleep thinking how he would meet his sons until midnight, how he would take two brides at once and fill his yard with light. At one point he was startled and opened his eyes. He sat in a daze, unable to understand

for a long time whether what he saw in his sleep was a dream or a dream. Then he concentrated his thoughts and tried to solve the problem he saw, and he was covered in black sweat. Ubaydullah waved to his mother from a distance and entered the ground with several soldiers. No matter how much the poor mother interpreted her dream as good, she did not find a good sign in this dream. He gives free rein to his tears and closes his broken heart. At dawn, he opened the street door and was about to sweep, when he saw a young soldier. He waved to Gulbi from afar and started walking towards Gulbi with frequent steps. Something about him reminded Ubaydullah. Gulbi whispered: "My child, my child," and sat down on the chair without bothering to get up. - But! He recognized his nephew Hamidullah only after saying Aunty! He froze, unable to move from his seat. In itself whether or not, he managed to whisper, "Hamidulla, my boy, my liver." Hamidullah came and knelt down in front of his aunt, sat down and hugged her. A warm affection was stirred in the heart of Holbin, and a peaceful strength spread throughout his body. He patted his nephew's head and shoulders and pressed him tightly to his lap.

- Thank God! As long as you are alive, I am a monument from my lonely liver! Your mother's prayers also reached Allah. He looked at Hamidulla again with tears in his eyes, saying, "You are safe, four flies are safe, you are back in our arms, my child." But I'm here to take you away. The house is full of guests. Everyone gathered in our yard without even waiting for dawn. Yuriig, let's go. He took Gulbi with him saying that we will talk at home. After going home, Gulbi shed some tears, remembering the modest times spent in childhood with his mother and brother Abdulla. When Sal Hawuri came down, he asked

about his son Ubaidullah. - But after we got to the city, they sent us to the military school in Chirchik. After preparing there for six months they threw into battle. I know your mother showed me the letter you wrote. They say the world is narrow. I am asking if you have met somewhere. No, but the battle is over. Now the trees will come out. Come on, let's wait. If my brother comes, we will celebrate Khairulla's wedding with me, my brother. But you pray a lot, so if you pray for us too, your prayers will be answered. We will reach the good days, Gulbi barely lived in the house where he was born until the turn of the century. Despite the demands of his daughter-in-law and nephew, he ran home. In his mind, it seemed as if his two sons would also come running in. When he got home, he gave his chickens their grain and water, and sat down on the bench in front of the street door, and fell into deep thought. The nephew came, the father's yard was full, and his daughter-in-law was relieved of her grief, even if only a little. A smile spread across his face as he imagined how he would greet his sons when they arrived.

Yes, aunty, did you feel the letter from your son? The postman's words made his heart pound. His eyes were fixed on the postman's bag. He was in such a hurry that the postman caught the letter in his hands.

- Aunt, shall we open the letter? Shall I read? after the voice, he came to himself and looked at his hand. He was disappointed to see that the letter was a triangle. He began to wash his face with tears flowing from his eyes. Aunty, do you cry even if the letter comes or cry even if it doesn't? I do not understand these women. The one who cried cried. Come on, give me the letter, the postman took the letter with a smile, said that it was Khairullah's letter, and began to recite the prayer greeting: "Hello, my

mother, who never gets tired of praying for me, my brother, and the whole country! Are you still waiting for us in front of the street? Don't torture yourself, don't look forward to the road. We didn't have time to fight the Germans. The war was over by the time we got here. The war with Japan is now. We are going to the Gobi desert. We will defeat the German-Nazi army. Let's get to the place. Don't wait for the road, my brother I'll be back soon, mom! See you soon! After reading the letter, the postman turned to Gulbi. - Here, aunt, a letter has arrived from Khairulla. Ubaidulla's tree will eventually fall out. Now stop sitting in front of the door. I'll let you know when I get a message. The postman left saying he would deliver right away. Gulbi's burning chest seemed to relax a little, but one corner of her heart was gnawing at her heart with some kind of anxiety. He entered the yard and was busy with household chores. He woke up in the morning after having nightmares at night. He went out to the street door again. Thus, he continued to stay awake at night and wait for days. Khairullah often wrote letters. His trip also lasted for three years. Although the letters from Khairulla eased her heart a little, Ubaydulla's unknown fate crushed her mother's heart and caused her to worry. So, he was connected to this world by hope and Khairullah's letters. Finally, Khairulla also came, and Gulbi's shoulder was touched by the wind. After arriving in Khairullah, he married his distant relative's daughter. But the bride also died after giving birth to two sons and a daughter. Now Gulbi's last days were also a holva(it is sweet in uzbek). Looking at the three children, the household chores dried up and became like a fist. After finishing their chores, the children would go outside and hit the road. Khairulla also saw that his mother was

caught between two fires and found it necessary to look for a suitable woman for his family. He married his wife with his mother's wishes. On the one hand, a relative, on the other hand, agreed to the blessing, saying that if I refuse, I will hurt the girl's honour, the girl child will be delicate. After a couple of greetings before the wedding, he warmed up. After the wedding, the bride won Khairulla's heart with her manners, neatness, and modesty. Children born in a row strengthened the bond between them even more. The bride has a heart defect.

Consecutive childbirth caused the development of her defect. When taken to the hospital in the city, the doctor explained the situation. He prescribed some medicines, but these medicines did not cure Hadicha's pain. In less than two months, he was thankfully gone. Khairullah burned a lot, without showing his mother, he cried until the pillow was wet at night. Their cousins and their wives helped them, but no one could take the place of a mother for the children. His friends advised him to get married. Both mother and mother-in-law recommend marriage they did. There is a young teacher in a rural school who divorced from his first marriage without having children. Khairullah's in-laws wanted him to marry this woman. He is a good young man, smart, organized, and he is like the moon. only my God gave birth to a child. If becomes a mother to our grandchildren, she will have full children. We agree, tears could not be shed for our grandchildren. They gave me a white blessing saying that we are happy with you. They went to the woman's house to court. Her older sister did not have a child either, and her husband did not agree to a divorce and took her away. Juvan's mother shed a few tears, and then poured out her grief to the suitors. What can I do, my daughters have such a

trade in their heads. Not one but two have salty foreheads. My old man is also burning to ashes. Don't be so impatient. Even if they don't have children alive My daughter, who gave birth to three children, also passed away after losing sight of her children. This is the world. It's not for nothing that the masters said, "The child you give to someone is worthless, and the child is enough for someone." and Sanobarkhan's stars coincide with their stars and have a child. It's not surprising, my kind lord, if your daughter arouses a desire for Khairulla, my grandchildren, and a series of children are born. " Let the angels say amin to your words," the mother shed tears again. Khairullah and Sanobar Khan met. The two had a long conversation. After agreeing to each other, two or three kilos of soup were brewed and announced to the people. After the marriage, her mother-in-law took care of all the burdens of the family and took care of the three children. He also felt a warm feeling in his heart towards Khairulla. He especially liked children's saying "Hey" so much that soon he loved them like his own children. Gulbi, as always, will be on the street again. When his daughter-in-law came home from work, she would sit in front of the street door until the evening, staring at the road. After two or three months, Sanobar developed a habit of feeling nauseous, throwing up at things, losing weight and becoming pale. Gulbi felt this change in her daughter-in-law even though she was busy with her pain. Inside, he said: "I wish God had blessed him with a child and brightened his face." His intentions came true and Sanobar's suspicions became clear. Now Sanobar was flying in the sky, her mother-in-law and her husband were hovering over the children. Sanobar's parents were also happy with this good news. Finally, Sanobar became

a mother on the day of the moon. He saw a son like a pea. The older children were very helpful in household chores to their mother. If it's Gulbi, it's fine they would take care of the housework, and take the old bark again and go to the street he was sitting in front of the door. One evening, Sanobar looked at her husband and began to speak: - Daddy, looking at my mother, my heart is breaking. We cannot find a solution for this. Go to the military commissariat, submit an application. Take the last letter from your brother. If they ask for a search based on the address, the tree will come out. Don't bother with work, look at your mother's face. Even if the yard is full, they don't pay attention to anyone. They barely drink food. They immediately put the bark on the street door and sit down on the road. Dad, if my brother doesn't get any news, they don't calm down, they just walk the road, they don't say it's hot, they don't call it cold, only those who are cold, cold. I asked the comrades who had gone with me, some of them were killed, some were missing. There are also very few survivors. They were also disabled. After getting off the train, they were scattered in all directions. After that they did not see each other. Come on, let's go again, something new will come out. In the morning, Khairulla received his mother's blessing and went to the district center. After the greeting, he explained the situation. Showing his brother's letter, he asked if he could find the military unit by address and look it up in the list. "Voenkom" also thought for a while, then came to a decision, apparently, explaining to Khairulla: I can't say anything now. It has been more than ten years since the end of the war. Search is very slow. I will bring your application to the center. These things take a long time. Searching for the missing is a big problem. If



he died in battle, his body would be found. I think he was surrounded and went abroad because he was captured by the Germans?!... So, there are many such fates. Therefore, this work will not end without two or three years. "I can't promise, but I will try," he followed Khairulla.

Khairullah came home and calmed his mother down by saying that the search for his brother had begun. Now Gulbi began to wait even more. On the contrary, there was no letter. When Khairulla left, the "voenkom" changed and was replaced by another one. He also said that he was not aware of the application, that the previous boss had not said anything. The letter from his brother was nowhere to be found. He returned home with a watermelon falling from his arm. When Sanobar, who saw her husband sulking, asked the reason, Khairullah explained the situation with tears in his eyes. Wow, I know the address on that letter by heart. He took out a paper and a pen from home and wrote down the address and part numbers. So another application was written. Another military commissariat, another wait began. The wandering, wandering with no end in sight, began. Many years have passed since then. Khairulla took a bride and gave birth to a girl. The next children also reached their height. But even if Gulbi joins in the joy happening around, his mind is completely on Ubaidulla he would leave, he would not stop waiting in winter and summer.

The grief of her husband and son overwhelmed her. The light disappeared from his shining eyes, and he could only see the shadows. Fortunately, her grandchildren and her daughter-in-law are happy to see her condition. Khairullah didn't trust his mother either. One day, Khairulla read an article in "Izvestia" (newspaper's name last century).

An article was written about "Martyrs' Avenue" in Minsk. It was written that many Central Asian soldiers were buried in a mass grave. For some reason, Khairulla decided to go to Minsk and visit that avenue. After consulting with Sanobar, he got a work permit, told his mother that he was going on a business trip, received a white blessing and set off. He reached Minsk in a week. He went to the alley and saw his brother's name in the list of the dead. It was as if a bucket of water had fallen over him. What he had been waiting for thirty-five years was in vain. He was thinking about what to say to his mother, his head was spinning. He learned that his brother had died heroically after reading the monument that tells about the bravery of the soldiers who lay here in that alley. When his brother was surrounded, he broke through the siege with his comrades-in-arms, fought in the forests of Belarus for half a year, hit the enemy from the side, inflicted huge losses, hit the enemy from the rear, made a great contribution to the victory, and in May of the year 1944, in combat found out that he was killed while performing the mission. He met the official organization that oversees the alley and asked for permission to take a handful of soil from the grave. He went to the market and got two bags of seeds and went back to the alley. With the help of the gardener there, he took a handful of soil from the grave where the martyrs lay and returned to Uzbekistan. The road burned in the torment of grief. "What will I say to my mother? What will happen to the mother who has waited for thirty-five years? Let her bring this news to me," he consulted with his wife. They decided to tell their mother the truth. He went out to the yard. Is the mother tired from being on the street, she was lying down. He was coughing slowly. Gulbi opened her

eyes in shock, looked around for a moment and saw her son's shadow, and her face lit up. "Son, didn't you sleep?" Take a bite. You are tired. I also took a little nap. Now let's have a good time, mother and child. What did you see? What kind of work have you done? I miss you so much. Feed me until your brother comes. Then he joked that I won't have time to talk to you, but he slowly put his hand on the couch and leaned on the pillow behind him. He gestured as if to speak.

Khairullah remained silent for a while. This brave young man, who was not confused by such destructive wars, was confused as to how to convey the message he wanted to convey. As if the mother's heart felt something, she looked anxiously at her son: Yes, son, what's up? Are you upset about something? Is there any bad news about your brother? he looked impatiently at his son. Mother, drink this tea, you haven't even taken your medicine, the son handed the tea with the sedative to his mother. Gulbi reluctantly took the medicine and swallowed it with tea. After a while, he looked at his son again and coughed a little as if he was waiting. Khairulla slowly cleared his throat to calm his mother's discomfort and began to speak. Hey, it's been more than thirty-five years since my brother was reported missing. I've been looking for my brother's tree since returning from the war. There is no military committee left. Finally, I read in the newspaper that many Central Asian soldiers were fighting in the capital city of Belarus.

i stayed Zora, I went to Belarus to find out about my brother. There is a fraternal grave of martyrs on the main avenue there. While reading the list, I also saw my brother's last name. I brought earth from that grave.

Gulbi's color suddenly changed. The woman, who was listening with her ears, suddenly fell into a state of numbness and began to turn to the side. Khairullah quickly hugged his mother. - Hey, press yourself. He began to calm his mother down, saying that the name written does not mean that he is dead. Sanobar, who was watching from afar, also hurriedly came and held her mother-in-law's head, then brought warm water from the kitchen and began to wipe Gulbi's feet with a wet cloth, then massaged her. Khairulla called an ambulance. The doctor came and took the blood pressure and gave a sedative. The doctor arrived and ordered Khairulla and Sanobar not to disturb the old woman. Khairullah sat next to his mother without moving. Towards evening, Gulbi opened his eyes. The tears that flowed from his eyes washed his face and began to fall on the pillow. Khairullah did not dare to disturb his mother. Finally, Gulbi's tears subsided, heaved a heavy sigh and pulled Khairulla to his side. The boy fell into his mother's arms with tears in his eyes. In this way, mother and child were satisfied with each other's smells for a while, they breathed their fill. Gulbi stroked his son's head and began to speak in a low voice: Son, I agree with you a thousand times! You didn't miss your father and brother, you didn't hurt me once. You have found your brother's tree. Waiting, attachment is hard, baby. I myself saw your brother in a dream, entering a grove at the edge of a forest with some soldiers was gone. They said good-bye to me. That's when Vega was heartbroken. For so many years, I was wondering what to do, hopeless devil. Nachora, I heard cold news. Good luck, my boy. My son, if you dig a grave for me, dig a grave for your brother. Bury the soil you brought there, my child, I have traveled the road for so many years. Now

if I know that my child's soil will be with me, I will leave without worry, he said, looking at a piece of wood in the sky and became numb. He died after midnight. The house was in mourning. According to his mother's will, Khairullah dug two graves. There was no one left who did not cry when the mother of the mother, who had lived in torment for thirty-five years, was crushed by the abstract fate of moher. Especially, when a bag with a handful of soil was placed in the grave dug for Ubaydullah, even the stony hearts were crushed. He knows these two graves in the village cemetery big and small. Here, the mother, who patiently waited for her lost son for thirty-five years, tears in her eyes when she remembers that not the body of the young man who went to war at the time of need and died for the cause of the Motherland, peace and tranquility, but a handful of dirt. The brutal war made many brave young men young and lost the lives of many. Those who put wealth, power, and status in society above human fate are still busy stoking the fire of war. May Allah give justice to such people. Let the name of war disappear in the world. Thousands, millions of Gulbi, let the son of Ubaidullah catch the rapists...

#### An untold reward

We have heard a lot about the hardships of war. More than books the living witnesses move the hearts. We feel the great blessing of peace and tranquility. In the seventieth, all schoolchildren went to work to the field. If they were the fifth grade, until they graduated school they plowed the fields of the collective farm. Cocoons were also raised there. All classrooms were adapted to cocoons and equipped with beds. Dozens of students and teachers worked in cocoon rooms instead of studying. Twenty, thirty or ten grams of cocoon nymphs were also

distributed to the homes of community members. Both young and old participated in this process without protest. One day they were allowed to rest after lunch because it was getting hot. I saw an old woman in front of shed she was carrying mulberry branches to his yard. I helped to transport them with my friend, then we relived to cut branches and gave leaves to cocoons. That woman prayed a lot and asked whose daughter we were. I said the names of my father and mother, the woman's face lit up and tears gathered in her eyes. She hugged me tightly. - Wow you are the daughter of my dearest person. I thought why this girl is so kind and hardworking. You are like your mother. Be in honor like your mother, my child, - she said after along prayer released me from her arms. At that moment our teacher called everyone. I didn't even ask the woman's name, I could not ask why my mother is dear to her. We left the field in the evening and returned to home with my sister. My mother and brother were cutting leaves in the yard.

-Did you come? Eat your dinner quickly. Then you will help me, - said my mother. Imagine, having from seven in the morning until eight in the evening and when you get home sweating cocoons until twelve eleven. Get up at six the next day and go to the field again. I asked about the woman I met in front of the shed during the day to keep me awake. Mum today a woman blessed a lot you and me. She was living in front of a shed in an outside of village. I helped her with my friend as she was carrying leaves with great difficulty. She asked me whose daughter I was, I said. Suddenly, she hugged me with tears in her eyes and kissed my forehead. What did you help her with?

- My daughter, time is short now and the story is long. Let's do the work first, then I'll tell you about that event, but my daughter you did well to help that woman. "The prayer of the elderly is priceless blessing. There is a proverb in our nation: "The land grows with corn, and the people grow with prayer". If you can, help all those who need help. Then you will not be short,- she said and went to work. We finished the work in two hours. After that we washed and go to our beds. After going bed, I started forcing my mother to tell me that event again.

-Come on, tell me now mum. Otherwise I can't sleep, - I laughed.

- I haven't told anyone about this yet. Because it is not appropriate to do a good deed and show it off to everyone. Don't tell anyone either. If you tell someone I will be sad, - my mother said. - OK "I won't tell anyone". I reassured my mother. -My daughter that times were the difficult years of the war. All men went to war, only the young women and teenagers and elders took all the heavy burdens upon themselves, on top of it, they were hungry their meal was stale bread. Unfortunately, people were busy with field works from early morning till evening for a piece of bread. Both elders and childrens' clothes were torn and old. They had no enough money to buy new clothes. We have seen those days , don't see my children. Your father was at war, every three or four month a "triangular letter" would arrive. Sometimes, our neighbors received a letter in an envelope. People called it "black" letter. If someone was killed in the war, such a letter would come. The loud sound of crying spread throughout the neighborhood. Those who lost their loved ones were in deep mourning, and others lived in a fear of receiving wanted me to live in my parent's house. I was

young and I had a six month old son in my arms. Your fathers came to this decision so that she would be protected from bad people. He had very large breed horse. During the economic crisis, the chairman of the collective farm exchanged this horse for five hundred kilos of wheat and look it for riding. My father worked as a harvester in a collective farm. My mother baked bread in the middle of night and send my brother to the market to sell bread, and then she went to work in the fields. Livelihood were made with such difficulties. It was a time when many people were starving, but we were not so starving, because your father was an officer and the family of this kind of job was given a loaf of bread. Exchanged wheat for horses was a big help to us. At that time I was invited to work as a secretary in the land survey department where your father worked. I was working well because my grandmother took care of my child. One day the chairman of the committee asked me to come at twelve at night. I mentioned that I had a young child that it was a turbulent time and that I was afraid to walk down the street alone. He took all his anger out on me and told me that I didn't come to work, I would be hired. When I went to work the next morning, there was a resignation letter on my desk. I was young your father is gone, it hit me hard. I left the office barely stopping the tears in my eyes. The chairman of Rural Consumer society was standing outside of his office, he saw my condition and took me to his room. After I regained consciousness he asked what was going on. I said what happened. You did well, my daughter. A job will be found but honor will not be found. I will hire a job. You work in the store here. When your husband returns from the war, you will welcome him with a bright face.



The chairman of the executive committee is corrupt person. Well, my daughter, God has a punishment for such people. You will go to work in the morning. The seller also received a summon. It seems that not a single man will remain in the village during this departure, - said chairman. So I started working. I would transfer the daily trading money the next day. One day when I put the money in my pocket and hid it with my kerchief, I saw a man who was dragging a goat from a far and was hanging on to a rope. They came closer, I recognized that man immediately. He was cruel, angry tax collector. Every time he would whip the woman but she would ignore the whip and cling to the rope. The woman was bare-footed, tall, thin, and bread-shouldered. - I beg you, God bless you. Don't take my goat. My husband is at war, I have four children. I feed my children with the milk of this goat. They will die of hunger. I will borrow money somewhere and pay taxes tomorrow, - said that woman. The tax collector hit the woman again with a whip, and instantly her face was covered with blood. I couldn't stand it. I came to them closer. Helping her woman up, I asked him why he was being so cruel.

-She did not pay tax. Therefore I will confiscate her goat, - said he. - Stop, why are you so dishonest and ruthless, her husband is at war now. Do not cut the sustenance of her children, be merciful, - I said.

-Don't teach me wisdom. Don't even be judge. If I don't collect the tax on time, then the government will send me to war, and I don't want to die, - said he when I was convinced that this man was harder than stone and more cruel than a beast, I asked him how much is the woman's debt.

What if I tell you to pay? he grinned at me. In order not to spit in his face, I said "Astagh'furullah" three times.

I said I will pay. I ordered the woman to go to the ditch and wash her face, and I took the money from her veil and gave her fifteen soums. The taxman smiled again, counted the money and put it in his folder. I asked for a paper stating that the tax has been paid. He wrote. I gave the paper to the woman. He was sitting with his headscarf on his face. His white hair was frizzy and worn out, it was obvious that the poor man had not been combed for several days. After all, how should he look at himself: if he works in the fields from dawn to dusk, would he have time to take care of himself after doing the children's laundry and food? Ex, war! How many young men have you ruined, how many orphans have you humiliated and forced to follow their father. I was lost in the thought of how you caused beautiful women to live in hardship. At one point, the woman held my hand tightly and began to kiss my hands:

Thank you, my daughter, I will remember your kindness for the rest of my life. If you get good soil, let it be gold. He prayed that your parents would see you happy.

Aunty, where are you from? I don't know you. Now I paid tax money so that you don't have trouble with your children, but the money is not mine, it belongs to the state, if I don't pay the money by nine tomorrow, I will be imprisoned. This is me

I stand behind the school on the street. Bring it if you can. Oh, my daughter, God brought you to me. The tax collector could not wait even a day. There are a couple of things I'm interested in. He kissed my hand again saying that he will definitely deliver the money. asked my name

and my father's name. He cried and prayed again and dragged his goat away. And I went home. I went home, surprised by what I had done

I barely sat down. I didn't even get food down my throat. I have to find pu by morning. I can't ask my family. They are making a living on their own. I can't ask strangers for this much money. I thought, why did he get involved in this matter, and I felt a push from inside. I would be dishonest if I didn't help. Every honest person could not help but get involved after seeing such humiliation and cruelty. First of all, I ask God to make my problem easy. I calmed myself down and went to sleep so that the woman would help her in raising her children. I couldn't sleep until midnight. Then I had a dream: I was in a big lake. The water is clear, the bottom is visible. Various fish are talking in the water. I was trying to catch a fish and when I tried, my leg came open. Then suddenly your father appeared, looked at me with laughter, took off his cloak and blocked me with his hands as if to protect me from prying eyes. I caught a lot of fish. I was smiling at your father from happiness, and your father was smiling at me. I woke myself up laughing. I thought about my dream for a long time, but I couldn't find an interpretation. Then I reassured myself that seeing clear water was a good sign. I suddenly remembered what happened yesterday. The world became dark to my eyes. I was afraid to get up and go to work. My grandmother sat down for prayer. I was watching them. After praying, they prayed for everyone and prayed for God to protect those who were in battle, including my brother and your father.

I want to cry something and started to get angry. After my grandmother's prayers, you voted they went out. I slowly put my baby on his face. After hearing the case, my

tongue became numb again. I gave free rein to my autumn soups. At one point there was a knock at the door. I heard my mother's movements towards the gate, and I panicked again.

Then a woman's voice was heard in the hallway. They talked to my mother, then my mother called me. I went out to the yard in fear. Yesterday, the woman was sitting in the suri with my grandmother. "I wish he had brought the money," I was slightly happy at home. I went behind the roof and washed my eyes and greeted those who came. When the woman saw me, she became radiant, her eyes sparkled, and she hugged me tightly, caressing my shoulders and heads. Then he sat me next to him and began to pray. Everyone opened their hands to pray.

- My daughter, may God keep you in his shelter, may you be a child full of tears. May your spouse who went to war return safely to your bosom. Your parents and grandmother, who brought up such an honest, faithful, loving girl, should not see the world's flaws and imperfections. May the reward of your good deeds for me be your umbrella until the end of the day he prayed for a long time.

Then he told my grandmother what happened yesterday:

Aunty, your daughter did me a great favor yesterday. Now this daughter of yours will be my sister and my heart until the end of the world. He did a favor to an unknown stranger. you know me I took lessons from sister Rizvan. How many women have you nursed?

She grew up to be a faithful and honest girl. May he be blessed with life! - he told the story of yesterday with tears in his eyes.

You have heard everything, my boss, my eldest son is at the front. I have two sons and three daughters. You know, now it's not a luxury, it's a need. We have a small garden behind our house. I make a living by cultivating it. I can't save money from living. My boss ordered me to save the children from hunger by selling the land. I thought who needs land now, who has money saved up. I sold the end of the land to a wheat trader, and he paid a low mortgage. Then he gave a small amount and said that he would give the rest when the wheat was harvested. We also ate the money given to Zakolat. I was forced to go to the merchant's house. The chairman stepped in and said he would speed up my money. Yesterday evening was the day when the merchant brought money. I begged the taxman so much, I asked him to wait until the evening, he did not give up, dishonest. The distance between the village and your village is ten miles. I kept walking with my goat, saying that the pain of the cattle is the pain of the soul. After all, there is no farm anymore, and I was afraid that if the goat leaves, my children will die of hunger, aunt wiped her tears. - May our chairman bless him, he collected it in two hours yesterday. I promised to deliver this to my sister in the morning, when I went out to the street when the rooster crowed, a cart was taking flour and grain to the city, and I barely managed to come to it, as there was a winter place behind it. Yesterday's woman shed tears again saying that there were donkeys and donkeys of dogs on the road.

My grandmother calmed him down and reassured Atib that good days would come. The woman asked permission to stand.

They gave one cake and one bread from the basket. A woman's eyes shined. He took the bread and rubbed it on

his forehead, wrapping money around it wraps it in a kerchief. The woman's husband before my grandmother left.

In many lines of the rally, they pray for a safe return from the war. The woman once again hugged me, kissed my face, eyes, forehead, patted my head and left. My mother followed them back and looked at me with furrowed brows. I was afraid of my mother's views, so I looked to my grandmother for salvation. My mother was speechless now, and my grandmother did not let her speak. My mother silently sat on her lap and turned to my grandmother.

Do you make two loaves of bread by baking a loaf of bread yourself, or do you donate a day of that profit to the hungry. After all, you work in the field until the evening for a bowl of porridge and a bowl of bread, in the evening you collect dough for bread, and you close it after praying the adhan. Save your life, baby. They laughed that your daughter is as compassionate as you and where would she go past you. Mother, the state has bad money. If she is a woman. What does this trade interfere? As for me, if I give this bread to hungry, sick, poor children, if I get a little reward, for these rewards, God is with my son who is bleeding.

I hope that he will protect my son-in-law. My grandmother thought for a while, opened her hands in prayer, and blessed my mother for a long time.

- Bride, I also saw the birthmark, I married my son many times, he did not have a child. He laid his twelve children on the ground. He married you and had this grandson. This is a light for me and my son. Don't fight in

front of me. My heart touches my veins. That's right, motherless, rebuke.

He has a right to defeat. Levni, don't fight in front of me. They told me to hang up.

My mother sat down looking at the ground for a while, then they slowly woke up my brother and sent him to Guzar to sell bread. With that, this topic is closed. We didn't even tell my dad about it. Bonglia stayed until Kolom died. When I came home from work in the evening, I told my grandmother about my dream. My grandmother was happy.

- My child, God has blessed your dream. God willing, Kubnim will return from the battle. If you are surrounded by pink flowers, your skirt is full of fish, it is a sign of honest, faithful children like you, my child. You have a good dream. They patted their heads saying, "Oh my God, bless you, my child." -Md. They put my son in my arms saying that Balan is gone

Then I was transferred to the bread distribution shop. Then your father came from the war. Behold, my God, has given many children. I have been hearing nothing but praise from all of you. Ishqiano, may God bless you they sighed and looked at the moon that was approaching the horizon.

The moon is approaching its bed. Let's sleep, the morning will come.

Sleep well, mother, we also put five on the pillow. Years passed, the eldest son of that woman moved to our neighborhood. Every time Aunt Haligi came to our house, she would chat with my mother and hold me in her arms and pray.

My mother also had five sons and seven daughters. My older brother died during the war when he was two years old, suffering from sweating sickness. All the rest of us were brought up, educated and brought up to be good people, they saw our happiness.

She died at the age of eighty-seven during the same chidannya pesnya azirama. From that morning, a big cold wind fell on the top of our house. Our air came and cast a shadow and hung in the air. When the coffin is carried to the funeral home, the coffin is carried by the people. Even when they put my mother in the ground is putting The imam who came to the funeral told my brother that Ona Khan had a problem. He said that he had never seen such an event.

Yes, if my mother was not a woman of character, she would have given birth to so many children, educated them, provided them with a home, had more than eighty grandchildren, more than eighty great-grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren. They heard only good thanks from their children. They raised the child's spot three times, but they did not raise my brother's spot. "They tortured themselves a lot because I was my yulim zdiv... Farzand dogn fi tortured my mother. They used to pray, "The rest of you, stay behind me and don't show your sorrows, let them throw away a handful of earth after burning it, kick it and bury it."

- Yes, mother's way of life is an example to many. Please pray for my mother for a long time so that her good deeds in this world will be rewarded and she will be granted paradise

Even though my mother's life path was very difficult and full of difficulties, they did not complain, they always cared about my family, my child, and my livelihood. They never complained to anyone. As they say, "The mountain gnaws, and when the water comes, it rots," and everyone endured. It is a blessing to be the child of such a woman. Thanks to my mother for all the good qualities.



## TRUE RESPECT

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Early in the morning, after praying, Salima went to the barn to feed her pets and chickens. Although he is quite old, he is still active, and it is not difficult for him to do such tasks. Since childhood, his bones have hardened in work. Sheep do not trust anyone. He gives food and water at the right time. Feeds at a specific time. He learned this job from his parents during his childhood at home. In particular, the mother always warned her children not to squander their wealth, and that if they did not feed them on time, they would become children: - They have no tongue, no harm to people. If you feed well, you will get love even from animals. Love is stronger in animals than in humans. If he sees love from you, he will surely ask God for it. Especially the blessing of the sheep will be abundant. Because Allah sent down a ram from the sky when his father wanted to sacrifice Ismail alayhissalam and ordered him to sacrifice it. Since then, sheep have been used for human consumption. Our Prophet and those who are appointed to feed the sheep. Salima still follows this advice. He speaks to animals as if they have tongues, and reprimands the more cheerful ones. Monitors their nutrition. The ram that was brought yesterday was not moving in one place, his eyes were closed and he put his head on the corner of the wall. Fearing to come near the end, they made a movement, the big ram did not give way. A new animal also has a hard time finding its place. It eats a beating, it is connected and pushed. In the end, it turns violent.

Oh dear, don't they give you a day? Okay, hold on for a while, my son will take you to the fence on this side. Then he looked at the ram and set it on fire.

"Don't be greedy either, the food will be enough for everyone without getting hot," he said, and the ram moved to the side and was silent. Salima was still not satisfied. She went and ordered the daughter-in-law to wake up her son. Once her son came to him with a displeased look. He said hello, then. Yes, mother, is the world on fire? Did you wake up at dawn?

- Don't say that, my son, don't let the world go on fire. Leave the world alone. Your age is approaching forty. Get up early. Get the fodder account. You put the ram you brought yesterday in the barn, and you didn't hear anything about it. The poor man stammers and is afraid to come near the end. Don't let the big ram growl and cripple you. Take a small fence on the side. Then bring an equal ram and add it to it. Even animals don't like loneliness, son. It is not good to be alone.

If he has a partner, he eats by fighting. - You are not interested! Are you a ma- Yes, even thinner than a human if necessary. My son, how long will you not do what you say. Drink your tea and bring from the market a sheep equal to this ram. Dalangta will pass later. I will still go there and check your work. How is it there...

Seeing his mother's frown, his son began to drink tea in silence. Salima entered the house and gave the money she had saved to her son.

Here's what you get for this money, if you got your goal yesterday right, aim for today, no matter how big or

small. Her son nodded approvingly. When her son left, Salima sat down on the couch and lost herself in thought. Yes, we don't like the order of animals. But what about people? We allow worse than animals. These are the things that people depend on. Therefore, he tries to eat more food. When the food will come again, he is angry with his partner. It swims if necessary. What about people? People don't like newcomers either. One or two will give pleasure. They also approach to talk. "How did you get the job? Did you pay a bribe? How much did you pay?" They provoke by asking questions. If you are not mature, you will be stuck in the world. They rejected his dream of graduating from school and becoming a lawyer. They explained that this is not a woman's business. After hearing a few examples, he hesitated and chose the field of pedagogy. He was admitted to study on the basis of a very large selection. After graduation, two months before graduation, he wanted to get a job. Her husband placed her in a school near the neighborhood, but he didn't say anything about money or bribes. He should teach subjects such as labor and painting. Science is another, and there were leaders in subjects such as labor and painting. It hurt a little, but that's it. He went to work as a thank you. It is necessary to enroll in primary classes. He met the head of the scientific department. He said he came to work.

- What classes were they assigned to?

- From painting and work to the third graders, - said her. The manager's color changed, he furrowed his brows, frowned, and gave a stern command: Go.

This treatment affected Salima, who came with difficulty like a dog tied by her neck. His eyes widened, he swallowed hard and could barely hold back the tears that were about to flow. The head of the department often walked behind him and entered the 3 "B" sine room. The manager collected the things on the table and did not introduce them to the children. At that moment, another plump woman came to the class and nodded. Seeing the headmaster leaving the room, he asked, "Where are you going, aren't you going to study?" - said. He came here to cut my bread in half, and he left stiffly. Salima froze by the blackboard, not knowing what to do. Still the woman turned her lips and left. Salima took the class magazine in her hand, barely holding back the tears that were about to fall from her eyes. He looked at the list. He thought about how to teach so many students. He remembered his teachers and imagined how they would start a lesson. He turned to the students with a smile on his face and said: Hello guys, he said. Even the children had not heard such a gentle greeting, it seems in a loud voice.

- Hello. Be well, teacher! - they said. Salima was relieved by this applause. - Now, dear students, let's get to know each other, right? - he looked at the children with a smile. The children shouted, "Yes, teacher!" - they answered. The children's sonorous voice seemed to overcome the pain and the noise in his heart. He overcame the sigh coming from inside with a slight sigh and began to familiarize himself with the class. Taking the magazine in his hand, he got acquainted with the children according to the list. Then, he asked what the lesson

would be now. It's a drawing lesson. He was puzzled, not knowing what to do. Again, he caught himself remembering his elementary school teacher, how he passed art and labor classes.

- Come on guys, what was the mission of the house? To draw a picture of a flower he likes, the children answered in unison. Now don't all answer when asked for homework, you will disturb the other classes. Better let the person on duty answer, then you won't get tired and others won't get distracted. I started checking the children's pictures, wondering if I could see the pictures of the little artists. Some children were ashamed of their drawings and covered them with their hands, some proudly showed their drawings. The pictures of the honorees were very beautiful. It was known that they did not draw themselves. Guys, I just saw the pictures, very good, but some of the pictures are telling you that someone drew them. Students who are covering their pictures with their hands, don't be shy. Good or bad, it's your work. A person should appreciate his work. Homework is given to you, not to adults. Okay, I'll forgive you this time. Then draw it yourself, okay? said. The children agreed with all their voices. You will draw an autumn scene for the next lesson. Now we are talking about autumn. After the conversation, we will start drawing. The interview was very interesting. One did not participate in the interview there are no students left. When the bell rings, to the teachers' room entered He said hello. A man among several female teachers. The teacher was also sitting. Still male:

- And hello, come and sit down, he said. Salima smiled and sat down on the chair. By the time he arrived, the news had spread, and no one seemed to be asking, "Who is that?" he didn't even ask. - Now you enter the 3rd "G"? said the manager with a smile. Salima took the 3rd "G" class magazine and silently left the room and went to the classroom. Thus, he spent a week huddled like a new sheep in the fold. The principal of the school came to the neighboring school and said that the director of public education had come and signed the application. Come on, let's go together now. He will interview you and then sign the application. He himself, do you know this thing? Russian language teachers would be a bit different. You are a very ordinary woman. He said that you should not embarrass him.

Salima did not keep silent even if the director's words touched her honor. After going to the neighboring school, the principal went inside. After a while, he came out: - Come on, you can talk in the teachers' room,- he said. In the large room sat a man with white hair, round-faced, with a warm heart and a healthy personality. Several teachers of this school were sitting in the room. Suppressing her excitement, Salima entered the room and stopped by the door. There was some kind of calmness. - Come, come often, I'm running out of time, said the man sitting in the net. Salima approached the table and greeted. The man seemed to nod his head. The director began: This girl of ours will take her graduation exams in a month. No diploma yet, but little lessons we separated. Well, in a month he will have a diploma, so to speak approved the director's words, turned to Salima and

began to ask a direct question. In the same year, Leo Tolstoy the hundred and fiftieth anniversary was to be celebrated. That's basically the theme was about. So, more than twenty questions were asked. The life, creativity, work of the oppressor: appeared on the big screen works, which of them were put on the stage of the theater, work I answered about the characters. Sitting in the room one of the teachers said to the principal: Wow, you asked so many questions! Did not say anything, - said headmaster. What lessons did you teach this girl? - he said. Twelve hours of Russian language, twelve hours of art and labor lessons from primary classes, answered the principal. He signed the application to give full-time Russian language lessons and handed it to the director, looking at Salima and saying, "Don't get tired, keep improving your knowledge in this way." Good luck to you! Salima's heart, which had been gathering for a week, retreated, albeit a little. After leaving the corridor, he waited for the director. The principal was a little caught in the teachers' room, then came out and smiled at Salima. - I didn't expect it. He left saying that you gave a very good answer. The next day, he started teaching Russian in primary classes. Due to being strict and demanding, he was displeased by many parents. As they say, you can't do without rice, some criticized it, some liked it. He was one of the most active teachers of the school. However, there were many people who could not see this activity. Sometimes there were attacks from the open face, sometimes from behind. Salima was able to protect herself from these attacks because she loved her profession and knew her subject well. He was respected among his students. For more than forty years, he taught the secrets of science to those who wanted to become a

teacher like Sister Salima, prepared students for the Olympiads, won prizes in many regional and district competitions, but never once heard thanks from the school management. At the age of retirement, the management at least held a small meeting in the team, and that's it. He didn't show gratitude for his selfless work, he didn't see it equal to a single honorary certificate. He also knows that the reason for everything is his dishonesty, not his greed. He knows that sometimes he has a sensitive heart. He comforted himself again and said, "My face is bright before the truth, my heart is calm, even if my superiors don't appreciate my work, God appreciated it. He gave me so much work and gave me good children. My face is bright in front of my students, and parents express their gratitude when they see me. Is this reputation low?" he thinks. It's really been prepared by the readers who deserve to be thanked. His students who work in pedagogy, medicine, internal affairs, finance, taxation, banking system, state apparatuses, international organizations express gratitude every time. Good thing you were demanding. Your hard-e they see: It is warm that you are the reason for us to reach this level words say. These thanks are enough for Salima seems preferable to labels. Yes, as the wise say, if the seeds of goodness are sown in the hearts of children and students, it is his own if the seeds of goodness are sown in the hearts of children and students, it is his own while showing the positive fruits and these good deeds to the people, returning many merits to the country, parents and teacher.



## A RING GIVEN AS GIFT

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Childhood memories must not leave everyone. In my opinion, the brightest childhood memory is related to parents. In my memory, the bright memories of my childhood are related to my father and mother. Now I often return to that time in my mind and I miss them. But there is no way to return to past. Only bright memories can cure longing in your heart. Since our family was very large, each of the older children would be busy with work. I have been taking care of my brother since I was five years old. My mother was busy with household chores from morning till night. I used to take my sisters and play on the side of the road or on the edge of a cliff or, at neighbor's house. One day, I took my sister and went to and of our friend who lives in a distant neighborhood. Our acquaintance was a widow. She bought a yard for her eldest daughter and was marrying an orphan boy. And she recently married her second daughter. When I went the eldest daughter of that woman welcomed me with joy because, I was helping and playing with my sister and her two children.

- Oh, it is good that you came, I wanted to do the laundry please take care of my children for a while, - she begged.

- No it will be launch time, my mother will fight me if my sister cries on the road, - I said. Because every day my mother would cook hot food either somsa, yupqa (it is a kind of Uzbek national food which made by dough). She would pass us all around and make sure we ate well.

- Just for an hour or half an hour. Please don't say no. she persuaded me

- It almost two o'clock and the laundry will not be finished. I had to be at home at twelve o'clock. I should return. "My mother will fight both of us ". I began to take my sister.

- Stop, do not hurry. I bought you a ring from the wedding. I take it out now, - she took the ring out of the house and handed it to me. It was blue-eyed beautiful ring but it was big to my hand size.

- If I take it, my mother will be angry with me. Take it please, - I returned. She gave me the ring by force.

The weather is hot. The road is long. I barely got home. My sister fell asleep in my arms. I was afraid of my mother and clenched my hand tightly. My mother came and took my sister from my hand, my stiffened hand loosened a little. The ring rolled to the ground. My mother looked at me and at the ring and silently she took my sister inside. I was standing in the middle of yard with the ring in my hand, happily that she didn't fight.

Once, my mother came out, she said.

"Let's go".

- Where? I said wondering.

- We will go where you stole the ring. If you steal, I will cut off your hand, - she threatened. I was not so much afraid because I did not steal, but I was afraid of the pain of going back to that house in such hot weather.

My mother wore my father's jacket on her head and we went to that house. She was walking so fast that I was scared and could hardly catch up with her. She also

entered that house violently. Neighbor's daughter is still doing laundry. She was confused when she saw the condition of my mother.

"Come on, sister" What is matter? What happened – asked from my mother. Mom ignored her questions.

- Did you give the ring? – she asked.
- Yes, I took it from the wedding on purpose, so I gave it to her. "I got it myself", she approached my mother.
- They didn't even see my mother.
- How many hours did the child stay at your house?
- Two hours or more.
- Didn't you think that the child is hungry, tired and her mother is worried? – she said.
- If you have work, do it when your child is sleeping or ask for help from those who live nearby. What kind of person will this girl become if she helps someone for money?

Then we returned the ring and we went home. I didn't go back to their house again. I often remember that event. I still haven't erased that blue-eye ring from my memory. I was so disappointed with the jewelry that I don't still wear it. I don't even envy someone's jewelry. I do not like excessive luxury, I haven't taught my children to do the same. Discipline, I demand that they treat their work and duty seriously. A person receives education in school. It is true that she also receives partial education. But seventy percent of education is provided by parents. Therefore, parents are primarily responsible for child's behavior.

## THE ROSE THIEF

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When I was a child, my mother used to plant different flowers in our yard. If it was summer, the whole yard was covered with the smell of flowers. Every guest who came to our home praised our flowers and opened his mouth. But I was uncontented with this flower-garden, because there was no roses that I liked most. I really loved the soft glow of the rose, the way it swayed in the wind, and the ladybirds landed on the flowers. One of our neighbor's house was located near the stream 30 steps down from his yard was roaring stream. The edge of the yard was close to the cliff. On the side of cliff there was a growing bush of roses. I couldn't take my eyes off the rose if my mother sent me something to do to their house. The uncle in there was very angry, and his wife and daughter were afraid of him because of his frown. I couldn't even dare to ask them to give me a rose. One day, while I was playing on the side of road, that uncle passed by on his motorcycle. My three-year-old sister was sitting next to me. Looking at her, I said "Let's go and ask a rose from aunt".

- No, our mother told us not to beg, - she said didn't agree.

When I said - we will come quickly, we will say that aunt called herself and gave flowers, and my sister

agreed. When we went, there was a big lock hanging on the gate. Not knowing what to do: I thought “How can I get in?”. The gate is made of iron, there is not any crack, the wall is high. I was very confused. Suddenly, I saw the ditch that passed under the wall, there was no water in the ditch the whole was bigger. I said to my sister “We will crawl out of here”. She was afraid.

- Go, do not afraid, I will enter first and then I will take you away, - I persuaded her.

We barely crawled inside. Roses were blooming on the edge of the cliff. They were so addicted me that I still can't remember how I got to them. Two sisters huddled together and tried to pick the flowers with our teeth. We hadn't picked any flower yet, when the door of one of the rooms opened. If I look, the neighbor woman, mother were watching us. Out of fear I don't remember my sister either I escaped towards the whole. I can't remember how I got through the hole, how I got home. When I arrived at our house. I was afraid to enter the yard. I was a little confused about what to do and where to escape. My eyes descried to big dully-tub. My brain works at lighting speed, so if lie under it, no one will find it, I will find it, I will leave when my father come from work and then my mother will not fight me, so I turned the fence

and lay under it. After a while, that aunt came into the yard carrying my sister in her arms.

It is enough now, if she tell my mother, I'll be in trouble", I said. I started to listen the voices in the yard, raising the fence, a little. After a while, the voice of neighbor's wife was heard. - Sister, don't hit your daughter. She is young. I didn't want to come, but your little girl has no shoes, the road is so hot. It is okay, sister, don't be so angry, otherwise they will hate me. After all, my daughter played with them. May God give me many sons and daughters like yours, - said that woman with tears in her eyes. My mother calmed her down and she entered through the gate. I couldn't hide. My head hit the edge of the fence and it moved. My mother was surprised and looked at fence, the she smiled when she saw my lying under the fence and said: "Ah, my stupid girl" and went into the house. More than sixty years have passed since than. I still don't know why my mother didn't hit me at that time. I asked her about this event a lot, but she always laughed and said: "I don't know why.

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