

SHUKUR XOLMIRZAYEV ASARLARINING INSONLAR HAYOTIDA
ETNOPSIXOLOGIK AHAMIYATI VA "ODAM" ASARINING BOSHQA XALQLAR
HAM TANISHISHI UCHUN INGLIZCHA TARJIMASI

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Annotatsiya: Ushbu maqolada Shukur Xolmirzayevning asar qahromonlari haqida etnopsixologik qarashlar, ularning milliy, madaniy, ma'rifiy qadriyatlari borasida ham so'z boradi. Insonlar tabiati, ularning urf-odatlarini, murakkab davrlarni o'z ichiga olgan hayot tarzi haqida ham mulohazalar yuritiladi. Quyida ulardan birini inglizchaga o'g'irgan holda taqdim etaman.

Kalit so'zlar: Etika, estetika, ma'rifat, madaniyat, qadriyat, an'ana, tafakkur, ishonch, vijdon, vatanparvarlik, sadoqat, muhabbat, e'tibor, e'tiqod, iymon, qobiliyat, sharm, hissiyot, muvozanat, xarakter.

Annotation: This article also talks about the ethnopsychological views of Shukur Kholmirezayev's characters, their national, cultural and educational values. Considerations are also made about the nature of people, their customs, and they way of life that includes complex periods. Below is a brief interpretation of them.

Key words: Ethics, aesthetics, enlightenment, culture, value, tradition, thinking trust, conscience, patriotism, loyalty, love, attention, belief, faith, ability, shame, emotion, balance, character.

Аннотация: В данной статье также говорится об этнопсихологических взглядах героев Шукура Холмирзаева, их национальных, культурных и просветительских ценностях. Также обсуждается характер людей, их традиции и образ жизни, включающий сложные периоды. Ниже приводится их краткое описание.

Ключевые слова: Этика, Эстетика, просвещение, культура, ценность, традиция, мышление, доверие, совесть, патриотизм, верность, любовь, внимание, вера, способность, стыд, эмоция, равновесие, характер.

Insonning rivojlanishida nafaqat uning tashqi muhitdagi o'rni, o'zaro munosabatlari, jamiyatdagi har xil ta'sirlar, balki adabiyotning ham ta'siri muhim hisoblanadi. Insonning ma'naviyatini ham ruhiyatini rivojlanishiga hissa qo'shuvchi ushbu omilni misol qilib ko'rsatishimiz mumkin. Hayotda inson ongiga ana shunday yaqqol ko'zga tashlanmadigan, bilib-bilmas narsalar ham muhim o'rin tutadi. Shuningdek, inson hayotining shakllanishida, uning ma'naviy dunyosining boyishida, ruhiy olamining kengayishida uning amalga oshiradigan har bir faoliyatida, aniq maqsad bo'lishida ham adabiyotning o'rni beqiyos desak adashmagan bo'lamiz. Adabiyot beqiyos darajada insonlarga shunchalar yaqinki, insonlarni yaxshilikka yetaklovchi fan hisoblanadiki, bu fanni o'rganmasdan iloj yo'q. Adabiyot qalbdagi vijdon, unda umid chinorlari rivojlandi. Doimo, adabiyotning har bir falsafasi insonlar taqdirida tutgan o'rni, uning qanchalik buyukligini ko'rsatib bersa ajab emas. Har bir insonning yuragida adabiyot shakllansa, unga muhabbat shakllansa

insonning ruhiyati ham shunchalar rivojlanadi-ki, bu insonning ongli faoliyati bilan bog'liq, albatta.

Inson yashayotgan bu zaminda har xil voqea yoki turli hodisalar shiddat bilan amalga oshib bormoqda. Biroq, adabiyotga bo'lgan muhabbat hali ham o'sha, ya'ni o'z ma'nosini yo'qotmagan. Adabiyotni o'rganar ekanmiz undagi tarix bilan ham bog'liq bo'lgan holatlarni ko'rishimiz mumkin. Shunday tarixiy va madaniy ma'naviyatning har bir yoosh qalbida shakllanishiga adabiyotda o'z asarlari bilan hissa qo'shgan adiblarimiz birqancha, albatta. Bizning ma'naviyatimizga, bizning ongimizga, o'z asarlari bilan kirib borgan ana shunday adiblarimizdan biri Shukur Xolmirzayev hisoblanadi. Uning yozgan asarlari haqida ko'plab ijobiy fikrlar bildirish mumkin. Adib insonning ma'naviyati qanchalar buyukligini, inson e'tiqodi, undagi qadriyat qanchalik yuksak bo'lsa uning axloqi ham shunchalik rivojlanishini ta'kidlab o'tadi.

SHUKUR KHOLMIRZAYEV. HUMAN (STORY)

Rahima was just dipping her bucket in the water when someone called from behind.

Rahima put her bucket by the water and went to sister Khosiyat who was standing in front of the grass.

"Come in, I'll show you something." They are leaving the city!

Rahima followed him into the grass, saw the young man standing next to him, and bit her. Sister Khosiyat blocked his way:

"I will sell you, I will not give it!"

- Run away!

Rahima pushed him and rushed out. He half filled his bucket with water, went out to the beach and looked at the grass by the stream with hatred.

That night, his mother committed suicide, before her death, she called her grandchildren to her side and received their consent. "Don't forget if something good happened to me. If the bad is over, forget it. Be honest, brave, honest!" he said. Then looking at Rahima:

"My child, Shodmon came from the city," he sighed. - He came for you. Khosiyat took your sister home. An orphan without parents. From ourselves. I wanted to give you to him.

Then, a year later, Rahima passed away, appointing her eldest daughters to hand over to Shodmon wrestler.

... A year later, Rahima Shodmon became the wife of a wrestler, and they took her to the city.

Shodmon Shokh, the tanner's widow, was going back and forth with his bride. Rahima heard about this from a neighbor woman, and one evening, when her husband was climbing over the wall, he pulled her by the leg and knocked her down. The wrestler hit him and demonized him. Then Rahima's left arm was broken. But then Shodmon also stopped these marches.

Four years have passed since then. "There will be a revolution, there will be an end to the bek-bekzods," the news began to spread. Shodmon went to Afghanistan with fellow wrestlers. After a week, he returned with a camel worth of the wrestlers he had killed in the valley, and he lay down for three days, his nails were bruised, and he died.

Rahima is a bride... a widow.

After two years, the janitor of the market put a man in it. Rahima repelled the suitors, saying: "The wrestler has locked me up, he has the key." They had come to a halt, and he took the club lying in the ditch and raised it to his head: "Are you going to leave it alone or not?" Take care of the three orphans!"

Shodmon had three children, the eldest and youngest were girls, and the middle one was a boy.

One day, the rumor that "the reds are coming" spread, and people began to flee to the mountains. Rahima also took her children and set off: bread, sapcha, mulberry raisins, and talkon in one eye of the khurjun. In the second eye, the youngest daughter Tursunoy.

He lived as a refugee in the mountains for a year, that year the winter came hard and his left leg got cold - it became swollen. In the spring, new news began to arrive from the city: "The Reds" are also ours. It's all about Islamophobia... Peace-peace!"

Rahima was full of life, she was one of the first to go to the city.

... The city was destroyed, domes on the outskirts collapsed, walls collapsed, but it was peaceful and quiet. Almonds were blooming.

Three months later, a collective farm was established.

Rahima joined the collective farm and became an active member. He took out Adolat and Abdurahim in the areas of grain harvesting, and they were gathering.

The youngest is in the mountains... he died of hunger.

At this time, Adolat was attending school and Abdurahim was also a student.

Years have passed... Now Rahima remembers her past days, her childhood, coming to the city, her husband and those who chased her, like a dream, and now those days seemed interesting and strange to her.

War! War!

Adolat was hired in the regional command, Abdurahim went to the front. He and his wife have two children.

A year later, Abdurahim's wife came to him, and soon after, his young wife left her two children with sister Rahima. Now Adolat also left one son at home and wandered the steppes, doing men's work.

The war ended, there was peace again.

Now grandmother Rahima remembers the days of the war years, those days pass like a dream before her eyes, she still cannot forgive her daughter-in-law for marrying her after six months, she fondly remembers the beautiful cow that was suitable for her days, when the cow stopped milking, were slaughtered.

More years have passed. One of the three grandchildren graduated from the institute and returned as an agronomist. One is a baker, the other got married in a distant city.

Old Rahima looked at her grandchildren, told them stories from her past, and her whole life was like a strange fairy tale.

Grandma Rahima is approaching ninety. Sister Adolat also retired from the state. Her husband Kurban Baba is a collective farm gardener. The agronomist's grandson left to build a house in another place due to the narrowness of the meadow.

... The old woman lived peacefully for two years. She caressed her grandchildren and played with them, now she does not even go near the stove, household chores were also in the hands of sister Adolat.

Gradually, grandmother Rahima developed a habit that she forgot. He would put something in a place and then not find it, and then he would cry out of frustration. Later, he started arguing with his grandchildren.

From Ezma... this trait also appeared in grandmother Rahima. If the adults didn't listen to him, he would sit the babies next to him and talk to him about the history and speak so clearly that he gave the impression that he was watching those events now.

This situation lasted for several months.

If there was a person who listened carefully to his speech and analyzed it, he would have noticed an ancient situation: at first he was talking about yesterday's history - the years after the war, when he was going about his daily life. Then he started to tell about his experiences during the war. Then he moved to the years before the war: the structure of the collective farm, ears, one night: "Don't go to work on the collective farm, you will be slaughtered!" - threatened, his: "Don't take care of my orphans!" she cried... Then, for a couple of days, she cursed those who came to her as suitors, and her husband Shodmon, the wrestler, could not get off his tongue: "He was a young man like a mountain. Is effort a plague? While in Afghanistan..."

One day Rahima ran around the house, happy like a young girl. Then, climbing the ladder, he climbed to the roof and, unable to go down, sat down. Her husband came and took her down.

Then an interesting thing happened, the old woman looked at her son-in-law with a strange look and wanted to run away somewhere, and left her cane and crawled into the house. He closed the door tightly.

He was shaking. He looked at the ceiling of the room in amazement, he went near the door, and the door was suddenly pulled open. Grandmother Rahima: "Wow!" he retreated. Sister Adolat was standing at the threshold.

- Character? Sister Khasiyat! - whispered the old woman. - Why did you lock me in the house? I will run away. Give me my bucket!

Sister Justice took a step inside:

"Enajon, what happened to you?" My dear?

"You're still a man, aren't you?"

This is how the old woman Rahima lived until the evening of her fifteen-year-old girlhood: she remembered her mother, her son. Mother's testaments.

Sister Adolat and Baba Kurban used to sit in her room. When they left, Rahima's grandmother suddenly fell into a dream and... she saw tall minarets and veiled women. Then he saw himself at the edge of a ditch: someone was scratching at the wall. Who is he? Husband? Pull her off her feet!.. Then the old woman smiled to herself, started walking around the room, stopped under the light bulb hanging from the ceiling. His head was dizzy, his eyes were numb, and then, although his eyes were closed, he began to see clearly: a gorge, a big fire was burning. Horses, donkeys around. People hurrying to and fro... Then he shivered like a god. Involuntarily, he sat on the ground and massaged his left leg. Then

his son Abdurahim came to him, dressed in kirza boots and a jacket. "Oh, my child, may the enemy perish!" - he whispered... Then, sitting swaying, he felt as if he was walking in a yellow wheat field. Then grandmother Rahima suddenly woke up and started calling her grandchildren by name, then she was embarrassed: why is she calling her grandchildren? Aren't they around? It seems that he wants to call his grandchildren.

...Where is the justice? Daughter? Was he just here? Who left?

The old woman Rahima lived the next day like several people, in different guises: sometimes Rahima is a girl, sometimes Rahima is a bride. Suddenly Rahima becomes a mother. Then to grandmother Rahima... Then to the girl Rahima again.

"Nanny, don't scare us, nanny," said sister Adolat, entering her house in the evening. "Eat this food... Here's some tea!" You scared me badly last night.

- What? what did i say - he asked, confused.

"You don't know me, do you?" I locked you in the house. You called me Khosiat... Don't do that, baby? You are not a young boy, are you? can you hear You are not a young boy... Your hair is turning black again, your teeth are coming out again. Piri is not rich, baby?

"Where's my mother? She's waiting, isn't she?" What are you saying?

- John is...

"Did you empty my bucket?"

- Ugh...

"My mother was sick, she was dying... She will die!" I'm going to our house.

Sister Justice cried. She went out and begged her husband:

"Choljon, what day did I stay?" My mother was a young child. Choljon... is that what a person is after all? Isn't it a horror? She was not a bad woman. He lived and died for us. Now he does not know anything, does not remember. All he knows and remembers is his childhood!.. Am I getting scared, old man? Look at me, what are you thinking?

"Old woman... one does not die as a child."

"No, no!" There is a secret in this... Say OK. I have also heard of cash. There is a riddle: they are born four-legged, then they become three-legged...

- Then two legs.

- True, when a person is born, he crawls, then he starts to lean on something, he has three legs. Then two legs, huh?

- Then he takes a cane in his hand and becomes three-legged. Then...

"Another boy with four legs... Boy!" Choljon, I really became a child, didn't I? Sooner or later he will not be able to walk even with a cane. There will be a child... Why don't you believe it?

"An old woman... a human being does not die as a child." There was no point in living there.

"Is that what I'm afraid of?"

- Don't rush, old lady... Be patient.

After three days, Rahima suddenly came to her senses. Anyone who looked at him and heard what he said could not believe what he had done yesterday.

Momo called her daughter, looked at her sadly and cried:

"Did I give a concert?" What I said... I don't remember.

"Are you all right now, baby?"

- Thank God... My child, look at your hesitation, I'm leaving now.

"Enajon?"

"Okay, I'm alone." I can feel it... I seem to be standing on a cliff... Am I like a child?

"Sal..."

- Not at all. My grateful mother was like that. Then, when he was dying, he said...

- What did they say?

"At the end of human life... it's like a candle before it goes out." A person on the verge of death suddenly gathers strength. A candle suddenly catches fire before it goes out, doesn't it? Then it fades...

- Enajon.

- Am I tricked? I remember... Then I became very relaxed, the demon hit me. Goodness, now I am conscious, call the children and make a will.

* * *

- My children, please accept me. Don't forget if I'm good. If my bad luck is over... forget it. I am satisfied with my life, I am satisfied with you. Agree with me.

FOYDALANILGAN ADABIYOTLAR:

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